

## THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

AUGUST 11, 1897.

## FINED FOR HIS THIEF.

True, sir, quite true, all you're saying,  
A fence or a hedge would look neat,  
A velvety lawn, a verandah,  
And trees make my cottage complete.  
But they cost time and money and labor  
They look very nice, it is true;  
But for planting a post for a clothes line  
They fine me, they fine me, they do!

This lot was as bare as a sidewalk  
But I paid them their tax every Fall,  
He husbands his money who saves, Sir,  
When wages are everywhere small.  
But at last I had hoarded a little,  
Besides keeping debts from my door  
And built in my leisure this cottage—  
They find me ten dollars or more.

I'd a couple of pigs for the winter,  
And pastured them here on the hill;  
But the constable drove them to pound, Sir,  
And one of them just paid the bill.  
So I built yonder barn where my porkers  
Could sleep in its shadow so cool;  
Then came from the town the assessor  
And doubled my taxes, the fool!

So, I'll bank what I have in the future  
Be it little or much as it may,  
For till taxes are rightly adjusted  
I find that improvements don't pay.  
Now I'm plundered to right and to left, sir,  
But I must be off to the store,  
But taxes where taxes belong, sir,  
Good morning. I'll say nothing more.

## TWO SUSPICIOUS PERSONS.

She lives in a very much detached house  
out in Central Park. Her nearest neighbor,  
two blocks away, had a visit from a burglar  
on Sunday night, and she heard of it on  
Monday. Her husband is down town all day  
and, of course, she got nervous.

Yesterday she had just finished setting the  
house to rights and had gone out on the  
porch to do a bit of sewing and, incidentally,  
to see that the children got into no more  
mischief than she could prevent.

She hadn't been there more than half an  
hour when a brigandish-looking person, with  
a rough suit of clothes, a three day's beard,  
and a face that, generally, looked as if it had  
seen better days, came swaggering down the  
walk and stopped in front of the house. She  
was frightened. She immediately thought  
of daylight burglars, kidnappers and all sorts  
of criminals. The brigand looked up at the  
front of the house. He scanned every por-  
tion of it. He counted the windows one by  
one, pointing at each with a grimy forefinger.

Her teeth chattered. Down the road the  
children were peacefully making mud pies.  
She almost fainted. Then the brigand went  
round to the side of the house. She timor-  
ously peered through the vines. He was  
looking intently at the side, surveying it  
critically as if looking for the best point of  
entrance, and he counted the windows there,  
too. Worse than that, he took a bit of paper  
and carefully sketched a plan of the bow  
window that has the honeysuckle trellis,  
making it so easy for a burglar to get into  
the second story.

She went into the house, her heart pound-  
ing in her bosom. Then she cast one long  
glance at the children, saw that the brigand  
had not noticed them, and scurried out of  
the side door and across the fields to her  
neighbor's.

"Oh, Jennie!" she gasped, as she stumbled  
up the steps of the neighbor's house.  
"There's the wickedest-looking man over  
there, and I just know he's going to burgle  
or something dreadful. He's making a plan  
of the house."

Then she collapsed.  
Jennie was frightened, too, but she had a  
telephone in the house. She tottered over  
to the telephone, rang the bell nervously  
and besought the girl to give her the nearest  
police station.

"Mr. Policeman," she stammered. "Mr.  
Policeman, there's a burglar over here. Send  
a lot of officers over here at once."

She gasped out the street and number and  
the two women huddled in the dark din-  
ing room until a big copper, fat and out of  
breath, thundered up to the door.

"Where's the burglar?" he asked, as soon  
as he could speak.

"Over there," said both women at once.  
"Over there. He's making plans of the  
house."

The policeman loosened his club, felt for  
his revolver and started across the field to  
the house first mentioned.

The brigand was sitting on the horse block,  
laboriously writing something on the paper  
he had been drawing the plans on. Down  
the road the children were still making their  
pies of mud.

The policeman sprang for the brigand and  
seized him by the collar. "Here," he said,  
"what do you mean coming—?"

"Leggo my collar," yelled the brigand,  
squiriming to free himself. "What 'n' ll's  
the matter with you?"

"Don't try none of your funny business  
on me," commanded the policeman. "It  
won't go."

"Well," asked the brigand, "what do you  
mean by grabbing' me like that? I ain't  
done nothing."

"No," said the policeman, sternly, "but  
you're gettin' ready to do some second-story  
work in that house."

"What house?" demanded the brigand.

"That house."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

The brigand shouted with laughter.  
"If it ain't no secret, perhaps you'll tell  
me what the joke is," broke in the policemen  
now a bit mystified.

"Joke," roared the brigand, "I should  
say it was a joke. Why, the man that owns  
that house's goin' to have it painted, and he  
hired me to do the job. I was figgerin on  
it."

The policeman stalked majestically down  
the street. The children had their mud pies  
nearly ready for the oven. She, the woman,  
said she didn't care. He looked like a bur-  
glar, anyway, and Jack had no business talk-  
ing about getting the house painted without  
letting her know about it.—Buffalo Inquirer.

## The Great Bernhardt

STANDS AT THE HEAD OF HER  
PROFESSION.She Speaks About Paine's Celery  
Compound.

The immortal "Sarah" provokes enthusi-  
asm, admiration and curiosity wherever she  
appears before the public, and has never had  
an equal in the history of the stage.

Sarah Bernhardt fully appreciates the im-  
mense advantages of health and strength for  
one in her profession, and no one knows bet-  
ter than she how essential to artistic success  
is a vigorous nervous system.

Hard and conscientious work in all mat-  
ters pertaining to her profession has at var-  
ious times left her weak and nervous; but  
when friends prevailed upon her to use  
Paine's Celery Compound, she realized that  
she had found a blessing—a strengthener and  
invigorator that she cannot praise too highly.  
She writes as follows:

"I beg leave to state that, according to  
your instructions, I have used Paine's Celery  
Compound and I am convinced that it is the  
most powerful nerve strengthener that can  
be found. It is with the greatest pleasure  
that I send you my sincere testimonial."

## She Set Him Right.

She knocked at the outer doors of the ed-  
itorial rooms of the New York Daily Breeze  
and the boy opened it. "What do you wish,"  
he asked, politely, for he was a new boy.

She was a plain, matter-of-fact looking  
woman of about 50. "I don't know that it's  
any concern of yours, but I want to see the  
editor," said she, seating herself in an arm-  
chair.

"Which editor, the city editor?"

"Don't try to poke fun at me, for I won't  
stand it. Of course I want a city editor. If  
I wanted a country editor I'd go to the coun-  
try. I'm no fool."

"Well, what do you wish to see him  
about?" asked the boy.

"Boy, you've talked enough. As I take it,  
you're here to open the door. You've open-  
ed it. Now, fetch me the editor. I want to  
see him right away. I want to see him on  
business."

"But does he know you?"

"Know me? Why should he? Must he  
know me before I can have business with  
him? Fetch him at once, or I'll go look for  
him myself."

At this threat the boy vanished and in a  
moment returned with the city editor, a  
smooth-faced busy-looking man.

He inclined his head courteously and she  
said, doubtfully:

"Are you the editor?"

"I am. What can I do for you?"

"Land sakes! Ain't you young?"

"Possibly so, but they kindly overlooked  
my age when they gave me the position. I  
am very busy. What did you want to see  
me for?"

"Well, I ain't going to take up much of  
your time, but I want to see you right on a  
matter that you seem to be ignorant of, al-  
though bein' a man there ain't any real rea-  
son why you should know, and so I called to  
set you right," said she, without a pause for  
breath.

"I guess you wish to see our fashion ed-  
itor," began he, but she interrupted him.

"Sunday before last we had company to  
the house and one of them read a receipt out  
of your paper 'How to make doughnuts,'  
and it said: 'Take a pound of lard, a pound  
of dough and a pound of nuts. Melt the  
lard, cut the dough into squares and shell  
the nuts.' Well, my company began to laugh  
and I was mortified, because I'm always  
crackin' up your paper for bein' smart, and  
that was downright foolishness. There's no  
nuts used in doughnuts."

"Well, I didn't write that myself. Of  
course I know better—"

"Wait. Then, last Sunday the same folks  
was still visitin' me and one of 'em read out  
loud: 'How to make fish cakes.' Well, I  
could have rung her neck for findin' it an'  
exposin' your ignorance again, for it said:  
'Buy equal parts of fish and cake and cut  
them in slices and serve cold on a platter.'"

But the boy was her only auditor.—Ex-  
change.

## A SUMMER SPECIFIC.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures  
cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery,  
cramps, colic, summer complaint, canker of the  
mouth and all bowel complaints of children or  
adults. It is a soothing, effectual and never fail-  
ing medicine, which gives immediate relief and  
speedily effects a cure.

Ayer's  
SarsaparillaThe Remedy with  
a Record.

50 Years of Cures

## The Effects of Imagination.

Here is another plumper's story, which  
was left over after the convention of a few  
months ago:

"Several years ago I had a job in the  
cellar of an up town house," and the man  
who tells the story, "and it was a long and  
dirty one. The water pipes connected with  
a big steam heater which were badly out of  
order, and it was a dusty, choking sort of  
job. I had to get in the heater part of the  
time, and on one occasion I developed a  
throat dryness that almost strangled me. I  
looked around in the half light for something  
to drink, and caught sight of an out of the  
way shelf of a number of bottles. I grabbed  
one and shook it, and knew that it was full,  
and then, without, a moment's hesitation,  
yanked out the cork and drank the stuff at  
one long gulp. As I let go I noticed there  
was a label on the bottle, and taking it to the  
feeble light that came through a cole-cute  
window I deciphered it. Merciful Moses!  
It was a bottle of famous vegetable compound  
which is especially designed for the relief of  
ailing persons of the other sex! And I have  
taken it all in one dose!

"I turned painfully sick in a moment. I  
knew I must be fatally poisoned, and I fancied  
they might not find my bloated remains  
in that dark cellar for many weeks. I was  
too sick even to call for help. I sat down on  
the coal pile and groaned and trembled.  
Then insulted nature came to my relief.

"When I felt a little better I determined  
to investigate these bottles. I took them  
down one by one. Some had labels; most of  
them had none. Pretty soon I grew daring  
enough to sample one of the bottles. By  
George, it was nothing but mineral water!

Yes, and every blessed bottle there was  
filled with the same thing. It appears that  
the mineral water had been received in a  
cask, and they had drawn it for convenience,  
in such empty bottles as they had on hand.  
And I wasn't poisoned after all.

"So much for the effects of a lively im-  
agination."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Surprised His Doctor.

"A little over a year ago I was laid up with bron-  
chitis," says Stanley C. Bright, clerk, Kingston  
"My doctor's bill came to \$12, and altogether my  
illness cost me \$125. This fall I had another attack.  
I came across an advertisement in a newspaper for  
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for  
throat troubles. I thought I would risk a quarter  
and try it. It cured me. After this I intend to  
treat my own ills."

When a man allows his judgment to be at  
the mercy of his passion, he throws the holy  
thing to the dogs, he leaves the precious  
pearl at the mercy of the swine.

Strong Points  
ABOUT B. B. B.

1. Its Purity.
2. Its Thousands of Cures.
3. Its Economy, 1c. a dose.

## B. B. B.

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels,  
unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and  
removes all the impurities from a common  
Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and  
CURES

DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS,  
CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE,  
SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA,  
HEARTBURN, ACID STOMACH,  
DIZZINESS, DROPSY,  
RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.



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 Sam-  
uel 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 pass-  
ed and allowed in due form of law.

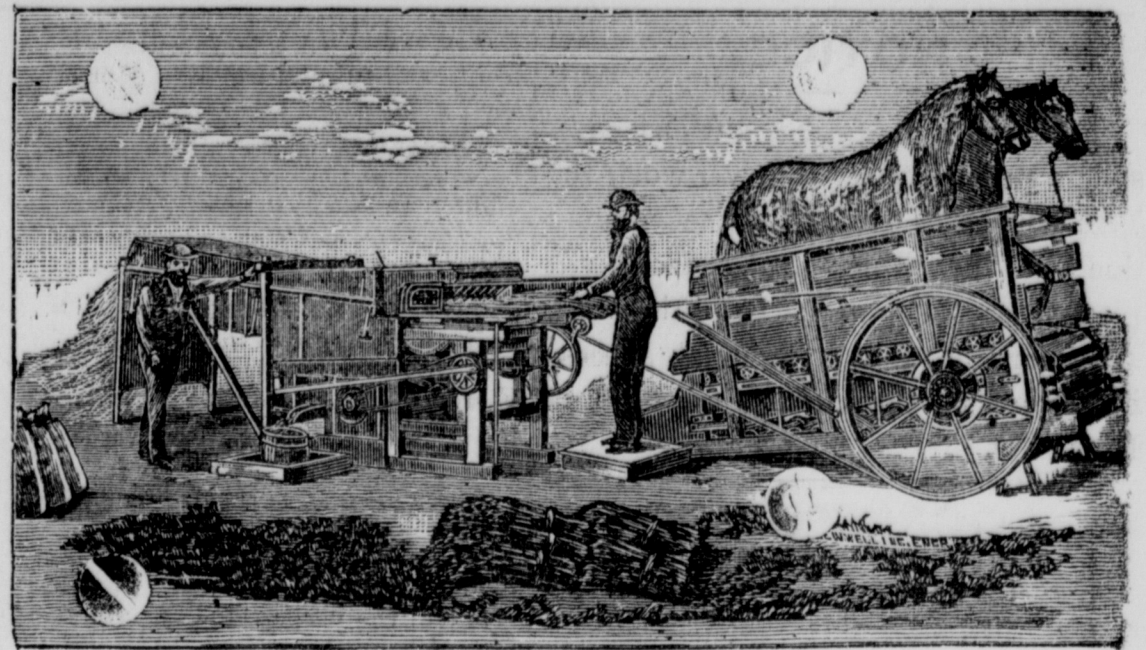
You are therefore required to cite the heirs and  
next of kin of the deceased and all of the creditors  
and other persons interested in his estate to appear  
before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and  
for the County of Carleton, at the office of the  
Judge of Probate for said county, in the town of  
Woodstock in said county, on Monday, the First  
day of September next, at Ten o'clock in the fore-  
noon, then and there to attend the passing and al-  
lowing 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,  
Registrar of Probates, 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 or-  
ders 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. A1, 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 &amp; 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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WOODWORKING COMPANY  
LIMITED.

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School Desks, Windows,  
Sheathing, Mouldings,  
Shop Fronts, Flooring,

And every variety of Finish for Houses and Churches.

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INCREASED FACILITIES.

SHINGLES AND CLAPBOARDS FOR SALE.

## VERY LOW

We are selling Fruit Jars very low. Why? Be-  
cause 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.

Give us a call and we will give you good value.

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63 Main Street.