

**MILBURN'S
HEART &
NERVE
PILLS**

HAVE you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart? Are you short of breath, nerves untinged, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious.

As a specific for all heart and nerve troubles they cannot be excelled. A true heart tonic, blood enricher and nerve renewer, they cure nervousness, sleeplessness, nervous prostration, smoker's heart, palpitation of the heart, after effects of la grippe, etc.

Price 50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price by

The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

WAH SING, CHINESE LAUNDRY.

Family Washing a specialty.
Parcels sent for and delivered.

Queen St., Woodstock, N. B.

NOTICE.

Just Recived:

A new stock of Spring Goods, in Ladies wear. A complete assortment in Whitewear.

Ladies Coloured Undervests,
Ladies Wrappers,
Ladies Aprons,
Ladies Silk Blouses,
Ladies Corsets,
Apron Lawn,

Hosery and everything in the Fancy Goods line. All new and up to date. Stationery and school supplies a specialty.

MISS S. L. TURNER,

Main St., Young's Building, opposite Carlisle Hotel.

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.

BELL Pianos

With the new illimitable repeating action are recognized by musicians as the highest standard of piano excellence. They represent the "artist's ideal," as they are musically and mechanically perfect. The "Bell" reputation insures those unfamiliar with the different makes of pianos that they can purchase this reliable make with the assurance that they are getting a piano that has no superior and few equals.

C. R. WATSON, Agent,
Woodstock, N. B.

MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

Once there was a seventeen-year-old Lambkin with long Legs and his Hair parted in the Middle, who was taken down with a severe case of Love-Gripes, known in the Books as the Spoony Infantum.

He cut off on his Eating and became white around the Gills. Most of the Time he sat around looking at the Rugs and feeling sorry for himself.

The Object of this hungering Affection was a 90-pound Gum-Chewer who lived next Door. She was a fresh and merry little Soubrine half way between Long Dresses and Short Dresses. She was very Lippy and talked back to her Folks and made Sassy cracks at the Old Ladies who came along, and was a Champion Giggler.

Most People regarded her as the Neighborhood Pest and suggested that it would be a Grand Idea to turn back the Calendar about two years and go at her with a Slipper.

She was just at the Perky-Age. She had her first Cart-Wheel Hat and a little Wrist-Bag and she was experimenting with the Powder Puff and putting in considerable Time on her Shape.

She thought she was the Works and so did little Willie. He wanted to marry her, but he had only 90 cents in his Tin Bank and a License cost \$2.

So all he could do was worship her with a yearning and hopeless Love and write seven or eight mushy little Notes every day. Altho she was shy on Experience she had the Feminine Instinct, for she would carry on with two or three other grammar-school Tadpoles all the time, just to keep Willie heated up and miserable.

Willie's Mother had seen a good many Children and was familiar with the Symptoms of the Veal Period, so she was treating him gently and trying to nurse him thru the Attack. Not so with the Old Gentleman. It made him wrathful to see a Hulk of a Boy make such a Blithering Imbecile of himself. Like nearly all Papas, he believed that Puppy Love should be cured with a Piece of Scantling.

The more he roasted Willie and poked fun at the gabby little Tid-Bit next door, the more deep seated and inflammatory became the fever that Willie mistook for True Love. The poor Kid fell behind in his Classes and moped around the House, trying on different Cravats.

Sarsaparilla did not seem to help him and when any of the Callers told his Mamma that he was looking Thin and Pale, he put on a wan Smile and felt encouraged, for Willie had it all fixed up that he was to die of a Broken Heart and have a Swell Funeral at the First Presbyterian Church, with his Beloved sitting in the Front Row and weeping copiously. He saw no other way of getting back at his Cruel Parent.

Willie's Papa, in trying to hammer the Divine Sentiment out of his idiotic Offspring, made a Specialty of the familiar Song-and-Dance beginning, "When I was at your Age."

So far as Willie could gather from the rough Line of Conversation handed to him about three times per Day, Papa had always been cold-blooded and sensible, even in his earliest Youth. Papa never had been so weak and foolish as to fall in Love. Sometimes Willie wanted to ask him if he had married Mamma on a Bet but he was afraid to start anything.

As for Mamma, she sat back with her Lips closed tightly and listened while the theoretical Head of the Family joshed poor Willie and bragged about himself and told what a bright, industrious, level-headed Boy he had been, along about 1876.

She stood it for a long Time and then she decided to take charge of Willie's Case and put him Wise. Papa's Scheme for breaking up the Affair with the Bantam next door was to threaten to send Willie to a Military School if he ever spoke of her again. Papa knew a lot about the Insurance Business, but he was a Shine when it came to pulling off a piece of Fine Work in which tender Affections were all snarled up.

It happened that Papa had to go East for a month and no sooner had he jumped the Town than Mamma took Willie into her Room and flashed a Bundle of Letters on him.

"There are a few samples of the Juju Paste that your Father used to send to me back in 1880," she said. "I hate to Call him, but I want you to know that no matter what you do, it runs in the family. Glance over this one, for instance. He calls me Honey seven times in three lines, with a couple of Sweeties thrown in to make it good and strong. As a Juvenile Gush, your Pa was the Human Limit. Of course, that was long before the Rheumatism, caught him and he began to see the Doctor about his Liver. You must always respect your Father, but you needn't believe anything he says. In regard to your deep and steadfast Love for the Beautiful Creature just over the Fence, I will say that I have framed it up with her Mother to have the two of you Married just as soon as you are old enough, which will be

in about Five Years. In the meantime, you are at liberty to put in all of your Time with her. I suggest that you go over to her House immediately and Converse with her for several Hours concerning Art, Literature, History or whatever is uppermost in her Mind. When you get tired of calling on her, she can come over and see you. It is customary for an Engaged Couple to be Inseparable."

When Papa came back from the East he found that Willie had gained 8 pounds and was very busy organizing a Junior Ball Team to do up the West Side Gang. Every time that little Sweetheart came through the Side Gate to play with him, he gathered up his Mask and Big Glove and made a quiet Sneak for the Alley.

Papa saw that the Affair was busted and he told his Business Partner that he had reasoned with the Kid and brought him to his Senses.

MORAL—In case of Neighborhood Complications, send Papa on a Business Trip.

MANY CHILDREN OUT OF SCHOOL

WITH COUGHS AND COLDS.

And Parents Everywhere Are Proving the Wonderful Curative Powers of
**DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF
LINSEED and
TURPENTINE.**

When grown people neglect their ailments and allow them to develop into serious diseases, they have no one to blame but themselves.

With children it is different, because they do not realize the seriousness of a neglected cold nor the means of obtaining cure, and many a child as he grows older and finds himself a victim of pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis, asthma, or throat trouble, cannot but see that his parents were responsible for neglecting treatment when his ailments began in the form of a cold.

Today the schools have many a vacant seat on account of coughs and colds, and many children who are there should be at home. What treatment are these children getting? Do their parents realize the seriousness of neglecting to cure a cold? Have they proved the merits of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for coughs and colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and all kindred ills?

Very many have, for there is no preparation for throat and lung diseases that has anything like the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Be careful when you buy to see that the portrait and signature of Dr. Chase is on the wrapper. If you send the children to the store warn them not to accept any imitation or substitution. Children like to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and there is no remedy so prompt and effective. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edmanston Bates and Co., Toronto.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

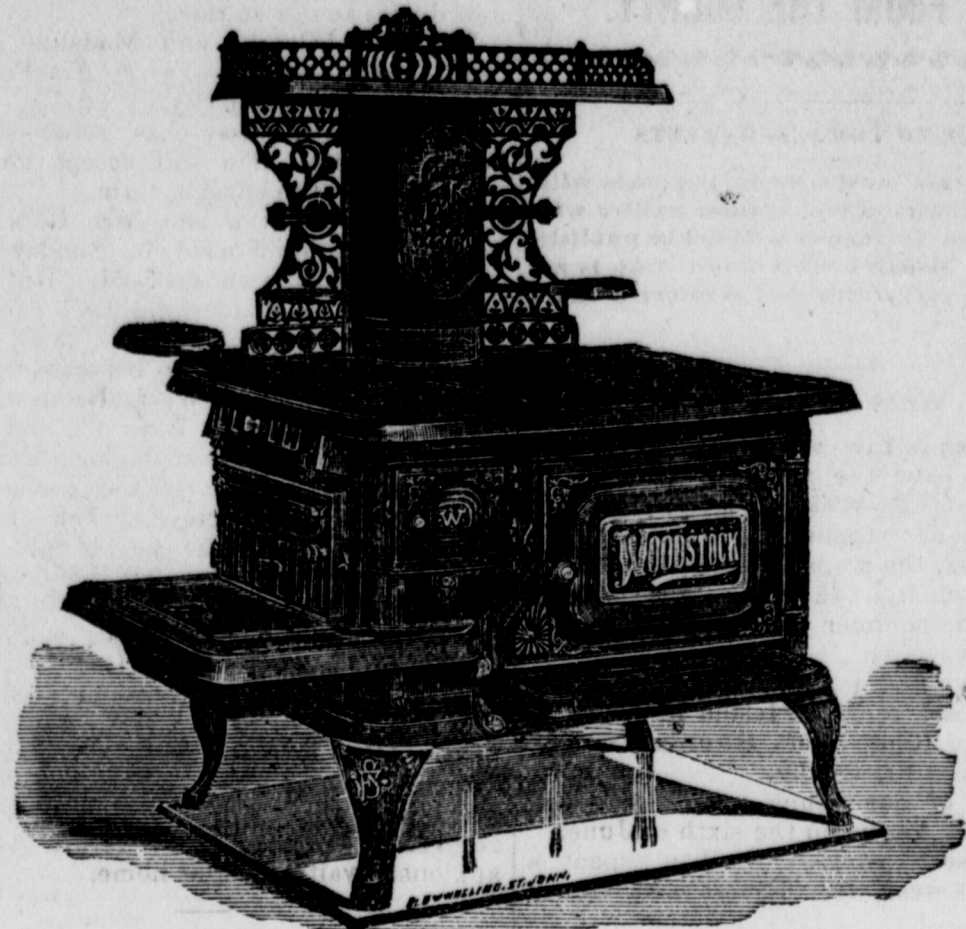
The Duke of Wellington's Experience With a Murderous Maniac.

One day as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his literary table quite alone his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander in chief with his hat on and a savage expression of countenance. The duke was of course a little annoyed at such an uncere-monious interruption, and, looking up, he asked, "Who are you?" "I am Dionysius," was the singular answer. "Well, what do you want?" "Your life." "My life?" "Yes; I am sent to kill you." "Very odd," said the duke, sitting back and calmly gazing at the intruder. "Not at all, for I am Dionysius," said the stranger, "and I must put you to death." "Are you obliged to perform this duty today?" asked the commander in chief. "I am very busy just now and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient today." The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause. "Call again," continued the duke, "or write and make an appointment." "You'll be ready?" "Without fail," was the reply. The maniac, awed doubtless by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further words and half an hour later was safe in bedlam.

Jason Mason—There goes that city preacher who's thinkin' uv acceptin' a call here. His church in the city wuz boycotted. Hiram Huskiny—What? Great gosh! A church boycotted? What fer? Jason Manson—Yew see, the street railway strikers darn near killed a non-union feller, an' that thoughtless preacher went an' comforted the poor chap durin' his last hours!—"Puck."

"If Mississippi stole Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?"
"I don't know, but Alaska."

THE WOODSTOCK RANGE.



The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1903
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,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Parchment Butter Paper

is a specialty with us. We can give it to you in large size 24x36 inches, for tub linings or, in printed or unprinted wrappers for one or two pound prints. This paper is the very best on the market and we buy it in such quantities that we can sell it as cheaply as any office in the province.

THE DISPATCH,
Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

Made in Germany.

There is at least one characteristic shared alike by the Yankee and the Britisher. Neither has any abiding faith in the stability of an article made in Germany.

On board a Liverpool boat, not long ago, the representative of a German house was endeavouring to open an account with the head of an English firm.

"No," said the latter; "I cannot give you an order. Call it prejudice if you like, but I prefer home-made goods."

"Correct, sonny," put in an American, who chanced to be present. "I'll shake on that, though I owe my life to the fellow-country-men of our friend here."

"Ach!" ejaculated the German, "vos dat so?"

"Fact," continued the Yankee. "It was at Manila. I was 'spectating' on one of Dewey's tubs when a shell from a Spanish ship fell foul of my shirt-front."

"And you vos live?" grasped the German.

"That's so, sonny—I lived; thanks to German industry."

"Mein gracious!" grasped the Teuton; "you vos—"

"Relating a fact, stranger. That shell was made in Germany. It ran up against a shirt-stud made in England, and—well, it kinder subsided. Fact! Shake!"

But the German had disappeared into the cabin below.

Canadian Pacific Railway

In effect June 7th, 1903.

DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct. M. St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor car McAdam Jct. to Boston. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Halifax.

8.25 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M. Jct. and intermediate points.

11.28 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M. Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

1.50 P. MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jct. M. and intermediate points.

5.00 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.54 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, M. St. Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John and East; Vancorbore, 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.

ARRIVALS.

11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Bangor, Portland, etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Perth Jct.

12.25 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, M. etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.45 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

8.27 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Jct.

11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., St. John.

LISTEN

to us if you are in doubt about what you want in Furniture. Years of experience has shown us that it is better to make a sale satisfactory to you rather than a large one of goods you don't want. Thus we hold your trade from year to year as well as your confidence. This spells "success" for us and good bargains for you.

FREE PICTURES

with each purchase of \$1.00 or more. Your choice of these instead of ten per cent discount for cash.

HAVE A LOOK

at our new Rugs and Carpets, Mattresses, Iron Beds and Sideboards. Bargains in Remnants and Rugs.

UNDERTAKING

given careful personal attention.

**THE A. HENDERSON FURNITURE
CO., LIMITED,**

QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
May 6th, 1903.

For pure confusion of thought the following brief essay by a Board-school child of twelve, on the "human body," would be hard to beat. It is an absolutely genuine production:

"The human body is divided into three parts, the head, the chest and the tummy. The head contains the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and brains, if any. The chest contains the heart, lungs, and part of the liver. The tummy is entirely devoted to the vowels, of which there are five, namely, a e i o u, and sometimes y and z."

Daisy: "Do you think, dear, you would love me any better if my hair were some other colour?"
Tom: "I don't know. What other colours have you?"

Subscribe for The DISPATCH.