

**The Girl Who Knew and Gave Away Her Knowledge.**

(One of George Ade's Fables.)

In a shady street there dwelt two maidens who had their traps set and baited. "Come on, boys," is what is said over the door.

They were at the age when they lived on caramels and excitement. All respectable males who can talk back and who kept their hair combed were welcome, and the more the merrier.

One of the girls was a grand little piece of work and she has a slew of uppety-up accomplishments, but for some reason her turnstile did not check as many visitors as that of her chum across the way. The other girl might not have copped off many prizes at a beauty contest, and it had been remarked that her piano playing was fierce, and yet she caught a majority of the callers.

One day as the two friends were chatting, the one who had the looks put up a kind of a whimper.

"Why, oh, why is it," she asked, "that you continue to stand ace high with a lot of the boys who seem to have passed me up? I always used them right, so why do they take the other side of the street? I know that I am counted more of a beauty than you; my musical education cost twice as much, and I have got you sewed up in a sack when it comes to correct English, yet you draw the crowds. Where do I make my fall-down?"

"Dearie, I hate to let any one else in on a snap but I suppose I must," replied her companion. "I will admit that as a grammarian you are a peachamaroot, but do you ever stop to consider the topics that you spring on your young men? Huh? Why, you sit in front of them and you tell them what a bother it is to shop all afternoon, and what girls you saw down town and what a time your mamma has been having about a cook, and how Grace said something that just made the other girls shriek. For a whole evening you blab about your own affairs. Of course, common politeness requires the gentleman to throw on the fixed smile and pretend to follow you, but he is bored. No man cares much for what she said and then what you said to her. You never can win a home by sitting around and talking about yourself and your girl friends."

"And how do you manage it?" asked the other.

"Oh, I suppose I don't know a thing about the male sex, do I?" asked the popular one with a squint. "From the minute that any Charley-boy shows up at my work-shop, I talk about him and nothing else. I make him tell me about his clothes and how he has his room fixed up. I repeat all that I ever heard any of the girls say about him. If I can't recall a good philopena, I fake one. Anything to keep him warmed up. I throw the lime-light on him all evening. He has the centre of the stage and makes all the hits and gets all the flowers. I am simply present to feed him his cues and demand encores. Sometimes it is hard work to boost all evening, but I seldom fail to land him. When he gets up to go at 11 o'clock, he is thrown out in front like a pouter pigeon. Naturally, he thinks I am about the main lady of the whole works, and he is back to see me again next evening."

"But we are not Orientals," said the good-looker, proudly. "If there is to be any flattering or incense-burning, let the men do it. I do not believe that modern women should put man on a pedestal."

"Some day I will single out one and marry him," said her friend, in a confidential whisper. "And when I do, he won't stay up on any pedestal more than 20 minutes. You know me."

"I begin to tumble," said the other, thoughtfully. "I think I can find use for your little pointer."

Moral—It is better to held back a few kinds of conversation for those long evenings at home.

**Purely Personal.**

Goderich. . . . . Rev. Mr. McKay has recovered from a very severe attack of Throat Irritation. Of course everybody knows Catarrh cured him, and Mr. McKay says Catarrh is an excellent remedy. For Ministers Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Lung Trouble and Catarrh, there is nothing in the world today that cures so quickly and permanently as Catarrh. It cures by inhalation, without danger or risk, and is most agreeable to use. Two months treatment, \$1.00; small size 25 cents. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

If those young men who pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of luck, instead of putting in a full day's time at hard work, would read the July issue of "Success," they might pull up short and take a new start in life. Under the caption, "Where Young Men Lose Their Luck," a typical youth is written up to the extent of one day's doings, his first visit being to a race-track, where he bet on the wrong horse, his second to a pool table, his third to a bar, his fourth to a fishing sport, and his last to a card game. There isn't much left of his character or capital by midnight.

It looks, to a man up a tree, as if "Success" had hit the nail squarely on the head. The rest of the issue is replete with illustrations of a helpful character, even in the lines of fiction and poetry.

**The Matter of Good Roads.**

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

An effort is to be made to assemble at a meeting in Manhattan a number of people who are interested in good roads, and to secure their views. There will be representatives of riding and driving associations, bicycle clubs, the trucking interests, automobile owners, and the Army will be represented by General Miles. The time has gone when it was necessary to explain the use of good roads. Nobody of common intelligence denies that they are useful, and, in the enl. economical. But there is a dead weight of indifference and reluctance in the country that it is hard to move. Realizing the badness of their roads, and constantly grumbling at the hardships imposed by them, the farmers nevertheless resist their improvement because they have little money and taxes are a terror to them.

The way out of the difficulties imposed by the refusal of sections to better their highways is to put the expense on the state, but schemes to that end have not succeeded in New York as they have in some other sections where the finest of roads are now for the use of the people. The cost of a macadam road may be levied on a wider community than that which lives immediately beside it, for roads are public possessions, and are used by millions, instead of by the small handful whose farms are edged by them. Part of the reluctance in the past to road improvement has been due to the supposition of the farmers that they were helping city people to get into the country, and that it was the part of the city people to share the expense of the highways on which they would ride and take their pleasure. Nor is this attitude entirely wrong albeit in view of the sums that city people spend in the country it is a narrow one.

But, whatever the farmers may think about it, the whole people want better roads. Hundreds of miles of our highways are in a most disgraceful state. They are impractical in wet weather and hardly possible in dry. The diseases that result from having to wade through them by children going to school, by women going to shop or to church, and even by the heavier shod men, are items of no small consequence, and the injury that bad roads do in the hindrance to freer social intercourse, to school attendance, to trucking and all manner of trade, to the march of troops, to waggons and vehicles of every kind, to the horses, that find their loads increased by sand and mud, and to the very standing of a people that have not the wit and energy to keep up with the times, is widespread and deplorable. Roads have their part in the scheme of civilization as well as libraries and laws, and it is to our humiliation that the ancients built roads such as we, with our wealth and our progressive tendencies, have never equalled.

**What Is Life to You?**

If you are a victim of piles, as one person in every four is, you suffer keenly from one of the most torturing ailments known to man, and may well wonder if life is really worth living. Certain relief and ultimate cure is awaiting you by means of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never failed to cure piles. Painlessly and naturally it allays the inflammation, heals the ulcers and thoroughly cures this wretched disease.

**"Fur an' Wide."**

"Have you spent all of your life right here in this one place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across seated on a rail fence whittling in front of a log and slab cabin in one of the back counties of Arkansas.

"Not by a derned sight," was the terse reply. "I been hyar the better part o' the time, but, la, I hev travelled fur an' wide."

"Ever been abroad?"

Wal, not eggzakly to say abroad, unless you call it goin' abroad to go from here way over to Petersville. I been over thar twice in the last forty years. It's thirty-six an' a half mile to Petersville, an' I been furder than that, fer my ole woman an' me went clean to Hogback Ridge on our wedding tower, an' that's forty-one mile from here. Then I have been over in Pettis County to see my wife's folks twice, an' that's twenty-odd mile from here. Then I been over to Rocky Hill ez menny ez four times, an' that's eighteen mile. Ez I say, I been here most o' the time, but then I've travelled fur an' wide all the same. I've seen the big four-story mill over to Petersville an' the engine kyars over to Peaville. I rid three mile on 'em an' it's all I want o' the pesky things. I've seen a calf with two heads an' a feller that could eat fire and dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I see a man hung once, an' a hoss-race fer a purse o' sixty-five dollars. Yes, sir; I been fur an' wide, and I reckon I've seen the biggest part o' what there is to see in this world, an' I don't lot on doin' no more gaddin' about."—July "New" Lippincott.

Schoolmaster (turning round sharply): "Which of you is it that is daring to make faces at me?"

Six Youngsters (in chorus): "Freddy Brown, sir."

Schoolmaster: "Ah! Then you six boys stand out and be caned. If you saw Freddy Brown making faces, it shows that you were not attending to your lessons."

A pedlar has just been thrown out of a second storey window by the proprietor of the house. Coming up he thrusts his head again in the room. "Now, sir, joking aside, don't you want to buy something?"

**THE YOUNG GAMBLER.**

He Had an Even Chance, but Fate Was Against Him.

I remember one handsome young fellow who I used to meet occasionally on the staircase who captured my youthful fancy. I met him only at midday as he did not raise till late, and this fact, with a certain scrupulous elegance and neatness in his dress, ought to have made me suspect that he was a gambler. In my experience it only invested him with a certain romantic mystery.

One morning as I was going out to my very early breakfast at a cheap Italian cafe on Long Wharf I was surprised to find him also descending the staircase. He was scrupulously dressed even at that early hour but I was struck by the fact that he was all in black, and his slight figure, buttoned to the throat in a tightly fitting frock coat, gave, I fancied, a singular melancholy to his pale southern face.

Nevertheless he greeted me with more than his usual serene cordiality, and I remembered that he looked up with a half puzzled, half amused expression at the rosy morning sky as he walked a few steps with me down the deserted street. I could not help saying that I was astonished to see him up so early, and admitted that it was a break in his usual habit, but added, with a smiling significance I afterward remembered, that it was "an even chance if he did it again."

As we neared the street corner a man in a buggy drove up impatiently. In spite of the driver's evicent haste my handsome acquaintance got in leisurely and, lifting his glossy hat to me with a smile, was driven away. I have a very lasting recollection of his face and figure as the buggy disappeared down the empty street. I never saw him again. It was not until a week later that I knew that a hour after he left me that morning he was lying dead in a little hollow behind the Mission Dolores, shot through the heart in a duel for which he had arisen so early.—Bret. Harte's "Under the Redwoods."

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**The President Can Travel Outside the U.S.**

The impression that no President of the United States ever went out of the country during his term of office is no less widespread than the idea that somehow he is prohibited from going; but a citizen of Northampton calls attention to the fact that Andrew Johnson, during one of his "swings around the circle," crossed over to Canadian soil while at Niagara. This was early in September, 1866, when Mr. Johnson, accompanied by Secretary Seward, Gen. Grant, and others, was journeying westward by way of Albany and Buffalo, and making the speeches which were the beginning and the cause of most of his trouble. The party while at Niagara were met by Canadian officials and invited to visit them on the other side. This was refused, but later President Johnson and the others, the newspaper accounts of the day have it, crossed over to Table Rock by way of the Suspension Bridge, and that placed them under British jurisdiction for the time being. It is said also that Gen. Grant while President was again driven across to the Canada side while on a visit to the Falls, but immediately turned back. No constitutional provision and no law or written regulation were violated by either Johnson or Grant, and no question of disqualification was ever raised, or could easily be raised, out of such a momentary departure from United States soil. Gen. Grant had occasion to look carefully into the matter when the House in 1876 adopted a resolution questioning the President's right to transact public business while away from Washington during considerable periods of time. In his reply President Grant said, among other things:

"His (the President's) civil powers are no more limited or capable of limitation, as to the place where they shall be exercised, than are those which he might be required to discharge in his capacity of commander-in-chief of the army and navy, which later powers, it is evident, he might be called upon to exercise possibly even without the limits of the United States.

Thus there was no good reason why Mr. McKinley, while at El Paso last week, should have halted at the American end of the bridge over the Rio Grande. He might have crossed over with other members of the party and if he chose to remain a few days on Mexican soil, or to visit the city of Mexico, nothing would probably ever have come of it.—Springfield Republican.

"Mrs. Grubb: "Have you any more sugar like the last you sent me?"

Grocer (briskly): "Yes, madam, plenty of it. How much do you want?"

Mrs. Grubb: "None. I'll come again when your out of that kind."

Passenger: "Captain, how far are we from land?"

Captain: "About two miles."

Passenger: "But I don't see it. In what direction is it?"

Captain: "Straight down, sir."

When we obey laws, we are free. When we break laws, we are in bondage. Expiation is exacted for every law we break be it civil, physical, or spiritual.

"Learning the cornet, is he? Who's his teacher?"

"He has none. He's his own tooter."

What you know will cut little figure in your career, compared with what you can use.

One test of intellectual power is sticking to a thing until you have mastered it.

"Stop lookin' fer trouble an' happiness 'll look fer you."—Irving Bacheller.



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Mrs. W. Varner, New Germany, N.S., writes: "I have great confidence in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for various diseases in old and young. My little boy had a severe attack of summer complaint and I could get nothing to help him until I gave him Strawberry. The action of this remedy was wonderful and soon had him perfectly well."

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