



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of much female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful. I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest-salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

### Miss Allard's Present.

Youth's Companion.

"It comes to five dollars and sixty-nine cents, counting in the plugged quarter," announced Barney Welch, as he swept a pile of corn from the top of his desk into the box from which it had been emptied. The time was eight forty-five in the morning, and the scene was in the so-called "ungraded room" of the Hamilton school. This room was devoted to the instruction of certain boys, of varying ages, who, from misfortune or fault, were outcasts from the regular grades.

"That's a good bit of money for the 'odds and ends,' as they call us, to raise."

"I'm thinking it's more than any other room puts into a present," said Tom Phelan, complacently, "but then there's no other has got a teacher like ours."

"That's true for you!" said Barney. "She's a good one. She's the only teacher that could ever stay in the room without sending some fellow up to the principal about once an hour. She's never sent one yet. She's got said enough to be boss without any help. But she treats us right, and she can feel for a fellow when he's down on his luck. When the cop brought me back last term, after I'd played hooky two days, she never threw it in my face once, but took hold to help me make up what I'd lost. She didn't even ask me not to do it again, but you can chalk it right down I never will."

"The other day she says to me, 'Barney,' she says, 'if you keep on, you'll soon be all right to go into the seventh grade.' And I said, 'If that is so, Miss Allard, I think I'll have to be letting up a bit.' But say, what are we going to get her with the money? Speak quick, now, for she'll be back here any minute."

"If you can't think of anything," he hurried on, in his anxiety to forestall other suggestions, "I'd like to show you something that I've had my eye on. It's at Mrs. Cohen's store on Fore street, and it's marked seven dollars, but likely we can beat her down. You'll like it, and so will the teacher. Whist! She's coming now!"

"Let's all go round there at noon and take a look at it," he added, in a hoarse whisper, as the boys scattered to their seats, and he thrust the box into his desk.

At noon the matter was easily settled. "Just clap your eye on that!" exclaimed Barney, as he marshalled his mates in front of Mrs. Cohen's windows, and the boys, after an admiring gaze, promptly ratified their leader's choice. Then all filed into the shop, and after considerable haggling, succeeded in making the purchase at their own terms.

School would not close for the Christmas holidays until the next day, but the boys could not wait. So it was in accordance with a carefully laid plan that one of the pupils of the ungraded room was absent from his place at the opening of school that afternoon.

"Where is Barney?" asked Miss Allard.

"Maybe he's playing hockey again," suggested John Watts, with a giggle that proved highly contagious.

"That will do!" said the teacher, sternly.

"I don't believe it, and if it were true it would be nothing to laugh at. I am surprised—" But here Barney entered.

"You are late, Barney," began Miss Allard; but she stopped abruptly as her eyes fell on something that he carried in his hand.

"I am that," he admitted, "but I have brought my excuse. Here it is, Miss Allard. It's a trifling Christmas present that the boys of your room are giving you. And it's a merry Christmas we wish you, and you may live to have a hundred of 'em, and still be looking as fine as you do today!"

And with his best bow and an air of relief Barney handed his teacher a large bandbox. A murmur of applause greeted the performance, but it quickly subsided as the teacher opened the box. Then, as she removed the wrappings of tissue-paper and brought Mrs. Cohen's masterpiece to view, a grin of supreme delight spread over every boyish face.

For one bad moment Miss Allard stood speechless, staring at the object before her, and in imagination picturing herself arrayed in a hat of red velvet, profusely decorated with pink roses, and with an extremely improbable white bird perched unsteadily on the brim.

However, her presence of mind did not long desert her, and she made a little speech expressing her thanks for the good feeling that had prompted the gift. But when she intimated that such a gorgeous hat would have to be kept for some special occasion, there was a decided protest from the boys.

"We want you to wear it to school!" they cried; and one of them added, "It isn't too fine for you to wear every day!"

And after that she could see no escape.

Miss Allard wore a thick veil over her hat when she rode down town the next morning; but when she left the car for her short walk to the Hamilton school she removed the veil, and went bravely with the hat in full view.

Turning a corner, she encountered a grey haired gentleman, who stopped at sight of her. This was Doctor Bell, chairman of the School Committee and her family physician and friend.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the doctor. "Good morning, I mean," he hastily corrected, trying to transfer his gaze from the top of her head to her fresh young face.

At sight of the doctor's embarrassment Miss Allard quite lost her own, and she said cheerfully, "Do tell me how you like my hat. I see that you are looking at it."

"Well," he began slowly.

"Tell me," she interrupted in mock alarm, "is it on straight?"

"Well, I think so," was the reply. "But if you will excuse me for saying so, my dear, I wonder that it is on at all."

At that the girl laughed merrily, and then told with all appreciation the story of her Christmas present.

"The boys meant well, of course," said the doctor, laughing in turn as she concluded, "but, bless me, you can't wear that hat!"

"Oh, but I am bound to wear it," she said.

"I wouldn't for the world have them know that their gift was not acceptable. Those boys, who, I was told by the other teachers, would make life miserable, have done their best to please me. There isn't a better class in the school. And when I think how happy they were over that gift yesterday, and how much it really meant to them, I want to cry instead of laugh. It is a beautiful gift, doctor, because of the feeling that went with it. And I would wear this hat to please them if it were even more ridiculous than it is—if such a thing were possible," and bidding Doctor Bell good morning, Miss Allard went on her way.

"That girl has the stuff that heroes and martyrs are made of," soliloquized the doctor as he walked along, "but I am afraid that she will break down under that hat."

That afternoon a note from the principal was brought to Miss Allard's room. After reading it, she said, "Mr. Banks wishes me to assist him in his office for an hour or so, and he says that I may assign you some work to do and leave you for that time. This is really quite a compliment to you, for it shows that Mr. Banks thinks you can be trusted. Of course you will not disappoint him or me."

But the boys did not have to stand the test long, for shortly after Miss Allard left them the door opened and Doctor Bell walked in.

"Oh, that is all right," he said, when the teacher's absence was explained to him. "I'll just step in a minute and see what you are doing. No, Rover, you can't come!" he added, addressing some invisible companion.

But hardly had he seated himself before some strange sounds from the hall attracted attention.

"Young man," said the doctor, in his most leisurely manner, "will you oblige me by stepping to the door and seeing if by chance my dog is in any mischief? He followed me down this afternoon, and I left him in the hall."

Barney Welch, the boy addressed, hastened to the hall, and returned in a moment in great excitement.

"Indeed, he's in mischief!" he cried.

"He's some way got hold of the teacher's new hat that we've just been presenting to her, and it's a wreck entirely that he's made

WOODSTOCK, N. B., OCT. 19, 1904.

of it already. I can't get it away from him, sir!"

There were exclamations of dismay from the boys, although they kept their seats; but the doctor rushed into the hall, whence he soon returned, bearing the mangled remains of a hat, and followed by a handsome terrier, who tail was wagging briskly in friendliness and glee.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of work!" said the doctor. "And you say it was your present to your teacher? Rover, you rascal, beg these young gentlemen's pardon instantly!"

And the dog sat up at once to "beg," with an air of abject grief that set the boys to laughing in spite of their distress.

"I am responsible for that dog's doings," continued the doctor, "and I must make the loss good so far as money can do it. I could pay Miss Allard for the hat, but no doubt she valued it chiefly because it was your gift."

"On the whole, it seems to me," he continued, thoughtfully, "that it would be better for me to pay you, and let you get her another present."

"I don't know how much the hat cost, but I am willing to pay damages to the amount of ten dollars, if you will let it go at that. Is that satisfactory, so far as you are concerned?"

"Yes, sir!" came the reply, in chorus.

"Then why not buy another present this afternoon?"

"There was another quite swell-looking hat at Mrs. Cohen's," said Barney. "But it couldn't touch this one for style," he added.

"That is just it," said the doctor. "You might not hit Miss Allard's fancy with another hat. The fact is, we fellows can never be sure of a lady's taste in millinery. Why not try something else? Let me see. A good book is always acceptable; or what do you think of a nice work-box?"

The boys made no objections, out of respect to the visitor, but they showed a lack of warmth toward these suggestions, which, in truth, had been offered without much enthusiasm.

"Or probably you prefer something wearable, so to speak. A handsome umbrella, now? Or," and the doctor's tone took on some animation, "how would a piece of jewelry do? Not a watch, of course—a good one would be expensive; but if you could think of something that would be not merely for ornament—something that she would wear every day, and would have to use in order to do her work."

"Glasses!" exclaimed one of the boys, as if answering a conundrum.

"Well, there! Why, isn't that a good idea!" said the doctor, beamingly. "And I happen to know that Miss Allard needs new ones, and, in fact, got a prescription for some the other day, but she hasn't bought them yet. I fancy that Carter, the optician, on Summer street, could give you the glasses now—in a gold frame and with a gold chain. They would cost just ten dollars—and I know she'd like them. What do you say to this suggestion, boys?"

"It's all right!" came the answer, in tones of restored cheerfulness.

"Very well. Then you might choose one of your number to do the errand right now. I hear Barney Welch's name mentioned. Is it your minds that he serve you? It is a vote. Barney, just run down to Carter's, tell him what you want, hand him this bill, and I think he'll save the glasses for you. They're lenses that he's likely to have in stock."

In fifteen minutes Barney was back with eye-glasses and chain.

"Mr. Carter seemed to know right off what I wanted, sir," he said.

"And now," said the doctor, "perhaps I had better be going. Miss Allard will probably be back soon, and you can have another presentation. You will have to explain that an accident happened to the hat, but if you can avoid mentioning me in connection with the matter, I shall be much obliged."

Doctor Bell took his departure. But that evening he was accosted by a newsboy, who, on inspection, proved to be Barney Welch.

"We had a fine time presenting the glasses," he announced. "The teacher was that surprised she hardly knew what to say; but when she came to, she seemed to like them most as well as she did the hat."

"Did she ask any questions?" inquired the doctor.

"No, sir, not then," replied Barney, with some hesitation. "We told her there had been an accident, and her hat had got chewed up, and we were making bold to give her something else instead. But later she asked, sudden like, if Doctor Bell had called. And some fellow speaks up and says, 'Yes, he's been here, but he's gone—him and his dog.' And she said no more, but she looked a bit queer. We weren't meaning to give you away, nor yet your dog. But I'm thinking she had her thoughts. She's just that cute, you know!"

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