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A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

Story of How an Afrikaner Girl Saved an Armored Train.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

"Sergeant, you will be in command of the train. I shall be on the verandan of the farm over there. If anything untoward happens, turn on the searchlight, and I will return at once. I shall hear when '23 up' passes and siding."
 "Very good, sir."

The officer in charge of armored train No. 27 jumped from the footboard of his saloon and dived into the darkness of the veldt. He was a subaltern who had been wounded at Mool-plaats, and, since his convalescence, had commanded No. 27—the "coffee cooler," as the men were pleased to call their rolling fortress. No. 27 had now been on this section of the line for some time, escorting troop and supply trains. Incidentally, the officer in command had discovered the best farms at which to buy eggs, milk and butter. But, as he steered his steps toward a neat little homestead, nestling against an under-forest of Free State kopje, some 200 yards from the siding where he had anchored his command for the night, he was not quite sure whether eggs and bacon were the only attractions. He had not followed the main road to the farm. Previous acquaintance with the locality had taught him that there was a more direct route. A Kaffir path led round the confines of a water dam, to where a small wicket gate barred the approach to the plantation which enclosed the farm-house. The subaltern knew the path well and evidenced no surprise when he saw the white of a Dutch cattie showing against the darker shades of the plantation background. In fact, he expected to see it there, since he knew that the Jooste family must have seen his train come in. The owner of the cattie was leaning over the wicket. It was too dark to see her face, but light enough to discern the slight and graceful lines of her form.

"Good evening, Chris. How good—!"
 "Sh-h; you must not speak so loud; please, please go back to your train!" There was no mistaking the earnest appeal in those few words, expressed in the sweet tones of the pretty Afrikaner tongue.

"What is it, Chris?"
 "Oh, go—go back. I am an Afrikaner girl; I cannot tell you why—only take this—eat it tonight!" As she pressed a parcel into his hand, a great finger of white light cleft the shade of the plantation, quivered a moment and disappeared. It was the searchlight signal. For a second, the features of the girl stood revealed. A round, fresh face, a mass of fair, waving hair, and eyes—eyes of that blue so common among the Dutch. The subaltern should have learned much in the brief life of that lime-light beam—much that is often good for a man to learn. The great round eyes were filled with tears; the face was deathly pale. "Eat it tonight." The subaltern retraced his steps with this soft injunction ringing in his ears. In a few minutes he was back with his train.

"What is it, Sergeant?"
 "Order, Sir. 'Twenty-three up' is detained, and we are to patrol up to Bloemfontein at once."

"All right; tell the driver, and call the pickets in."

The subaltern climbed into his saloon and examined his parcel. It only contained a little cake—a crude doughnut, sprinkled with currants. But he thought of the fingers that kneaded it, and was content.

"Wilson," he said to his servant, "we are going on at once. Don't trouble about dinner; send me some food into the fore battery!" As he put on his greatcoat, the subaltern slipped the gift cake into his pocket.

The moon was up. No 27 armored train, like some weird monster, was gliding along at six miles an hour. The subaltern, with a great fur rug all around him, sat bunched up in the fore battery, with his eyes glued on the parallel of metals in front of him. On either hand stood his watch, studying the approaches to the line on the right and left. Terrible work, this night patrolling. You sit or stand a few feet above the permanent way, watching for such small signs—ruffled gravel, dislodged ballast or misplaced sleeper—as the trainwrecker has left behind him. You know that if you fail to detect the work of the dynamitar, you yourself are as good as a dead man, and that your comrades will be mutilated with you. The passage of each culvert is an agony, each roll of the train is an alarm. Death ever stares you in the face. The tension is such that the strongest nerves will break down after a few weeks on a bad section of the line.

"Here, Sergeant, take my place; I must rest my eyes."

The subaltern leaned back against the armored wall of the truck. He remembered the cake and took it out of his pocket, toyed with it a moment, and then broke it in half. A little slip of paper fluttered from it and fell at his feet. He picked it up, and then, thinking it passing strange, lit a match and read, written in a girlish hand, "Don't cross Kaal Spruit tonight."

"Where are we, Sergeant?" He was on his feet in a second.

"Just about to cross Kaal Spruit, Sir."

A spring to the communicator. The dial ticked "Stop." Two more vigorous pulls. "Full steam astern," and as the brakes closed on the wheel shafts, the fore battery was three feet from the culvert.

"Down, men; down for your lives!" yelled the subaltern. The train was under way. Slowly it backed, and then, as the pistons began to feel the steam pressure, came the explosion. The bogie swung and rocked with the concussion; great pieces of masonry struck its armored plates, but it kept the rails.

"Saved by a yard, Sir," said the sergeant. "That was a contact mine; we shall have a hot time getting out of this!"

A WHISKEY SQUADRON.

How Prohibition is Defeated in Mississippi.

A dispatch from New Orleans says:—Prohibitionists in Mississippi are disturbed by a new trouble. They have established prohibition in 64 of the 75 counties of the state and have driven the "blind tigers" out of business. After securing all these triumphs they have encountered a new nuisance, which seems to defy them.

There have always been floating bar-rooms on the Mississippi, but they were never before so numerous and active as at present; and they are literally wiping out prohibition in all the river counties.

Probably because of the long years of enforced temperance, the people living along the Mississippi seem to have become unusually thirsty and take to liquor with a zeal that indicates that they want to make up for lost time. The route of the whiskey flotilla is marked by an outbreak of jags such as has not been known in Mississippi for many a day.

The whiskey squadron passed Friar's Point the other day, and the scene is said to have been most extraordinary. That particular squadron—there are several squadrons on the river—consisted of three large barges and a floating distillery which manufactured the whiskey for local distribution.

Each barge was a barroom, where liquor could be bought either by the drink or by the jug. The squadron anchored off Friar's Point, in the middle of the river, just beyond the water boundary of the Mississippi.

The "Admirals," as the commanders of the fleet are called, hung out their flags, which announced they were ready to serve their customers. They must have given advance notice of their coming, for many of the people in the interior had heard of it and drove over to the river bank to enjoy the opportunity offered them to punish "John Barleycorn."

The floating saloons did a land-office business for several days. All day long skiffs shot out from the bank loaded with passengers, who spent a large part of the day visiting the "Admirals," and ran inshore at night, having laid in a supply of several kegs for future use. Some of the people who supplied themselves with rations are said to have traveled 20 miles or more from the interior.

The result of the passing of the whiskey squadron was an amount of drunkenness in Friar's Point such as had not been seen for many a day. It was the accumulated intoxication of the whole year.

The temperance people were unable to do anything, and the local officers were equally powerless. An investigation was made, but it was found that the "Admirals" were beyond the reach of the state law.

They operate from Memphis. They pay only a federal license of \$25 and, floating as they do in the middle of the Mississippi, they are beyond the jurisdiction of the state. The prohibitionists are aroused to the importance of this invasion, and to the fact that the law against the sale of liquor in the river counties is a dead letter unless the "Admirals" and their whiskey squadrons can be reached. They will try to find some way of breaking up the traffic.

AVOID DECEPTION AND LOSS.

See That The Name **DIAMOND DYES** Is on Every Package You Purchase.

Some profit loving merchants buy package dyes to supply their customers with that are so poor and weak that it requires fully three packages to give the same depth and richness of color that is obtained from one package of the Diamond Dyes. These weak dyes—dear at any price—are sold to consumers at ten cents per packet, same price as the full strength Diamond Dyes.

Any woman who is urged by a merchant to buy the weak and adulterated dyes referred to should stoutly refuse to be swindled. Loss, trouble and irritation of temper can be avoided by always using the Diamond Dyes. Examine each package; when you see the name "Diamond Dyes," you are fully protected.

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What Did The Fakir do?

Wonderful stories are told of the powers of the Hindu fakirs. Careful attention to their tricks has not discovered their secret with any certainty, but Capt. James Parker, the English traveller, who has just returned from a tour of India, gives it as his belief that hypnotism is the means by which they accomplish their most startling illusions. One incident which he describes seems to bear out his view.

The trick which is acknowledged to be the greatest of these Hindu mystic performances, says Captain Parker, and the one that has been described by trustworthy persons too often to be doubted, is the one in which the fakir throws a ball of twine into the air above him, until it disappears from sight. The loose end of the string he holds in his hand, and after the boy assistant has climbed up the string until he, too, is out of sight, the fakir himself follows, with a knife between his teeth.

The spectators, surprised when both boy and man climb out of sight, are horrified when the boy's severed head, arms and legs, followed by the trunk, fall to the ground, and the man follows close behind. Their astonishment is increased when the fakir gathers the severed members and restores the boy to life.

Well, I saw this performance once, and once I didn't see it; and the latter experience was more wonderful than the other. I had some London friends visiting me, and after having left them for a few minutes on the veranda of my bungalow, I saw, as I was returning, the same fakir and his assistant, whom I had seen perform the trick, standing about forty feet in front of my friends, apparently preparing to begin a performance. As I was about as far behind the natives as my friends were in front of them, and had not been observed, I stood quietly where I was.

The man placed a drawn knife between his teeth, took the usual ball of twine in his right hand, made a motion as if throwing it into the air, and then stood perfectly quiet. My friends on the veranda were looking into the upper air with astonishment on their faces, which in a minute turned to a look of horror as their eyes came back to the ground. In another minute their countenances lighted up with pleasure, and they applauded roundly.

They could not say enough about the wonderful performance they had seen, and they were astonished beyond measure when I told them I had been as near the fakir as they, and had seen nothing of what had so wonderfully impressed them.

If that was not hypnotism, what was it?

A BUILDER—ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT?—"The D. & L." Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

BRITAIN WATCHES HER OWN

How Satisfaction Was Obtained for an Insult to One of her Subjects.

Woodstock, Ont., March 22.—W. H. Ponton, of Napanee bank robbery fame, is in South America in the fruit business. In a letter to a friend dated at Bocas el Torro, where he now is, he tells an interesting story of how Great Britain looks after her subjects, no matter how lowly they are. The negro cook on a British man-of-war went ashore when the vessel was at Bocas el Torro, and was knocked down by a drunken Spaniard without any provocation. The cook returned to his vessel and reported the affair and several boatloads of bluejackets were immediately sent ashore, a machine gun mounted on the bow of each boat.

The authorities, on the demand of the British officers, apprehended the Spaniard and offered to flog him. They were told that this was not necessary, and that the culprit merely be imprisoned. So he was sent to jail for a month by the local magistrate and Mr. Jackson, the British consul.

Next day Mr. Jackson called at the jail and found the Spaniard outside playing cards with some of the soldiers. The consul demanded that the sentence be carried out, but he was told this would not be done. Meantime the man-of-war had left for Colombia. Mr. Jackson went home and wrote a letter to the officer in command, despatching it to Colombia by a steamer. The man-of-war at once returned to Bocas el Torro. Its hurried departure from Colombia was told of in the despatches several weeks ago. That was its errand. An armed party was sent ashore to get the Spaniard and he was taken to Colombia to serve out his sentence.

Medical Science Advances.

It is not more than half a century ago that physicians considered a surgical operation with its risk, expense and pain as the only cure for piles. Today it is only the out of date doctors that think of such treatment. It is cruel and extravagant to operate for a disease which is far more certainly cured by the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment. You may be skeptical, but for proof you are referred to tens of thousands of cases that have been cured by this famous preparation.

A crofter's wife, finding that the focus of her spectacles became longer and longer with increasing years, said to her husband, as she held her Bible at arms' length:—

"The next time ye gang till 'e toon mind and get me a pair o' specs."

"Hoot, woman," replied her partner, "it's no' new specs ye want; it's langer airms."

YOU MAY NEED Pain-Killer at any time in case of accident. Cures cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'

Jaggs: "Doctor, my wife has insomnia very bad. She very often remains awake until two or three o'clock in the morning. What shall I do for her?"
 Doctor: "Go home earlier."