

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

WHEN YOU GROW WEAK AND YOUR CHEEKS LOSE THEIR COLOR.

This Means Anaemia, and if Neglected Consumption May Follow—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Certain Cure.

Anaemia, or poor or watery blood, is a trouble from which most growing girls and many young boys suffer. It comes at a critical period of the young person's life, and unless prompt steps are taken to enrich the blood and thus strengthen the system, decline, and most likely consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that acts directly upon the blood and the nerves, promptly restoring the ailing one to complete health and strength. The following statement from Mrs. Lena M. Ryan, of Welland, whose daughter was a victim of anaemia, gives the strongest proof of the value of these. Mrs. Ryan says:— "About three years ago the health of my daughter, Birdie, became so bad that I was seriously alarmed. She was pale and almost bloodless; had no appetite, lost flesh and suffered from severe headaches. I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was followed for some time, it did not benefit her. I then tried some other remedies, but these also failed, and she had wasted away to a mere shadow of her former self. At this stage I was advised to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she began this treatment. Almost from the outset these pills helped her, and as she continued their use, the color came back to her cheeks, her appetite improved, the headaches ceased to trouble her, and by the time she had taken eight boxes she felt stronger and better than she had ever done in her life before. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed for all ailments of this kind, and strongly recommend them to other mothers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure all cases like the above, but also cure all other troubles arising from poor blood or weak nerves, such as rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, scrofula, and eruptions of the skin, etc. These pills are also a direct cure for the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Give the pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. The genuine are sold only in boxes that have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not have them, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Yankee and the Scotchman.

In Edinburgh three students were sitting in a hotel discussing the beauties of Highland scenery, when an American from the state of Vermont broke in upon them with the remark that for real scenery one has to go to America, that when Christopher Columbus discovered America he discovered the finest scenery in the world. One of the students asked the Yankee if he did not admit that Great Britain, considering her area, wielded a great influence in the world. "Yes, but for real enterprise," replied the man from Vermont, "you have got to come to America. The country discovered by Christopher Columbus has become the most enterprising in the world." "At least Great Britain's navy stands ahead of the world," smiled the student. "She does, eh? Look here, we could send over a Mississippi gunboat, that would take the whole British navy in tow and run it into New York Harbor—yes, and it would never be noticed among our big boats." An old Scotchman who had been writing letters at a table near by arose at this juncture, and as he licked stamps remarked: "My friend, I will na say anything about yer scenery, for I ken naething about it; nor would I say anything about yer enterprise, for I ken naething about that, but as for the Mississippi gunboat, I will say, just try that on, and in six months it'll take a dom sight smarter mou than Christopher Columbus tae discover America."

Useful in the Business.

The reasons which lead men to choose a certain trade or profession are often, perhaps, no more sensible than the reason the boy in the following story from a New York paper gave for wanting a place in a bank. The president of a down-tow bank told the story at his club.

"I don't think I ever told you of our red-headed office-boy, 'Brickbat,'" remarked the bank president, after the rest had each told a story.

"Never did," was the answer. "Well," continued the speaker, "he came to me with recommendations from his father, who was a schoolmate of mine up in Steuben County. After I read the note from the father, I told the boy to take off his hat, sit down in a chair and tell me why he wanted to be a banker. His answer was: " 'Cause I'm good at multiplying.' " "Well," said I, 'can't you subtract and divide, too?'"

"O yes," he said, 'but because a banker wants to make all he can, I thought you wanted a boy who could multiply.' " "I hired him on the strength of that."

Mr. Dooley on Being Dead.

The reason no wan is afraid iv Death, Hinnessy, is that no wan ra-ally undherstands it. If anny wan iver come to undherstand it he'd be scared to death. If they's anny such thing as a cow'd, which I doubt, he's a man that comes nearer realizin' thin

other men, how seeryous a matther it is to die. I talk about it, an' sometimes I think about it. But how do I think about it? It's me lyin' there in a fine shoot iv clothes an' listenin' to all th' nice things people are sayin' about me. I'm dead, mind ye, but I can hear a whisper in the furthest corner iv th' room. Ivry wan is askin' ivry wan else why did I die. 'It's a gr-reat loss to th' counthry,' says Hogan. 'It is,' says Donahue. 'He was a fine man,' says Clancy. 'As honest a man is iver dhrew th' breath iv' life,' says Schwartzmeister. 'I hope he forgives us all th' harm we attempted to do him,' says Donahue. 'I'd give annything to have him back,' says Clancy. 'He was this and that, th' life iv th' party, th' sowl iv hoar, th' frind iv th' distressed, th' boolewark iv th' constibochion, a pathrite, a gentleman, a Christyan an' a scholar.' "An' such a roguish way with him," says th' Widow O'Brien.

That's what I think, but if I judged fr'm expeeryence I'd know it'd be, "It's a nice day fr' a dhrive to th' cimitery. Did he lave much?" No man is a hayro to his undertaker.—From Observations by Mr. Dooley.

Maritime Farmer Special Number.

Historical matter, present doings and forecasts of the future all figure prominently in the make-up of the bright Maritime farm paper which has reached our desk in the form of a Special Winter Fair number that easily takes rank as the most elaborate undertaking yet on record in agricultural journalism in Eastern Canada.

The whole work is of our own people, about our own country, and should appeal to us accordingly. Amongst other articles is an exhaustive record of the pure-bred stock importations to New Brunswick. Similar data regarding the other provinces is promised for future issues. There are also splendid papers dealing with dairy work, fruit growing, live stock and the farm home, all profusely illustrated.

Ten pages are devoted to a report of the Maritime Winter Fair, recently held at Amherst, making by long odds the most complete account of the proceedings at that most interesting event that will be placed before the public.

The paper, presswork and illustrations are high class, in keeping with the nature of the undertaking. It might be pointed out that the illustrations, while not so strikingly artistic as those in some other similar publications, are exact life reproductions and consequently of far more value to the student of correct animal form.

This issue comes out in the face of a reduced subscription price, 80 cents per year being the rate at present given cash subscribers. At that price no farmer can be without this up-to-date journal. The Maritime Farmer is published at Sussex, N. B.

A Port of Doubtful Value.

Fifteen of twenty years ago the greatest possible strategic importance was attached to Port Arthur, and there were periodical alarms that its occupation by Russia would prove a *casus belli* on the part of Great Britain. Then there came the great flourish of trumpets over the British occupation of Wei-hai-wei, followed later on by the unwilling admission that the place was of no use as a naval base, although it might be a nice healthy spot for a sanatorium. Now the glory of Port Arthur has almost all departed, and the probability is that Russia would abandon it altogether if she had not spent so much money there. It was expected to prove the great Southern terminus and commercial depot of the Manchurian railway, but this is the position occupied by Dalny while Port Arthur is reached by a loop line. It has been deserted by nearly all its merchants, who have migrated to Dalny, and exists only as a military and naval headquarters. Even as a naval station it will be of inferior rank to Vladivostok. Some Russian naval experts have already advised the Government to follow the example of England at Wei-hai-wei, and withdraw from the place, but it is not likely that this advice will be taken, as retirement would not only be an offence to national pride, but a confession of error.

Texas Sufficient to Herself.

A Texan can live on what is produced within the borders of his own State—beef, bread, sugar, rice, bacon, fruits, and vegetables. His dinner can be cooked in a stove heated by Texas coal oil, and he can digest his meal as he smokes a post-prandial Texas cigar.—[Austin Statesman.]

Remarkable Calf For Sale.

GEORGETOWN, Ga., December 20. I have a calf that is fourteen months old which was born with only three legs. The right front arm is gone. It is a fine calf; can walk, run, and graze as other cattle. The calf was exhibited at the Eufaula street fair and netted \$15 per day. I am a reader of your valuable paper. I am thirteen years of age. I wish you would assist me in selling my calf to the Park Commission of your great city. I am sure it would be a great show for the children of Atlanta. I am a little girl, and will pay liberally to dispose of my calf.—Yours respectfully, Florrie Ben Kaigler.—[Atlanta Journal.]

Some Unpublished Conversations of Schopenhauer.

A REMARKABLE LITERARY FIND.

In the January number of "The Reader", there is printed, what seems to us to be the most remarkable literary "find" of many years, which is nothing less than some hitherto unpublished notes of a series of conversations with the pessimist philosopher Schopenhauer. For several years these notes have been in the possession of Mr. R. V. Risley; who, while Secretary to the Legation in Denmark, to which country his father, the Hon. John E. Risley was for several years an American minister, secured them from an old doctor, who was probably the only acquaintance of Schopenhauer in his latter years. The notes are printed verbatim and bear unmistakable evidence of their authorship. Here and there is a quotation which will be familiar to readers of Schopenhauer's work, but on the other hand there are a number of passages which are original and extraordinary. The following quotations are from this article, which we can recommend to all as fascinating reading.

"I remember I once walked with a man in the country (I hate the country): he was a Pastor from Tubingen.

"Look! he said, 'at the sky! What a glorious day! Could any one doubt that God is good?'"

"And he stepped on an ant hill!"

"Also, later, it rained."

"All things are futile to the man who understands them. Hope, not love, is blind."

"Gayety is the only thing in life which is unreduplicable."

"We live our sorrows over again: we never re-live a laugh."

"O, yes! I am perfectly willing to do anything which your morality decries—but even to be recalcitrant no longer especially interests me—save that it gives me my only amusement, the wonder of those who do not understand."

"I am too tired to care for anything."

"I have made one now unalterable mistake in my life—I have not been a fool. I wish to God I could be!"

"Laws are artificial; they are made by men; can the fallible produce the infallible?"

MARRIED.

BURNHAM-DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's father, Bristol, N. B., Dec. 30th, by Rev. W. H. Smith, Charles M. Burnham of East Florenceville, to Dora A. Davis of Bristol.

MARRIAGE LICENSES AND WEDDING RINGS.

Marriage Licenses issued and Wedding Rings sold, guaranteed as stamped U. S. assay, at

W. B. JEWETT'S.
JEWETT'S CORNER, WOODSTOCK.

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Good Soap at
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At the CONNELL PHARMACY.
Opp. Carlisle Hotel.

WAH SING, CHINESE LAUNDRY.

Family Washing a specialty.
Parcels sent for and delivered.
Queen St., Woodstock, N. B.

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Wishes to call the attention of the public to his store, where he has a fine line of new and up-to-date Jewellery and Xmas Gifts, including some beautifully rich Cut Glass.

He also thanks the public at large for their very liberal patronage in Watch and Optical work.

Call and have your Eyes Examined FREE and with pleasure.

Very Attractive Xmas Presents at B. B. Manzer's, Main St.

In our Ladies' Department

We have a beautiful line of Ladies' Dress Patterns, Kid Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Fancy Collars, French Flannels, Flannel Waists, Cloth Skirts, Wrappers, etc. Also full line of Ladies' Fur Coats, Collars, Ruffs, Gauntlets, Muffs, Caps, etc.

In our Gents' Department.

We have the Largest and Most Fashionable Line of Men's and Boys' Ready-to-wear Clothing. Raglanette Coats a Specialty. Gents' Up-to-Date Neckties, Collars, Shirts, Hats, Caps and Underclothing, of all kinds and sizes.

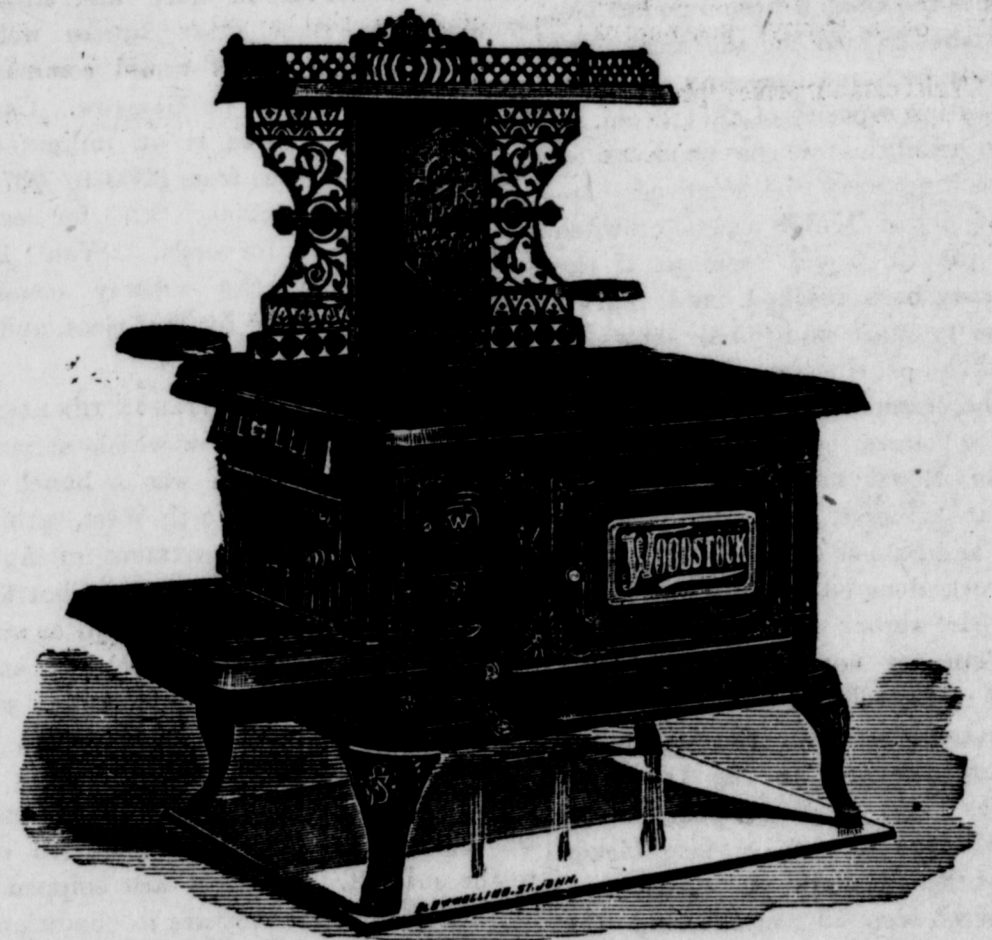
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of all kinds.

THE WOODSTOCK RANGE.



The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1902. Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—After upwards of thirty years experience with a large variety of cook stoves, none has ever given the satisfaction derived from your "Woodstock." It is a perfect heater and baker, keeps the water tank hot day and night, with less fuel than any stove we have ever had in our parsonages.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN C. BERRIE.

P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end of March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

SMALL & FISHER COMPANY, Limited,
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Fancy Goods, Stationery, Ladies' Wear.

An entirely new stock of the Latest and Most Fashionable Ladies' Wear.

You are invited to call.

MISS S. L. TURNER,
Main Street, Woodstock.

Subscribe for The DISPATCH.

ELECTION NOTICE.

In compliance with the urgent request of a large number of the citizens and ratepayers of this town, I have consented to become a candidate for the office of Mayor at the coming civic election.

As you are all aware I have had a long experience in town affairs, and have given close and careful attention to every detail of the several departments under my care. If elected I can only promise to do my best to promote your interest and the general welfare of the town.

It will not be possible for me to see you all in so short a time. If not, and you can consider me worthy your confidence, I will thank you to cast your vote in my favor on the day of the election.

Your obedient servant,

R. B. JONES.

DR. MANZER,

DENTIST,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.