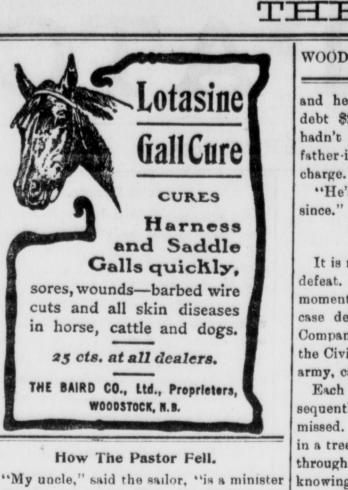


SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

DR. A. H. PRESCOTT, Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence : CHAPEL STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B. Union Telephone 120.



a Baptist minister. He was talkin' to me one day about stolen sermons.

"He says no minister actually starts out to steal a sermon. The thing works itself

"The minister gets a lazy fit on him, don't prepare any discourse for the comin' Sunday, and on Sunday mornin' carries into the pulpit a sermon of another chap, intendin' to read it, and afterwards to say it ain't his'n,

"But the flesh, hang it all, is weak. He reads the other chap's sermon, and it makes a hit, a regular sensation. He can see the congregation sayin' to one another with their eyes: 'He's improvin', ain't he? Didn't think he had it in him.' And the poor feller's vanity gets the upper hand. He don't say nothing' about the sermon's belongin' to So-and-so. And thus, you see, it

"Uncle is a mighty dry preacher. But at least he don't swipe his sermons. He used to, though. He got cured by what he called a special dispensation. A special rough dispensation I call it.

"He had a good church at the time a thrivin' village. He liked the place, and the place liked him. He was gettin' along fine.

"One Sunday he was lazy and grabbed up a volume of sermons, and, enterin' the pulpit, he opened the book at random and pitched

THE DISPATCH.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SEPT. 27, 1905.

and he was compelled to go. He was in debt \$200 for the drinkin' fountain, and he hadn't a cent saved up. He lived on his father in-law a year before he got another

"He's never stolen any more sermons

A Ruse of War.

It is not always policy to acknowledge a defeat. A little coolness at the critical moment sometimes saves the day, as in the case described in Mr. Ripley's "Story of Company F." In a close encounter during the Civil War, two soldiers, one from each army, came face to face within short range. Each put up his gun and fired, as it subsequently appeared, his last cartridge. Both missed. The bullet of one man buried itself in a tree, and the shot of the other passed through the coat of his enemy. Each man, knowing his ammunition was gone, supposed himself to be at a disadvantage.

One of them made a great show of reload. ing his gun, and stepping forward, demanded a surrender. The other threw down his arms with a groan.

"If I had another cartridge I would never surrender !" he exclaimed.

"That's all right," calmly remarked the captor, marching off his prisoner. "If I had another, you may be sure I shouldn't have asked you to surrender.

A Base-Board.

Mrs. Dobbs waited until dinner was over, says the New York Press, before she handed Mr. Dobbs the note Willie had brought from his teacher.

"My boy," said Dobbs, when he had read it, "I understand from this that you are excused from school until the board of education has an opportunity to consider your case ?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie, who had begun to whimper.

"Do you know what the board of education is, my sou?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Dobbs went into the shed and selected a thin, flexible strip of board. Then he summoned his son, and for several minutes he was busy with Willie.

"That, my son," he said, as he finished, "is the board of education that was of use to me when I was a boy."

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APPLY TO D. M'LEOD VINCE

"As he preached away on this here stolen sermon, he seen that he had never read it before. It was a mighty good sermon, though. The congregation looked mighty interested.

in the middle of a paragraph he found himwhere the water gushed out of dolphins' mouths, and with a horse trough of white marble in the middle. This sermon, you see, was by a rich English feller; it was about kindness; and it wound up with the presentation of the fountain, which the

Englishman could well afford. "Uncle couldn't afford it, though. Still, he give it, havin' said he would in such a public way. And my, but the people was surprised and pleased.

"Uncle avoided stolen sermons for three months after that. Then his salary was raised a hundred dollars-raised, they told him, on account his goodness in donatin' the fountain to the town. That made him feel a little easier in his mind.

"And on another lazy Sunday he preached another sermon he hadn't read over previous. This was a beautiful piece, but kind of sad, kind mushy, and, by crinus, the further on it went, the sadder and mushier it got, till, at the end, my terrified uncle heard himself a readin' these here words:

"' 'And now, brothers, sisters, farewell. To-day I leave the church forever. For I find, alas that the pastoral life is too severe for my constitution. I have not robust health. Farewell.'

"Uncle loved that there charge of his'n. But the stolen sermon had made him resign,



We Give You

one full sized 25c. package of Celery King free of cost with each purchase of Solution of Ozone (the coupon kind). We do this because Ozone is a slightly astringent prepara-"And then, all of a sudden, uncle wished tion and requires to be accompanied by a the earth would swaller him up. For right laxative tonic to produce the best resultsthe results that make the cure of germ disself presentin a marble drinkin' fountain to the town—a fountain with three spouts, Troubles, and all Stomach Troubles. We also give you nearly twice as much Ozone for your money as you would obtain were you to purchase any other make-so always ask for Ozone (the coupon kind), otherwise you will not receive a free package of Celery King because we alone have the right to give away Celery King with Ozone.

THE PUBLIC DRUG CO., BRIDGEPORT, ONT.

It takes a great deal to shatter the composure of a head waiter and to reduce him to the level of an ordinary apologetic mortal, but the feat was accomplished in a very simple way. A lawyer went to a supper at a certain cafe after the theatre, and ordered a cup of coffee. 'Please bring it in a cup with the handle on the left side,' he said, confidentially, to the waiter. 'I'm left-handed, and I don't like any other kind of a cup.' 'Yes, sir.' He was seen to hasten away and confer with the head waiter. Then the head waiter bore down on the party. 'What sort of a cup was that you wanted, sir?' he said. 'Cup with a handle on the left side. I'm left-handed,' returned the lawyer. The head waiter disappeared to return a little later obviously perturbed. 'The cup you_____, he began. 'What?' exclaimed the lawyer. 'Do you mean to tell me that in a first class cafe like this you haven't such a thing as a cup with a handle on the left side? Absurd! Why, how am I to use any other kind? You must have plenty of them.' 'Well,' said the head waiter, 'we usually have, but I'm sorry. sir, the last we had was broken this morning.

The Lost Bunch.

(New York Times.)

Seated one day at the-pianola, My sweetheart was singing to me ; And her voice had all plain sailing Till it struck a very high C.

I know not what she was singing-I hope I won't hear it again-But she struck one bunch of music Like the squawk of a frightened hen.

I could see she was foundering swiftly, So I founder her another song ; For the breakers were certain to breaker In pieces before very long.

But hard as I tried to save her, The last that I saw was she, Without even a life preserver, Adrift on love's high C.

Defined.

Two little girls were playing with their dolls when one of them gave her doll a severe shake and said sharply, -

"Now, if you do not behave I will swat you, see if I don't !"

"What does 'swat' mean Helen ?" asked

the other little girl. "Why, don't you know that 'swat' is Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Sept. 16, 1905. Newspapers inserting this advertisement with-out authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

