

POWER OF A TIGER'S EYE.

Experience of a Man Who Utilised an Optic of That Species.

'An English friend of mine,' said Frederick Talbot, 'was so unfortunate some years ago as to lose the sight of one of his eyes. Indeed that organ was entirely removed and replaced with an artificial one. On his way to the train one day he stopped to purchase a rug, and in bending over to examine it his artificial eye dropped out and broke upon the tiled floor of the store. It was but a short time before the departure of the train it was imperative for him to take, and, upon his explaining the importance of time to the shopkeeper, he was advised that a taxidermist had a place next door and that he could possibly replace his loss from the stock of artificial eyes kept there to use in mounting the skins of animals. Hastily entering and explaining his predicament to the taxidermist that worthy placed a tray of animals' eyes before him, among which he finally found one that fitted and which had been intended for the head of a tiger. Without glancing at himself in the mirror, he paid his bill, and pulling his billycock hat well down on his forehead entered the waiting hansom and told the driver to proceed with all speed to the station. Upon his arrival there he handed the driver his legal fare, whereupon the caddy, who evidently expected a larger amount, treated him to a torrent of billingsgate. Somewhat angry, he looked sternly up at the man, who immediately turned as white as a sheet and with an oath lashed his horse into a run and disappeared around the corner.

'Mystified by the caddy's behavior, but without time to speculate on its cause, my friend dashed for the train, only to be hustled into an overcrowded compartment, after having passed comparatively empty ones, which the guard had evidently been bribed to reserve. Hastily jumping out, he was about to enter one of these, when the guard, with an 'Ere now, you can't go in there,' seized him roughly by the shoulder. He turned his gaze upon the man, astonished at his rudeness, and the fellow's face became pasty, and his jaw dropped as with a trembling, 'I beg your pardon,' he backed away.

'Without further incident, but unable to account for the manifest terror caused by his appearance, my friend at length reached home. He made his way to his wife's boudoir, and as soon as she saw him she fell in a faint. When he glanced into the mirror, the mystery was explained, and he realized the terrible power of a tiger's eye, especially when looking out of the face of a man.'—New York Tribune.

COURAGE BROTHER AND SISTER!

Paine's Celery Compound IS ABLE TO RESCUE AND SAVE THOUGH DISEASE AND SUFFERING MAY BE DRAGGING YOU DOWN TO THE GRAVE.

While Paine's Celery Compound with promptness and certainty cures the ordinary ills of life that people suffer from in spring time, its medicinal virtues and powers are far-reaching enough to banish disease and suffering even after the sufferer has been pronounced incurable by his or her physician.

Paine's Celery Compound has, according to the honest testimony given by hundreds of well known Canadian people, dragged them from certain death at the eleventh hour, and blessed them with a new lease of life. Mrs. Louisa Warner, of Montgomery, N. W. T., writes thus: 'For some years past my nerves and system were almost wrecked by narcotics, used to alleviate pain. The doctors could not help me, and I thought I would forever have to remain a slave to deadly drugs. I often longed for death as a release from my sufferings. After enduring agonies that were terrible, I determined to try Paine's Celery Compound, without any full hope that it would cure me. When I had used a part of the second bottle, I thought it was doing me good; I could sleep well, and did not faint so often, and I decided to continue the use of the medicine. After the use of fifteen bottles, I am completely cured. I feel so strong and well now, and have such perfect health, that I sometimes think it is too good to be true. For the benefit of thousands of poor sufferers from disease and the deadly effects of narcotics, I give my statement—an assurance that Paine's Celery Compound will cure them.'

The Greek Barber.

A Greek barber has opened a shop in New York to make popular a new way of cutting hair. He uses shears only for trimming the hair over the ears and at the back of the neck. For cutting the long hair he uses a very sharp razor. He runs the hair through a fine comb and slices it off to the right length. He says that this method not only cuts the hair evenly, but also removes all dead hairs. Moreover, he alleges that it is as quick as the old way.

What Napoleon Thought of the British.

(From Lord Rosebury's "Napoleon.")

What did he think of the English? Though he sometimes broke out against them, not unnaturally, he seems to have held them in a certain unspoken respect. "The British nation would be very incapable of contending with us if we had only their national spirit," he said on one occasion. When he is most bitter he quotes Paoli, the real author of the famous phrase, "they are a nation of shop-keepers."

"Sono mercanti," as Paoli used to say.

Sometimes he gibe, not unreasonably, at the nation which has been his most persistent enemy, and which had accepted the invidious charge of his custody. But once he paid them a noble tribute. He begins quaintly enough:—

The English character is superior to ours. Conceive Roinilly, one of the leaders of a great party, committing suicide at fifty because he had lost his wife. They are in everything more practical than we are—they emigrate, they marry, they kill themselves, with less indecision than we display in going to the opera. They are also braver than we are. I think one can say that in courage they are to us what we are to the Russians, what the Russians are to the Germans, what the Germans are to the Italians. And then he proceeds:—"Had I had an English army I should have conquered the universe, for I could have gone all over the world without demoralizing my troops. Had I been in 1815 the choice of the English as I was of the French, I might have lost the battle of Waterloo without losing a vote in the Legislature or a soldier from my ranks. I should have won the game."

Again—"The English are quite a different race from us, they have something of the bulldog in them—they love blood. They are ferocious; they fear death less than we do have more philosophy, and live more from day to day.

He thought well and justly of our blockades (les Anglais bloquent tres bien) but ill, and with even more justice, of our diplomacy. He could not understand, and posterity shares his bewilderment, why the British has derived so little benefit from their long struggle and their victory. He thinks that they must have been stung by the reproach of being a nation of shopkeepers and have wished to show their magnanimity. "Probably for a thousand years such another opportunity of aggrandizing England will not occur. In the position of affairs nothing could have been refused to you."

"At present the English can dictate to the world, more especially if they withdraw their troops from the continent, relegate Wellington to his estates, and remain a purely maritime power. She can then do what she likes."

Warts Ain't Pretty

Why do you hang on to yours? Don't you know how to cure them? Why Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor does the work in short order—you just try it. Guess your druggist has it all right—ask him.

He Meant to Have Her.

A good story is being told at the expense of a young curate who has recently been appointed to a Black Country parish.

It was his first wedding, and he was terribly nervous. The bridegroom, a burly fellow, smiled encouragingly and audibly remarked that "everybody had to learn" when the cleric made his first few blunders.

Matters got serious when the curate, turning to the smiling bridegroom, asked:—

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded husband?"

The bride tittered, but the clergyman, with a very red face, tried again:—

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded woman?"

There was a general titter, and even the bridegroom looked a trifle ruffled. There was a look of fierce determination in the curate's eye as he loosened his collar and proceeded:—

"Wilt thou have this husband—ahem! Wilt thou have this wedding—Wilt thou—"

At this the bridegroom interfered.

"Aw don't know wot yer wants me to hev," he remarked, "Aw coom here for her"—bringing his horny hand down on the bride's shoulder—"an Aw'll hev her or nowt."

A Catarrh Specialist

Mr. James Spence, Clachan, Ont., says:—"I have been a sufferer from catarrh for 15 years, which became chronic. I have spent a lot of money and consulted several doctors, among others a specialist in London. I have tried everything I could hear of or see advertised without doing me any good. But, thanks to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, I am completely cured after using three boxes of it. I recommend it to anyone suffering from catarrh."

Mrs. De Fashion: "What perfectly horrible creatures these Chinese are! I am told that in China the men actually buy their wives."

Mrs. De Style: "Yes; isn't it horrible! By the way, when is your daughter to marry Mr. Bullion?"

Mrs. De Fashion: "Just as soon as he recovers from his last attack of goat."

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B.B.B. Cures to Stay Cured

The most chronic diseases of the Stomach, Liver, bowels and Blood.

Thousands of testimonials from those who have been permanently cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters speak of its unfailing efficacy in Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Liver Complaint, Measles, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Sores, Ulcers, Sores, Pimples, Hives, Ringworms, and all blood humors.

If you want to be cured to stay cured, use only B.B.B.

Couldn't Keep It.

After hearing evidence in an assault case between husband and wife, in which the wife had a deal of provocation, the magistrate turning to the husband, remarked:

"My good man, I really cannot do anything in this case."

"But she has cut a piece of my ear off, sir."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I will bind her over to keep the peace."

"You can't," shouted the husband; "she's thrown it away!"

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 50c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Tired Feet.

In the German army, that military model for all the world, especial attention is paid to the feet of the men.

Every private must bathe his feet once a day and grease them thoroughly, rubbing the ointment well into the flesh and massaging the soles, to keep them soft and flexible.

If the women who uncomplainingly suffer such tortures would do likewise, much, if not all, of their suffering might be avoided. Overworked and tired feet are a source of infinite misery. Probably every woman who does even part of her housework and every house servant approaching middle age, suffer more or less from this cause.

There is no part of the human body so generally neglected, none excepting the hair and teeth, which better repay intelligent care.

Nothing rests and relieves this fatigue like soaking in warm water to which a little salt has been added, and rubbing with a coarse towel until the feet are in a healthy glow.

In Heart Disease It works like magic.

For years my greatest enemy was organic Heart Disease. From uneasiness and palpitation it developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, gave instant relief, and the bad symptoms have entirely disappeared. It is a wonder-worker.—Rev. L. S. Dana, Pittsburg, Pa.—155 Sold by Garden Bros.

Laughter as a Cure.

At a banquet of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association in Chicago the Rev. Frank Crane compared the respective remedial qualities of laughter. Some of his epigrams are these:—

"Man is the only animal that was made to laugh, and as science teaches that laughter is a sure boon to health, it is a sin for us to substitute excessive drug taking for laughter."

"Laughter increases the blood circulation."

"It enlarges the heart."

"It expands the lungs."

"It jiggers the diaphragm."

"It promotes the dioculation of the spleen."

I once knew a man who laughed so much that when he died they had to cut his liver out and kill it with a club.

"Beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth. They are not altogether human."

"Keep your chin up."

"Don't take your troubles to bed with you. Hang them on a chair with your trousers or drop them in a glass of water with your teeth."

"My Stomach gave out entirely and I suffered untold agonies."

This was the experience of Mr. D. G. Whidden, Postmaster, East Westport, N.S., after three attacks of La Grippe. Doctors and doses gave him no permanent relief, but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets had the permanent virtue that won him back to perfect health—pleasant and harmless but powerful and quick. 35 cents.—156 Sold by Garden Bros.

Young Mother (to butcher)—"I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwrinkle. Will you kindly weigh him?" Butcher—"Yes, ma'am; bones and all, I s'pose!" [Tit-Bits.]

Mistress (severely)—"If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant." Norah—"I wish yer would—there's easily enough work for two of us." [Tit-Bits.]

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Thrashing and Sawing Machines, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines, And General Mill Work. Also, Furnaces, Farmers' Boilers, Stoves of All Descriptions. One and Two Horse Seeders, Turnip Drills, Pulpers, Mowing and Reaping Machines, with Roller Bearings, Spring Tooth Harrows, And the Finest Kind of STEEL PLOWS

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I will sell my Livery business on Connel St., including all my horses, carriages, sleighs, harness and fittings, at a reasonable price. Good notes will be taken. I want to go West and must sell. WILLIAM LEE, Connel St., Woodstock.

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