



Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain, and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I ran across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain, and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—MRS. ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee, Minneapolis Study Club.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safe-guard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women being published in this paper constantly.

## THE COWBOY.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, IN NEW YORK OUT-LOOK.

Certain characteristics run through the whole tribe. If one thinks down doggedly to the last analysis, he will find that the basic reason for the difference between a cowboy and other men rests finally on an individual liberty, a freedom from restraint either of society or convention, a lawlessness, an accepting of his own standard alone. He is absolutely self-poised and sufficient; and that self-poise and that sufficiency he takes no pains to assure first of all. After their assurance he is willing to enter into human relations. His attitude toward everything in life is, not suspicious, but watchful. He is "gathered together," his elbows at his side.

This evidences itself most strikingly in his terseness of speech. When he does talk, he talks to the point and with a vivid and direct picturesqueness of phrase which is as refreshing as it is unexpected. This vividness manifests itself quite as often in the selection of the apt as in the construction of elaborate phrases with a half humorous intention. A cowboy once told me of the arrival of a tramp by saying "He sifted into camp." Could any verb be more expressive? Does not it convey exactly the lazy, careless, out-at-heels shuffling gait of the hobo? Another in the course of description told of a saloon scene. "They all belled up to the bar." "Fish in that pond, sir? Why, there's some fish in there big enough to rope," another advised me. "I quit shovelling," one explained the story of his life, "because I couldn't see nothing ahead of shovelling but dirt." The same man described plowing as "looking at a mule's tail all day." And one of the most succinct epitomes of the motifs of fiction was offered by an old fellow who looked over my shoulder as I was reading a novel. "Well, son," said he, "what are they doing now, kissing or killing?"

Nor are the complete phrases behind in aptness. I have space for only a few examples, but they will illustrate what I mean. Speaking of a companion who was "putting on too much dog," I was informed, "He walks like a man with a new suit of wooden underwear!" Or, again, in answer to my inquiry as to a mutual acquaintance, "Jim? Oh, poor old Jim! For the last week or so he's been nothing but an insignificant atom of humanity hitched to a boil."

Occasionally, like a trickle of clear water into an alkali torrent, a straight English sentence will drop into the flood. It is refreshing by contrast, but weak.

"If your brains were all made of dynamite, you couldn't blow the top of your head off."

"That little horse 'll throw you so high the blackbirds will build nests in your hair before you come down."

These are ingenious and amusing, but need the blazing settings from which I have ravished them to give them their due force.

Down near the Chiricahua Range in southeastern Arizona there is a butte, and half-way up that butte is a cave, and in front of that cave is a ramshackle porch-roof or shed.

This latter makes the cave into a dwelling-house. It is inhabited by an old "alkali" and half a dozen bear dogs. I sat with the old fellow one day for nearly an hour. It was a social visit, but economical of the English language. He made one remark, outside our initial greeting. It was enough, for in terseness, accuracy, and compression I have never heard a better or more comprehensive description of the arid countries.

"Son," said he, "in this country thar is more cows and less butter, more rivers and less water, and you kin see farther and see less than in any other country in the world."

The cowboy's six-shooter is more a tool of his trade than a weapon of defence. With it he frightens cattle from the heavy brush; he slaughters old or diseased steers; he "turns the herd" in a stampede or when rounding it in; and especially is it handy and loose to his hip in case his horse should fall and commence to drag him. In civilization you and I entertain a double respect for firearms and the law. Firearms are dangerous, and it is against the law to use them promiscuously. If we shoot them off in unexpected places, we first of all alarm unduly our families and neighbors and in due course attract the notice of the police. By the time we are grown up we look on shooting a revolver as something to be accomplished after an especial trip for the purpose.

But to the cowboy shooting a gun is merely what lighting a match would be to us. We take reasonable care not to scratch that match on the wall, nor to throw it where it will do harm. Likewise, the cowboy takes reasonable care that his bullets do not land in someone's anatomy, nor in too expensive bric-a-brack. Otherwise, any time or place will do.

The picture comes to me of a bunkhouse on an Arizona range. The time was evening. A half-dozen cowboys were sprawled out on the beds smoking, and three more were playing poker with the Chinese cook. A misguided rat darted out from under one of the beds and made for the empty fireplace. He finished his journey in smoke. The four who had shot slipped their guns back into their holsters and resumed their cigarettes and drawing, low-toned conversation.

On another occasion I stopped for noon at the Circle I Ranch. While waiting for dinner I lay on my back in the bunk-room and counted three hundred and sixty-two bullet-holes in the ceiling. They came to be there because the festive cowboys used to while away the time while lying as I was lying, waiting for supper, in shooting the flies that crawled about the plaster.

This beautiful familiarity with the pistol as a parlor toy accounts in great part for a cowboy's propensity "to shoot up the town," and his indignation when arrested therefor.

The average cowboy is only a fair target shot with the revolver. But he is chain lightning at getting his gun off in a hurry. There are exceptions to this, however, especially among the older men. Some can handle the Colt's 45 and its heavy recoil with almost uncanny accuracy. I have seen individuals who could from their saddles nip lizzards darting across the road; and one who was able to perforate twice before it hit the ground a tomato can tossed into the air. The cowboy is prejudiced against the double-action gun, for some reason or other. He manipulates his single action weapon fast enough, however.

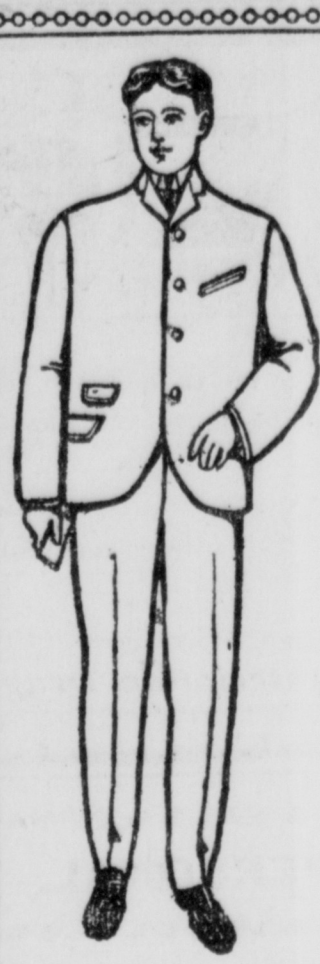
His sense of humor takes the same unexpected slants, not because his mental processes differ from those of other men, because he is unshackled by the subtle and unnoticed nothingness of precedent which deflect our action toward the common uniformity of our neighbors. It must be confessed that his sense of humor possesses also a certain robustness.

The J. H. outfit had been engaged for ten days in busting broncos. This the Chinese cook, Sang, a newcomer in the territory, found vastly amusing. He liked to throw the ropes off the broncos when all was ready; to slap them on the flank; to yell shrill Chinese yells; and to dance in celestial delight when the terrified animal rose and scattered out of there. But one day the range men drove up a little bunch of full-grown cattle that had been bought from a smaller owner. It was necessary to change the brands. Therefore a little fire was built, the stampbrand put in to heat, and two of the men on horseback caught a cow by the horns and one hind leg and promptly upset her. The old brand was obliterated, the new one burnt in. This irritated the cow. Promptly the branding men, who were, of course afoot, climbed to the top of the corral to be out of the way. At this moment, before the horsemen could flip loose their ropes Sang appeared.

"Hol on!" he babbled, "I take him off," and he scrambled over the fence and approached the cow.

Now, cattle of any sort rush at the first object they see after getting to their feet. But whereas a steer makes a blind run and so can be avoided, a cow keeps her eyes open. Sang approached that wild-eyed cow, a bland smile on his countenance.

A dead silence fell. Looking about at my companions' faces, I could not discern, even in the depth of their eyes a single faint flicker of human interest.



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Sang loosened the rope from the hind leg, he threw it from the horns, he slapped the cow with his hat, and uttered the shrill Chinese yell. So far all was according to program.

The cow staggered to her feet, her eyes blazing fire, she took one look then she started for Sang.

What followed occurred with all the briskness of a tune from a circus band. Now, three sides of the corral were railed, and so climbable, but the fourth was a solid adobe wall. Of course Sang went for the wall. There, finding his nails would not stick, he fled down the length of it, his queue streaming, his eyes popping, his talons curved towards an ideal of safety, glibbering strange monkey talk, pursued a scant arm's length by that infuriated cow. Did anyone help him? Not any. Every man of that crew was hanging weak for laughter to the horn of his saddle or the top of the fence. The preternatural solemnity had broken to little bits. Men came running from the bunk-house, only to go into spasms outside, to roll over and over on the ground, clutching the handfuls of herbage in the agony of their delight.

At the end of the corral was a narrow chute. Into this Sang escaped as into a burrow. The cow came too. Sang, in desperation seized a pole, but the cow dashed such a weak weapon aside. Sang caught sight of a little opening, too small for cows, back into the main corral. He squeezed through. The cow crashed through after him, smashed the boards. At the crucial moment Sang tripped and fell on his face. The cow missed him by so close a margin that for a moment we thought that she had hit. But she had not, and before she could turn Sang had topped the fence and was half way to the kitchen. Tom Waters always maintained that he spread his Chinese sleeves and flew. Shortly after a tremendous smoke arose from the kitchen chimney. Sang had gone back to cooking.

Now that Mongolian was really in great danger, but no one of the outfit thought for a moment of any but the humorous aspect of the affair. Analogously, in a certain small cow town I happened to be transient when the postmaster shot a Mexican. Nothing was done about it. The man went right on being postmaster, but he had to set up the drinks because he hit the Mexican in the stomach. That was considered a poor place to hit a man.

Outside the principal saloon in one town hung a gong. When a stranger was observed to enter the saloon, that gong was sounded. Then it behooved him to treat those who came in answer to a summons.

But when it comes to a case of real hospitality or helpfulness your cowboy is there every time. You are welcomed to food and shelter without price, whether he is at home or not. Only it is etiquette to leave your name and thanks pinned somewhere about the place. Otherwise our intrusion may be considered in the light of a theft, and you may be pursued accordingly.

Contrary to public opinion, the cowboy is not a dangerous man to those not looking for trouble. There are occasionally exceptions, of course, but they belong to the universal genus of bully, and can be found among any class. Attend to your own business, be cool and good natured and your skin is safe. Then when it is really "up to you," be a man; you will never lack for friends.

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### A Perilous Plight.

There is a thrilling story of the adventure of a French submarine boat while carrying out manoeuvres recently in the neighborhood of Havre. The little vessel entered the estuary of the Seine and proceed some distance up the river. Then an attempt was made to bring it to the surface, but it failed to rise. The fact that the specific gravity of fresh water was less than that of sea water had been overlooked. For twenty minutes efforts were made to bring the boat to the surface, but without avail, and the position became more serious when several of the crew fainted, owing to the foulness of the air.

To make matters worse, the submarine, instead of rising, showed signs of settling on the river bed and becoming fixed there. The officer in command, at length, perceiving the cause of the trouble, made for this open sea at full speed. All the while the men who were suffering behaved admirably. Shortly afterwards they had the satisfaction of noting that their position was improving, and that the boat was gradually rising as they entered the denser water, and finally they reached the surface.

By this time the crew was almost overcome, but, with the exception of three, they quickly recovered on reaching the fresh air. The three in question were so ill that they had to be removed to a hospital.

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