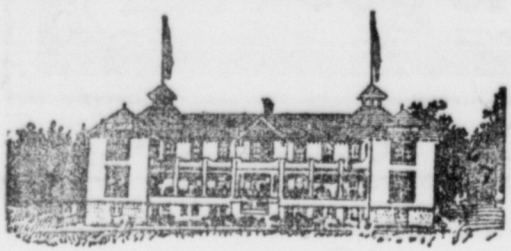


## Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives?

THEN SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE  
**MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL  
FOR CONSUMPTIVES**



MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.  
MAIN BUILDING FOR PATIENTS.

A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily:—

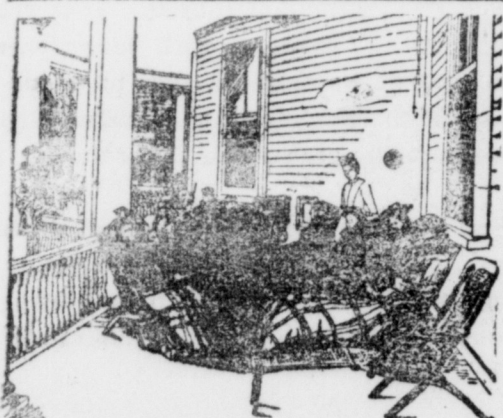
John D. McNaughton, New Liskeard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions where he is offer him no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance? NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this one institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion. For the week ending November 20th, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a copper for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.90 a week. No one pays more than \$4.90.

Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

### A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the care I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



TAKING THE CURE IN WINTER AT MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good-will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

### Will you help?

Where greater urgency?

Try Canada's greatest charity.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. G. Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas., National Sanitarium Association, 277 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Try it is office for

**-JOB WORK-**

of all kinds.

Advertise in the  
**DISPATCH**  
and watch your  
business grow.

### A FAMOUS AND CHARMING WOMAN

Madame Curie, Discoverer in Science  
"The supreme distinction of being recognized as the most brilliant intellectual woman of her race belongs to Madame Curie," says the Woman's Home Companion for September.

"This servant, Professor Curie of the Sorbonne in Paris, has, in her early middle age, done wonderful things in that mysterious branch of chemistry known as radio-activity. She shares equally with her late husband and Professor Becquerel the honor of having isolated, (discovered) that wonderful substance, radium, whose possibilities we have only now begun to suspect. During the past year, Madame Curie again scored a triumph by discovering another rare chemical element which she has named [patriotic Pole that she is] polonium, a radio-active substance five thousand times rarer than radium. Like all true scientists, Madame Curie is very modest and unassuming. She takes her great honors quietly and without ostentation. Some of her reserve may be due to early influence for Maria Sklodowska, before she met the Frenchman whom she was to marry, had always lived in Warsaw under the heel of the Russian boot and before the suspicious eyes of Russian officialdom. In the University of Warsaw, where her father was professor, she has often said that all the corridors had finger-posts pointing to Siberia. Polish professors know what reticence means. Madame Curie is an effective lecturer, clear and distinct of utterance and rigidly precise in her methods. She is an essentially womanly woman. Indeed, her way of combining sweet femininity with the precision of exact science is the marvel of all who listen to her fascinating lectures at the Sorbonne."

### Excelsior

[By Helen M. Richardson]

When anyone asked June why she had named her cat Excelsior she always replied: Because he is bound to do everything that he sets out to do.

When I first made his acquaintance, Excelsior was ecstatic. Of course June had given him several lessons, seated beside him upon the sled. After a time, however, he seemed to prefer to go alone.

He would jump on the sled after June had dragged it up the hill, put a paw upon each side of the rope, and wait for her to give the sled a push, not a very hard one and off he would go, clinging tightly to the rope with his claws, and seeming thoroughly to enjoy the sport. If June pushed the sled too hard sending it off at a speed Excelsior deemed dangerous, he would jump off and leave the sled to go on without him, trot back up the hill and wait for June to start him again.

One day June had a new hat. Excelsior stood beside her when she took it out of the box, and displayed a great deal of interest in the box.

"What a nice place that would be for me to take a nap in!"

This was what Excelsior seemed to think as his big yellow eyes watched his little mistress when she tied the cover on and set the box under the table.

At dinner time Excelsior was missing. June called, and called. Finally she ran up to her room. The cat often took a nap on the bed and if he was feeling very comfortable, and not particularly hungry, no amount of calling ever could induce him to come of his own accord.

Excelsior was not on the bed however, nor anywhere in sight; where could he be? Just then June's eyes fell upon her hat box. She was sure that she had put the cover on and tied it down; but there was the cover in the middle of the floor, and could she believe her own eyes? Inside the box was a ball of yellow and white fur that answered to the name of Excelsior.

"How did you ever do it?" cried June, as the cat opened his tawny eyes in mild surprise at his unceremonious ejection.

I shall have to relate that this time Excelsior got a whipping; whether he profited by it I cannot say. Why it was more improper to take a nap in June's pretty new hat than on her bed, his cat brain could not understand. His dignity was offended to such a degree, however, that he never let June know how he managed to untie the string and take off the box cover, which feat he had certainly accomplished.

Excelsior did so many cute things that I will not attempt to speak of all of them. Whenever he could manage to slip upstairs he did so, and he never came down without bringing something in his mouth. One day it was this same new hat of June's that I have been telling you about. Down the long flight of stairs and across the hall he dragged the pretty ribbons and ties. June had just got home from school and when she opened the door Excelsior was using her hat for a football.

One morning the cat did not come for his breakfast. Search was made for him and he was found in the stable fast asleep upon the back of Billy, the old white horse. After this whenever Excelsior failed to make his appearance at breakfast here was where they usually found him.

The horse and the cat soon became firm friends, and Billy would turn a mild eye backward whenever he felt the touch of Excelsior's soft fur upon his back. The claws which could be sharp and cruel when occasion required, were soft as velvet when the leap was made that landed the cat on Billy's back.

"I've come!" Excelsior would purr, making himself into a round ball that just fitted into the hollow of Billy's back.

"Glad to see you," Billy would neigh; and then the two would wander off to Dreamland in company.—Presbyterian Banner.

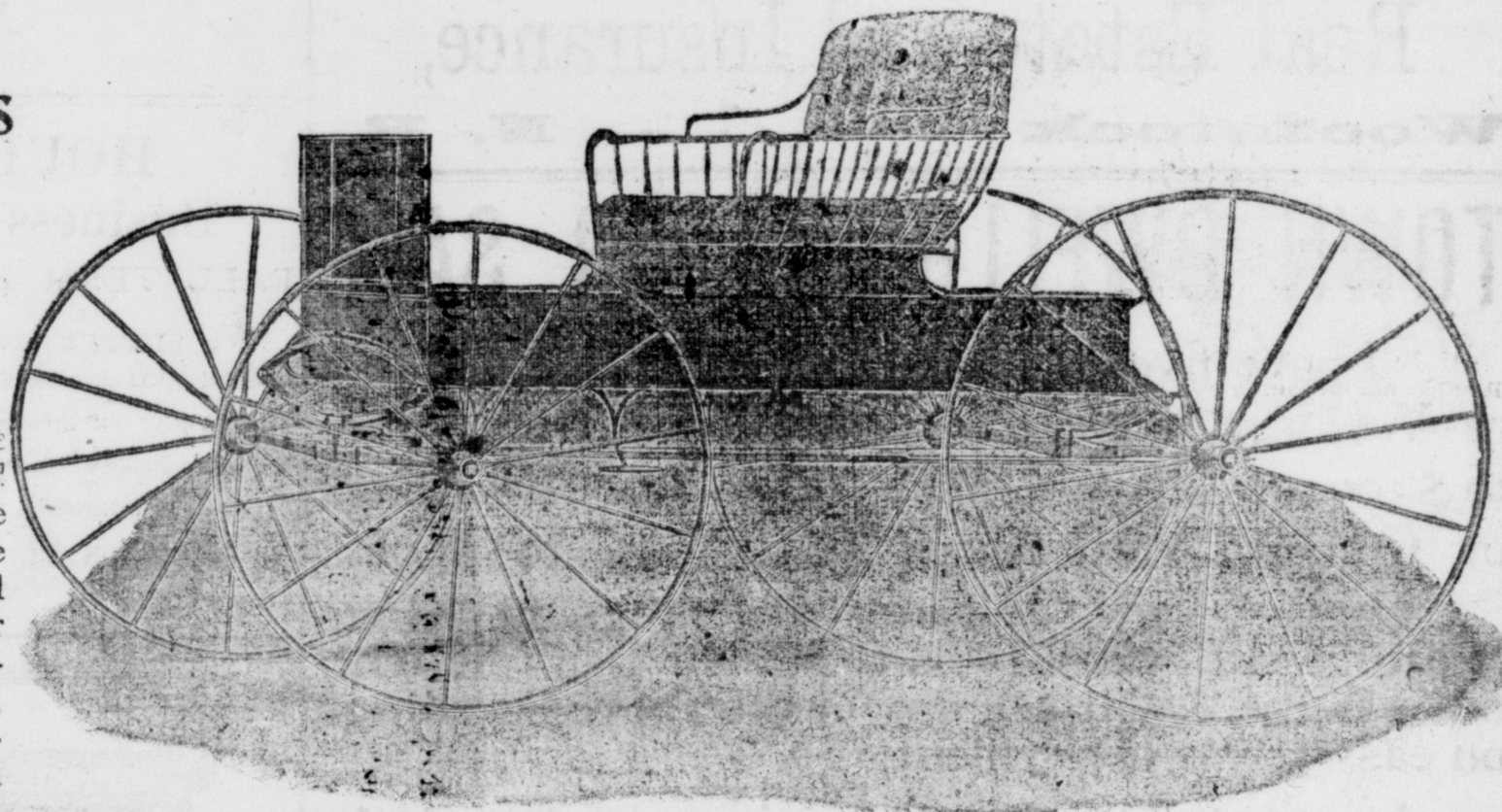
A generation is commonly spoken of as thirty years, but there was recently noted the striking case of one English family in which the joint lives of father and daughter have spanned no less a period than one hundred and sixty years. The daughter was born in 1819, when her father was sixty nine years old. That is, a woman now living is the daughter of a man who was born long before the birth of Napoleon, before America had begun its dream of independence, before the loss of Canada by the French.

Stamp collectors are awaiting the new British series with a portrait of King George displacing that of King Edward. The King, who was long president of the Royal Philatelic Society, is interesting himself in the matter. When the new series appears the collectors will know what sort of a stamp a royal philatelist approves.

The astonishing endurance which women often display in competition with men has recently been shown by a fifteen year old Boston girl who succeeded in the foolish attempt of swimming from Chestnut bridge to Boston Light, a twelve-mile course that has been attempted almost as often as the Hellespont and the English Channel. The large number of men who contested soon gave up exhausted.

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is now complete and buyers would do well to see the goods we are showing at Woodstock or with our agents at Meductic, Hartland, East Florenceville, Bath, Perth and Grand Falls.



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"DISPATCH" Ads bring big profits to the Advertiser. Get our rates.

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### Look Anyway

When in our streets and you will see a Harness that came from our shop

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If that Harness they got from us was all right. If it's not we want to know. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not true, we wouldn't do that, would we?

**FRANK L. ATHEPTON,**

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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