

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or \$ for \$1.25, at all druggists.



FALL ROBES.

Plush, Seal
—AND—
Shawl Robes.

Balance of SUMMER ROBES will be sold at a Reduction.

ATHERTON BROS.

Harness Makers,

King Street, Woodstock.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
A FAMILY LIBRARY
The Best in Current Literature
12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY
MANY SHORT STORIES AND PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS
\$2.50 per year; 25 cts. a copy
NO CONTINUED STORIES
EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

BRISTOL
WOODWORKING
FACTORY,

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS SASH MOULDINGS
HOUSE FINISH SHEATHING ETC.,
STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times.
Estimates given. Orders promptly executed.
Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE
H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props

Outfits for commercial travellers, Coaches in at pondance at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates.
First-Class Hearse in connection.

Emerald Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

Subscribe for The DISPATCH.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

When Irish Norah, the nurse, offered to repeat some of the old familiar stories the children rebelled; but when she was permitted to repeat one of them the children wanted more. Patient, devoted and original, Norah had a warm place in the hearts of the children, and her fame as a story-teller had reached other nurseries, so that her audience sometimes numbered five or six. But until this fateful day she had always told new stories—Irish fairy stories and stories that she made up as she went along. She never repeated a tale, except by request, and so in time her stock and her imagination were both pretty well exhausted. Then it was she turned to the old books for additional material.

"I'll tell ye," she said, with her delicious brogue, that always added to the interest of the stories, "iv th' Shleepin' Beauty."

"Oh, no!" cried Carl: "that's old, and mamma has read it to us."

"But ye niver heard me tell it," suggested Norah. "Tis not th' sa-ame thing whin it's r-read an' whin it's told, an' I'm all out iv new shories. Ye've had a new shory ivry da-y since ye was old enough to listen, an' there's niver a wan left."

"Let her tell it, Carl," urged Ethel. "Perhaps there will be something new in it after all."

So it happened that when Mr. Merrill passed the door of the children's play-room he heard Norah telling the story of The Sleeping Beauty to his two children (for that was the extent of the audience on this occasion), and he stopped to listen. Then he went softly down-stairs and called his wife, and they quietly took possession of an adjoining room. That is how Norah's version acquired local fame, which later frequently resulted in an audience of which she was in ignorance, but which nevertheless was interested and appreciative.

"Wanst upon a time," began Norah; and then she interrupted herself to say, "ye'll notice that ivrything happens wanst upon a time in th' shories; 'tis a date iv gr-reat importance in th' fairy wor-ld. Well, wanst upon a time there was a king an' a queen—" "What was the king's name?" asked Carl, who always insisted upon details.

"How d'ye sup-pose I know?" retorted Norah, good-naturedly. "In th' fairy times kings was so common ye'd shumble over thim in th' shreet, an' no wan ivver thought iv givin' thim na-ames. If ye met wan iv thim ye'd just drop on wan knee an' say, 'Ye-er Highness!' or 'Good luck to ye, O king!' 'T'w'd be a waste iv time to be r-runnin' to th' direct'ry ivry minute fr to see what king it was. Now, don't ye be botherin' me any more."

This matter being disposed of Norah continued the story.

"Th' king an' th' queen had no childher, an' it made thim sa-ad. A woman without a childher haen't th' occupation she sh'd ha-ave, an' a king without a childher is in a ter'ble bad wa-ay, bein' worried be th' thought that th' crown may go out iv th' fam'ly an' not be a good fit. So whin a fr-rog came to th' queen, an' says, 'Ye have a daughter comin' to ye afther a bit,' they both iv thim became happy an' continted."

"Wasn't it a stork?" asked Ethel, doubtfully.

Nora looked troubled, but only for a minute.

"'Tis th' shork that brings th' ba-bay," she explained, "but I think 'tis th' fr-rog that brings th' news iv it. Annyhow, 'twas so this time, an' th' fr-rog knew what he was ta-alkin' about, fr a princess was bo-orn an' christened, an' siven fairy godmothers showed up at th' christenin', with wan over that wasn't invited. Oh, my! but he was a gr-reat king! I niver knew th' like iv it in all his-th'ry, fr 'tis customary to ma-ake wan fairy godmother do fr anny ord'nary princess. Well, whin th' time came fr g'iven the good wishes th' fairy that wasn't invited says, 'I wish ye may prick ye-er ha-and on a shpindle, an' die,' an' th' in up jumps wan iv th' other fairies, she bein' so mad her wings is flappin', and she cries, 'Tis a sha-ame to put so ha-arsh a pinalty on th' ba-bay! I cha-ange th' sentence from death to shleep. An' 'tis me decree,' she says, 'that she must wa-ake up whin she's kissed be a prince. An' so 'twas all fixed. Ye see, 'twas th' r-rule iv th' th' fairy wor-ld that th' wan that had th' last wor-ld was th' wan that had her own wa-ay, an' there do be women that think things is r-run be th' sa-ame r-rule now. Well, th' king was that worried that he had all the shpindles bur-rued, only he fr-got wan iv thim."

"Why did he forget it?" inquired Carl.

"Why did he fr-got it?" repeated Norah. "Don't ye see, he had to fr-got it" If he didn't there w'dn't be anny shtory to be tellin' ye."

"Why, of course?" put in Ethel. "That's very simple, Carl."

"Well," Norah continued, "iv coorse whin th' princess was old enough to be chasin' about be herself she found th' shpindle, like ivry gir-rl—an' boy, too—finds what isn't intinded fr thim, an' she pricked her ha-and an' wint to shleep. Thim

th' good fairy, thinkin' iv how shlow th' time w'd pass while waitin' fr her to wake up, puts th' king an' queen an' ivry wan in th' castle to shleep, so they w'dn't be worryin'. An' they all shlept a hundred years."

"A hundred years!" repeated Carl, thoughtfully. "Who ruled the country while the king was sleeping?"

"No wan," answered Norah, calmly. "It didn't need anny r-rulin'."

"I thought every country had to be ruled," insisted Carl.

"Not a shtory-book country," asserted Norah.

"But couldn't the doctors wake them up?" asked Ethel.

"No wan knew they were shleepin'," explained Norah, confidently.

"I should think the milkman or the grocer's boy would have found it out," suggested Ethel.

"It's mighty funny," put in Carl, "that a king shouldn't be missed."

"There's a lot iv them that w'dn't be missed," said Norah. "Ye'd miss a shoe-black before ye w'd some kings."

"If we should all go to sleep for a long time, some one would find it out," argued the boy.

"Iv coorse," admitted Norah; an' that proves it."

"Proves what?"

"Proves that ye're not a king," said Norah, triumphantly. "Tis all as plain as the da-ay."

Th' fact that ye'd be found, not bein' a king, proves that if ye were a king no wan w'd ivver come near ye. What's th' use iv bein' a king if ye can't shleep as long as ye wa-ant without ivver bein' called?"

"I never thought of that," answered Carl. "Go on, Norah."

"Whin th' time was up," continued Norah, "a fine prince came prancin' through th' forest, an' he was surprised to see th' castle."

"What's this?" he says, niver havin' heard th' shtory.

"Hush!" says th' people iv th' forest; 'th' king's been shleepin' fr a century'.

"Th' lazy ma-an," says th' prince. "Tis time he was called or he'll be sh-tarvin' to death."

"Ye can't wake him," says th' people; 'no wan can do it.'"

"Nonsense, said th' prince, he bein' a br-right lad. 'Ye can wake anny wan be ticklin' th' sole iv his foot.'"

"'T'w'd not be etiquette," says th' people, 'fr to tickle a king.'"

"That isn't in the book mamma read," said Ethel.

"No," admitted Norah, blandly, "but it sh'd be."

"Norah is right," asserted Carl. "I al-was thought something was left out of the book."

"Well," said Norah, "th' prince, bein' well brought up, w'dn't do annything that wasn't etiquette, so he niver bothered th' king, but just wint wanderin' through the palace, takin' in th' strange sights. Oh, my! he saw some queer things! Th' cook had been pluckin' a chicken whin th' two iv thim wint to shleep."

"The chicken was dead when she was plucking it, wasn't it?" asked Ethel.

"Iv coorse," replied Norah.

"Then I don't see how it could go to shleep. I should think it would just spoil."

"Tis ivident," said Norah, in a tone of gentle reproof, "that ye niver were in th' fairy country. Th' chicken was dead an' shleepin', an' th' prince, not bein' hungry, wint on till he came to th' room where th' princess was. 'I'll have her fr a wife,' he says at wanst, fr that's th' wa-ay they did things in thim da-ays. There was no courtin', an' I'm thinkin' they missed a lot iv th' gr-reat injymint iv life; but annyhow a la-ad didn't have to go callin' ivry night to find out if a gir-rl was th' r-right wan fr him. 'Twas all settled th' minute he clapped his eyes on her. So th' prince says, 'I'll have her fr a wife; but th' trouble was to get her without carryin' her away on his shoulder like a bag iv meal. 'I must have her,' he says, 'so I'll go fr a ca-art; but first,' he says, 'I'll give her wan kiss.'"

"But that wasn't etiquette," suggested Ethel.

"A kiss," said Norah, "is always etiquette in a shtory. So he kissed her, an' she woke up, an' thim ivry wan woke up, an' ye niver saw such astonished people. Th' queen looked at herself in th' gla-ss, an' she says, 'Dear me! how provokin'! Me clo'es are all out iv shstyle!' an' th' king says, 'Bless ye, me childhern!' an' th' princess says, 'So ye've come at last, have ye? I'm gla-ad ye're such a fine han'some la-ad, but ye're shlow. 'Tis not ivry gir-rl w'd wait so long fr ye. An' thim they were married an' lived happily ivver aftherward.'"

"Does everybody live happily ivver aftherward when they're married?" asked Ethel, after a thoughtful pause.

"In th' fairy country," answered Norah, guardedly.

"I wish there were princes like that now," sighed the girl.

"'T'w'd be a fine thing," returned Norah, with mild suggestiveness, "if wan iv thim wint to ye-er room an' kissed ye ivry mornin' about th' time th' risin' bell r-rings."

If it is asthma, bronchitis, croup, or any such trouble, use Vapo-Cresolene. All Druggists.

Fire! Protect YOUR PROPERTY.

Don't lose any time in getting Protection on your Property by a policy in a first-class Fire Insurance Company.

A. D. HOLYOKE,

Agent for English and American Companies.

Offices: Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.



ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES? ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

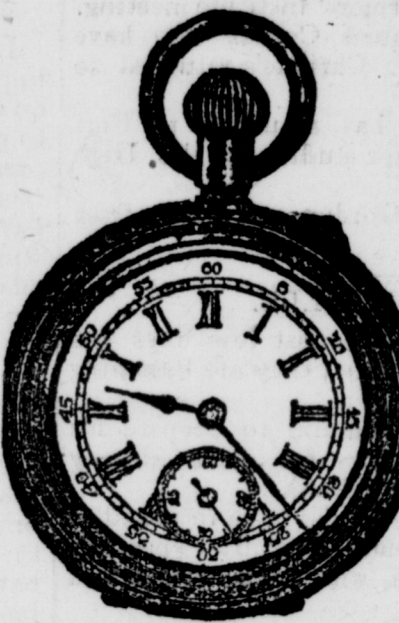
HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever. I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you acartly and beg to remain Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.
Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and advice free. **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal cost. **INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.**

HANDSOME WATCH FREE



A SOLID GOLD
Ladies' or Gents'
Watch costs from
\$20 to \$60. Don't
Throw Your Money Away.

If you want a watch that will keep as good time as a gold watch one that no lady or gentleman need be ashamed to carry. Send us your name and address at once and agree to sell for us only 12 boxes of King's Headache and Neuralgia Tablets, at 25 cents a box when sold send us the money and we will give you absolutely free a solid silver watch in either ladies or gents size. We want no money until after you have sold the tablets. Don't miss the chance of your life to get a beautiful Silver Watch free for a few hours work among your friends. Those tablets are a positive cure for all kinds of Headache and Neuralgia and leave no bad after effects. Write to-day and we will send you 12 boxes post paid and after you have sold them send us the money and we will send you by return mail a beautiful silver watch either ladies or gents size which ever you desire. This is a glorious opportunity to get a beautiful silver watch without paying a cent for it and you should write at once and be the first in your locality. Remember you have only to sell 12 boxes to get the watch.

Address **THE KING TABLET CO.** Dept. 37 Toronto, Can.

Insisted on His Rights.

Some parents still believe in the old adage that sparing the rod spoils the child. An Indiana paper tells of one of this class who strode into the schoolhouse and confronted the teacher after the scholars had been dismissed for the day.

"I understand you whipped my boy this morning!" he began, angrily.

"Yes, sir, I did," the terrified teacher responded, "but I did not whip him severely."

"That's what I'm complaining about," rejoined the parent; "you didn't wallop him half enough. Now, look here. I am one of the largest taxpayers in this school district, and my boy is entitled to as good a whaling as you give any other boy. Understand that. If you slight him again you will hear from me. Good afternoon, sir!"

Wonders of the Heart

All the blood in the human body passes through the heart in about three minutes. The heart beats 70 times a second, 4200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, throwing out 2 1/2 ounces of blood a second, 656 lbs. an hour, 7 1/2 tons a day. It is only when supplied with pure, rich blood that the heart, an organ 6 inches long by 4 inches wide, can accomplish this enormous amount of work and rebuild its own wasted tissues. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most effective treatment available for heart affections because it forms new, red corpuscles in the blood and gives to it that life sustaining quality which is necessary to the health of every organ.

When called to take up mission work in Chicago, the late Bishop Whipple found busy railway yards close to his chapel. He asked the chief engineer how to reach railway operatives. "Read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask a question of an engineer and he not think you a fool." So instructed, he dropped in one day on a group cleaning an engine, and ventured a question: "Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?" A torrent of discussion followed on connections, steam-heaters, exhausts; and at the end of a half hour he remarked, in levaid: "Boys, I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I should be glad to see you." The next Sunday every man was there.

The Sufferings of Job.

If the agonies of Job were any worse than the tortures of itching piles from which so many people are now suffering he had much to endure. The difference is that there is no reason for any one to endure the miseries of piles for a single day. Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured tens of thousands of cases and is absolutely guaranteed to cure each and every case of piles. 60 cents at all dealers or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

UNDERTAKING.

THE
A. Henderson

FURNITURE CO. Ltd.

are carrying a fine stock in the

Undertaking Department.

CASKETS,

IN ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS.

ROBES,
GLOVES, Etc.

A. HENDERSON

Furniture Company Ltd.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

March 4th, 1902.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE,

Parriester-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.