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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Rise of the Rothschilds'

E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S., IN SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Of the fifteen great money dynasties that control the destinies of Europe—there may be seventeen, but I am not sure—none is so remarkable or so interesting as the Rothschild. Few royal houses have had so fascinating a history. The name has already stood for power longer than any other name in Europe, that of Romanoff alone excepted. And, very probably, when Romanoff and Hohenzollern have joined Bourbon and Bonaparte in exile, or English Saxe-Coburg and Austrian Hapsburg and Italian Savoy in puppetship, Rothschild will still rule on in power or in potentiality of power. Their name is spoken wherever there is a civilized tongue; their wealth is proverbial; their prosperity has run into simile. There are great bankers besides them, but they are better known throughout civilization than any firm of the past or the present. They are the real head of la haute banque, the controlling if not the inspiring spirit in that clique of international financiers who form the Unseen Empire. Their commercial relations embrace the globe. They are involved in the well-being of the planet. Every ship that is lost, every crop that is gathered, effects, directly or indirectly, their enormous exchequer. When the sea rises of the coast of New South Wales, when the frost bites on the steppes of Russia, when the cholera begins its dread march in India, their income moves with these, as it does, indeed, with all the forces of Nature.

Still, the history of the Rothschilds is a very recent history. A century ago the name had never been heard on the exchanges of Europe. A century ago the founder of the house, Mayer Amschel, humble but financially illuminated, kept his dingy shop, the sign of the Red Shield over the door (whence comes the name), in the dirty quarter of Frankfort-on-Main known as the Juden-gasse. There, with keen eyes and acquisitive fingers, he stood behind his dusky counter, changing money discounting bills, pinching coins, buying cheap and selling dear, sordidly happy in the consciousness of daily accumulation. Mayer Amschel's opportunity came with the first rifle crack at Lexington. Strange, is it not, that the foundations of the greatest fortune in the Old World should have been virtually laid in the New? The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel put his soldiers up for hire; England leased them to fight her revolted colonists overseas and paid twenty million dollars in gold for their services. This vast sum, backed by as much more, the Landgrave Wilhelm put into the hands of the cunning knight of the Red Shield. Frankfort was amazed at such a step. The great bankers could not understand why the Landgrave had passed them by and reposed his entire confidence—and his gold—with an unknown man.

The cause was simple enough. An intimate of Wilhelm, having heard much of the shrewdness and trustworthiness of old Mayer Amschel, strongly recommended him to the Landgrave as an eminently proper person with whom to leave money. In consequence of this recommendation Rothschild, as he had already begun to be called, was summoned to the palace in Cassel, where he found the prince playing chess with a friend. Too tactful to interrupt the game, he stood behind the Landgrave's chair and held his peace, a mark of sense and sympathy which no chess-player could fail to appreciate. The game was going against Wilhelm, who felt a deeper interest in it on that account. After a long pause, uncertain what move to make next, he suddenly turned to Rothschild with the question: Do you understand chess? Rothschild, who had been closely watching the board from his entrance, diplomatically replied: "Sufficiently well, your Serene Highness, to induce me, were the game mine, to castle on the king's side." It was a master stroke; it turned defeat to victory, and so delighted the prince that he clapped his adviser on the shoulder, exclaiming: "You are a wise man. He who can extricate a chess-player from such a difficulty as I was in must have a very clear head for business. A man with such a brain must be capable of taking care of other people's money."

Knowledge of the game which had so charmed Haroun-al-Rashid, Tamburlaine and Charlemagne was never turned to better advantage. The counsel to castle secured to the money-lender the use of forty million dollars and generations of financial glory.

The Landgrave, after the Battle of Jena, flying from the Napoleonic wrath, confided his silver and bulky treasures, amounting to millions, to the banker, who concealed them in the hogheads of his wine-cellar. When Wilhelm, then Elector, returned, eight years afterward, Mayer Amschel was dead, but his son, Amschel—or Anselm—the younger, made out the account, with interest, which the prince refused to take, declaring that he should have lost the principal but for the fidelity of the father. The elector was about to withdraw the sum when Napoleon's escape from Elba threw all Europe into consternation, and so alarmed Wilhelm that he begged Rothschild to keep it at two per cent interest per annum. The deposit remained with the house of the Red Shield for nine more years, and was then returned to the Elector's successor, strictly accounted for to the last kreuzer.

Before old Amschel died he was able to give to each of his five sons one of the great states of Europe as a financial kingdom. There is something epic, tremendous, about this partition of a continent by the old money-lender of the Juden-gasse. So Charlemagne divided among his sons the world empire he had conquered; so Napoleon dealt out kingdoms to his marshals and his negligible brothers. But he of the Red Shield had found an empire more lasting than those carved out by the sword—the empire of gold. The eldest son chose Germany; Solomon selected Austria; Nathan, England; Charles went to Italy, and Jacob, as his share, took the troubled land of France. The five brothers constituted but one firm, in which all had an equal interest, conducting their business as branch houses in as many cities, Frankfort, London, Paris, Naples and Vienna.

Nathan Mayer, the third son, far exceeded his father or any of his brothers in commercial genius. His attention was early called to England as a field for action—he had not then become a partner—and thither he journeyed soon after reaching his majority. He commenced his career in Manchester as a money-lender with less than five hundred dollars. At the end of five years he had one million dollars. With this sum he went to London. Nathan speedily won his place in the world's capital. His ventures in the public funds turned out luckily, not usually, but invariably. While the ancient firm were timid or tottering he had his first transaction with the Government, himself meeting a draft which Wellington, fighting in the Peninsula, had drawn, and which the treasury did not have the funds to pay. The Government employed him to forward supplies to the British armies in Spain, and he actually had the audacity to smuggle them through the enemy's country. He was also charged with the transmission of subsidies to the Continental powers, and he faithfully performed the task. He had, moreover, the advantage of the earliest and most trustworthy information from his brothers in the various capitals and he was in a position to return it in kind. Before long all ordinary means of communication were insufficient for his rapidly-growing enterprise, and he determined to use carrier-pigeons and fast-sailing boats of his own for the transmission of news. His spies and secret agents covered the Continent like dew. Reports in cipher of all important or impending events were tied under the wings of the birds, which were constantly arriving at the London offices, while his agents were crossing the Channel in the stormiest of weather under a perilous spread of canvas.

Nathan Rothschild, with rare sagacity, went to Wellington's headquarters, and himself witnessed the defeat of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo. Hastening back to London at breakneck speed, he circulated predictions of Wellington's inevitable defeat. A few hours before Wellington's victory became known, he bought heavily in a demoralized market and won a colossal fortune.

Though the Rothschilds' Naples branch was given up after the incorporation of the two Sicilies with the kingdom of Italy, the four original houses remain, though they now have agencies in most of the leading cities of Europe, Asia and Africa, as well as in North and South America. They have belted the globe with their operations, though it should always be remembered that the Rothschild fortune is not industrial. It has absorbed many industries and many railways, it is true, but always by political and financial coups. Therein lies the danger of it. For generations the Rothschilds have been barons and the title is hereditary in the family. Since the death of old Mayer Amschel they have added the distinguishing de and von to their names, and are as far removed from democratic affiliations and tendencies as if it were a thousand instead of a hundred years since their ancestor counted kreuzers and old rags in the Juden-gasse of Frankfort.

Of the capital of the Rothschilds, which is constantly and rapidly increasing, nobody but themselves has any positive knowledge. They hold, it is asserted, one hundred million dollars of American securities alone. They own large estates in Great Britain, Germany, Austria and France, cotton factories at Manchester, cutlery establishments

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at Sheffield, ships on the Clyde, warehouses at London and Liverpool, gardens near Paris, castles on the Rhine and villas on the Riviera, mills along the Maas, gold mines in California, statues in Rome, dahabiyehs on the Nile, plantations in Jamaica, shawls in India, rubies at Teheran, tobacco fields in Virginia, forests in Siberia, towns in Australia. They call themselves merchants as well as bankers, and, in the largest sense, they are both.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube is restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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The New British Naval Gun.

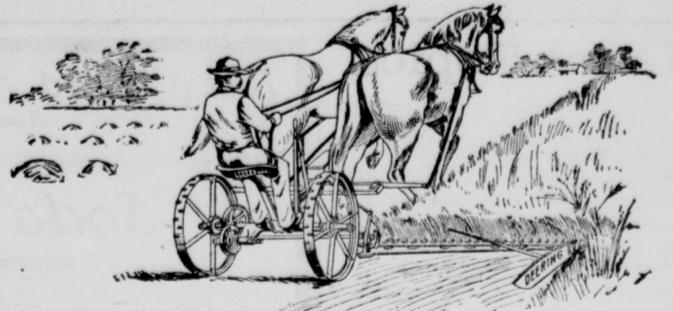
If the unofficial reports that the British Admiralty proposes to adopt the 13.5 inch gun as the standard of primary armament on battleships of the Neptune and post-Neptune type, instead of the 12 inch gun, is true, it will mark an epoch in the history of naval ordnance, says the London correspondent of the New York Sun. The 13.5 inch gun is no new experiment. It was first mounted on the Trafalgar battleship of 11,940 tons, launched in 1897. It was later used on the six battleships of the Royal Sovereign class, each vessel carrying four mounted in pairs fore and aft. In those days, however, the heavy gun was still far from perfect, and the 13.5 inch had to be discarded in favor of the 12 inch, owing to the fact that the enormous weight of the 13.5 inch projectile caused the fire delivery to be very slow. This weighty consideration also greatly limited the life of the weapon. With its important improvements, however, it is estimated that the new 13.5 inch gun is 12 per cent more powerful than the 12 inch, combining the rapid delivery and great endurance of the 12 inch with increased range, penetrative power and weight of metal. The 13.5 inch gun will weigh about eighty-seven tons, throwing a projectile weighing 1,250 pounds, with a muzzle energy of something like 71,500 foot tons. A ship of the Neptune class, carrying from eight to ten 13.5 inch guns, would be able to deliver a broadside fire of 10,000 pounds and a bow and stern fire of 5,100 pounds of one of the latest Dreadnoughts. The other naval Powers mount nothing heavier than 12 inch guns.

Nothing in the way of a Cough is quite so annoying as a tickling, teasing, wheezing-bronchial Cough. The quickest relief comes perhaps from a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And besides, it is so thoroughly harmless that mothers give it with perfect safety even to the youngest babes. The tender leaves of a simple mountain shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its remarkable curative effect. It is truly a most certain and trustworthy prescription. Sold by All Dealers.

August Busy Man's.

The August issue of Busy Man's Magazine is an educational number. The rapidly passing mid-summer vacation reminds parent and child, teacher and taught, that school days are again not far off. There are bright, snappy special articles on the great subject of education, among them being "Life in Residential Schools," "In Advance of the Pullman," "What Canada's Public Men Read," and "The Necessity of a Business Training." Other clever and interesting contributions are "When An Emperor Ruled in Canada," "The Rival Rain Makers of the Yukon," and "The Light Side of Finance." There are half-a-dozen catchy and captivating novelettes. The August edition of Busy Man's is superbly illustrated from cover to cover and is undoubtedly the best weather copy yet produced.

GROUP stopped in 20 minutes sure with Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. One test will surely prove. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing syrup—50c. Druggists.



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W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

A "Magic" Polishing Cloth.

Many housekeepers gladly pay twenty-five cents each for so called magic polishing cloths, as they are exceedingly useful for polishing silver and other metals. A special advantage which they have over all paste and liquid polishing preparations is that they are dry and will not soil the hands or clothing. They are efficacious until the cloth itself wears out.

To make magic polishing cloths, take one quart of gasoline, one-half pound of whiting, and one-eighth ounce of oleic acid, mixing all together and shaking well. Soak pieces of woolen cloth in the mixture and hang them in the open air, in the shade, to dry. When the cloths are dry, the "magic" qualities have been given to the cloths, and they will never lose their polishing efficiency.

These polishing cloths make very acceptable little gifts, and they can, of course, be made in any color or style desired, so long as the material is wool. Made up in attractive styles, they are excellent sellers at fairs, as their absolute cleanliness renders possible a demonstration of their merits.

The Cost of Royalty

Royal families are expensive luxuries, as John Bull's national balance sheet for the year ended March 31, and issued this week as a Blue Book shows. Besides the personal income of the King and Queen annuities are paid to the royal family as follows:

Prince of Wales.....	\$100,000
Princess of Wales.....	50,000
Princess Christian.....	30,000
Princess Louise.....	30,000
Duke of Connaught.....	125,000
Duchess of Edinburgh.....	30,000
Duchess of Albany.....	30,000
Princess Henry of Battenberg.....	30,000
Trustees for His Majesty's daughters.....	90,000
Their Majesties' privy purse was \$550,000.	
Salaries paid to His Majesty's household and retired allowances, \$629,000. Expenses of His Majesty's household, \$965,000; the royal bounty, alms and special services amounted to \$66,000.	

Headache Cure.

A "NEVER-FAILING" remedy for nervous headache is described by a scientific authority thus: It consists simply in the act of walking backward, but the method walking is an important factor in the cure. The pace should be very slow, letting the ball of the foot touch the ground first then the heel. A hall narrow room serves the purpose best. The theory underlying the cure is that the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action of the brain; thus the pain induced by nervousness, which is said to be the result of too much going forward, is driven away by a simple process of rehearsal.

A tickling or dry cough can be quickly loosened with Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. No opium, no chloroform, nothing unsafe or harsh. Sold by All Dealers.



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AMERICAN SUBSCRIBERS.

After August 1st subscribers to THE DISPATCH living in the United States, who are in arrears, can pay up at the old rate—\$1.00 a year. New subscriptions will also be taken at \$1.00 a year.