

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

(Ernest Neal Lyon in October Success.)

Is it to worship earthy, grovelling Gold,
And dollar-blinded, to look only down,
To rake the muck-heap, and forget the crown,
Until youth's bounding blood creeps strangely cold;
To dwell with Envy, Arrogance and Dread,
To batter all Benevolence for dress,
To lose companionship—nor feel its loss,
Because the flower of Sympathy is dead—
Is that success?

To labor for the rainbow bubble, Fame—
Afloat so fairly in the morning air—
A perfect jewel for a prince to wear—
Is it a recompense for all its claim?
Thro' careful night, and crowded, strenuous day,
Thro' iron rebuff, or flattery—like snow
That leaves one thirsty—it is grasped, and, lo!
It vanishes in Nothingness away!
Is that Success?

With comrade Duty, in the dark or day,
To follow Truth—wherever it may lead;
To hate all meanness, cowardice or greed;
To look for beauty under common clay;
Our brothers' burden sharing, when they weep,
But, if we fall, to bear defeat alone;
To live in hearts that loved us, when we're
gone—
Beyond the twilight (till the morning break) to
sleep—
That is Success!

THE MINISTER'S SOCKS.

BY MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON.

He moved one foot upon the fender, then the other, gazing reflectively at each in turn, but when an abstraction which indicated his thoughts as above the unconsciousness that both gaiters were worn across the toes. His lean ankle showed between gaiter top and trouser hem, and Matilda, sitting on a cushioned stool by the fireplace, stared at them with round blue eyes of interest.

She was a very fat little girl under a shower of light curls, which lent resemblance to a well kept spaniel. Some said she was her mother over again; others declared her the image of her Aunt Abigail. After comparing their long, thin faces with the round pinkness that smiled back at her from the mirror she was of the opinion that she looked like nobody but little Matilda Hutton. However, she kept this opinion to herself—being frequently reminded that "children should be seen, and not heard"; and now, as she sat with hands folded over white apron, she looked the meek embodiment of childhood trained to the opinion of its elders. When the ministers came in, she was bidden to put away sewing or knitting, with which she would have been expected to keep occupied during any other call, and hold herself in readiness to repeat the Catechism or the One Hundred and Third Psalm; so to her mind his presence diffused a strong Sabbathical odor.

Mrs. Hutton and Miss Abigail, sitting very erect in fiddle-back chairs, listened deferentially as the minister talked—his thin, educated voice droning accompaniment to the "t-ick, t-ock" of the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner. Presently the droning voice was lost in a whirling sound preluding the hour, and after the long, deep strokes were over he got up, his worn face radiating benevolence from every wrinkle as he looked down at the figure on the stool.

"I didn't mean to make my call out and never give this little girl a chance to repeat the Catechism." He smiled, and Matilda's fat face dimpled into creases which did not betray her relief at this escape. "There might be time for the One Hundred and Third Psalm." Matilda still dimpled like the well-trained child she was. "However, I fear that my next call beyond will be too brief if I wait longer—so good-by, my dear."

Matilda, dimpling profusely, rose to courtesy; her mother and aunt followed him to the door in hospitable country fashion, and his tall, spare figure passed down the walk out of sight with coat-tails fluttering unceremoniously in the March gusts. Matilda, having gone to the window, watched him with nose flattened against the pane.

"Matilda!"
"Ma'am!"
"Haven't I told you never to run and stare after people?"

"Yes'm," said Matilda, removing her nose, which was now white at the end from being pressed closely against the glass.

"Then why did you do it?"

"I didn't do it."

Her mother met this answer with blank astonishment, which grew into cold disapproval and finally to fixed horror. Her Aunt Abigail reflected these emotions. Matilda put her finger in her mouth and gazed at the large flower pattern on the three-ply carpet.

"Matilda!" in deep maternal chest-tones.

"Ma'am!"

"Do you remember Ananias and Sapphira?"

"Yes'm."

"Then how can you tell me you didn't run to the window?"

"'Cause I didn't run—I walked."

The "t-ick, t-ock" of the tall clock filled the room. Miss Abigail arose suddenly, with a faint "ahem," which merged into an impartial cough, and began stirring the fire.

"Matilda, you may get your new sampler which has the verse,

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all!"

"I've worked to half of 'sinned' already," cried Matilda, dimpling into delighted creases

over the prospects of a hated sampler finished.

Miss Abigail gave another "ahem," to cover which she rattled the tongs against the fender. Mrs. Hutton shot a suspicious glance at the inexpressive profile bent to tend the fire.

"Get the sample at once, Matilda," she said. "And don't speak again until you are spoken to. Children should be seen, not heard."

Matilda perched on the cushioned stool, her spaniel locks falling about a face which apparently had no thought save for samplers; but mother and aunt would have been astonished indeed could they have known the play of fancy inside that curl-covered head; for although Matilda in the flesh might be compelled to work verses in cross-stitch, Matilda in the spirit was doing all the delightful forbidden things dear to her heart. She was swinging on the gate, which was unladylike—as she might be seen; she was climbing the apple-tree in the back yard, which was careless—as she might tear her dress; she was jumping from the barn loft, which was dangerous—as she might fall; she was playing with little black Dinah, which was corrupting—as Dinah was a child of iniquity and she might grow like her.

Matilda supposed that being a child of iniquity was a matter of complexion, and that if she played enough with Dinah she would become an ebony facsimile. She thought this result desirable, for then one needn't have one's face washed so often, one's hair could be braided and tied with twine in fascinating little spikes which would keep tidy for weeks, instead of being elaborately curled around somebody's finger every morning! Then, too, Dinah was allowed to run, to jump, to climb, to swing on gates; she could make mud pies, and never had to learn the Catechism; she did not even know what a sampler was! During Matilda's one stolen visit at tumble-down little house near the bend of the road, Dinah had asked if a sampler was something to eat, and, it being explained to her, she roller her eyes prodigiously and brought in her sympathetic black paw a freshly baked bone, which Matilda thought delicious—as it smacked of novelty and was eaten under the blossomed elder-bush by the pig-pen. In imagination she was "tetering" with Dinah on a board laid across a log, when the clock's ticking and the fire crackle were disturbed by a sneeze from Miss Abigail.

"You'd better put on your shoulder-shawl, sister," advised Mrs. Hutton.

"I'm not catching cold now, sister. While the minister was here the fire got down, and I felt chilly. I didn't want to bring in another stick because I knew it would finish his call," explained Miss Abigail.

"He is a very interesting man," said Mrs. Hutton. "He firmly believes in a personal devil. We ought to raise his salary. With his family he must find it difficult to make both ends meet. I noticed his sock was darned with white yarn, and if she felt able to buy yarn to match, Mrs. Hume never would use white yarn on red socks."

"On blue socks, you mean, sister," corrected Miss Abigail.

Mrs. Hutton, the assertive, clicked her needles emphatically.

"Mr. Hume wore red socks, Abigail. You'll have to get stronger glasses. I sat where I could see."

Miss Abigail, the meek, clicked her needles also.

"I sat where I could see as well as you, Betsy. Mr. Hume wore blue socks."

"Abigail, how can you contradict me? Surely you must have grown color-blind. His socks were red."

"Betsy, it is you who are color-blind. His socks were blue—the old-fashioned mixed blue."

The long, thin face looked back at one another, with a vexed color painting high cheek-bones.

"I never knew you so ridiculous, Abigail!"

"Nor I you, Betsy!"

"Abigail, do you think I don't know red from blue?"

"You don't seem to," said Miss Abigail, curtly.

Mrs. Hutton began rocking violently; Miss Abigail also began rocking violently; their needles clicked more emphatically than before. Matilda glanced at the two set faces, and bent her head so low that her spaniel locks touched her lap. The sampler in her hand shook curiously as she set the last stitch which spelled the couple of reminder:

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

"Well, Abigail," said Mrs. Hutton, slowly and impressively, "I never thought to be told that I am losing my senses—for what you have just said is equivalent to that. I shall settle this matter by going to the parsonage and finding out from Mrs. Hume what color the socks are which her husband is wearing today."

"I wish you would," retorted Miss Abigail.

"Very well—if you wish to be made ridiculous, Abigail!"

"It is you who will be made ridiculous, Betsy."

"I know what color the minister's socks are, Abigail."

"I know what color the minister's socks

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are, Betsy.

A sound as of an instantly suppressed giggle made both women turn their heads, but Matilda was intent upon her work.

"Abigail, those socks are red!"

"Betsy, they are blue!"

The front-door knocker punctuated the argument with a period.

"Perhaps it is Mr. Hume come back for something," Mrs. Hutton said, suggestively. "I hope it is," Miss Abigail said, tenaciously.

But instead of the minister's tall, spare figure, in fluttered a roly-poly little woman, with cheeks reddened from the March wind, and a smile at Matilda which brightened all the long, low sitting-room like a burst of belated sunshine.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hutton? How do you do, Miss Abigail? No, don't get up, either of you. Just let me find a seat anywhere. Perhaps I shouldn't have walked in so neighborly, but I lifted the knocker twice, and you were so busy that you didn't notice but what I was the wind itself." She laughed—a jolly, rippling laugh. "What a day it has been, to be sure—all blow and blow. A body is almost pulled to pieces in being out. I told Mr. Hume when he started away this afternoon that it was a poor calling-time, and you see I came out right after him. Well, I had an errand at the store, so thought I'd run in here for a minute. I got entirely out of darning yarn, and that never will do, you know, with six little folks at home. Then Mr. Hume does wear out his stockings so fast. Lotta tried darning a pair for him this morning, and what do you think? The blessed child used white yarn!" There was a delightful explosion of laughter from the roly-poly woman. "And would you believe it? he not only went off this afternoon with that identical sock on, but he didn't even get mates! This very minute he is wearing one red sock and a blue one. How well you both are looking! I never saw you have so much color. No—I can't stay to take off wraps, thank you. It is almost supper-time. But it isn't easy to leave this open fire."

When Mrs. Hume had fluttered away, leaving the stir of informality behind her, the sisters knit on without looking at each other, but their needles no longer clicked aggressively. The room was filled with fire glow and crackle, and the tall clock repeated leisurely: "T-ick, t-ock! t-ick, t-ock!" Again that sound of a giggle, but not now repressed Matilda, her face hidden by her curls, was laughing until her fat self shook like jelly. Miss Abigail looked at the little bunch of of mirth over her glasses.

"Matilda!" said her mother.

"Ma'am?"

"What are you laughing about?"

"When—the minister—put his feet—up on the fender—I saw his socks!"

A pause—during which the laughter subsided under the focus of two pairs of severe eyes.

"Why didn't you tell us when we were talking about it?"

Matilda put her finger in her mouth.

"'Cause I couldn't."

"Because you couldn't! What do you mean, Matilda?"

Matilda bent to pick up the completed sampler, which had fallen on to the floor. Her face, still pink from mirth, turned innocently to her mother's question.

"Why, 'cause you told me not to speak again until I was spoken to."—The Outlook.

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NOTICE OF SALE.

To Douglas M. Kennedy, of Avondale, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, carpenter, and Addie I. Kennedy his wife, and all others whom it may concern:

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, the THIRD day of NOVEMBER, 1900, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the following lands and premises, namely: "All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Wilmot, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, originally granted by the crown to Leonard Palmer, and since conveyed by deed by George R. Martin and wife to James A. Barter, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the south east corner of land owned by the late Israel Tracey, and on the north side of the highway road leading from Avondale to Williams-town, thence east along said road eleven rods to a small maple tree, thence north ten rods to a cedar post, thence west eleven rods to another post, standing on the north east corner of the aforesaid Israel Tracey's lot, thence along said line south to place of beginning, containing one hundred and ten square rods, being all that certain piece or parcel of land conveyed by deed from County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Teresia Barter, his wife, to Douglas M. Kennedy, by deed bearing date the twenty-sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County of Carleton, in Book A. No. 4;" together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, or belonging or appertaining thereto.

The Above Sale will be made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine and made and executed by Douglas M. Kennedy of Avondale in the Parish of Wilmot County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, and Addie I. his wife (the mortgagors therein named) of the first part; and the The Globe Savings and Loan Company (therein called the mortgagors of the second part) and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the County of Carleton as number 40, 935 in Book A. No. four, 102, 103, 104 and 105 of Records, default having been made in the payment of money secured by and in the performances of the covenants contained in the said Indenture of Mortgage.

In witness whereof the said The Globe Saving and Loan Co., in pursuance of a resolution passed by the Board of Directors of the said Company, have caused the corporate seal of the Company to be hereunto affixed by the President and their managing director and secretary the Twenty Eighth day of September 1900.

GLOBE SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY.
E. F. B. JOHNSTONE, President.
E. W. DAY, Managing Director.

[L.S.]

In the Probate Court of the
County of Carleton.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable within the said County—Greeting:—
WHEREAS Frances Mary Kearney of the Parish of Northampton in the County of Carleton, Widow, Administratrix of all and singular the Goods, Chattels, Rights, and Credits, which were of Alexander Kearney late of the Parish of Northampton in the County of Carleton, Farmer, deceased, has filed in this Court an account of her Administration of the said Goods, and Chattels, Rights, and Credits of the said deceased, and hath prayed that the said account may be passed and allowed by this Honorable Court, and an order made for the distribution of the Estate of the said deceased.

YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the said Frances Mary Kearney as such Administratrix and all of the creditors and next of kin, and other persons interested in the said estate of the said deceased to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton, at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of Carleton, at the office of the said Judge of Probate in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County, on THURSDAY THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF OCTOBER next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to show cause (if any) why the said account of the said Administratrix should not be passed and allowed by me, and an order made for the distribution of the said estate as prayed for by said Administratrix in her petition.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court this Fifth day of September, A. D. 1900

LEWIS P. FISHER,
Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton.

DENIS B. GALLAGHER,
Registrar of Probate for Carleton County.

LOUIS E. YOUNG,
Proctor for Administratrix.

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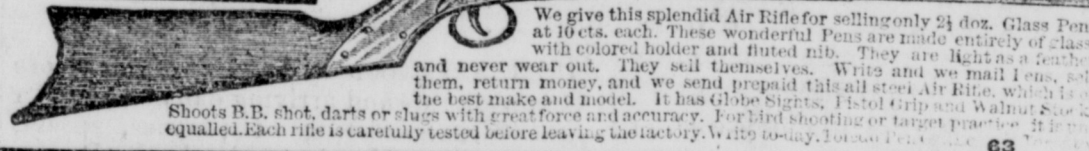
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