

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOV. 2, 1904.

**74 Years of Age
and Cured of Rheumatism by
"Sun" Kidney Pills**

Hampstead, N.B., Aug. 13th, 1904.
"I am 74 years of age, and have suffered for years with Rheumatism. My left leg shrank in size, and at times with my foot, was much swollen from the inflammation. Since taking 'Sun' Kidney Pills, the pain has left my arms, the swelling has disappeared from my foot, and my leg has improved so much that now I can, at times, walk short distances without support, a thing impossible before. As a remedy for urinary weakness, I cannot speak highly enough regarding 'Sun' Kidney Pills. I now retire to rest in comfort, without having to arise during the night."
STEPHEN PALMER.

Think of the disadvantages of treating a case like this. Mr. Palmer was 74 years old. He had suffered for years. His kidneys were badly diseased. His whole system was filled with uric acid which caused the swelling. Yet "Sun" Kidney Pills cured him just as easily and as quickly as though it was a simple touch of Rheumatism in a strong, vigorous man.

That's the way with "Sun" Kidney Pills. They cure ANY case of Rheumatism Gout, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney or Bladder Trouble. Whether you've had it 6 months or 30 years—"Sun" Kidney Pills will cure you. The first box stops the ache—relieves the shooting pains through the hips—reduces the swollen limbs—brings back the appetite—and makes you feel so much better in every way, that you know you have found the right medicine at last.



Don't trifle with the kidneys. Start in now to cure yourself with "Sun" Kidney Pills. 50c a box—3 boxes for \$1.25. At all dealers or from the Sun Medicine Co., Oak Point N.B.

The Czar's Romance.

A chapter no less strange than secret in the romance of Russian royalty—a chapter which deals with a woman living a hopeless, broken life with her two sons of the Czar by amorganatic marriage. Everyone in Russia knows the story, and yet it has never been published there. This side the Russian frontier the story is hardly known at all.

It is a simple romance in itself—like all of the really tragic ones—just the story of two people who loved each other with a hopeless love. Nicholas was the Czarowitch and nineteen years of age when he met Maitza Tichinska, a marvelously beautiful singer and ballet dancer on the Russian stage. She was the daughter of the ballet master at the Imperial Theater, where the meeting occurred, and was only seventeen years old. His Highness immediately demanded to be present, and of course was taken behind the scenes at once.

His mother, the Czarina, learned of the affair, and sanctioned it after a fashion. If the Czar knew of the affair he made no sign during some seven years that the couple lived in their Arcadia—a fairyland hidden away in the Imperial forests near Peterhop. Then, according to the best authorities, at the age of twenty-five, the Czarowitch was ordered on his trip around the world in search of a royal bride. He threw himself on his knees before his father and pleaded for Tichinska. He begged to be allowed to relinquish his right to the throne, begged to become a plain citizen and to pass the rest of his days in obscurity with the danseuse and his sons. But all his petitions were in vain, and as a sequel to his tour he married the Princess Alix of Hesse, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Nicholas succeeded to the throne in 1895, and Maitza Tichinska returned to the stage, whereon she is a general favorite. His Majesty has never spoken to her since his marriage. It is said, but he goes often to the theater when she dances. He sits in the royal box, far back in the shadows, and watches her. If she knows when he is there she gives no sign. She dances and smiles and bows just as in the days before she met the Czarowitch. She hides the tragedy in her eyes. For they say there was and is genuine affection between the couple. So when the Czar of all Russians sits in his box and the danseuse is on the stage, what thoughts must rise within them—these two who are so close together and yet so far apart!

A teacher in an uptown school received the following from a complaining parent a few days ago:—"Sir will you please for the future give my boy sum easier somes to do at nites. This is what he brought home two or three nites ago. If fore gallons of bere will fill thirty-to pint bottle, how many pint and half bottle will 9 gallons fill? Well we tried, and could make nothing of it at all; and my boy cried and sed he wouldnt, go back without doingt it. Some I had to go an' buy a 9 gallon keg of bere, which I could ill afford to do and then we went an' borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles besides a few we had by us. Well, we emptied the keg nto the bottles, and there wer 19 and my boy put that down for and answer. I don't know whether it is rite or not we spilt some doing it P. S.—Please let the next one be in water as I am not able to buy any more bere".

Alone In Mid-ocean

To be capsized when sailing a sloop across the smallest of ponds appears to the fresh water sailor sufficiently perilous. To be upset in mid-ocean from a nineteen-foot craft, with no help near, would appear certain death. Ludwig Eisenbaum, however, who has recently completed a trip across the Atlantic in so small a vessel, speaks of it, says the New York Herald, as one of the "incidents" of his journey, and to be regretted chiefly because he lost his watch and some of his supplies.

Eisenbaum is a sailor who believed that if he went alone across the ocean he could make money exhibiting himself in dime museums—a belief which events have rudely shattered.

One morning when he was well out to sea and was riding out a southeasterly gale in comfort, with the head of his sloop held to the wind by a heavy drag or "sea-anchor," the line to the drag suddenly parted and his vessel fell off into the trough of the sea.

"I knew what was coming then," he says "but could do nothing except hold on. As my boat dipped into a valley, I saw a seat toppling over me that looked a mile high. The next moment the boat was keel up, and I was pawing at its sides, trying to find a hold.

"I had put eight hundred pounds of rock ballast along the keel, and had fastened it in place with boards. That weight, now on top, brought the boat right side up in a hurry, and I climbed in—a heavy job with my sea-boots and oilskins on. Luckily, I had screwed tight the caps to my water-tanks, so my fresh water was uninjured. But my watch was gone, and all my provisions that were not in cans were ruined."

Eisenbaum was seventy-six days alone at sea, during which time he spoke three steamers. From one of them he secured a cheap watch. When he approached Madeira he hoisted the American flag. A lookout reported to the American consul that a man-of-war's boats was coming in under sail. The consul sent tugs to the rescue, and the report was cabled that an American battle-ship had foundered somewhere in that neighborhood.

The seventy-six days at sea did not prove lonesome, says the mariner, and he found storms no cause of worry, because while riding then out to a sea-anchor he could sleep in comfort. But he was disappointed in his hope of profit, and had to sell his vessel and come home in the stearge.

A Financial Dispute.

"Now, see here, dear," said Mrs. Glibb to her husband one evening when he had said that times were getting harder and harder. "I want to have a little talk with you and have you tell me just how we stand in regard to our finances.

"A woman should know something about her husband's business affairs, and how much he owes, and all that. It would help her in regulating her own expenses if she knew her husband was hard pressed or if his money affairs were in an easy condition. Now, I have a piece of paper and a pencil here, and I want to know just what our outstanding bills are and all the other things. Go ahead."

"Oh, don't bother about it, my dear."
"But I think that I really ought to know just how we stand. Please tell me, dear."

"Well," said Glibb, with an air of resignation, "I owe fifty dollars for my winter suit, and—"

"Why, Henry Martin Van Buren Glibb! Do you mean to tell me that that winter suit isn't paid for yet? Of all things! I should think that you would really be ashamed of yourself wearing an unpaid suit all this time! I don't see how you can look your tailor in in the face when you meet him! And it seem to me that fifty dollars is a perfectly dreadful price to pay for a suit, and I don't see how you can bear to wear a suit that isn't paid for. I wasn't brought up to run into debt nor to wear things that weren't paid for either, and I can't get used to it.

"My father would no more have worn a suit or a hat that wasn't paid for! 'Owe no man anything' was his motto, and he lived up to it. He paid cash down for everything he bought, and he didn't think it at all necessary to have a fine, new suit every spring and fall and winter—far from it! When I was a good big girl he was still wearing for best the coat in which he was married, and there wasn't a more highly respected man in the town, nor one who went into better society or who was more looked up to by all classes.

"I thought when you had told me that you had ordered that suit that you didn't need it; but I knew that it would not be of the least use for me to say anything about it, so I kept still, as I always do when I really should speak out—and here now I find out that the suit isn't paid for even at this late day!

I was over to my brother Will's yesterday, and his wife said to him: 'Why don't you get a new suit, Will? And he spoke right up and said: 'I can't afford it,' and I thought of your fine new suit and how much better the one you had discarded was than the one brother was wearing because he was too honorable to wear a suit he could not pay cash for, and because he thinks of other things more than of his looks, and he isn't above wearing ready-made clothing. He had on a ready-made suit one day that he got at a mark-down fire sale for twelve dollars and fifty cents, and it looked just as well as any fifty dollar suit you ever had. I never would have known that it wasn't a tailor-made suit, and I can tell you that it was paid for before brother Will ever took it from the store! Yes, and my brother James—

"Oh, I would leave the room if I was you! I would go hide my head for very shame because I had half-worn-out clothing on my back that wasn't paid for! This is the way it always is when I try to find out something about our financial affairs so that I can disburse money intelligently. Oh, but men are the most trying creatures! Sometimes I am almost wicked enough to wish that I had never been so foolish as to have married one of them!"
LEE JEFFERSON.

To Retain Youth.

Simply refuse to grow old by not counting your years or antcipating old age. Refrain from all kinds of stimulants and sedatives. They will shorten your life.

Keep in the sunlight. Nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness. Avoid fear in all its various forms of expression. It is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Avoid excesses of all kinds. They are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Cultivate the spirit of contentment. All discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely to the face.

Don't be too ambitious. The canker of an overvaulting ambition has eaten up the happiness of many a life and shortened its years.—Success.

Mecca and Lassa.

Mecca is the only remaining parallel to Lassa. The former city still shrouds itself in a veil of mystery. Burkhardt, and later Sir Richard Burton, carrying their lives in their hands, lived in this city, the latter mingling unobserved with its inhabitants and taking part in religious rites with its pilgrims. Both Mecca and Lassa have many points of interest in common. Each respectively is a point of pilgrimage for converts to the two great religions of the east—Mohammedanism and Buddhism, the one as the birthplace of Mohammed receiving 100,000 pilgrims annually. Both contain wonderful temples, and both, behind their closed gates, have also been centers of indescribable filth, squalor and vice.

Readers throughout the United States and Canada are on the qui-vive of expectancy at the announcement of a new novelette by Charles G. D. Roberts. This is published entire in the number of Lippincott's Magazine. A bit of inside history concerning this "find" is that it was first submitted in short-story form to the Editor of Lippincott's Magazine. He at once saw in it splendid possibilities as a novel and suggested its expansion to Mr. Roberts. Hence, "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle de Biencourt" makes its bow to the public in a size befitting its greatness. This is a rattling good story of adventure. It is placed in the beautiful "Evangeline" country; and in picturesque, in power of portrayal, and in literary finish it is not surpassed in contemporary fiction.

The Underwear that Grandmother Knitted.

That's what Stanfield's "Truro Knit" really is. The founder of the Truro mills invented the machine that knits underwear just as grandmother did. He also perfected the process to make underwear unshrinkable. Those who remember the ease and comfort of hand-knit underwear will doubly appreciate

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Made of soft, silky, non-irritating yarns. Every fibre of the wool tested and shrunk before weaving. All weights and sizes. Cut, fashioned and trimmed in latest style. Perfect fitting, easy, graceful, durable, and guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable.



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- Wool Foot Mats, Wool Lap Robes, Seal Robes, Shawl Robes, Summer Horse Blankets, Fly Screens, Leather Fly Nets, Corded Fly Nets, Linen Waggon Boots, Rubber Waggon Boots, Oiled Waggon Boots, all kinds of Horse Boots, Bandages, Tongue Lawling Bits, Humane Bits, Perfection Bits, Snaffle Bits of all kinds. Shoe Boil Rolls, Interfering Rolls, Razor Straps, Belts, Leather Suspenders, Whips, Whip Stocks, Lashes, Sweat Collars, Team Collars, Express Collars, Light Driving Collars, Leather Collar Pads, Polishes, Myers' Putz Cream, 10, 15, 25 and 40c. " Pomade, " Silva Putz Silver Polish, Diamond Hamen Dressing, half pints and pints. Standard Ha Dressing, U. N. O. Dressing, Frank Miller's Harness Soap in pans and cakes, Eagle Brand Colgate's Harness Soap in cakes, Climax Water Proof Oil Harness Blacking, Crystalline Axle Grease, Mica Axle Grease, Asbestoline Axle Grease, Imperial Axle Oil, McLean's Axle Oil, Beaver Brand Axle Oil, Bickmore Gall Cure, Lotasine Gall Cure, Imperial Hoof Ointment, Dr. Daniel's Hoof Ointment, 3rd Seat for Carriages, Brushes, Curry Combs, Cards, Mane Combs, Waggon Washers, Shoe Thread, Wax, Harness Awls and Needles, Blacksmiths' Leather Aprons.

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This signature, E. W. Grove