

THE DISPATCH.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUGUST 15, 1894.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE WAY TO MAKE ROADS.

A CITIZEN GIVES THE PUBLIC A RECIPE FOR GOOD STREETS.

Woodstockers in a Chronic State of Complaint Over the Condition of the Town Highways.—A United Street Committee Wanted.

There are complaints made daily of the poor condition of the streets in Woodstock, and the fact that these complaints come from all quarters is a pretty sure sign that there is really something of which to complain.

Economy is a grand thing and many a wealthy citizen of Woodstock and other places owes his proud position of independence and ease, to a system of close figuring as to the value of a cent. But it is very questionable whether it is truly economical for a town to put up with an inferior system of streets unless it be so poverty-stricken that it cannot get hold of the necessary means to make them better.

There will always be differences of opinion as to the proper way to build and repair roads. A gentleman who has lived in Woodstock many years, and been a good deal identified with public matters of the town, in talking with THE DISPATCH, gives the following advice which may very properly be considered by the road committee of another year, if this year's committee have decided to repose on their well earned laurels.

"In the first place," he says, "the manure which piles up on the roads several inches in the spring, should be removed. Nothing can be done until this is attended to. Then you have a hard groundwork to operate on. Take beach gravel, which can be secured in any quantity at the head of Bull's island. This gravel could be got from its bed in the winter time. The town is already provided with sieves, by which the finer and coarser gravel may be separated. Take the finer gravel and lay it evenly on the streets, which have been cleared, to a depth, say, of half an inch or an inch at the outside. That will be quite deep enough, for if you put on too much gravel, it will be about as bad as if you put on none at all. You will get a first class road by this means. Then take the large stones which you have separated from the gravel and fill up the holes in the roads with it. Cover these stones with bank gravel. This bank gravel forms a cement that becomes hard and smooth."

This suggestion seems a good one, and might be worthy the consideration of the street committee and the town council in general. One of the greatest difficulties to contend with at present in improving the streets of the town is the acknowledged lack of harmony in the road committee. We all know that a house divided against itself must fall, and it is equally clear that a committee divided against a committee is not going to work satisfactorily, and build good streets.

It will be well for the townspeople to recollect that on an occasion not very long ago it cost them some \$900.00 to settle a small account with a man injured on a sidewalk. That money would have done a good deal of repairing. They should also bear in mind that under the present condition of the streets and sidewalks they may at any time be called on again to put their hand in their pockets, and pay freely for the privilege of having the worst streets of any town in New Brunswick.

The Hitch on the Bridge.

Mr. Came, manager of the Canadian Bridge Company, arrived here from Montreal last week. In conversation with THE DISPATCH he said that the delay in getting the eye bars was mainly due to the colliery strikes in Scotland, which practically delayed all bridge iron manufacturing in England. Everything, he says, in the shops at Montreal is about completed.

"Does the C. P. R. still hold the threat over you about crossing the track?"

"Yes! matters are just as they have been since I received the letter from their solicitors. The government engineer has written me that that is not sufficient reason for not proceeding with the work, and I wrote him last Wednesday saying that I wished to know positively if the government would assume all risk if we go on and work at the bridge, with this threat hanging over us. Until I hear from them to the effect that they will assume all responsibility and guard us against any claim for damages made by the C. P. R., I will not take any iron across the track."

"How long will it take you to finish the bridge if you can get this matter settled?"

"We can finish it in about six weeks." In the meantime the men are putting up falsework, and will probably continue at that until some arrangement is made with the government.

Mr. Came said that he had had no communication with the government about an extension of time, but had been expecting that Mr. Emmerson, the commissioner of public works, would meet him here and discuss the matter with him.

Mr. Came went to St. John on Monday morning. On Tuesday a carload of iron arrived from Montreal. The foreman received a dispatch from Mr. Came telling him to go on with the erection of the second pier of the bridge at once. This probably means that the deadlock is over.

Shooting at the Target.

Thursday was such a wretchedly wet day, that the annual shooting matches of the Carleton County Rifle Association could not be held but on Friday they took place and passed off very satisfactorily.

There was not a very large attendance but those who were present, did good shooting, and the average exceeded the ordinary. The wind was fair, targets in excellent condition, and the marking, done by Mr. Tim Fields promptly and well. The light was a little uncertain.

The Irvine challenge presented by Wm. David Irvine ex. M. P. was won by Capt. Perkins of No 8 company who did some capital shooting.

The following are the scores.

	200 yds	500 yds	600 yds	Tl	Prize
Capt. Perkins	23	33	30	91	\$5.00
Capt. Carvell	29	26	28	83	4.50
Pte. M. Tracey	28	28	24	80	4.00
Pte. O. Miller	23	28	25	76	3.00
Corp. B. Crandlemire	20	29	26	75	2.00
Pte. G. Perkins	25	28	19	72	2.00
Pte. H. Tracey	25	30	16	71	2.00
Lt. Ross	24	26	20	70	2.00
Corp. Peabody	24	30	14	68	1.50
Col. J. D. Baird	24	26	16	66	1.50
Col. Dibblee	25	19	20	64	1.50
Pte. R. Crandlemire	24	23	15	62	1.50
Pte. Lewis	18	26	15	59	1.00
Capt. Raymond	27	28	4	59	1.00
Dr. Kirkpatrick	16	20	22	58	1.00
Pte. S. Crandlemire	24	6	21	54	1.00
Pte. Anderson	21	15	16	52	1.00
Pte. T. Smith	19	7	16	47	.50
Sergt. H. Hampson	23	19	2	44	.50
Pte. Smith	5	2	0	7	.50

NURSERY MATCH.

	200 yds	500 yds	Total	Prize
Pte. Perkins	25	28	53	\$2.50
Pte. Lewis	18	26	44	2.00
Sergt. Hampson	23	19	42	2.00
Dr. Kirkpatrick	16	20	36	1.50
Pte. T. Smith	19	11	30	1.00
Pte. Smith	5	2	7	.50

COMPANY TEAM MATCH, (prize silver pitcher).

No. 8	126 points.
No. 5	124 points.
No. 9	122 points.
W. F. B.	117 points.
Staff 67th	103 points.
No. — Co'y, Capt. Smith.	72 points.

The Financial Situation.

(From The Weekly Financial Report)

NEW YORK, AUG. 13.—Increased activity was noticeable in Wall street as the week drew to a close. This is due in part to reports of some progress with the tariff bill in conference and to the belief that the matter must soon be settled in one way or another. Confidence has been stimulated also by the very light shipments of gold and by foreign buying of stocks to a moderate extent. It is one of the anomalies of the stock market that a wave of animation comes just at this time when the reports of great damage to the corn crop are confirmed, and when the report of the expert on Atchison's accounts is made public without being met by any substantial denial of the charges of an over-statement of the company's income. But the temper of the Stock Exchange markets is partly to be accounted for by a natural turn in the tide from the tone of depression that has so long existed. There is a feeling that with the first seven months of the year 1894 our worst period has been passed, and that as we are now entering upon a new crop season there is every prospect of a gradual improvement in business if our Congress will only permit it to come. The income of railroad and industrial companies must remain as the true touchstone by which to test the merits of their respective stocks, and in this regard the termination of the fiscal year ending June 30 marks another important period. It is generally believed that we cannot have another twelve-months as bad as the year just passed, and hence knowing what the results have been with various companies during the year, it is concluded that they are pretty sure to make a better exhibit of income during the fiscal year upon which we have now entered.

Barracks Burned.

The Salvation Army barracks in Fredericton was burned last Friday afternoon. The building was said to be one of the finest Salvation Army barracks in Canada. It was erected in 1886, a year or two after the establishment of the army there, at a cost of about \$4,000. Ald. George Gilman advanced the greater part of the money and held a mortgage on the building. There is \$2,200 insurance in the British-America company, which money is payable to its mortgagee. The fire is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. Thos. P. Doyle and George Brown were arrested on suspicion.

ON BOARD THE VIGILANT.

THE MATE WRITES OF THE TRIP ACROSS THE OCEAN.

"The Dispatch's" Special Correspondent One of the Crew.—He Makes no Excuse for the Defeat, Except that the Owner is in Too Much of a Hurry.

The nautical editor of THE DISPATCH received a letter on Monday from H. Clay Haff first mate of the yacht Vigilant, which is having such an interesting race with the Britannia, across the fish pond. In the course of his letter which is dated July 31st. Southampton, Eng., he writes, "Geo. J. Gould bought the famous yacht 'Vigilant' last spring and got father to come over here and race her. Father decided to come over by steamer and a man named Jeffrey (who by the way is a direct descendant of old Judge Jeffrey who killed so many Scotch Presbyterians) was shipped as captain and navigator to bring the yacht across and he wanted me to come over as mate. So I came. We made a flying trip across the Atlantic being only 14 days from land to land. It was a fine trip. We passed an ice-berg just this side of the Grand Banks. We sighted it some distance away and changed our course to pass closely to it. It was the most beautiful sight I ever saw.

We went direct to the Clyde making Gourock the first port. From there we went to Glasgow, Greenock, Rothesay and several other places. From the Clyde we went to Ireland entering at Bangor, Belfast, Kingston, and Queenstone. We then came across the Irish and Bristol channel coming around Lands End to Penzance. Then to Falmouth. We left Falmouth yesterday noon and arrived here at 2 30 this afternoon. We have raced several times in each port and have succeeded in getting knocked clean out, winning only three out of thirteen races, and that does not suit my complexion at all. Still it has been partly the owner's fault as he wont give us time to get the boat in shape.

We came here to get some work done and will stay till Saturday when we have a race at Cowes. We leave for America about the middle of October."

Mr. Haff is an attorney at law of the State of New York, a graduate of the Albany Law School. He speaks in the highest terms of the treatment accorded to the crew of the Vigilant as far as social festivities go.

It will be noticed that he makes no bones over the defeat of the Vigilant and it must also be said in justice that she has won two or three races from the Britannia since his letter to the Dispatch was posted.

Woodstock Market.

New hay is in plentiful quantities, selling at \$6. The price will probably not fall below this. Farmers are a little anxious to get rid of some hay at present to make room for their grain. They will not be so anxious to sell a little later on. It is probable that the sale at the barns will start at \$6. Potatoes bring \$1.00 per bbl. There are no new oats, old ones sell at 35c. to 37c. Carrots, turpans and beets come in in small handfulls. There are no berries. Cabbage 5c. Eggs 10c. As to apples, there a few wind falls in the market. The New Brunswick apples will be ready for picking in about a week or two; the price will be down as the crop is excellent. Plums may be expected along in about three weeks and will sell well down. Cheese sells at 8-9c. Butter 15-16. Lambs fetch \$1.75-\$2.00, and there is but little prospect that the price will improve.

Business Failure.

James McKilligan, grocer, York street Fredericton has assigned to Frank I Morrison Mr. McKilligan is ill at the Victoria Hospital, and no statement has yet been prepared exhibiting the liability and assets. McKilligan, with his partner, Young, purchased the stock of Messrs. Wilmot Guion about first February last, for \$2,600, and continued business under the firm name of McKilligan & Young until a few weeks ago, when Young retired. McKilligan put up about all the money, \$1,000, which amount was paid to Guion. The latter took no security for the balance but is said to have since received payments on account amounting to \$6000, leaving a balance still due him of \$1,000. This is the principal debt.—Globe.

Request Letters.

Postmasters have heretofore only been authorized to return direct to the senders, if undelivered after a certain time, the class of letters known as "request" letters, that is those bearing a printed request for their direct return in case of non-delivery. In future letters which without being "request" letters bearing in the corner of envelope the printed address of the senders may also be

returned direct to the senders, instead of being sent to the dead letter office. The regulations of the post office department do not permit postmasters to return direct in the above manner any class of matter except letters, and the department is therefore compelled to object to the practice which has grown of late of printing such requests upon the cover of periodicals, business circulars, etc. Postmasters at offices where matter of this class bearing such requests may be posted, are instructed to return all such matter to the senders, requesting them to obliterate the request before reposting. Matter posted without compliance with this request is to be sent to the dead letter office.

The Fredericton Programme.

A good many people went to Fredericton from Woodstock and other parts of the county to be present at the reception of His Excellency, the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen. The programme at Fredericton during the stay of the vice-regal party is about as follows:—

Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 15.—Their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen will arrive by special train at the C. P. R. depot about five o'clock and will be received by his Honor Lieut. Gov. Fraser, the members of the Executive Council, the Mayor and Alderman, the members of the Central Committee, and citizens. Immediately on landing, Their Excellencies will be escorted to Somerville Place.

Wednesday evening.—Reception in honor of Their Excellencies in the parliament building at 10 o'clock; brilliant illuminations throughout the city.

Thursday morning.—His Excellency the Governor General, accompanied by His Honor, Lieut. Gov. Fraser, will take a special train for Marysville at 9 o'clock; returning, he will visit the University at eleven, and Victoria Hospital and the old Government House at twelve.

Thursday afternoon.—Agricultural conference will open on Parliament square at two o'clock. Addresses will be presented to His Excellency by the City Council, Farmer's and Dairymen's Association, and others. Speeches will be delivered by Lord Aberdeen, Ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin, Professor Robertson, Dominion Dairy Commissioner, and others. During the afternoon the Citizens band will be in attendance.

Thursday evening.—State dinner at Government House, Farraline Place, at 7.30; torch-light procession and grand pyrotechnic display at 6.30 on Parliament square.

On Friday morning the party will leave for St. John.

Public School Affairs.

To the Editors of The Dispatch: SIR,—The writer would respectfully ask the town council, or board of school trustees, why (if true) the trustees should keep on hand a sum of money ranging from \$1,000 to \$2,000 while the rate payers are paying interest to the bank for a like amount? Also, what is the need of a special treasurer for the board, why not let the town treasurer pay the bills as they mature, instead of hoarding up money that the town has borrowed from the bank? If there is any need of a separate treasurer why should he not place the funds on hand in the bank on interest as the town treasurer and county treasurer do? Why are not the accounts of the school board published as other public accounts are? RATE PAYER.

Badly Smashed Up.

On Saturday night D. H. Armstrong, the stage driver, was about six miles below Andover, driving north when Robert Porter's horse pulling the two front wheels of a sloven waggon, dashed into him, staving one of his wheels in. The night was dark and Mr. Armstrong could not see what was coming, but he heard it and steered to the edge of the road, but he could not get out of the line of fire. Mr. Porter's horse after this display of prowess, ran on at a violent pace and struck the carriage of Eugene Harmon, of Perth Centre, who was driving down the road with his daughter, completely overturned the carriage. Fortunately no one was injured. Stage driver Armstrong had to alight and walk his team into Andover where he procured a new waggon and went on his way rejoicing that he got off as easily as he did.

The Green Bag.

He must be a fastidious lawyer indeed who could find fault with The Green Bag. Beautifully printed on choice paper, it is a pleasure merely to hold it in one's hand. Would it help a man win a case? Well, if giving man's brain a change and rest, and an hours pleasure will help him to that end, The Green Bag will do it. The Lawyer's Easy Chair, edited by Irving Browne, is characteristic of the man. As one reads, one can almost see Mr. Browne drop his head and look over the top of his eye-glasses as he delivers himself of something witty or profound. The portraits in this August number are particularly good.

Free Coal and Sugar.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—At six o'clock this evening the House by a vote of 182 to 102 agreed to the Senate amendments to the Tariff bill. Under this arrangement coal and sugar are placed on the free list.

OFF CAMPOBELLO'S SHORE.

A GENTLE BREEZE CAUSES DIRE CONSTERNATION.

But One Brave Man's Calmness Prevents a Serious Disaster while a Salt Water Zephyr Sports Cruelly with a Party of Woodstockers.

We who live in this inland town, far from the salt sea, know little of the perils of "those who go down to the sea in ships." On our sea coasts and tidal rivers, where there are strong flowing tides, and cross currents, and whirlpools, beneath your boat, and fogs and strong winds above and around it, acts of heroism are of such continual occurrence that they are rarely noted or chronicled. But one incident came under the writer's notice of such unparalleled heroism that it deserves to be given to the world, that men may know—and especially pessimistic and cynical men—that "we men are not all a little breed."

It was a beautiful day in the month of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, when a number of fair women and one brave man sailed out into the bay off Campobello, to picnic at Schooner Cove. The sky was cloudless and there was not a breath of wind. The yacht slowly drifted with the tide, the sails were set to catch the first breeze, but it failed to come. The chaperone of this rose-bud garden of girls, whose quick eye had often nipped an incipient flirtation in the bud, saw that the picnic lunch basket was absent, and had been left at the wharf. A picnic without a lunch basket would be the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left on the wharf or Romeo and Juliet, with Romeo flirting with some other girl. That basket must be procured or the party abandoned. After a hurried consultation, it was decided that the captain must row ashore in the small boat and leave the chaplain of the party in charge of the yacht.

As the chaplain scarcely knows the anchor from the mast, or the aft from the bow of the boat, he was eminently qualified for his responsible position.

The skipper rowed away as swiftly as he could to the shore which was more than a mile away; and then the serio-tragedy-comedy began.

A gentle zephyr that had been fooling around the sardine factories at Eastport, and was just about as frolicsome and harmless as a kitten laughed and chuckled as it said, "Now for some fun with these innocents from Woodstock." It just touched the sail with a touch so light that it would scarcely have brushed the dew from a rose leaf, but if it had been a gale it would scarcely have created more consternation than it did. The gallant barge answered to that zephyr as the mettlesome steed answers to the spur. Two clowns in a circus never had more fun out of a country town than did that boat and zephyr. Now they start for the American shore as if bound to have free trade, annexation or a wreck, and then as if driven back by Uncle Sam, they start for Grand Maun, and then as if filled with a spirit of discovery they start to find the northwest passage. Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro. "What shall we do, we must do something," wailed the school marm, "vacations are all too long; oh! to hear the sweet refrain—'please mam, m'y g'out.'"

"I can't find any connection. Central must be asleep or dead," sobbed the telegraph operator, as her fingers drummed on the deck.

"Is not there a pedal or stops to this boat," cried the organist.

"I think I'll make out his little bill," sighed the accountant.

"Can't we turn a button and pull down the sail," was the suggestion of another teacher of three R.'s. But all was in vain. The boat was drifting to its fate, and all would have been lost but for the presence of mind, and nerve and heroism, etc., of the heroic chaplain. If it had not been for the revolution we would never have known George Washington, or that it was possible for a little boy not to tell a lie. If it had not been for the rebellion we would never have heard of Grant. If the Woodstock bridge had not gone out, we would never have known how long it takes to build another. But why recapitulate? If it had not been for that humorous Mark Twain of a zephyr, we would never have heard of the chaplain.

"Firstly, my beloved brethren and sisters, we are to be saved. Secondly, or we are to be lost. Thirdly, we must do something. Lastly, in conclusion, a few more words. Let us take up a collection for the benefit of the — He never finished the sentence, the zephyr sighed and went back to Eastport and just then the captain came back with the bushel basket and all was well.

INNOCENCE ABROAD.