

Tailors' Bad Backs.



The cramped up position in which a tailor works comes hard on his kidneys and hard on his back. Very few escape backache, pain in the side and urinary troubles of one kind and another.

Oftentimes the first warnings of kidney disease are neglected—think it will be all right in a day or two—but

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Are the best friend of kidneys needing assistance. Read the proof from a tailor who has tried them.

Mr. John Robertson, merchant tailor, Durham, Ont., gives his experience as follows:

"I had been ailing with my kidneys for more than a year when I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at McFarlane's drug store, and am sincerely glad that I did so. The wrong action of my kidneys made me sick all over and caused me much inconvenience and pain. That is now a thing of the past, because Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. I have had no trouble or inconvenience with my kidneys or back since I took these remarkable pills, and you may be sure that I gladly recommend them to other sufferers."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are the ladies' favorite medicine. They do not purge, grip, weaken or sicken. They act naturally on the stomach, liver and bowels, curing constipation, dyspepsia, sick headache and biliousness. Price 25c.

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My stock of Clothing will be large and well assorted. In Boots and Shoes my stock will be much larger than in previous years.

Groceries, Hardware, Lime and Brick, Crockery and Glassware in abundance. All of which will be sold Cheap.

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Bristol.

LINE YOUR BUTTER TUBS

with Pure Parchment Paper—we have it in large sheets 24x36 in.

WRAP YOUR ONE POUND PRINTS

In Parchment Wrappers—we have them—you may have them either printed or plain.

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HORSE FOR SALE.

Seven years old, bay in color, perfectly sound, weighs 15 hundred.
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Bull's Creek, Woodstock, N. B.

What I Saw Across the Sea.

BY S. M. BOYER.
No. 4.

In my last letter I gave an unfinished account of the Orange procession that marched around the walls of Derry. They were marching along quietly when all at once a man rushed out from some quarter and caught hold of one of the flags. The procession four tier deep kept right on and trampled him under foot. Another ran out to his assistance and shared the same fate. By this time the police arrived and soon had them in charge. It looked for a while as if there would be a general row. I was warned in the morning to look out for brickbats and when the row began I got into a store pretty lively. Derry seems to be quite a shipping port, as I observed some pretty large vessels in the harbour. I will not weary my readers with a long catalogue of the various large public buildings, the great shirt factories, the prettily kept cemetery and military barracks. Derry however claims to be the shirt factory of the world. Its wares go among the people of every nation. There are some fine stores and the streets are well kept. One thing, I noticed a great many women wearing mourning. I learned that many of them mourned for relatives killed in the war in South Africa. One old lady told my daughter she had kissed and bade adieu to her seventh son, for the war. The women in this part of Ireland are fine looking, bright and attractive. They are a mixture of Scotch, English and Irish blood. We are anxious to see what the country in this part looks like. We hire a jaunting car and drive out to see the pleasant farmer. This was the most interesting drive I had in Ireland. The carriages are two wheeled vehicles capable of carrying six persons. The wheels are low, a seat hangs out over each wheel holding two persons and another in the rear seating one person. The driver takes up his position in front of the car and very near to the back part of the horse. After you are seated you give your instructions to the driver with the all important thing, the tip; and when all is ready he applies the lash and you are off. The motion of the car is such that you are bobbed up and down and forced to laugh in spite of yourself. Rightly named jaunting car. However it all goes in to make the trip. In the meantime the poor old horse is doing his best to fill his part of the contract joggling along, the shafts flying up and down, the collar choking up his neck; despite all this away he goes. I turned to the driver and said "look here, why don't you send to America or some where else and get a four wheeled rig so that your horse could do his work more easily and your patrons have some convenience." His answer was it did not suit the Irish taste. Others had tried it and made a mistake. As we get out of the city we begin to see the landed estates. Their houses and parks are all enclosed by high stone walls and the openings are large iron gates. It would seem in this country that they do not want any one to see the beauty within. I noticed one gate open and a notice posted, £5 fine for any person to enter except on business. As we get into the country it is most beautiful. The harvest has just begun. The lands are all separated by stone fences or hedges and cultivated close up to the fences. Trees border the highway and add their beauty to the landscape. We are led to compare the country to Canada with her large farms worked by machinery. The labour here seems to be all done by hand. The crops are very heavy and yet I have seen just as good in old New Brunswick. Pretty soon we begin to see how the farmers work their small holdings. The houses are uniform and all are built one story, of stone, with roof thatched with straw. Stables are built the same way for cattle and horses. All hay and grain is stacked. In order to learn how these people live in their homes I visited several on various pretexts. I will describe one which I entered. Leaving the road to pass through an iron gate, to enter the house the door being on the back side, I was met by two large dogs, I thought for a moment my time had come as they barked fearfully. I soon discovered they were chained to a kennel. By this time a woman made her appearance at the door and quieted the dogs and invited me to enter, just what I wanted. After being seated on a rude bench I began a conversation for the want of a better excuse. I asked about the potato crop which is the all important factor here. The answer was "Oh, very bad the year, rot sur, rot sur." I then introduced myself after this manner. I told her I was from America and was visiting this country to see how people lived and what the country was like. I dropped some English coins in her hand and she began to talk. "My name is Freeman; I have two brothers long gone from this country, in Schulkyl, did ever you see them?" I answered "I cannot say that I have." "America is a big place" She said

"They live in wooden houses, theirs is painted. Yes, they have horses and drive out." I then told her that it was no uncommon thing in America for many people to own and drive out with their own horses. I told her I thought I knew where the town of Schulkyl was, near the city of Philadelphia, U. S. A. I quietly made a survey of the interior of the house. It could not have been more than 12x14 feet all in one room. A small fire place at one side, and in one corner a bag of coal. A crane hung in the fire place and on it a pot or kettle what we called in this country years ago a Dutch oven. As I had paid her for talking I wanted to get value received. I asked her to swing the kettle off the fire to show how she baked the bread. She stepped back to the wall and got a small paddle and turned the loaf over. I think most of the cooking was done in this dish. Next she showed me her dishes and other things that went to complete the outfit. Last of all looking around I made inquiry about the sleeping arrangements pointing to the loft. I looked up and could see straw beds where they put themselves away at night. I asked her about the wages her husband got. "Ten shilling a week sir." "Do you pay any rent?" "One an sixpence a week. My husband is a ploughman." This family consisted of six persons, husband and wife, two children, and grand parents, all to be provided for out of ten shillings a week. As I left the dogs made another outcry. I wondered what use the dogs were put to. I suppose for stock purposes, as every thing here must be made use of.

And The Women Answered and Said: 'The Diamond Dyes!'

What Dyes are always guaranteed, And in our country take the lead!
The Diamond Dyes!
What Dyes are strong, and bright, and fast, And always dye to live and last?
The Diamond Dyes!
What Dyes give grand results each time, Whenever used in any clime?
The Diamond Dyes!
What Dyes bring profit, pleasure, peace, And by their work a great increase?
The Diamond Dyes!
What Dyes should all Canadians try? Hark! listen to that mighty cry—
The Diamond Dyes!

He Arrived at the Right Age.

The lady in the witness-box was reluctant to disclose her age, and the presiding magistrate was astute enough not to press the question.

"What is your age, madam?" he had inquired, and "Whatever you choose, sir," she had made answer. She was under oath.

"You may put down forty-five years then," said the magistrate to the clerk. "What is your occupation, madam?"

"Sir," said the witness, "you have made a mistake of ten years in my age."

"Put down fifty-five years, then," directed the magistrate. "Your residence—"

"Sir," exclaimed the lady, angrily, "my age is thirty-five years, not fifty-five!"

"Thank you, madam," said the magistrate, blandly, and the entire Bench joined in the smile that went round the court.

Stinging Chills.

As distressing and annoying as are chills they can be immediately relieved by the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Try it when you have retired with itching, stinging feet, and expect to spend a sleepless night in suffering. Such a trial will convince you that as a cure for chills Dr. Chase's Ointment is the standard of excellence. It is the world's greatest cure for all itching of the skin.

Young Man: "Yes, I can mimic anybody. Did you ever see me take your daughter off?" Old Gentleman: "No, but I'd like to. She's a fearful expense to me."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has proved a blessing to many a "man before the public" in cases of hoarseness, bad throat, tonsillitis and catarrh. Some of the most recent evidence of its efficacy comes from a well-known actor, whose home is in New York City. He says: "I have never found anything to equal this remedy for quick relief." 50 cents.—137 Sold by Garden Bros.

Teacher: "Now, children, suppose this class-room were suddenly enveloped in flames and escape cut off, what would be the best thing to do to prevent loss of life?" Tommy Tatters: "Keep cool."

Almost Consumption.

Mr. J. J. Dodds, of Pleasant Ave., Deer Park, Ont., writes: "I have suffered in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold, which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

The man who is always calling for special evangelists to have revivals on his circuit is either making a very grave mistake or he is a backslider. Where there is a settled pastorate and it becomes necessary to have special evangelists, it is an evidence that the pastor has back-slidden.

White Watery Pimples.

Five years ago my body broke out in white watery pimples, which grew so bad that the suffering was almost unbearable.

I took doctors' medicine and various remedies for two years but they were of little benefit, whenever I got warmed up or sweat the pimples would come out again.

A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad I followed his advice, for four bottles completely cured me.

That was three years ago and there has never been a spot or pimple on me since.

James Lashouse,
Brechin P.O., Ont.

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Many Trimmings.
All Good Materials.
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Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? If you suffer from any of these symptoms,

USE SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS.

Prepared only by FRANK SMITH, St. Stephen, N. B.

Price 25 cents; five boxes \$1. If not kept by your local druggist a box will be sent by mail on receipt of price.