

**Sheriff Outwitted Her.**

A deputy sheriff often has to resort to stratagem to serve the legal papers upon persons who have been sued in the courts. Women are the worst to dodge such service, and it is often difficult to outwit them.

A man who was a deputy sheriff during the administration of John P. Gilday, told this story:

"A woman came here from St. Louis to dodge service in a suit involving several hundred thousand dollars. She was followed to Kansas City and it was learned that she was at the home of relatives who lived in a big white house on the South Side. One after another deputy sheriffs went to the house and rang the bell.

"Not in; just gone out."

"Those were the words that greeted each officer, and they could do nothing but go away. Then the persons who brought the suit in St. Louis became impatient and offered \$100 to any deputy sheriff who would serve the papers on the woman summoning her into court. One of the deputies in the office made up his mind that he would earn the hundred dollars. The family in whose house the woman was hiding contained a young woman prominent in Kansas City society. This was the deputy's cue. He watched the society columns and learned that the young woman was to attend a party one night. At eight o'clock that night a carriage drew up in front of the home. The driver was in livery, and the carriage was the best that could be secured from a livery stable. The deputy sheriff, dressed in evening clothes and wearing an opera hat, alighted from the carriage and went up the walk to the front door. The young society woman's escort was expected, and when the deputy sheriff rang the bell the door was opened readily by a servant. The deputy walked in without being suspected and was shown into the parlor. The rest was as he had planned it. The young woman had not finished dressing. The woman whom he sought came into the parlor to entertain the supposed escort while she finished her toilet. The moment she entered the room the deputy handed her the process papers and then excused himself. While she was recovering from her surprise he left the house, and running down the walk jumped into the carriage and drove away. With the \$100 he thus earned he made the first payment upon a house and lot, which he has fully paid for now. It was his start upon the road to fortune."—Kansas City Star.

**Story of the Four Flies.**

Upton Sinclair, author of *The Jungle*, told at a dinner in New York, apropos of the Pure Food laws, a story of four flies.

"Four flies, four brother flies," he said, "set out into the world, one summer day, to seek their fortunes.

"Up and down they flew, and finally, a window being open, they found themselves in a large, delightful room. There was a great white table in the middle of the room, and on it many tempting viands were spread.

"The first fly, with a buzz of delight, settled upon a dish of lovely, amber colored jam. He ate his fill. Then, with a low cry of agony, he expired. The jam, alas, was adulterated with copperas.

"The second fly saw in his comrade's fate a moral. Luxuries, he reasoned, were deadly. He would stick, therefore, to the plainest, simplest things. And so he fell to upon a crust of bread, and in another moment breathed his last. The bread was adulterated with alum.

"The third fly was so grieved over the fate of his two comrades that he resolved to drown his sorrows in drink. There was a glass of beer handy. He settled in it greedily. But the beer was adulterated with cocculus iudicus, and in less than a minute the fly, quite dead, floated with limp wings on the surface of the amber fluid.

"In despair the fourth fly hid himself in a corner. Sorrow overpowered him. Large tears rolled from his compound eyes, and, unfortunately, in this mood, his glance fell upon a large dish of fly poison.

"What is life," he muttered, "without my three dear brothers? I'll kill myself."

"And he sipped a little of the poison. It was palatable, even appetizing. Resolved to make a good job of it he drank greedily, and, still drinking, awaited the end.

"But the end did not come. The fly poison, like everything else in the room, was adulterated. The little insect found it harmless. Indeed, it cheered, exhilarated, and strengthened him, so that he no longer desired death. And since that time succeeding generations of flies have adopted it as their only safe food."

**Through the Wicket.**

It was a "twosome." The player who drove off first had bandy legs, says a writer in the *Scottish Referee*. The second, in driving off, did not notice that his opponent had got in front of him, and the ball ran through between the opponent's legs.

The bandy-legged one turned in anger. "Here, man," he shouted, "that's no golf!"

"Well," returned the other, with a sly smile, "if it's no golf, its croquet!"

**The Best Housewife.**

The best housekeeper is not she who spends the whole day slaving in the house—'doing the work,' as she terms it; muddling is the correct expression. A woman with method gets through her domestic duties, even without the aid of a servant by midday, or soon after, and is ready to take a walk, make a call or two, or rest comfortably with a book or her needlework, her home is tidy, and she is always neatly and consistently dressed.

Although no one enjoys a pleasant chat more than she does, she avoids anything like idle gossip, and no one can tempt her to waste the early morning hours in talking over her neighbors' affairs.

A good housekeeper also avoids debt. She insists upon paying for everything as she gets it, and sees that she gets good value for her money.

A fussy woman may be a prim old maid, but she is probably an untidy wife, always very unpunctual, for she has 'no time' to do anything, her faculty for fuss retarding her actions. She never spares herself, never idles a moment, and thinks nothing can be done so well by any one as by herself. Hence she is quite unnecessarily overworked, overfatigued and frequently fractious.

The husband goes to his club, the children are so accustomed to continued scolding that they become either hypocrites or unusually unmanageable and heedless of rebuke. To some extent they deserve pity, for they are teased about their food, clothes, health, exercise, games and lessons. Nothing is done without plenty of fuss and discussion and many harmless pleasures are lost.—Boston Traveller.

**A New Swindle.**

Our readers should keep their weather eye open for fakirs and swindlers; they are numerous and work every scheme to catch people. One of the latest swindles, worked by a sharper in one of the cities recently, is an apt illustration of the ability of these dead beat fakirs to catch not only the ignorant but all others who are not constantly on their guard. This swindler walked into a jewelry store and selecting a \$125 watch left a check for \$600 drawn on an out-of-town bank, with instructions that the watch be regulated and he would come after it and his change a week later. On returning he was informed that his check was no good. "Well, that's strange," he said. "It's the second time the bank has done that on me. But here's the money for your watch," and he counted out \$125 in currency and started for the door. "Oh yes," he said turning round, "you'd better give me that check. It was willingly handed over to him. On the back was the jeweler's endorsement. With this the man went into a bank, got it cashed and was never heard of afterward.

**The Best Christmas Present for a Little Money.**

When your Christmas present is a year's subscription to *The Youth's Companion* you give as much good reading as would fill twenty 400 page novels or books of history or travel or biography ordinarily costing \$1.50 a volume. Nor do you give quantity at the cost of quality. For more than half a century the wisest, most renowned, most entertaining of writers have been contributors to *The Companion*. You need never fear that *The Companion* will be inappropriate or unwelcome. The boy, the girl,—every other member of the family—will insist upon a share in it. There is no other present costing so little that goes so far.

On receipt of \$1.75, the yearly subscription price, the publishers send to the new subscriber *The Companion's* Four-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1907, lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and subscription certificate for the fifty-two issues of the year's volume.

Full illustrated Announcement of *The Companion* for 1907 will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address free.

Subscribers who get new subscriptions will receive \$16,290.00 in cash and many other special awards. Send for information.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

Here are some uses for salt: Put a good pinch in the eggs you are beating, and they will be light in a much shorter time.

Sprinkle it on the fire and you will gain the blue flame so much desired for broiling steaks or chops.

Sprinkle it in the bottom of the oven and your cakes will not burn.

Pour it quickly on spilled claret or ink, and it will absorb most or all of the liquid before it has time to stain.

Salt makes an excellent toothpowder, but it is not advisable to use it daily, as it will spoil the enamel if used too frequently. Still, an occasional brushing with it is recommended.

Sprinkle it on the coals and shake your damp, uncured ostrich feathers over the fumes, and the tendrils will curl up smartly.

Bathe your tired eyes in salt and water and you will be astonished at the strength it gives them.

A pinch of salt improves cakes, candies and almost everything that is cooked.

**EACH MEAL AN AGONY.**

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Obstinate Indigestion After Other Medicines Fail.

"When I was first troubled with indigestion I did not bother with it. I thought it would pass away naturally. But instead of doing so it developed into a painful chronic affection, which in spite of all I did grew worse and worse until I had abandoned all hopes of ever getting relief." These words of Mrs. Chas. McKay, of Norwood, N. S., should serve as a warning to all who suffer distress after meals, with palpitation, drowsiness and loss of appetite—early warning of more serious trouble to follow.

"I used to rise in the morning," said Mrs. McKay, "feeling no better for a night's rest. I rapidly lost flesh and after even the most frugal meal I always suffered severe pains in my stomach. I cut my meals down to a few mouthfuls, but even then every morsel of food caused agony. My digestion was so weak. Some days I could scarcely drag myself about the house, and I was never free from sharp piercing pains in the back and chest. I grew so bad that I had to limit my diet to milk and soda water and even this caused severe suffering. In vain I sought relief—all medicines I took seemed useless. But in the darkest hour of my suffering help came. While reading a newspaper I came across a cure that was quite similar to my own case, wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if another person had been cured by these pills of such suffering as I was experiencing, surely there was hope for me, and I at once sent to the druggist for a supply of these pills. The first indication that the pills were helping me was the disappearance of the feeling of oppression. Then I began to take solid food with but little feeling of distress. I still continued taking the pills with an improvement every day, until I could digest all kinds of food without the least trouble or distress. I am in splendid health today and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of indigestion and other troubles by making rich, red blood which tones and strengthens every organ of the body. That is why they cure anemia, with all its headaches and backaches and sideaches, rheumatism and neuralgia and the special ailments of growing girls and women of all ages. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**MARRIED.**

CAMPBELL-CAMPBELL.—At the home of the bride, Lansdowne, October 10th, by Rev. M. C. Burt, G. H. Campbell, of Mount Pleasant, to Mrs. Annie G. Campbell.

BENN-COX.—At the parsonage, Hodgdon, on October 27th, by the Rev. Joseph A. Cahill, Harold Benn, of Hodgdon, to Miss Dolly Cox, of Woodstock, N. B.

COLE-CHASE.—At the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Orange Hall, on Nov. 5th, by Rev. S. A. Baker, Asa Cole and Minnie Chase, both of West Waterville, York Co., N. B.

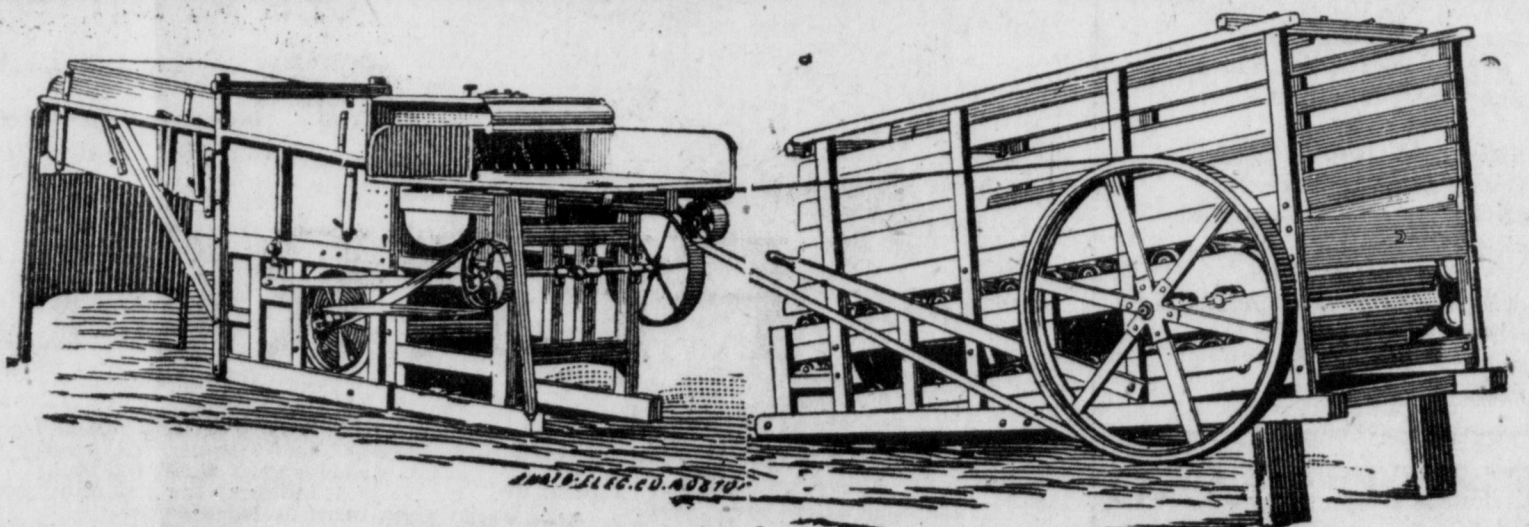
WEBBER-PELLETIER.—At the manse, Woodstock, on Monday, by the Rev. George D. Ireland, Joseph Webber, of Houlton, to Miss Ida Pelletier, of Presque Isle.

It is a wise thing to throw out old medicine. Keeping it is rash economy, as many drugs lose their strength while others deteriorate and become dangerous to take. Then the same physical conditions do not often occur, and it is always safer to get a new prescription, or at least have the old one freshly put up. Besides, if old bottles accumulate, one is apt to forget what they contain, and in an emergency seize on the wrong one, with serious results.

**The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1907 Almanac.**

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks has been compelled by the popular demand to resume the publication of his well known and popular Almanac for 1907. The splendid Almanac is now ready. For sale by newsdealers, or sent postpaid for 25 cents, by World and Works Publishing Company, 2201 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., publishers of Word and Works, one of the best dollar monthly magazines in America. One Almanac goes with every subscription.

To new subscribers  
we shall give *The Dispatch* from now till Jan  
1908 for \$1.00



Having bought the Plant, Stock in Trade and Good Will of the Small & Fisher Company, Limited, we are at the old stand open for business, and solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on our predecessors. The above cut represents our celebrated LITTLE GIANT THRESHER which is the most reliable Roller-Bearing, Double Geared Machine on the market. These Threshers have been many years before the public, and through skilful workmanship and improvements, where circumstances have demanded it, they are still to the front. We are making them both End and Side Shake to suit the requirements of our customers. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

**SMALL & FISHER, Ltd**

# Dressing Gowns

and

# Smoking Jackets.

Just received a line of these goods direct from London, and the prices are low considering the quality of the goods.

If a lady should chance to read this advertisement we might suggest that she could not choose a Christmas gift for her husband, son, brother or sweetheart, that would be as appropriate as a lovely Smoking Jacket or Dressing Gown.

## THE UP-TOWN STORE.

**THE GEO. W. GIBSON CO.,**  
LIMITED.

The Men's Furnishers  
and Fine Tailors.

**A WORD OF WARNING!** The man who insures with J. W. Astle makes no mistake. Do it today. You may save the earnings of a lifetime. **Fire Insurance, Accident, Sickness and Life.**—I have also a few nice Dwellings in town for sale cheap and on easy terms. See me and I'll tell you how easy you can get a house.

**J. W. ASTLE, QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.**

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

**IT MEANS A GREAT MANY EXTRA DOLLARS for YOU, AFTER GRADUATION**

to have attended a School having the high reputation of

**Fredericton Business College**

Our Fall Term Opens on Tuesday, September 4th. Send for free Catalogue now.

**W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,**  
Fredericton, N. B.

It is important that persons placing **FIRE INSURANCE**

should select strong and reliable companies. This being the case it would be impossible perhaps to find four stronger and more reliable companies represented in Carleton County in one office than the following companies for whom the undersigned is agent, namely:

CALEDONIAN, the Oldest Scottish Fire Office  
NORWICH UNION, Established in 1797.  
ATLAS, Founded in the reign of King George III.  
and the QUEEN.

I shall be pleased to see intending insurers.

**LOUIS E. YOUNG,**  
Woodstock, N. B.

Jan 9 tf