

When You're It.

I.

When a lady
Rather sadly,
Or it may be
Rather gladly,
Tells you that with her you've failed to
Make a hit;
When she springs the
"Don't mind, do you?"
Or the "Be a
Sister to you,"
Then the proper diagnosis
Is: "You're IT."

II.

When the bunco
Steerer prances
Off with all of
Your finances;
When the street car going rings after
You have lit;
When the auto-
Mobile slams you
Into hitching posts
And jams you—
Then the proper diagnosis
Is: "You're IT."

III.

There will always
Be a witness,
When you take the
Rank of It-ness,
And the title nearly always
Is a fit.
But when you're in
Grip's hot clutches,
And it gives the
Final touches,
Then the proper diagnosis
Is: "You're IT."

Pork Dropped with the Confederacy.

Philip Armour's character as a business man, says an American exchange, can best be described by stories of critical points in his career. At the beginning of the civil war the packing trade was mainly in the East, with New York as the centre. Western packers were not supposed to amount to much. As the war went on pork went kiting, along with everything else. In the winter of '64-5 it was \$40 a barrel, and strong at that. All of the big packers were loading up in anticipation of still higher prices. But one night Philip Armour went to bed and dreamed, as he says, with his eyes open. He saw two armies—one strong, well supported, aggressive, the other weak, though valiant, defending a resourceless country. He saw Grant and Sherman pulling together, and to him the end of the rebellion seemed nigh. "The confederacy is coming down," said he to himself, "and pork is coming down with it. Prices are now artificial and inflated, and when Richmond falls they will take a drop." And then he turned over and went to sleep. But at 4 the next morning he was up, and an hour before daylight he pulled his partner, Plankinton, out of bed.

The first train for New York that very day bore as passenger a young Milwaukee pork packer. The bull operators in pork received him with open arms. They snapped up his pork in 1,000-barrel lots at \$40, wondering who this rash young man was, rushing so fast to his ruin. But soon their eyes began to open. The market sagged off, and then they tried to induce Armour to join the bull pool. They cajoled and flattered him, and offered him big profits if he would close out and take the other side of the market. But the young westerner knew a pig from a poke. He had bet a cool million that his hog was a fat one, and he stuck to his bargain. When prices had dwindled to \$30, Kingan, a big operator of that day, declared that he wanted one more trade.

"Give me 1,000 barrels at \$30," he said, "and you'll want it back when the price touches \$60."

"I'll sell you 1,000 at \$30," Armour replied, "and I'll not deliver you the pork until the quotations are \$18."

Armour was right. Soon Peterburg fell, and pork dropped so fast that it made the bulls dizzy. Richmond was evacuated, and pork collapsed. Lying in his bed at Milwaukee he had calculated that the nominal end of the rebellion would cut the price of pork in two in the middle, and he had calculated well. Appomattox knocked it down to \$18, and he began to make his deliveries. But the bulls organized to cheat him of his profits. They threatened to repudiate their contracts. Dealing in futures was illegal, anyway, they said, and they didn't propose to sanction illegal trading. Even Armour's brokers turned against him and tried to keep from him the fruits of his victory. Armour, however, staid right there and made his debtors toe the mark. Most of them paid up. And to the brokers who had so treacherously turned on him he said: "I'll drive you out of business." He kept his word. A year later the firm H. O. Armour & Co. was established next door to the offending brokers, and in less than half a dozen years thereafter the latter took down their sign.

Facts About Famous Railway Engines.

One of the London and North-Western engines, employed in working the hourly service of fast trains between Liverpool and Manchester, can lay claim to the honour of being the oldest locomotive on action service. "Cornwall," No. 3,020—for that is official designation of the veteran engine—was constructed at Crewe, in 1847, from the designs of Richard Trevethick, son of the patentee of the first steam-engine.

Another interesting feature in connection with "Cornwall" is the height of its driving wheels, which are no less than 8ft. 6in. in diameter, and as such are the highest in England. This engine was originally con-

structed with the boiler below the driving axle, but was eventually altered to its present form.

"Charles Dickens," otherwise No. 955, is another famous London and North Western engine. Built in 1882, in seven years 219 days this locomotive ran just over 1,000,000 miles without a breakdown, and only rested for occasional slight repairs. During the period named the engine made 2,650 trips, Manchester to London and back, and ninety-two other trips, while 12,515 tons of coal were consumed to convert 92,327 tons of water to steam. "Charles Dickens" still works the morning express from Manchester to Euston and returns with a down train in the afternoon, and seems in a fair way to accomplish its 2,000,000 miles before long.

Yet another record-breaking London and North-Western engine is "Ionic," which has a remarkable performance to its credit, that of travelling the longest distance without a stop. Just after the railway race in 1895 the management of the London and North-Western Railway resolved to see if it were possible to run a train from Euston at Carlisle—299½ miles—without any intermediate stoppages. The experiment was made one Sunday, and the "Ionic" accomplished the journey in about six hours, maintaining an average speed of rather more than fifty miles per hour.

London and North-Western engine No. 1,140 is a common mineral traffic engine, un-honoured by a name, yet Crewe employes are justly proud of it. Nor is the reason far to seek, for the erection of the engine was not commenced until 6 a. m., February 4th, 1878, and yet it was turned out complete at 1 p. m. on the 6th, the total time occupied in building being 25½ working hours. Two or three hours after its completion a trial trip was made and everything worked satisfactorily.

Nearly fourteen years elapsed before the previous engine's record was eclipsed, when the Great Eastern locomotive No. 930 was erected at Stratford in ten working hours.

The work commenced at 9 8 a. m. on Thursday, December, 10th, 1891, and the men working their ordinary hours, finished at 7.40 a. m. the next day. Later in the day the engine ran its trial trip, and was immediately put into regular work. Its erection, if rapid, was sound, for it generally hauls coal trains, weighing about 500 tons, from Peterborough to London.

Still working on the Glasgow and Perth section of the North British Railway is an engine of melancholy interest. On the night of December 28th, 1879, when the Tay Bridge collapsed, the ill-fated train which was precipitated into the river was drawn by engine No. 224 belonging to the railway mentioned. The engine was recovered from the river early in the following April, and, comparatively speaking, was out little damaged. It was repaired and put to work again, and forms a remarkable memento of the most terrible disaster in the railway world.

Beauty of Form and Figure

Health and beauty always go linked together. A wrinkled, tired and worn-looking face tells immediately of nervousness, worry and the many accompanying ills and irregularities. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food fills the shrivelled arteries with new, rich blood, strengthens and rekindles the vitality of the nerves, and gives a well-rounded form, and clear healthy complexion to all who use it. 50 cents a box, all dealers.

Found Its Way Home Again.

A certain dealer had a lot of cheese which was anything but good, and, tired of seeing it about, told the assistant when he closed the shop to leave the condemned cheese at the door for someone to walk off with.

Thomas occasionally crept to a window to see operations, and at length went to his master, grinning all over his face, saying the cheese was gone.

"Leave another out tomorrow night," was the master's order, which was obeyed by the shopman, who, after a few peeps next evening, walked to his master in the counting-house, scratching his head and looking as though some great disappointment had befallen him.

"Is it gone?" asked the dealer.

"No, sir; t'other 'un has walked back!"

Thomas Hoskins' Nerves.—Mr. Hoskins, a resident of Durham, Ont., for a score of years, was a martyr to stomach and nerve disorders. Schooled to prejudice against "patent medicines," he started using South American Nerve as, he says, "a last resort," but six bottles of this great remedy proved to be his salvation physically. It can be yours.—124

Sold by Garden Bros.

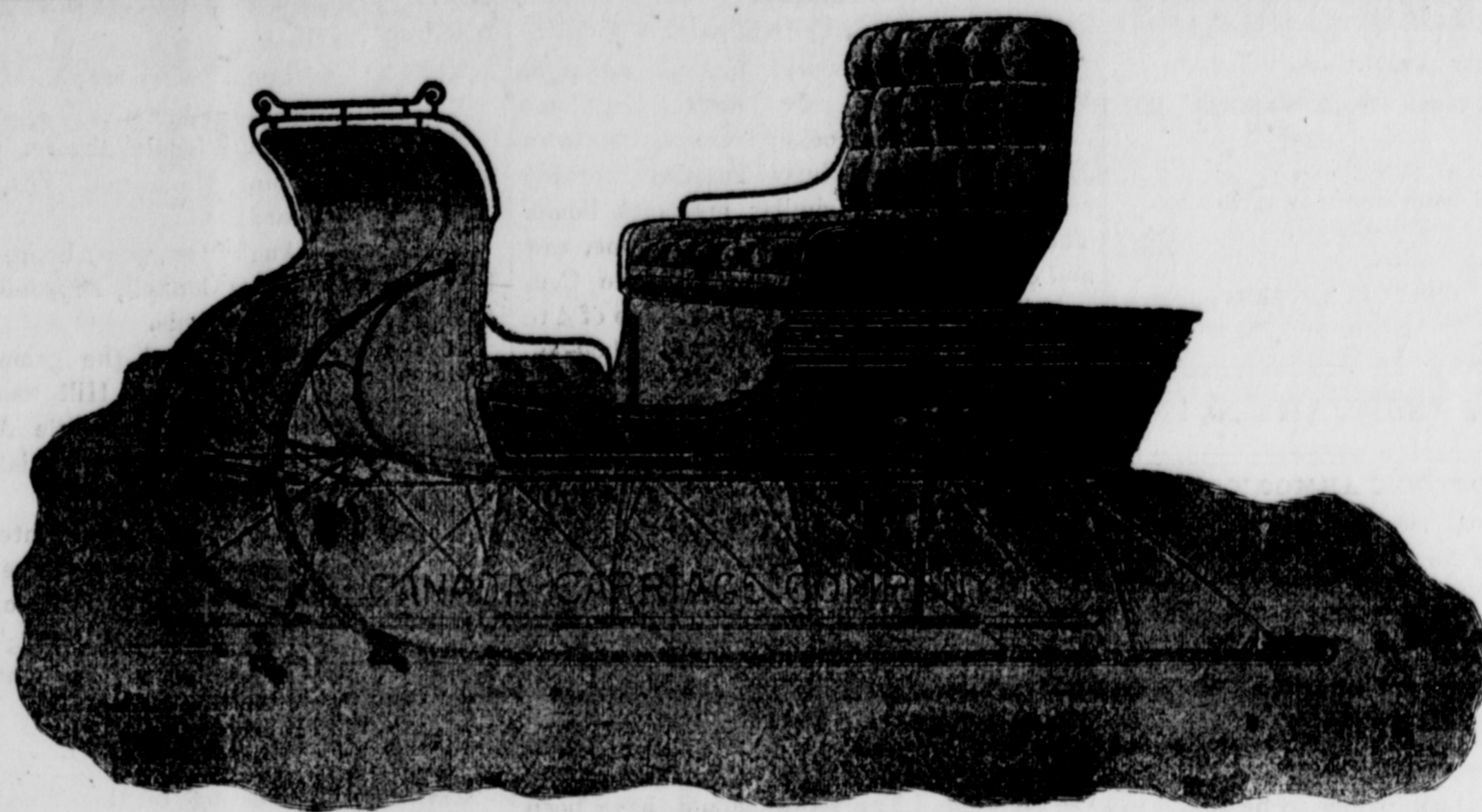
It Puzzled the Colonist.

In many parts of South Africa railways are comparatively a new departure, and, in consequence, a large proportion of the farmers are entirely ignorant of the way the engines work.

One stalwart Colonist, who thought himself cleverer than his companions, was standing on the platform at a small up-country station during shunting operations.

He had been explaining the principles of steam as a motive power to an interested crowd, when suddenly the engine began to move backwards, pushing a string of trucks.

His jaw dropped, and he gasped out:—"I can understand how the engine pulls the trucks, but I'm hanged if I know how the trucks pull the engine back again!"



Dexter Pungs, Two-Seated Pungs, Two-Seated Sleights, Comfort Sleights, Portland Sleights.—A splendid assortment. Also, a fine line of Fur Coats, Fur Jackets, and Robes.

BALMAIN BROS. Connell Street, Woodstock.

A Terrible Cough.



If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer homes desolate.

The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption yield readily to this powerful, lung-healing remedy.

Read what Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, so that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I also had a terrible cough which my friends thought would send me to my grave. I tried different remedies but all failed to do me any good until I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and the contents of one bottle completely cured me."

The marvellous development of Africa must be a source of immeasurable satisfaction to Sir Henry M Stanley, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday on January 28th. It has been a great career for the former reporter of the 'New York Herald,' who jumped at the chance which he got in 1869 of discovering Livingstone, and made his reputation for all time as one of the greatest explorers the world has ever seen. Stanley, however, is not Sir Henry's real name, for his father was John Rowlands, of Denbigh, and he only assumed the name which he has made famous after his adopted father, who lived in New Orleans.

An Episode.

Streaker.—"We had a glorious trip. Beautiful weather all the time, and the Auto collided with only one man."

Whizzer.—"Police notified?"

Streaker.—"Yes; but the man was so far gone that it wasn't worth while to arrest him."

Pain Must Go

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies known. Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A bottle of Nerviline will give efficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents. Druggists sell it.

She—Do you remember the first quarrel you had with your wife?

He—Distinctly.

"What was it about?"

"Oh, about a kiss."

"Pshaw!"

"Yes."

"But doesn't she like kissing?"

"Oh, yes."

"Why, then, did she object?"

"I was kissing another woman."—Yonkers Statesman.

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. Get a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

There may be nothing in a name, but an Ohio man named Slaughter who recently built a hotel and christened it the Slaughter House is now a bankrupt.—Chicago News.

Home Work—profitable—congenial—easy—on new plan. Be your own workmaster in your own home! Send your address on post card and we will send you particulars. PEOPLE'S SYNDICATE, Dept. C, 130 Yonge St., Toronto.

"Is there any hope?" asked the prospective heir.

"None," replied the physician. "Your poor uncle will never recover."

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One and Two Horse Seeders,

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in the market, consisting in part of the CELEBRATED No. 21, 30, 8 and 6. They are guaranteed not to be Chilled Plows, but Genuine Crucible Steel Mouldboards, Hard Outside with Soft Centres.

Repairs for Frost & Wood's Machinery kept in stock.

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Woodstock, N. B.

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on good Letter or Note Paper with your name, business and address tastefully printed on it.

Enclose Your Business Letters

in good Envelopes with your address printed in the corner. We can sell you this printed stationery about as cheaply as you can buy it unprinted.

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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 fine in the province.

THE DISPATCH,

Queen Street,

Woodstock, N. B.

Bad Heart — Could not Lie Down for Eighteen Months.—"I was unable to lie down in my bed for eighteen months, owing to smothering spells caused by Heart Disease. One bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart removed the trouble, and to-day I am as well as ever I was."—L. W. Law, Toronto Junction. —123

Sold by Garden Bros.

Fuddy—"Did you hear of the terrible accident that happened to Danby? His injuries were so serious that his most intimate friends were unable to recognize him." Duddy—"Terrible accident? Railway collision? Fell off his bicycle? Fuddy—"Worse; he has lost all his money."—[Tit-Bits.

Group has no terrors for the mother who keeps Bentley's Liniment in the house, 10 and 25c.