

**Kings in Golden Crowns and Derby Hats.**

"I'm going up to London Town to see the king in his golden crown," is an old saying that I used to hear the sailors singing in the P. & O. boats going to and from India. It is a very human impulse to want to see a king in his crown, if you want to see one at all. And I think I can tell all the kings a great secret of their calling that they have recently overlooked, which is that they can hold on to their jobs longer and get more ease of mind and earthly honor by showing themselves more often in their stage toggerly than in going around looking like ordinary—often ordinary people, as they are doing at present. George of Greece, in a flat-topped dago derby hat and a business man's forty dollar office suit, gave me my first disappointment this year. Then I saw Carlos of Portugal in a fur-trimmed coat such as always reminds me of Augustin Daly and Jack Haverley; and the king of Belgium, dressed like a retired and sickly army officer in civilian dress; and the heir-apparent of England, clad like all the crowds on the cobbles around his carriage, with the Kaiser in another carriage, looking soldierly and commanding, but not running the slightest risk of being mistaken for anything higher than a successful man of affairs like Mr. Whitney or James W. Alexander at home. When all the kings and princes set out to dazzle us here at the Victorian funeral, they put on soldier clothes, and they merely looked like army officers. And only the Kaiser, out of the whole lot, appeared at ease and impressed us fit to compare with the master-militaire Lord Roberts. No, no, my royal friends, it won't do to ask us twentieth-century folk to try to realize that you are in any way different from us if you do your little best to look just like us. It is altogether too much to ask. It is like expecting us to enjoy grand opera with all the performers in their street clothes, the way they come to rehearsals.

**WILHELMINA'S "SCHATZ" IS NOT SPECTACULAR**

I went over to Holland to help marry the Dutch Queen, as soon as the burial of England's beloved monarch was accomplished. I said to myself: "Holland is an old country where they have not wholly put away their ancient costumes. They may do the thing properly over there." Did they? Why, it was a worse disappointment than the English rehearsal. The streets were full of pictures of a young man in a sack coat and derby hat standing beside a fat girl in a misfit riding habit, and yet I was told that these represented Wilhelmina and Heinrich. Why, they do such things and they see such things on the Bowery! Every day I saw the happy, healthy girl-queen out riding with her schatz. She was a nice looking, radiant German girl, and he was a trim and soldierly young chap, who reminded me of Frederic Remington. Now, a pretty German girl is not a sight to shy at, and whoever knows Remington is always glad to be reminded of him—but when you are out for big game like royalty—it won't do! We—and by we I mean we Americans—are not going to pretend to be satisfied with dress rehearsals of royalty. We spend enough over here every year to be entitled to have a voice in how the show part of these old countries is managed, and we want the real fairy-book, and field of the cloth of gold thing every time. We are tired of getting butlers and lords all mixed up because the butlers look and dress like lords and the lords go around like store clerks. We expect that at least the kings and queens will play the game. We want all royalty to wear knee-breeches of velvet, buckled at the knee with diamond clasps, silk stockings, waistcoats sewn all over with jewels, coats beautifully embroidered and slashed to show bright silk linings, shoes worth stealing on account of their buckles, and hats with a lot of plumes like those Dore used to draw. We want these folks always to ride in carved gilt carriages as good as Barnum's band rides in, and we want twenty flunkies, all crusted over with gold, trooping after each monarch, or else we won't like them any more. I've seen over fifty royalties in the last week, and they weren't a patch on the men in any bull ring in Spain, or any mandarin's yamen in China or in any common back alley in Benares.

**JACOBITES STILL TRUE TO PRINCE CHARLIE.**

The irrepressible Jacobites, who believe that the Stuarts are still the rightful rulers of England, have been indulging in one of their customary protests against the present dynasty, and this year a degree of serious attention has been paid to them which warrants the belief that the Emperor of Germany who was in London at the time, must have advised the use of Prussian methods in dealing with the matter. The newspapers do not print the facts as they are understood by those who know most about the subject. On the day when King Edward VII. was to be proclaimed as sovereign, first in

**Faulty Kidneys.**—Have you back-ache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you falling vision? Have you dizzy feeling? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any of these signs prove kidney disease. Experience has proved that South American Kidney Cure never fails.—6 Sold by Garden Bros.

St. James's Palace yard and then at various points in "the City," a notice protesting against his accession to the throne was found at daybreak posted on the palace gates. It said that "the crown of England doth of right belong to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Mary the Fourth, whom God defend." This Mary Fourth is the Archduchess of Austria—Este-Modena, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria; and, however she may feel about her right as a Stuart, she has never made any motion or proclamation assuming the claims which are made for her by the Jacobite league here in London. The most active of these "legitimists," as they style themselves, are a half dozen young hare-brained fellows of good families who in several cases bear foreign titles of doubtful value and authenticity, and who usually content themselves with hanging wreaths and mottoes on the equestrian statue of Charles First in Trafalgar Square. I think too, that they usually give a dinner to themselves once a year, and prattle about their sacred trust as preservers and defenders of the rights of the lawful reigning house of Stuart. Nobody heretofore has even taken the trouble to laugh at them, but this year the aid of Scotland Yard was commanded to watch them and to await orders as to what course might be taken in punishing them. It is even said that three or four of these poetic young men were advised to leave England, and were told that their behavior might be construed by the courts as treasonous. The wreaths they sent to be put upon Charles's statue were forbidden to be hung there, though it is as much the rule and custom for this statue to be thus decorated as it is for the flags to fly over Westminster when Parliament is in session. The young scoundrels declined to leave England, it is said; and now the king is left to himself it is to be hoped that he will drop the matter. These Jacobites would not hurt a fly, and are not to be taken seriously as the case stands, but if they were ordered into exile, and force were used to remove them, a million Englishmen would rise and fight for them, and the merry old duce would be to pay.—A letter from Julian Ralph, in Collier's Weekly.

**Untold Agony from Salt Rheum**

Mr. Chas. F. McLean, Palmerston, Ont., says: "I suffered untold agony and misery for years with salt rheum in my feet. I tried almost every remedy I could hear of. I was told by the best physicians I could not get more than temporary relief. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. After one or two applications I received great relief, and when I had used only two boxes I was completely cured. At all dealers, 60 cents a box."

**All He Was Good For.**

"I don't know what to do with that boy of mine," said a father to an old college friend, whom he was visiting, and to whom he felt that he could unburden himself of his troubles. "He is utterly worthless," the father continued, "and I cannot do a thing with him. He does nothing but hang around livery-stables, and you know what the moral influence of a livery-stable is." About ten years later the two met again. "How is your son getting along?" asked the old college friend. "Did I never tell you?" said the other, with evident pride. "That boy, sir, had such a decided genius for horses that I let him take to horses for a living. He is now a veterinary surgeon of the highest skill, makes ten thousand dollars a year in his profession, and will be the prop and support of his father and mother in their declining years. I tell you, there is nothing like giving a boy a chance to follow his natural bent."

This seems to show that a boy will sometimes turn out well, in spite of a father who does not know how to train him. Perhaps an all-wise Providence looks out for such children.

**Two Years Aged.**—"For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was."—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2 Sold by Garden Bros.

When he was Secretary of State the elevator that carried Mr. Evarts to the State Department one day contained a number of strangers, presumably applicants for appointment as ministers or consuls. On seeing them, Mr. Evarts whispered to a friend: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I've seen taken up in some time." On a visit to the Natural Bridge, Virginia, someone expressed doubt in his hearing as to the truth of the story that Washington once threw a silver dollar from the bottom to the top of the bridge. "Oh," said Mr. Evarts, dryly, "we must remember that a dollar went farther in those days than it does now." This story has been often told; but it is declared that William M. Evarts was its original inventor.

**Eat what you like.**—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable.—6 Sold by Garden Bros.

**13 Running Sores.**

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Bitters. "I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months; finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B. When one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."



**Not a Perfect Specimen.**

The little girl whom the New York Times tells about is only five years old, but she has such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children. Recently there came a real live baby in the house.

When it was put into her arms, this real live baby, the five-year-old surveyed it with critical eye.

"Isn't that a nice baby?" cried the nurse, with the joyous pride with which a nurse always regards a new baby, in which she feels that she has a proprietary interest.

"Yes," replied the little girl, hesitatingly, "it's nice, but it's head's loose."

**"Thought it meant death sure."**—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—3 Sold by Garden Bros.

She: "It is no use, I wouldn't marry the handsomest man alive."  
He: "Well, anyhow, you will henceforth have the satisfaction of knowing he has asked you."

**BOOKS!**

Stationery,  
Wall Paper,  
Fine China,  
Novelties.

W. H. Everett, Woodstock.

No. 6 Main Street.

Near Bridge.

**Tobique River Log Driving Co.**

CONTRACT FOR DRIVING.

There will be sold at public auction in front of the Court House, at Andover, in the County of Victoria, on TUESDAY, the NINTH day of APRIL next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, the contract for three years for driving logs, timber and other lumber down the Tobique River from the Forks (so called) and points below the Forks aforesaid, to the mouth of said river where same enters the River Saint John.

The contract to contain such clauses and conditions as the Directors may prescribe to secure the faithful and satisfactory performance of the work. The Contractor also to give a bond with two sureties to secure the faithful performance of the conditions and terms of the contract, in accordance with the requirements of Chapter 86 of 58th Victoria. Acts of Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick.

Dated at Andover, in the County of Victoria, N. B., the 26th day of February, A. D., 1901.  
HENRY HILYARD, President.  
J. C. HARTLEY, Secretary for Company.

**NOTICE.**

The seventh annual meeting of the Tobique River Log Driving Company will be held at the Village of Andover, in the County of Victoria, at Beveridge's Hall, in said village, on TUESDAY, the NINTH day of APRIL next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors, and for the transaction of such business as may legally come before the meeting.

Dated the 26th day of February, A. D., 1901.  
HENRY HILYARD, President.  
J. C. HARTLEY, Secretary for Company.  
N. B.—Every owner of logs or other lumber or timber intended to be driven by said Company during the coming season, must file with the Secretary a statement of the same, on or before the day of the annual meeting, and no lumberman can become a member of the said company, nor be entitled to vote at its meeting until said statement has been filed.

**We Manufacture And Have For Sale**

Threshing 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,  
Spring Tooth Harrows,  
And the Finest Kind of STEEL PLOWS

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.

**SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.**

Woodstock, N. B.

**AT THIS JUNCTURE**

The various lines of Papers, Cards and Envelopes at THE DISPATCH Printing Office are fuller than ever before in the history of the office.

We have in stock many tons of Paper, Envelopes, Cards and Printed Forms of all kinds and shapes.

LOOK AT OUR STOCK.

Let us do your printing for you. Write us for prices.

**THE DISPATCH,**  
Job Printing Department,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.



**The Manufacturers Shudder**

At the price we sell our own make of goods. We will sell our own make of Bedroom, Parlor and Dining Room Suites at a much lower price than we could sell the imported articles, and by so doing we sell more goods to the people.

But low prices would be no inducement if Beauty of Design, Strength and Quality of Material were lacking.

Everything that makes good furniture goes with our low prices.

We think we can sell Carpets and Oil-cloths and General House Furnishings lower than anyone in the market.

Please call and inspect our goods and learn our prices.

I need a quantity of Lumber—Elm, Ash and Basswood.

**A. Henderson**

QUEEN STREET  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

In effect October 21st 1900.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc, M St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.  
8.05 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M Junction, Presque Isle, etc.  
11.33 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.  
1.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
2.55 P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M intermediate points.  
4.18 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vancorburo, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.  
7.55 P MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, (at Freight Yard) from McAdam Junction.  
11.33 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Boston, Montreal, etc.  
12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.  
4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.  
5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.  
7.55 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.  
9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John Fredericton, St. Stephen, Portland, Bangor, etc.  
A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

**LIVERY BUSINESS FOR SALE.**

I will sell my Livery business on Connell 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,  
Connell St., Woodstock.

Subscribe for THE DISPATCH.