

**SO-CALLED STRAWBERRY COMPOUNDS**

ARE NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN RANK IMITATIONS.

**THE GENUINE IS**



(Put up in yellow wrapper.)

**CURES**

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. Safe, Reliable, Harmless, Effectual.

HAS NO EQUAL.



HAS NO EQUAL.

**Queries About Authors.**

1. What does Anthony Hope? To Marietta Holley.
2. What happens when John Kendrick Bangs? Samuel Smiles.
3. When is Marian Evans Cross? When William Deans Howells.
4. When did Thomas Buckanan Read? Just after Winthrop Mackworth Praed.
5. Why was Rider Haggard? Because he let Rose Terry Cook.
6. Why is Sarah Grand? To make Andrew Marvel.
7. How long will Samuel Lover? Until Justin Winsor.
8. What gives Robert Howard Payne? When Robert Burns Augustus Hare.
9. When did Mary Maples Dodge? When George W. Cutter.
10. Where did Henry Cabot Lodge? In Mungo Park, on Thomas Hill.
11. Why did Lewis Carroll? To put a stop to Francis Quarries.
12. Why is George Canning? To teach Julia Ward Howe.
13. What ailed Harriet Beecher Stowe? Bunyan.
14. What does Charlie Reade? The Bookman.

—H. M. Greenleaf, in The August Bookman.

**ARISTOCRATS IN HUMBLE ROLES.**

**Strange Stories of Nobleman's Careers.**  
A few months ago Viennese society was much shocked at the death of a nobleman connected with some of the highest families in the city, who died a pauper in the work-house. This unfortunate scion of a noble race was in his younger days a popular society favorite. In the course of a few years, however, he squandered a large fortune, and actually had to join a travelling circus in order to earn bread and cheese.

Subsequently he left the circus and was reduced to the extremity of selling matches in the streets of Vienna, until he was successful in securing a situation as porter in a large commercial house. He could often be seen carrying or wheeling goods through the fashionable thoroughfares. It was while pulling a truck too heavily loaded that he overstrained himself and died through the bursting of a blood-vessel. Strange to say, two days afterwards a distant relative died and left him a legacy of £30,000, a remarkable example of the irony of fate.

Somewhat similar are the circumstances connected with the career of a beggar aristocrat well known in one of the largest Italian cities, who was recently left a fortune at sixty years of age. This noble beggar, although of princely descent, had for many years eked out a miserable livelihood by selling lemons and begging. A short time ago, however, a relative appointed him joint heir together with a female relation to a fortune amounting to over six million florins.

After having spent fifteen years as a miner in the wilds of Alaska, Camilo Espinoza, a cousin of the ex-Empress Eugenie, returned a few months ago to civilization. In his youth M. Espinoza was an officer of the Spanish Royal Guard, but was forced to fly from the country through accidentally causing the death of a brother officer, who was a relative of the ex-Queen Isabella. In 1884 he met three fellow-countrymen in Bombay, and they decided to go to Alaska, where all four were successful in making fortunes. Mainly owing to the efforts of the ex-Empress Eugenie, the Queen-Regent of Spain has pardoned M. Espinoza for his offence of years

ago, and he has now returned to civilization in order to enjoy the fruits of his hard toil in the wilds of America.

Rather than trouble to ask his rich relatives for help, Captain J. W., who is said to be related to some of our most aristocratic families, decided a year or two ago when practically penniless, to serve before the mast on a sailing collier. He won a commission and no small amount of fame in the Matabele campaign with the British South African Company. After the campaign, however, he was unfortunate enough to lose all his money through speculation, and it was then that he decided to ship before the mast, and before long was able to add "A. B." after his name as well as the "B. A." he had won at Oxford.

It is rather strange that the sons of two of America's most famous millionaires should have won a certain amount of popularity on account of their fondness for humble toil. Mr. Herbert Croker, the third son of "Boss" Croker, went to work in a blacksmith's shop at a big ship-yard in Elizabeth Port some time ago; while Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, it will doubtless be remembered, displeased his father by marrying Miss Grace Wilson, started to build up a career for himself as a common clerk on one of the chief railways. Mr. Vanderbilt, by-the-by, has just invented the patented new engine fire-box and boiler, which has been tried with great success.

**Something About Faith Cures**

What a great variety of faith cures there must be. Some have faith in so-called divine healers, others in certain doctors, and still others in the medicines they use. Every person who has tested Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has faith in them, but faith or no faith they cure just the same, for they act specifically on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and make these organs healthy, active and vigorous. Judging from the enormous demand for these pills there must be hosts of people that have faith in them.

**SLAIN BY HIS OWN OFFICER.**

**The Sad Fate of a Member of Australia's Fifth Contingent.**

News was received some time ago of the accidental death of Private Blunt of the Australian Fifth Contingent. Lieut. Carter, describing the sad accident, says, "Poor Blunt was on outpost duty with another and subsequently returned to report that he had seen something. An officer then went out taking Blunt and another to reconnoitre. In some way Blunt got behind, and the officer, hearing a noise, turned around. Seeing a figure, the officer challenged, but got no reply. The officer challenged again, and Blunt, for some reason brought up his rifle to present. The officer, supposing him to be an enemy, fired his revolver, hitting Blunt below the heart. The poor fellow called out, 'O, captain, you have shot me!' and then the awful mistake was discovered. He died shortly afterwards." The officer commanding, Col. Flewell-Smith, wrote to the mother of the unfortunate man on the 18th April, expressing the deepest sympathy in her trouble. He remarked: "This accident has deprived you of a son and me of a smart energetic, loyal young comrade. I saw the remains of your lad yesterday morning, and he had evidently not suffered at all; the expression was one of perfect peace. We have buried him in an open, plain and his comrades have trimmed up the grave very neatly, and planted flowers on it. Rough and ready the men are, they had no end of flowers on his remains. I read the funeral service myself, and tho all tried the Lord's prayer nearly all broke down. I never saw 400 men so completely upset as my fellows were. Your son was all that an officer could wish for."

**She's as White as a Ghost.**

As pale as a lily. A matter of pride? Certainly not. Strength! Color! Endurance! That's what every woman wants. Good digestion, perfect assimilation. Bouyancy and vim is the right of every woman. She need not lack these if she will only use Ferrozone. It makes blood, gives appetite, gives strength to the nerves, color to the cheeks, and brightness to the eyes. A box of Ferrozone tablets is at once transmittable into health, beauty and strength. There is power in Ferrozone. Try it and see it is not so. Sold only by Garden Bros.

**Poor Thing!**

The watchers were standing around the bed. The husband held the thin, wan hand of his dying wife in his.  
"John," she said, between her breath, "remember Mr. Thompson owes you £5."  
"Poor thing," whispered John, turning to the watchers, "she is sensible at last."  
"John," went on the dying woman, after a minute's pause, "remember you owe £10 to that loan society; now, don't forget to return it."  
"Hark!" said John, turning again to the watchers, "hark, how she's raving, poor thing!"

**Told Of German Emperor.**

"The German Emperor," says a French paper, "when in any way crossed or contradicted, pulls violently at the lobe of his right ear with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. When he was staying in England at the time of our queen's funeral he received a telegram and opened it in the presence of one of his smart little nephews, a boy of six. Something in the telegram did not altogether

**BRITISH**



**TROOP OIL LINIMENT**

FOR

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

please his majesty, and he at once began to tug at his ear. The little fellow looked up and said: "Tell me, uncle, why do you pull your ear?" "Because I am annoyed," said his majesty. "And when you are very, very much annoyed what do you do?" persisted this juvenile inquirer. "Then I pull somebody else's ear," said William II."

**Talking the Thing Over.**

He is a young man whose unbound assurance has ever been his chief characteristic. When he proceeded to talk to the practical old gentleman about marrying his daughter he was evidently prepared for his usual question:—

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

The parent spoke this phrase with the air of a man who thinks he has uttered a poser. The suitor looked him in the eye.

"Let's talk this thing over," he said. "Do you think your daughter is qualified to make a man a good wife?"

"Yes, sir. Her mother and I are both practical people, and we have given her a practical education. She can not only read Greek and play the piano—she practises three hours a day—but she can cook a good dinner, and do the marketing as intelligently as an experienced steward. Moreover, her abilities with the needle are not confined to fancy work. She's a treasure, and we don't propose to have any doubt about her future."

"You were asking me if I thought I could support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."

"I was."  
"Well, I could. But I don't propose to. After she marries me she's not going to practise three hours a day on any piano, nor cook dinners, nor bandy words with market people. She's going to have all the sewing done outside the house, read what she enjoys, whether it is Greek or Choctaw, and go to the theatre twice a week. It's time that girl had some enjoyment out of life."

You May Need

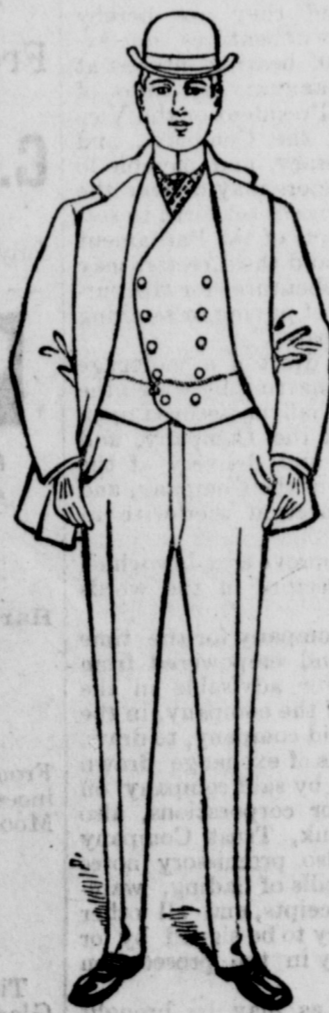
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For Cuts Burns Bruises

Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy.

There's only one PAIN-KILLER PERRY DAVIS' Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.



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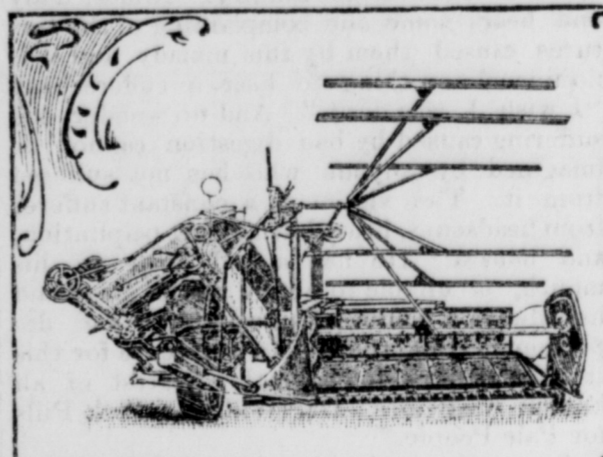
- Dry Goods,
- Clothing,
- Boots & Shoes.
- Groceries,
- Hardware,
- Lime, Brick,
- Crockery,
- Glassware.

All New and Fresh Stock.

FRED. A. PHILLIPS, Bristol.

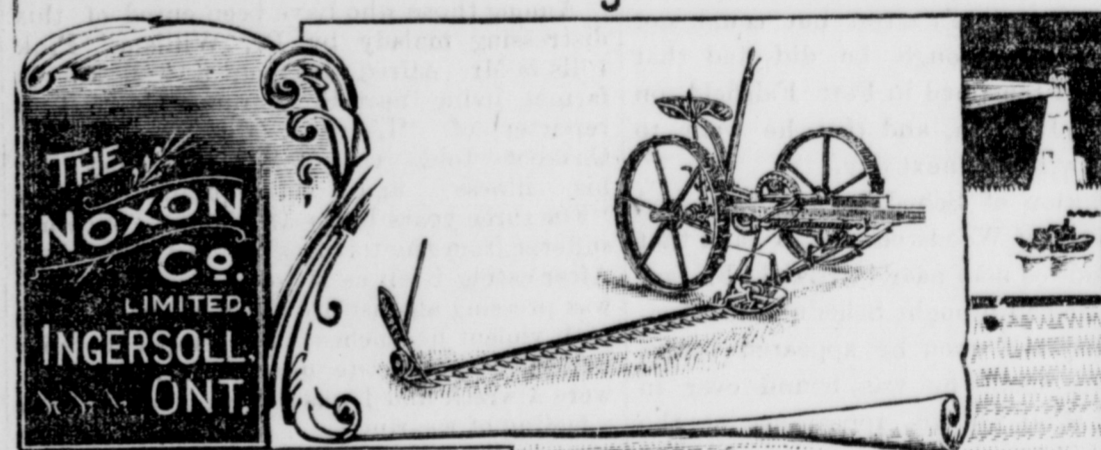
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The Best and Most Complete Line of Mowers and Harvesting Implements.



Latest Improved MOWERS, RAKES, REAPERS and BINDERS,

Warranted to be as good as any machines in the market and prices lowest.



Full line of Repairs for each and every article, as well as machines mentioned, kept by H. E. Burt, Woodstock; Miles McRae Perth, and D. S. Jones, Bristol.

It will pay you to call on these parties before purchasing elsewhere.

Call, or send for Catalogue, free.

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Manager for Maritime Provinces.

Head Office Edgecombe Building, York Street,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

For Torpid Liver, Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache, TAKE

**BRISTOL'S Pills**

Safe, Mild, Quick-acting. Painless, do not weaken, and always give satisfaction.

A most reliable Household Medicine, can be taken at any season, by Adults or Children.

All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S."

**Parchment Butter Paper**

is a specialty with us. We can give it to you in large size 24x36 inches, for tub linings or, in printed or unprinted wrappers for one or two pound prints. This paper is the very best on the market and we buy it in such quantities that we can sell it as cheaply as any of fice in the province.

**THE DISPATCH,**

Queen Street,

Woodstock, N. B.

**Summer Wear**

—FOR—

**HORSES and CARRIAGES**

- Lap Robes,
- Lap Dusters,
- Wool Carriage Mats,
- Summer Horse Blankets.

**ATHERTON BROS.**

Harness Makers,

King Street, Woodstock.

**NOTICE.**

The Assessment Roll of the Town of Woodstock for the year 1901 has been placed in my hands for collection.

**a Discount of 5 per cent.**

will be made on all taxes paid before and including the twenty-fifth (25) day of July next. An execution will issue for all unpaid taxes within ten (10) days thereafter.

By order of the Town Council, J. T. GARDEN, Town Treasurer.

Dated Woodstock, June 20, 1901.

CHARLES APPLEBY, M. A., LL. B.

BARRISTER AND NOTARY,

QUEEN STREET, - WOODSTOCK, N. B.