

WOODSTOCK, N. B., DEC. 14, 1904.



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice-Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly, and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. I took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine.

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—MRS. IDA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

In the Limitless West.

Here at Saskatoon, says a writer in the N. Y. Post, I had one of those practical experiences of western distances which bring the thing home to one with such peculiar force. All that I knew of the location of my friend's ranch was that it lay somewhere between Saskatoon and Battleford. If I gave the matter any serious thought, it was merely to conclude that the ranch was probably as much as five or six miles from Saskatoon; perhaps even ten. I knew at any rate that a stage ran from Saskatoon to Battleford, which could drop me at the ranch. When, therefore, I reached Saskatoon, my first inquiry was for the stage. The stage, it appeared, had gone out early in the morning, and there would not be another for two days. "Oh," said I, "I suppose I will have to hire a man to drive me out. Doubtless we can get there before dark if we start at once." It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon.

"Where," inquired the mild-eyed mounted policeman, "did you say you wanted to get to?"

"McLean's ranch," I replied.

"Dear me," said he, "I'm afraid you will hardly make McLean's ranch before dark. It's a trifle over sixty five miles from here." We started for McLean's ranch early the following morning, and after an all-day drive over the old Battleford trail, where one could still see the deep ruts made by the guns and ammunition wagons that went this way in the Riel Rebellion of 1885, I at last reached my destination, and began to understand why a hundred miles is thought nothing of in this land of extravagant distances.

For years it has been customary to instance the United Kingdom as containing a morally and physically well constituted race of people who were among the most prolific in the world. Now official statistics tell us that in proportion to the marriages which occur the birth rate is steadily decreasing; this is not a debatable statement but an admitted fact, and undoubtedly a serious one. The second portion of the indictment is that men are not marrying as they used to do; and this does not apply only to the wealthy class which has usually married later in life than the rest of the male community, but the complaint now applies to the middle classes of men. The working men in Britain used to be accused of recklessly rushing into matrimony, and they did as a class marry early; but they are not doing so now.

The Boston Art Museum has recently acquired a love-letter thirty-five hundred years old. It is written on a brick and is addressed to an Egyptian lady. In those days it was not always an insult to throw a brick at one's sweetheart, and there was no danger of carrying such a letter forgotten in one's pocket.

An Overworked Parliament.

Quite apart from the long standing agitation for Home Rule for Ireland, several suggestions are now being discussed in Great Britain for relieving Parliament from some of the enormous mass of work—most of it detail and provincial—which for ten years has been increasingly pressed upon it. The most definite and most recent of these proposals—one which has been put forward since Parliament adjourned—is that for Ireland, with which the Earl of Dunraven's name is associated. The Irish Reform Association, of which Lord Dunraven is President, has recently been organized to press for the establishment of National Councils sitting in Dublin, which should have administrative control over Irish finance, and should relieve the Imperial Parliament of certain functions connected with Irish local business. One of these Irish Councils is to deal exclusively with finance. It is to prepare the Irish estimates for Parliament, and to exercise a control over finance not unlike that of the Exchequer of the days when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. The claim for the establishment of the other Council is based on Ireland's needs in legislation, and on the success which has attended the working of the Private Legislation Procedure Act, passed for Scotland in 1899. How much Ireland needs some such scheme may be judged from the fact that last year the Borough of Newry spent \$60,000 on its water-works, and the expenses incurred in obtaining the sanction of Parliament to this scheme amounted to \$41,500. Since the passing of the Scott Act of 1899 the Welsh Radicals have been asking for a somewhat similar devolution of Parliamentary business in the case of the Principality. The Welsh, like the Irish, however, want more than a mere duplication of the Act of 1899. Wales is a homogeneous section of Great Britain, with well-defined boundary lines and well-defined needs; and, like the Irish of Lord Dunraven's school of thought, they would like a National Council. As yet Wales has no National Council created by Parliamentary enactment; but it has a National Liberal Council, which will press the demands of Wales upon the next Liberal Government. These are non-sectarian elementary education, the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales (a proposal to which Gladstone gave his assent), and the establishment of a legislative body charged with duties similar to those which the Irish Reform Association desires to see entrusted to a National Council sitting in Dublin. It is municipal legislation which has added so much to the work of Parliament; and unless Parliament is to sit all the year round, it is inevitable that there must be created for England and Scotland, as well as for Ireland and Wales, provincial Councils, to which must be delegated work which, however important in its way, is provincial in character.—The Outlook.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Case in Which It Would Have Told Against an Innocent Man.

(Nashville 'American'.)

"Several years ago I took a late train from Boston to New York," said a man in business in Kansas City. "In the morning I was awakened earlier than usual by the porter, who said that a robbery had been committed on the sleeper during the night and that all the passengers would have to get up. Some one had taken six one hundred-dollar bills from the clothing of a gentleman who occupied a berth in the middle of the car. Every section had been taken before he left Boston, and as the train had been almost constantly in motion it seemed certain that the person who had committed the theft was still on the car. The porter said no one had been abroad but the passengers, and that none of them had left. It was proposed to search everybody. A man who had a berth directly opposite from the one who had been robbed objected. He told his name and said any one might easily find that he was a man of good reputation. In the meantime, some officers boarded the car and after a little swearing got the money from the colored porter, who was the guilty one.

"Then the passenger who had refused to be searched, asked the officers to examine his pockets. This seemed strange, but he insisted. In one inside pocket they found six one hundred-dollar bills. It was merely a coincidence that he should have the same amount of money as the other passenger had lost, and in exactly the same denominations, but he knew that under the circumstances he could hardly establish his innocence. How was that for a case of circumstantial evidence?"

"What is your idea of a quiet life?" "A deaf and dumb couple marrying and going to Philadelphia to live."—Town Topics.



UNDERWEAR THAT FITS.

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Stanfield's "Unshrinkable" for Men

has long been the favorite for winter wear. Rightly cut—rightly designed—made in all weights for all climates—it is steadily winning favor with men who want to be warm and comfortable. Stanfield is far cheaper than any good Imported Underwear.



Stanfield's "Truro Knit" for Women

is simply ideal. Perfectly cut, fashioned and trimmed. Made with the new shaped band on drawers that prevents "bunching" around the waist or over the hips. Gowns look their handsomest when worn over "Truro Knit," because of their faultless fit.

ADVICE TO A FOOL.

If the world don't do exactly as you think it ought to do, Get mad!
If you meet with opposition, get a toothsome rag to chew— Get mad!
Get as mad as hops, and show it; Feed your anger, fan it, blow it; Pout, and let the whole world know it— Get mad!
If the joke you tried to spring upon the other fellow turns, Get mad!
If you get the poker's portion that invariably burns, Get mad!
Play the baby, whine and blubber, Like the rankest sort of lubber, While the gamins guff and rubber— Get mad!
If you step upon a 'nanner peel and stand upon your skull, Get mad!
Never smile and make a joke of it, or folks would think you dull— Get mad!
Turn and frown upon the spot Where the pavement quickly shot Up and gave you such a swat— Get mad!
If you want to be a pleasure to the world you're living in, Get mad!
If you'd keep the people's faces wrinkled always with a grin, Get mad!
For there's nothing else so funny On this mundane sphere, my honey, As the man that's never sunny— Get mad!

—Baltimore American.

He Had Not Thought of That.

Our ranking in the world depends on what we do, not on what we can do, and so a young man discovered when he applied to the manager of a large department store for employment.

"What can you do?" asked the manager, abruptly.
'Most anything,' answered the applicant.
'Can you dust?'
'Yes, indeed.'
'Then why don't you begin on your hat?'
The young man had not thought of that.
'Can you clean leather goods?'
'Oh, yes.'
'Then it's carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean.'
The young man had not thought of that, either.
'Well, can you scrub?'
'Yes, indeed,' was the reply.
'Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on.'—Selected.

The word "inexhaustible" when applied to the richness of a soil is only a comparative term at the best, notwithstanding the flowery language of Government writers of immigration literature, and the optimism of western wheat-growers themselves. Sir Richard Cartwright, in his recent trip to the West saw enough to impress him with the truth of the reports of the wonderful fertility of the land in Manitoba and the Far West. But he saw enough, as a wise man, to be convinced that, even there, the land would have to be treated scientifically in order to continue producing good crops for future generations. This is a question which means literally hundreds of millions of dollars to future Canada, and Sir Richard is evidently very right to be insistent in drawing immediate attention to a possible remedy. He is convinced that it is time for the Government to take steps to guard against the exhaustion of this fertility in the North-West, such exhaustion as has taken place in the Western States through constant wheat cropping, and advises that an active campaign be begun to insure proper crop rotations. To this end experimental stations and demonstration bureaus should be established throughout the wheat-growing region and a persistent campaign undertaken, even though the cost should amount to several millions.

Cremation in England.

(London 'Chronicle'.)

It will be surprising if the remarkable weight and number of names practically subscribed to the cause of cremation within the past few months—names like those of Spencer, Edwin Arnold, Leslie Stephen, Watts, Henley, and Antoinette Sterling—are not some day noted as almost marking an epoch by the historian of what promises to be the method of the future. The Roman Catholic Church, as is well known, still refuses its last rites to those who thus defy one of the dogmas of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, and students will be interested to learn the fate of the petition just sent by the Berlin Cremation Society to the Pope, where in not far short of 10,000 persons pray for the abolition of the church's official disapproval thus expressed.

An Irish Judge once had a case in which the accused man understood only Irish. An interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter. "What does he say?" demanded his Lordship.

"Nothing, my Lord," was the reply.
"How dare you say that when we heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"
"My Lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir!" roared the Judge. "Now, what did he say?"
"Well, my Lord, you'd excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bedcurtain round her sitting up there?'"
At which the court roared.
"And what did you say?" asked the Judge, looking a little uncomfortable.
"I said, 'Whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that's goin' to hang yez'."—Tit-Bits.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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