

(Liquozone was formerly known in Canada as Powley's Liquid Oxygen.)

A FOOLISH WISH.

Why need I seek some burden small to bear
Before I go?
Will not a host of nobler souls be here
Heaven's will to do?
Of stronger hands, unflinching, unafraid?
O silly soul! what matters my small aid
Before I go!

I tried to find, that I might show to them,
Before I go,
The path of purer lives: the light was dim,—
I do not know
If I had found some footprints of the way;
It is too late their wandering feet to stay,
Before I go.

I would have sung the rest some song of cheer,
Before I go;
But still the chords rang false; some jar of fear,
Some jangling woe.
And at the end I cannot weave one chord
To float into their hearts my last warm word,
Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell,
Before I go,
That one warm word,—how I have loved them
well.
Could they but know!
And would have gained for them some gleam of
good:
Have sought it long; still seek,—if but I could!
Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing, on the beech at play:
"Before I go,"
He begs the beckoning mother, "Let me stay
To see shall to throw!"
'Tis coming night; the great sea climbs to shore,—
"Ah, let me toss one little pebble more,
Before I go."

—EDWARD ROLAND SILL.

Connemara Cyclone's Reinstatement.

BY RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.

His doting parents—of that far famed poor but honest variety—had named him Michael Ryan O'Sullivan. But an equally doting public during the few years he held its attention had christened him the "Connemara Cyclone." History—ring history—has it that "Black" Nolan, the sporting assemblyman from the Tenth, who first gave him the name. After that great fight with "Pug" Bresnahan, so runs the story, while Bresnahan's seconds were still trying to fan the breath of life back to him and "Black" Nolan close to the ring divided his time between watching this interesting operation and fingering a thick, green wad in his pudgy hand, the latter suddenly turned to the man beside him and said:

"Aisy meat was he. Tell the b'ys that backed Terry Bresnahan they've got a wad o' thinks coming to 'em. Ur's a cyclone that lad is—a Connemara cyclone." And the sporting fraternity, which is ever ready to take up any name, provided only it be neighbouring in appropriateness, sanctioned the christening.

Like many another man, the Cyclone's success was but a pathway to his own undoing. In the two years succeeding his first great victory an enterprising manager kept him almost continually before the public. The cyclone made money rapidly and spent it with an equal avidity. Numerous easy victories over opponents unworthy of his steel intoxicated him. He neglected his training, he gambled heavily; but, the worst of all, he discovered that whiskey was a fine antidote for the poison of gambling losses.

The end came rapidly after that. One night at the Pastime club a clever youngster brought two quick blows through the Cyclone's guard, and for the first time in his life he lay prone in the ring and was counted out. It was a mercy the blows had been heavy enough to render him completely unconscious and spare him the humiliation of the jeers and hisses and catcalls of his backers—the catastrophe came in the second round, and they had given odds of 5 to 2 on him.

The defeat had the effect of sobering him into a realization of his condition. For a time he left whiskey to its own devices and took up training with exemplary thoroughness. But his dissipation and the sting of defeat seemed to have unnerved him. All his encounters of the next year were calamitous to him and left his manager financially involved. It was then they parted company in a huff and the Cyclone decided to quit the ring.

His next venture was in the theatrical line. The proprietor of a cheap variety house made him an offer of a comfortable sum per week to appear in a twenty minute monologue. In this he was successful for a time, and night after night the house was crowded with men who, although they knew him as a "has been," remembered his palmer days. He went from city to city, appearing in faultless evening clothes and huge paste diamonds and with prudence might have laid by a snug sum out of his earnings. But with this new success the gambling began again, and with the gambling the monologue grew rather hazy, the articulation thick, the gesture vague. One night in a western city the curtain was rung down just in time, for before he could stagger to the wings he collapsed in a miserable heap.

It went from bad to worse after that until Michael Ryan O'Sullivan became a common barroom loafer.

It was one dark April night that the doors of Casey's saloon swung open, and with much scuffling and profanity the erstwhile Connemara Cyclone was pitched unceremoniously on to the sidewalk. A few moments later he rose painfully to his feet and made his lurching way down the street to fall into a convenient doorway. He drew himself up as

best he could on the stone steps and soon was snoring lustily.

It was gray morning when he awoke and got unsteadily to his feet. He pushed out his dilapidated derby, brushed his clothes and buttoned his frayed coat about him. As he did so he became aware of a bundle on the steps beside him, a bundle swathed in a blanket, and even as he looked a feeble wail came from beneath its folds. He stooped and loosened the blanket, and two tiny arms reached up to him, accompanied by a shrill plaint.

"Good heavens," he said, standing erect and rubbing his head, "it's a kid!"

His first wild impulse was to run; then as the wail grew more plaintive he felt a strange tightening at his throat.

"Poor devil," he mused, "it's hungry."

As gathered the bundle in his arms and went out. He had a vague idea of giving it to a policeman, but as he went down the street and the wails gradually ceased a strange desire seized him, a desire to keep this child. There was his sister, Mrs. MacInness; he might take it to her, she was a good soul, was Nora. He sought the nearest drug store and looked up the address of the MacInnesses in the directory. Then with the child in his arms, he trudged the two weary miles to their homes, Nora met him at the door and his heart sank.

"Well," she said, "an' what does this mean—the loikes o' you comin' here, Mike O'Sullivan? Are you hungry at—what hev you in the boondles?"

Just then there was a wail from the blanket, and she snatched it from him. He followed her into the house and watched with hungry eyes as she deftly slid off the swathings of the child.

"Oh, the da-arin', the da-arin'!" she cried. "An' when was ye married, Mike?"

"I want you to be good to it for a bit, Nora," he said and turned on his heel.

The sporting fraternity will tell you that a puglist, however "corky," seldom regains his lost prestige. They will also offer some absurd theories in the case of Connemara Cyclone. But if you want to learn the real reason of that worthy's late success in the ring go up to MacInness flat any Sunday afternoon and see a sleek, curly headed baby pulling his huge watch chain and chewing his paste diamonds. And, although it is not currently known, a large portion of his ring earnings are banked in the name of Nora O'Sullivan.

Divorced in Montana.

The following letters which appeared in the Butte Miner are republished in THE DISPATCH at the request of both the interested parties.

"Woodstock, Can. Co., N. B., Canada, Sept. 3, 1903.—Dear Editor: I see in your issue of the Butte Miner, August 28, where you published George Smith's divorce from me, his lawful wife, and I write asking you to publish the truth. It was desertion—that is very true—but he cruelly deserted me, and not I him. You also said I skipped to Canada. Canada is my home, where I always lived, never having been with him in the west. He sold our property here and went west, promising to send for me in a short time, but instead never wrote me a word nor sent me a dollar. I signed away my rights to the farm, thinking all was well, as he always used me well before, so I was left homeless and penniless and in poor health. His mother was the cause of this. I might say the Mrs. John Wall should read Walton (his sister) who swears she did not know of my whereabouts, was here last spring and I shook hands with her. It was six years since he left and I have written several letters asking support from him, and he has known just where I was—at my father's home. I can give you the names of a dozen or more very reliable people in Butte who came from here and know what I say to be true. I hope you will be kind enough to publish this for me. "Mrs. GEORGE SMITH."

GEORGE SMITH'S REPLY.

BUTTE, Mont., Sept. 25.

To the Miner:

In your issue of September 16, under the heading "A Divorced Wife Asks for Justice," there is a letter signed by Mrs. George Smith to which I would ask that you kindly publish this reply. It is true that on August 27, 1903, in the court of Judge Harney I secured a divorce from my wife on the ground of desertion—not desertion in the literal use of the word, but desertion as applied by the laws governing in the state of Montana. Both the Miner and Inter Mountain were in error in reporting the case, as the questions asked by the court and the answers given were entirely different from those reported in the two papers. The papers stated that she was in this county and skipped to Canada which was not the case, as she was never in the west and has always lived in New Brunswick. The testimony of Mrs. John Walton was also reported incorrectly. Her statement that my mother was the cause of our separation is absolutely false. My mother did not have anything to do with it, and although she is all that a mother can be to her children I would not let her come between me and my wife. She signed away her rights to the farm, it is true, but after paying the mortgages and my mother's share the farm netted me only

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We Paid \$100,000

for the rights to Liquozone for America. We tested this product for years in the most difficult germ diseases; then we bought these rights for the highest price ever paid for a scientific discovery.

We paid that price because Liquozone does what all the skill in the world cannot do without it. Any drug that kills germs is a poison to you and it cannot be taken internally. The best physicians, the world over, employ Liquozone alone for germ troubles; and any physician who doesn't is almost helpless in any germ disease.

Just Oxygen.

Liquozone is simply liquid oxygen—no drugs, no alcohol in it. It is the discovery of Pauli, the great German chemist, who spent 20 years on it. His object was to get such an excess of oxygen in staple

\$80, while she had money at interest. I have been away from home six years and in that time have received several letters from her, but none asking support; and I might also add that the letters I have in my possession are too ridiculous to be published. When I went away I did not promise to send for her, and I think she distinctly understood I was not coming back. This is rather a late hour to ask for justice, as notice of my proceeding was published in the papers, as required by law, and was copied by her home papers; and it is also curious that, after repeatedly telling me that she was sorry she ever took the name of Smith and wished she had married the other man, she should consider she was being done an injustice in getting free from that name. I have proofs to verify all the statements I have made, and some of them in her own handwriting. This is all I have to say regarding the matter, and asking your pardon for consuming so much of your valuable space, I am, yours very respectfully,

GEORGE E. SMITH.



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Parties wishing to contract will please call at the office of the

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Woodstock, N. B.

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A 50c. Bottle of Liquozone and Give it to You to Try.

Liquozone—liquid oxygen—is the only product that can kill germs in the body without killing you.

Liquozone does that. The results are so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a germ that it cannot kill. Yet oxygen is Nature's greatest tonic—the very source of your vitality. Its effects are exhilarating, purifying, vitalizing. But germs are vegetables; and this excess of oxygen—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetable matter.

We spend 14 days in making each bottle of Liquozone, and the result is liquid oxygen—the best thing in the world for you, yet certain destruction to disease germs, wherever the Liquozone-laden blood goes.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone kills the germs, wherever they are, and the results are inevitable. By destroying the cause of the trouble, it invariably ends the disease, and forever.

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Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Leucorrhea
Liver Troubles
Malaria—Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
Rheumatism
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Dandruff—Dropsy
Dyspepsia
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fever—Gall Stones
Gout—Gout
Gonorrhea—Gleet
All diseases that begin with the blood, and the results of impure or poisonous blood, are cured by the use of Liquozone, the great blood purifier, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on your local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay your druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and \$1.

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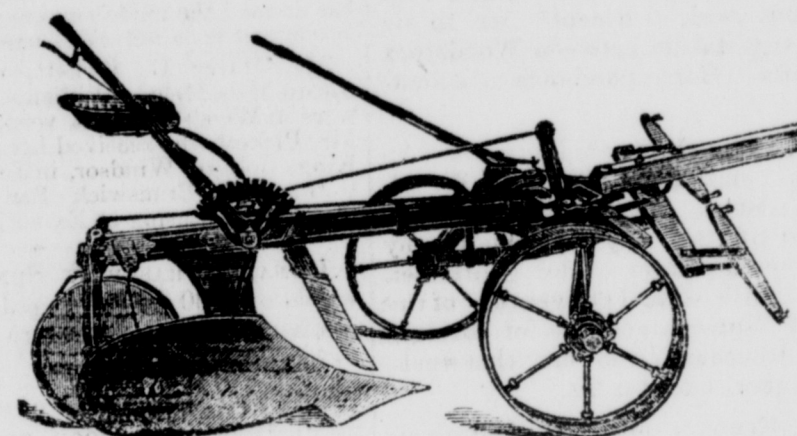
For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquid Oxygen Co., 221-229 Kinzie St., Chicago.

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I have never tried Liquozone or Powley's Liquid Oxygen, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

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