

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

AUGUST 18, 1897.

GLADYS AND HER WHEEL.

It was a windy day in March
When Gladys got her wheel.
The sort of day when crimps need starch,
And many were the glances arch,
When Gladys got her wheel.

The neighbors all looked out to see,
When Gladys got her wheel.
Her wild gyrations toward a tree
Filled their unholy souls with glee,
When Gladys got her wheel.

Nine little boys sat on the fence,
When Gladys got her wheel.
They saw her fall with grief intense,
And watched her ride with joy immense,
When Gladys got her wheel.

But little work was done that day,
When Gladys got her wheel.
Folks couldn't keep their eyes away,
And some felt there was need to pray,
When Gladys got her wheel.

For, oh, the wind was bold and free,
When Gladys got her wheel.
It blew her over finally,
And Dr. Johnson got a fee,
When Gladys got her wheel.

—Somerville Journal.

AN ASSISTED PROPOSAL.

"No, I don't think I'd have the proposal come about in just that way, Miss Romaine," remarked Mr. Pendexter in a musing tone, tipping himself backward in his piazza-chair as he regarded the manuscript before him. "I'm not quarreling with the girl's proposing to the fellow—that might happen—nor with your scheme for having her take him out rowing—though he must have been a duffer to have stood it—but your heroine has had a long spin on her wheel in the forenoon and a round of golf to settle her luncheon, and she's been strolling around more or less since then. Now, I think it's a little severe on her, even if she is of the New Woman sort, to send her off on a stiffish pull right after dinner. Give her a chance to rest, and let her propose in the conservatory, later."

"But that isn't a bit original," protested the would-be-authoress, drawing her fair forehead into becoming wrinkles.

"It's what the public expect. 'Original'! My dear Miss Romaine, do you suppose an editor's going to waste his space on original situations? He may like 'em personally,—may adore 'em—but they take the readers by surprise and that upsets 'em; an unexpected turn makes the reader stop and think it out, and that's hard; besides, he feels defrauded, and that won't do. You mustn't trifle with his finer feelings in that fashion—first thing you know, he'll be stopping his paper. The editor must consider this, and you must consider the editor."

"W-e-ll! But it sounds ureadful cynical."

"It isn't cynicism; it's common sense. Don't be discouraged; your stories hang together better than they used to do."

"That's because you've been coaching me all summer—I'm afraid it hasn't been much of a vacation for you Mr. Pendexter."

"Oh, this has been nothing but recreation; it's refreshing to cut and slash another's work, especially when it seems worth while. I wonder where the mail is this morning. It's getting pretty late."

"I declare, I forgot all about it! I picked it up as I came through the hall. Here's one for me."

The handwriting being unfamiliar, Miss Romaine proceeded as is usual in such cases; scrutinizing the envelope attentively in vain endeavours to discover some clew to the sender before taking the obvious course of opening it. Her face lit up with a look of intense satisfaction as she skimmed over the contents, but her jubilant exclamations were checked by her glance at Mr. Pendexter's countenance. He had opened all his letters in the meanwhile, and now sat downcast and silent, tearing an envelope to pieces with the solidly careful manner of one who reforms an action automatically.

"What is it?" she asked, going over to him. "I'm afraid you have had bad news."

"Oh, well," he replied with an effort, "it's only a disappointment—and a hurt to my pride. You see, I tried for that prize I was telling you about, and here's my story thrown back on my hands. Well, I was so sure of getting it that I suppose I grew careless."

"Oh, dear, is that it," she faltered. "Why, I shouldn't have thought you'd have cared so much about it; your fame is pretty well established."

"My fame!" in a tone piqued and sorrowful. "Ah, its all very well for me to pose to you as an old stager, but my reputation isn't so extensive that a little advertising would come amiss, nor my pocket book so full that it would hold a few more dollars."

"Oh, Mr. Pendexter! If I'd only known—" but he checked her.

"It's good of you to be so sympathetic. I built a good deal on this thing—more than I realized, perhaps. Why, I even said to myself if I were successful I might dare to take a wife; to ask—" He stopped abruptly, but his eyes said all that he kept his tongue from uttering.

She handed him her letter, with a look of piteous entreaty. "I suppose you better read it—if I had only known!"

He glanced over the brief note that had brought such a glad light to her eyes but a few minutes ago.

"So you are the prize winner. Well, I congratulate you; you have worked hard this summer and you certainly deserve your reward."

"My reward! Do you think I care for it—that it gives me any pleasure—now? Why, it is yours by rights—I should never have won the prize if it hadn't been for you; you've taught me all that I know about writing that's worth knowing, and you've made me care—"

"Care more for your writing? That is well," he interpolated gently. "I hope you may always find it a resource and a pleasure."

"Care for my—scribbling? I hate it!" she replied petulantly. "You said awhile ago that you had meant to marry if you took this prize—the woman's name was on the tip of your tongue—who was she?" The last words had the defiance that masks utter shamefacedness.

"It wouldn't be quite fair to tell you, now, would it?" he replied.

She turned away from him; sorrowful, yet exasperated at masculine stupidity.

"I hope I have not made you angry, Miss Romaine?"

She faced him with flushing cheeks. "No, I am not angry, Mr. Pendexter. Listen to me. Would you not, even now, ask that woman to be your wife if you knew that she loved you? This disappointment—it is only a passing cloud—the prize was won on your own lines. Ought two people to be made unhappy for the lack of a little courage?"

"How do you know that she loves me?" he asked.

"My heart tells me so," she replied.

The conversation, though highly satisfactory to both parties, suddenly passed into sounds scarcely recordable in everyday English. When it became once more articulate—"You will forgive me for winning the prize, won't you, dear?"

"Forgive you, my darling? Haven't I won a better prize?"

More unrecordable sounds, then—"And don't you think, dear, that, after all, my heroine needn't wait for the conservatory?"

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Paine's Celery Compound, The Popular Medicine with the People and the Medical Profession.

Only a truly great and effective remedy could continue, as Paine's Celery Compound has done, to hold its high place in the estimation of the ablest physicians and of the tens of thousands of busy men and women whose only means of judging is from the actual results in their own homes or among their friends. No remedy was ever so highly recommended, because no other ever achieved so many grand victories over disease and sickness.

For feeding exhausted nerves, building up the strength of the body, giving a natural and healthy appetite, and as a promoter of refreshing sleep, Paine's Celery Compound stands today without an equal in the world.

Mrs. Garland, 675 Crawford St., Toronto, gives her experience with the world's best medicine as follows:

"Your Paine's Celery Compound has most wonderfully improved my health. Before using it my appetite was poor—almost gone; I was also weak and debilitated, and suffered from pains in the head.

"Paine's Celery Compound does all that is claimed for it. I have recommended to my friends, and they all speak highly of the results received from it. I wish Paine's Celery Compound the success it so richly deserves."

In Line For Appointment.

"Mr. President I wish you would appoint me as Minister of the United States to some foreign country."

"I am afraid I can't place you, sir. What indorsements have you?"

"I have no indorsements, sir, but the right of every American citizen to apply for office. My name is Ezekiel Bickerdike, and I live in Cahokia, Ind. I voted for you, sir."

"There is no foreign embassy to which I can appoint you, Mr. Bickerdike."

"Well, I would take a consulship, if the fees were sufficient to support me in reasonable dignity."

"I am sorry, but there is no consulship available, either."

"Well, then, suppose you give me the postmastership of Cahokia?"

"I can't promise you that, either."

"Well, Mr. President, give me a quarter to get something to eat with."

He got that.—Harper's Bazar.

PILL POINTS

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a Purely Vegetable Compound—A Scientifically Studied Formula—The After effects of the Medicine have been Given as Much Consideration as the Immediate Results.

Not so with Many of the Ancient Formulas—Painful Purgers and no Healing Powers—Think of These Points

If you must use medicine, look for the most pleasant, safest and surest to take. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are supreme in cases of sick Headache, Biliousness, Sallow Skin, Constipation, etc. 40 doses, 20 cents.

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla

Is the original Sarsaparilla, the standard of the world. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures

Birds as Mail Carriers.

Out on the Pacific coast there has been established what is probably the most novel postal service in the world. It is not under government control, and Uncle Sam has nothing to do with the appointment of the operators.

This line is between Santa Catalina island, lying twenty miles out to sea, and Los Angeles, Cal., and the postmen are trim, saucy little carrier pigeons, whose feathered coats, oddly enough, are precisely the bluish gray shade of the regulator postman's uniform. Every day during the three summer months, and sometimes twice a day, these tiny messengers fly from the island across the ocean channel and over the land—fifty miles, air line—to their loft in Los Angeles, bearing beneath their wings not only dispatches to private persons, but a daily budget of news for the city press.

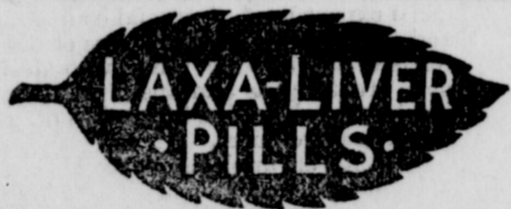
The owners and originators of what is now known as the Catalina carrier pigeon service are two bright Los Angeles boys—the Zahn brothers. Catalina island is one of the most popular summer resorts on the Pacific coast; therefore it came to pass that every summer several thousand people found themselves literally "at sea," practically cut off from the outside world. A sort on the island, once a day, arriving at 6 o'clock, P. M., and returning to the mainland at 6 o'clock the following morning. All communication with the outside world was, therefore, cut off for twenty-four hours at a time.

At first the only thought was to send out Private messages, but it soon occurred to the editor of one of the dailies to have the daily correspondence from the island transmitted by the pigeon line. The experiment was therefore tried.

The Life of Dr. Chase.

As a compiler of Chase's Recipe Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his works on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

An Englishman recently took a seat at a cafe table in Paris. A Frenchman sat on the other side of it. He began to play with the lever of a seltzer syphon, when suddenly, and seemingly by accident, a stream of the aerated water struck the Englishman in the face. The Frenchman apologized profusely and wiped off the water with his own handkerchief. After the polite Frenchman had gone the Englishman discovered that his purse, containing nearly \$500, had also disappeared.



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BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION
SICK HEADACHE
AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25c OR 5 FOR \$1.00

PROBATE COURT, County of Carleton.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any constable of the said County—Greeting:

Whereas, the administrator of the estate of Samuel B. Kitchen, deceased, hath filed in this court an account of his administration of the said deceased's estate and hath prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of law.

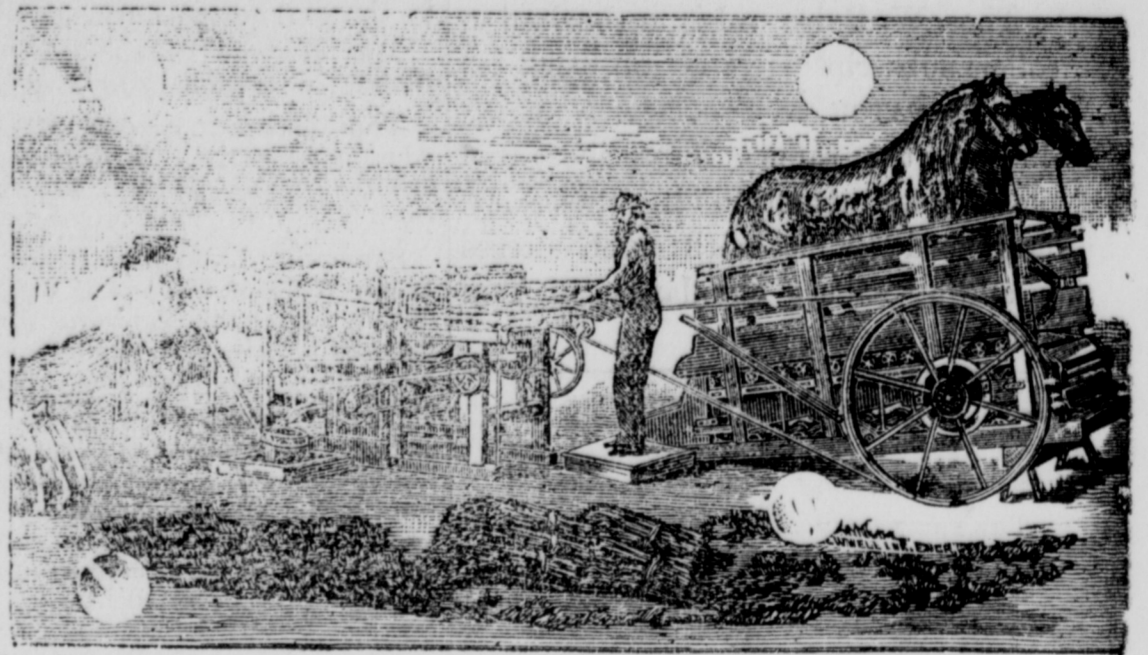
You are therefore required to cite the heirs and next of kin of the deceased and all of the creditors and other persons interested in his estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of Carleton, at the office of the Judge of Probate for said county, in the Town of Woodstock in said county, on Monday, the First day of September next, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for and as by law directed.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court, this twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1897.

LEWIS P. FISHER, Judge of Probate
FRANK B. CARVELL, Registrar of Probate for County of Carleton.

FOR SALE.

A new, thoroughly built and well finished house, situated on the north end of Main street, eight rooms, besides clothes presses,—barn attached. Price \$600. Apply to MRS. J. E. WRIGHT, on the premises, or at THE DISPATCH office.



1867.

1897.

AFTER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE

We have completed and under construction the best lot of THRESHERS in the Dominion of Canada. Parties who contemplate purchasing this season had better leave us their orders as early as possible. We find the average cost of keeping twelve machines in repair (including teeth) for seven years, has been under \$3.00 each per year. With the present prices for oats, farmers' cannot afford to purchase inferior Threshers that will cost \$50 or \$60 a year to keep in repair. The best are the cheapest, and that is the kind we make.

We also keep in stock in addition to our No. 11, No. 10 and No. 6 CAST PLOWS, the Justly Celebrated STEEL PLOW No. 21, that took the medal in Chicago in 1893. This is proving itself to be "THE PLOW" for this county. Come and see it.

In connection with our already complete line of CYL. PARLOR, and numerous patterns of COOK STOVES, we are introducing a new Cook Stove, the "HONOR BRIGHT". We would like your opinion of it.

Don't forget that this is the proper time to procure a FURNACE. We have them in stock.

SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.

Woodstock, N. B.

BETTER THAN A BANK

After July 1st, '97, the Government Saving Banks of the Dominion will reduce the rate of Interest on deposits to 3 per c.—You can get an Endowment Policy in the

Confederation Life Association,

which will net you more than 3 per c. besides carrying Life Insurance with it and the non-forfeiture provisions of the Policy admit of paid-up and extended Insurance after two years and a Cash Value or a loan after 5 years.

D. F. MERRITT, Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent

G. A. TAYLOR, Merchants' Bank, Special Agent.

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Window and Door Screens, INCREASED FACILITIES.

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We are selling Fruit Jars very low. Why? Because we have a large stock of the following sizes: Pints, Quarts and Half Gallons.

Our stock of Groceries is complete, and we make a special effort to get the best Goods, so that we can guarantee them.

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