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They are the strongest blood purifying medicines in the
world for horses and cattle. One to three packages will kill all
the worms in any horse, leaving the animal in a healthy, salu-
able condition. Price, 25 and 50c. Dr. McGahey's Kidney and
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RUTS

The walking sick, what
a crowd of them there are:
Persons who are thin and
weak but not sick enough
to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's
what the doctors call them,
which in common English
means—long sickness.

To stop the continued
loss of flesh they need
Scott's Emulsion. For the
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It makes new flesh and
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thin and weak persons out
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Scott's Emulsion can be
taken as long as sickness
lasts and do good all the
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There's new strength
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We will be glad
to send you a few
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Be sure that this picture in
the form of a label is on the
wrapper of every bottle of
Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE,
Chemists,
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50c. and \$1, all druggists.

Courtesy at Sea.

The passing of two vessels within speaking
distance in mid-ocean is always an impress-
ive experience. Even the most indifferent of
travellers must feel a thrill at the exchange
of salutations in such circumstances. The
account of such a meeting, told by a sailor
on the United States training ship Hartford,
and reported in the New York Tribune, is of
more than ordinary interest. The Hartford,
Farragut's old flag ship, was ten days out
from Madeira. Supper was over, and the
crew, five hundred strong, were enjoying the
leisure hour in the soft light of the full moon,
when a full-rigged ship was sighted, every
stitch of canvas set. She was bound to cross
close in the Hartford's wake, but the thick-
ening evening haze soon hid her from view.

Presently the watch-officer cried out, "I
saw a white light flash from where the ship
ought to be!"

We thought it might be the glister of the
moon on her sails; but it appeared again,
this time long continued and plainly visible,
a signal of distress, a call for aid. Many
were the conjectures as to what it could
mean. Probably the crew were short of
water; or some one was desperately ill and a
surgeon was wanted from our steamer; or the
vessel might have sprung a leak.

Without a moment's delay our captain
ordered the helm to starboard. The great
ship swung slowly about and bore down up-
on the stranger. Gradually the two vessels
drew together until the lights shone clear
and the outlines were well defined.

Now the order rang out, quick and dis-
tinct:
"Stand by to clear the life-boat; make
ready to lower!"

The approaching vessel was now close to
our port bow, but we heard no hail.

"Try her!" ordered our captain. "Hail
her with the megaphone."

"Ship ahoy! Can we be of any assist-
ance?"

"No," came back the answer. "We did
not know you were a man-of-war."

"We saw your light, and thought you sig-
naled for help."

"No, thank you. We saw your light and
bore down to assist you if you needed help."

"No, thanks."

"Same to you."

"What is your nationality?"

"German."

Our ship struck up the German national
anthem, while the sailors on the stranger
gathered on her poop, gave us three rousing
cheers, which were returned with good-will
by our boys, and our band played "Columbia,"
as the German squared on her course and
passed on like a vision. But we followed her,
and running in under her stern, hailed her
once more.

"We are the United States ship Hartford;
what ship are you?"

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MARCH 16, 1904.

"The Ariadne of Bremen, bound home."
Our band struck up "Die Wacht am
Rhein," and with three more lusty cheers
from the Ariadne and three more from the
five hundred throats on our ship, we parted,
we to the west, she, with her great gleaming
spread of canvas, toward the rising moon.

She had mistaken the electric lights of our
band for distress signals, and we had thought
the same of her answering light. Each had
gone miles out of her course to aid the other.

The Sunday Night Beau.

No statistics are obtainable upon the sub-
ject, but if married men would only own up,
we should find that it was on Sunday that it
first occurred to them that they were lone,
lorn bachelors, and that they had it on
Biblical authority that it is not good for man
to be alone. Nor is this hard to explain.
Man has never been able to distinguish be-
tween religion and love. The workings of
grace in him he has always mistaken for the
futterings of his heart. When he is pious he
wants to propose, and when he is uplifted by
the Sabbath calm and peace he feels that he
can love his neighbor as himself, especially
if she is young and pretty, and he forthwith
asks her to marry him. Moreover, there is
in Sunday evenings a certain home-sick qual-
ity that every man has felt, but no one can
account for, that makes club cooking sudden-
ly turn to dust and ashes in his teeth, and
men's society, no matter how brilliant, pall
upon him, and that sends him forth in search
of some nice, quiet, sympathetic girl, to
whom he can explain his beautiful emotions,
and who, in the process of time, he finds him-
self escorting to the altar.

Of course men call upon other nights than
Sunday, and girls joyfully receive their visits.
Men are not cognizant of any occult connec-
tion between the days of the week and their
sentiments. Any fairly popular girl can
make out a calendar of her beaux, from the
nights they come a-visiting, and tell you with
almost exact certainty what they will do.
And there you are, as Mr. Henry James says
when he digs up the unexplainable.

For instance, the Monday night beau is al-
most invariably the old family friend. He's
somebody you went to dancing school with,
and he calls you "Mamie" or "Sadie," and
criticizes the way you do your hair, and
wonders why you let that young fool Snigsby
dance with you six times at the Gargoyle's
the other day. He comes to see you for a
variety of reasons—force of habit; because
he was hungry and wanted some home-cook-
ing, or because he has quarrelled with his best
girl and wants somebody to sympathize with
him and tell him how to square himself.
The Monday night beau regards his Monday
night girl as a sister, without a sister's fatal
andor, and is so little sentimental that the
family never think of getting out of his way
and giving him a chance.

The Tuesday night beau is the duty beau.
He calls upon you because he must, because
he owes you a dinner visit, or an opera box
call, or because he doesn't want his name
scratched when you make out your invitation
lists for the winter, or the week's end in the
summer. His visit is absolutely impersonal.
He would just as soon talk to your mother,
or your schoolgirl sister, or a store dummy,
and the conversation is nice and unexciting,
and what they call "elegant" in female semi-
naries. You discuss the weather, whether it
has been a gay season or a dully one, were
you at the Blank reception, the sensational
engagement of your dearest enemy, the last
new ball, and the last new play, and then he
tears himself away and goes on his heroic
round of duty.

The Wednesday night beau is the candy
and violets and theater beau. Life wouldn't
be worth living without him, and sometimes
it's pretty hard to live with him, but he is
generally more interested in a girl's appetite
than he is in her heart. He's generous and
whole-souled and jolly, and he adores making
women happy, and giving them a good time,
but he has no deep designs on your heart.
You never find sentimental notes hidden in
his roses or candy, or have him whisper im-
passioned words of love over a lobster. He
loves the sex as a sex, but not as individuals.
If he could marry a hundred wives he would
be a marrying man, but as he can't, he is
rather apt not to marry at all.

The Thursday night beau is what may be
called, for want of a better term, the rusher,
and his attentions are equivalent to a certi-
cate of acknowledged belledom. There are
certain men who never pay a girl any atten-
tion until they have to fight their way to her
theater chair, and who would not dance with
her to save her life, until she is so besieged
with partners that she has to cut every dance
into homopathic particles.

The Friday and Saturday night beau are
the universal beaux, the sort of young men
to whom a peach, whether it is on the top of
a tree or in a basket with a piece of red mos-
quito netting over it, a simple peach is, and
nothing more, and who may be trusted to
make love to every woman under 70 that they
meet. They do this not because they are in
earnest, but because they are under the im-
pression that you have to make love to a

woman, like you have to shake a rattle before
a baby, to keep it quiet. Also, their conver-
sational repertoires are limited, and whether
they come to see you and spend the evening,
or you sit out a dance with them under the
palms in the conservatory, they are safe to
murmur the same passionate things about life
being a howling desert without you, and you,
putting your little hand in theirs, etc.

How different from these is the Sunday
night beau, and how he shines by contrast!
Perhaps he began by being a Monday night
beau, or even a frivolous Thursday night,
but he has gradually worked up to Sunday
night, and even a blind woman can see what
is coming. At last the climax has arrived.
You have spent a nice, quiet, calm, uplifting
hour in the back parlor, with the red-shaded
lamp throwing its benediction over your
complexion, and you have talked of soulful
things and worked up to the crucial point and
he asks you if you won't sing something, and
you go over to the piano. Thank heaven, that
on Sunday coon songs and rag-time are barred,
and so you idly turn over the music until
you find "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and
you sing a verse and break down, and he
clears his throat and—

And yet the law says that the Sunday
night courtship isn't valid.—Dorothy Dix in
San Francisco "Bulletin."

An Unusual Response.

Mr. Warden Allan Curtis, who has achieved
success with "The Strange Adventures of
Mr. Middleton," when his publishers in-
formed him of "The Critic's" desire for his
photograph, replied in the following fash-
ion: "I am afraid I am at a loss how to get an
unconventional picture. The pictures in the
'Critic' always seemed to me so unconven-
tional that they were very conventional, that
the strained effects and attitudes were less
pleasing than a frankly stiff pose with a pair
of callipers holding the head up and the eyes
bent on the location of the 'birdie.' The
picture you have is the only one I have had
since '94. Perhaps you can suggest some
sort of a pose. I can borrow a very engaging
bulldog, black, with a fine white shirt front
and most respectable looking. I could wear
a battered hat or be taken in a shirt waist. I
don't smoke, so can't be viewed in the
pleasing abandon of gripping a cob pipe be-
tween my teeth or holding a sallow cigarette
between my fingers. Really, the unconven-
tional poses of conventionality are closed to
me. I can't have my hands in my trousers
pockets, for I never have trousers pockets
for the very purpose of not becoming addic-
ted to that habit. I suppose about the only
thing open to me is to wear a coat without a
vest and a straw hat, or a smashed-up felt
hat or a small cap, perhaps throw the bull-
dog in the foreground, though he wouldn't
be natural, and I prefer cats to dogs."

It doesn't take much to set civilized nations
celebrating and telling each honored guest
of the evening that he is a jolly good fellow
and that it would be perfectly absurd under
the circumstances to go home before morning.
Across the border during the last two months,
the anniversary of Lincoln's and of Washing-
ton's birthday gave occasion for much praise
of these heroes and much weariness to the
diners, in the form of patriotic speeches. If
ever a man has suffered at the hands of his
injurious friends, it is George Washington.
He has been pictured as a puling little prig
whom every human child must hate, and the
color has been well-nigh washed from a
character that was, really, robust and manly.
As a soldier, Washington hardly stands among
the world's greatest, since he was nearly
always unsuccessful in attack and showed an
especial genius for the waiting game. Marl-
borough, to say nothing of Napoleon, went
away ahead of George the First of the White
House. It was, rather, in the chaotic days
after the free and equal States began to settle
down and send the "loyalists" about their
business, that Washington's administrative
power showed its real scope and strength.
He remained singularly an Englishman—of
the Hampden type, with a touch of the
Southern aristocrat. He would be as ill at ease
as the Earl of Chatham himself in the
modern republic of trusts and combines.
Lincoln is much closer to the popular idea of
the United States' leader—a man of the
working-people, rugged, shrewd, uncouth,
with a strength that was undismayed when
confronted by the bloodiest war of the last
century—a man of cool head, steady hand
and, withal, of kindly heart. It is poor work
to prophesy—most of us will not be alive a
hundred years from now, unless it may be a
stray senator or so. But, in the year 2004

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Injection and
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to be No
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Send for
free. French, English and American Rubber
Specialties of all kinds.
Sanitary Rubber Co.
123 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO, CAN.

Lincoln banquets may yet be held, for, to
borrow Carlyle's estimate of Scott, there was
no finer piece of American manhood put
together in the nineteenth century than
Abraham Lincoln.

Vandyke was instructing in the first princi-
ples of art.

"It is very easy," he declared; "you simply
paint the country green and the town red."

With a tug at his patented beard he con-
gratulated himself on the clearness of his
formula.—New York "Times."

"A man's prayer is never any more
spiritual than his every day life, neither
is a minister's sermon any more spiritual
than his every day conversation."—Pente-
cost.



We Do First-Class
HAND LAUNDRY
WORK—AND CHEAP.

Shirts 8c, Collars 15c, Cuffs 4c, Undershirts 4c,
Night Shirts 5c. Shirt collars ironed straight so
as not to hurt the neck; stand-up collars ironed
without being broken in the wing. Ties done to
look like new. Family work promptly done and
work cheap. Parcels called for and delivered.
Please call and try; if not satisfactory will be re-
peated free. The proprietors will guarantee satis-
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call. Please open parcel and see that your work
is properly executed. If it suits you please recom-
mend us to your friends. Goods called for and
delivered when desired to any part of the town.

WAH SING,
QUEEN STREET.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his valuable
farm containing 250 acres more or less, 175 acres
cleared, well watered, the balance well wooded,
five barns, two houses, wood-shed, carriage-house
and other out-buildings, also a good orchard; situ-
ated five miles from Woodstock, seventy rods
from school house and Post office. Sold with or
without stock and farming implements, and at a
bargain. HENRY BLACKMORE, Plymouth,
N. B.
Feb'y. 10-3mos.

FARM FOR SALE.

Situated in Parish of Woodstock nearly five
miles from town, one quarter mile from school
house and post office. Contains 150 acres more or
less, 90 acres cleared, well watered, fine growth of
hard wood. Large orchard, good dwelling house,
three barns, carriage house, sheds, etc., all in good
repair, and land under excellent state of cultiva-
tion. Sold with or without stock, farming impli-
ments, etc.
ROBERT PERRY,
Plymouth, N. B.
Jan. 27 3 mos.

**Keep Your Eye
On the Horse
In the Window,**

And he will constantly suggest
to you things in the HARNESS
line you need.

- 2 Sets Second Hand Double Driving
Harness.
- 1 Patent Shift Waggon Pole and Yoke,
Second Hand.
- 10 Sets Second Hand Single Harness.

Horse Blankets and Robes.

FRANK L. ATHERTON
(At the Sign of the White Horse)
King Street, Woodstock.

Assessors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned
have been appointed Assessors of Rates in and for
the Town of Woodstock for the present year. All
persons owning property in the Town must within
Twenty Days give a statement of their property
and income as provided by law.
Dated at Woodstock, Feb. 23rd, 1904.
CHARLES COMBEN,
JOHN DONNELLY,
ALBERT G. FIELDS.