

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

From the office, 29 King Street, Woodstock, N. B.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

P. O. Box E. Telephone.

T. C. L. KETCHUM & CHARLES APPLEBY,
Editors and Proprietors.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SEPT. 12, 1894.

GOOD ROADS.

The committee which was appointed by the town council to report upon the difficult question of permanently improving Main street, and Broadway to the top of the hill, have no small task before them. The chairman of the committee did credit to himself when he said he frankly owned that he did not possess the necessary practical qualification to allow of his opinion on the matter being worth a great deal.

We are inclined to think that the only permanent improvement of Main street, will be by paving it, and this will be a costly operation. It is useless to attempt to place anything on that street which will be carried away in the spring washouts. This journal has a due and wholesome regard for economy in municipal concerns, but in the matter of public thoroughfares an expenditure which may appear extravagant has been generally found to be the most economical.

There is a great interest being taken now-a-days in the question of road making, and statisticians have pointed out that the loss to a community from bad roads, by wear and tear and breakage of vehicles is something astonishing.

The public roads throughout Carleton county on the whole are good, and with the new interest being taken in their improvement, and the arrival of the road machine, we may expect to find a bad road, the exception, in the course of a few years.

We do not wish to be too severe, when we say that the worst road in the county is probably that part which goes through the town of Woodstock. Something must be done at once to remedy this evil which reflects anything but credit upon a town which justly claims to be the most progressive, in other ways, in the province.

If Main street can be improved, no other way than by paving, it must be paved, for no one will contend that it should be left as it is. Perhaps by investigation, however, some other solution of the difficulty may be arrived at.

We hope soon to see Main street on both sides with asphalt sidewalks. The old wooden sidewalks are out-of-date, unsightly and dangerous. The St. John Telegraph of Saturday had an article on asphalt sidewalks, from which the following extract is taken:

A good asphalt sidewalk costs far less than plank to lay down, and, indeed, taking wear and tear into consideration, it is much less costly than a sidewalk of gravel. The corporation of St. John can lay asphalt sidewalks for from 27 to 30 cents per square yard, so that the \$800 appropriated on Thursday by the common council will lay more than half a mile of good sidewalk nine feet in width.

The present road committee of the town council cannot exceed their instruction, based on the appropriation allotted them. But, the citizens must thoroughly consider this question of good roads and sidewalks before the next town election, and see that ways and means are provided for putting our streets in good condition.

A BRIDGE AT HARTLAND.

There can be no doubt that Hartland is one of the most business like looking villages one brings up against in a day's travel up the St. John. The DISPATCH was in Hartland last week, and was informed that the water in the river was lower than it had been in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In fact the water is so low that the ferry can't get across without the aid of a horse to drag it over the bars. This is a good time of the year for a survey of the site, with a view to the construction of a bridge. Last winter G. R. Burr and D. H. Keswick went to Fredericton, and had an interview with J. T. Allen Dibblee, M. P. P., and chief commissioner of public works, Mr. Emerson, when Mr. Dibblee promised to do what he could to get a bridge at Hartland. Last week Mr. Dibblee had some letters from Hartland asking him to make himself felt at Fredericton in behalf of the bridge. He at once wrote to the chief commissioner asking him what he would do in the matter. He got a letter in reply saying that as soon as possible an engineer would go to Hartland to make a survey, in order to ascertain the probable cost of a bridge at that point.

Hartland does not want any fake surveys. The business men and farmers in that vicinity are not to be fooled with. They want a bridge, but if they can't have one now, they want to know it, straight. Whatever the present or a future local government may think, there must in the near future be a bridge at Hartland, and THE DISPATCH will do all that lies in its power to hasten its construction.

The Woodstock Cornet Band, made enough money by the recent garden party to finish the band stand.

Robert J.'s Great Record.

For the benefit of the large number of people, in this county who take much interest in horse-trotting, THE DISPATCH reprints a graphic descriptive article on the recent race at Indianapolis between Robert J. and Joe Patchen. Robert J., it will be seen beat all previous records. The match race for a purse of \$5,000 between Robert J. and Joe Patchen was expected to bring forth some phenomenal speed, but not one of the 10,000 people gathered at the track this afternoon was prepared for the terrible smashing of records that began with the word "go" thundered from the stand by Starter Walker at 3.50. The day was all that could have been desired, and the track was perfect. All the necessary elements were present, which enter into the production of great speed. The light rain of the thirty hours previous had been absorbed by the yielding earth, and forces of men under the direction of the track superintendent, had been at work constantly since. The heats of the early races were passed over in haste, and the crowd had become somewhat impatient when starter Walker advanced to the front of the stand, and, facing the enormous audience, announced the feature of the programme. Looking out over the track, he said to Secretary Graves, of the club, "Look out for records here; both of these horses are in the best possible condition, and Jack Curry has promised to give the little horse the race of his life."

Over at the stables of the flyers the final touches were put upon the preparation of the horses for the great contest for blood. Geers had heard of the open boast of Curry, and had replied in his peculiar quiet way, "Is that so? Well, old boy, we'll have to go some, won't we? and he patted the little wonder on the neck in an affectionate manner. At the same moment Starter Walker made the announcement to the crowd the masses of humanity at the gates were parted, and from the breach appeared up on the track two horses. A great cheer went up as Geers and Curry drove down in front of the amphitheatre and jogged to the run. The crowd became breathless as they returned together and pulled out for a little warming up and down the stretch. Five minutes later they halted a moment before the stand, the last touches were administered to each horse, every strap and buckle was closely inspected, and the two swept down the track for the word. Both drivers settled themselves firmly in their seats, and neither looked at the other.

The second start was a success. Both horses were at their stride and less than a neck apart. Down the track they came at a terrible pace, with perfect motion and even stride. "Go!" yelled Walker, leaning far over the railing of the stand, and the crowd arose as one man. Around the turn the two rivals shot, and at the quarter 31½ was announced. Not an inch of divergence to the relative position could be seen. It was as though the two great horses were being impelled by some unseen force, as the movement of their legs on the back stretch could not be seen. One minute two and one-half seconds at the half was called out, and the crowd cheered. Still the two horses remained together, Curry hanging stubbornly at Geer's wheel. The latter turned his head slightly, and seemed to be studying chances. He saw the situation at a glance. He was in the race of his life with an opponent that was worthy of his steel. He spoke to the little brown and there was an immediate response. He forged ahead a nose as the two swept into the turn, and there was a slight check noticeable as the last curve was being cut down. Both drivers gathered the reins for the stretch, and L.34 at the three-quarters was yelled from the stand. Then began the mad race home. Curry spoke to the handsome black, and Patchen responded by straining every muscle. The great horse seemed to recognize that this was the moment when he could revenge himself for former defeats. He came up to even terms, and, with distended neck and flaming nostrils, thundered along at the little brown's side. Someone in the crowd yelled in triumph as he saw the world's record in danger, and Starter Walker called for silence until the horses had passed the wire. It was a grand finish of the great race, and the crowd yelled itself hoarse. A moment later, when 2.03½ was hung up, a great wave of extravagant delight dashed across the amphitheatre, and the air trembled as the great roar of triumph went up.

But the second heat! It was confidently said that the great heat had passed, and some left for home. It was the general impression that both horses had done their best, and slow time was looked for. Regret was expressed that the heat had not been a quarter-second faster. Forty-five minutes later the track was again cleared, and the two horses came out. Hamlin asked his driver how the horse felt, and received the reply that he had never been in such fine condition.

"Well, it's a good thing," was the reply, "for we've got a race on our hands. Send him out for everything that's in him if you have to."

Again the horses faced each other for the word, and again the word was given. Like twin rockets they shot from under the wire, and started on the trip around the turn that was to bring them glory and fame. Robert J. went right to the front, moving like a peice of mechanism. At the quarter he led the big fellow by two lengths. Joe Patchen closed up the gap, going down the back stretch, and was lunging to the little bay at the half, which was reached in 1.01½. Patchen moved out a little more, and was well alongside of Robert at the three-quarters. This was reached in 1.01½, and it was realized that without a break that even the fast mark of the previous heat was to be paced into insignificance. Curry was urging the big fellow and Geers with faith in Little Robert let him out, and he moved away from the black at the distance stand, and with a mighty burst of speed passed under the wire two open lengths in front of his determined competitor in 2.02½. Patchen was marked 2.02½.

The crowd could not contain its pent-up enthusiasm longer than to see the nose of King Robert pushed under the wire. One long cheer burst forth, and continued until Starter Walker announced the time, which

had already been posted by quarters. Secretary Graves proposed three cheers for Mr. Hamlin, which were given with a will. Geers was also similarly honoured.

It was close to 5.30 when the third heat was called. Joe Patchen was ready for the last heat, which was to settle whether or not he was to score a mark after showing such wonderful speed. Patchen was acting a little badly, and two attempts were made to get away before both animals were well on their gait. It was a great start, but Patchen was moving at gait that sent Robert into the air. Geers brought him to his feet, however, and it was not a second before he was chasing the big black. Patchen passed the quarter in 30½ second, three open lengths in front, but Robert moving with great precision, slowly crept up on his big antagonist. Curry helped his favourite all he possibly could, but Robert was not to be conquered, and he finished the third heat in 2.04½, a half length to the good. Patchen was marked 2.05

Summary:—

Match race pacing purse \$5,000—

Robert J. b.g. by Hartford, (Geers). 1 1 1
Joe Patchen, blk. h., by Patchen Wilkes. 2 2 2
Time—2.03½, 2.02½, 2.04½.

Shocking Accident.

A special from Charlottetown P. E. I. to the St. John Sun dated the 6th inst., states that Councillor Charles E. Robertson was killed by a train at Kensington that forenoon while on his way to the races at Summerside. At Kensington while the train was delayed a few minutes, Mr. Robertson got off to shake hands with the station agent Love. In the meantime the train started and Mr. Robertson tried to catch the rail at the forward end of the rear car. He missed it, fell under the car and two wheels on the last truck of the train passed over both legs close to the body. Both legs were terribly mangled. The accident happened about twelve o'clock. In about ten minutes after the accident, the left leg was amputated. Mr. Robertson suffered terribly until about half-past one when he died. The deceased, who was very popular, was one of the best known merchant tailors in the provinces. For about a year past he has been assistant chief of the fire department.

Mr. Robertson was a near relative by marriage to Mr. A. E. Mellish of the Merchants Bank, in Woodstock.

Remarkable Case of Blood-Poisoning.

Phelps, N. Y., Sept. 9.—A most remarkable instance of blood-poisoning, resulting from the bite of a family dog is reported. Mrs. George Hackett, a lady 50 years of age, residing about four miles north of this village had been at work in her pantry, and in the darkness she stepped upon a large shepherd dog that was sleeping upon the floor. The dog jumped up suddenly and seized Mrs. Hackett by the leg, biting her severely, and throwing her down upon the floor. By the time help arrived the canine had nearly stripped Mrs. Hackett of her clothing. The injured lady's legs have swollen to twice their normal size, and she suffers untold agony. She is advised that she must either submit to an amputation of both limbs or else die.

The Meanest Man on Earth.

London, Ont., Sept. 11.—(Special.)—One of the meanest acts reported here in a long while is the theft of the poor box in connection with St. James' Episcopal church, South London. The thieves entered the church through the basement and broke open the box with sharp tools. The amount taken is supposed to be between \$20 and \$40. It is thought the miscreants expected to find a large sum, as the rector had recently appealed for contributions to the fund in aid of the poor of the parish.

"Sweet Charity."

In the Artists' Exhibition of 1893 at the New York Academy of Design, there was exhibited an oil-painting by J. L. G. Ferris, entitled "Sweet Charity." Its richness of coloring commanded instant attention, while the lesson it taught was so impressive that one naturally returned to it for a second view.

Its subject is a young lady of colonial times who is on an errand to one of the poorer families of the town. She has a sensible, charming face, which expresses with remarkable fidelity the sentiment of her errand. There is not a home that this charming picture will not ornament. It must be seen to be appreciated.

"Sweet Charity" was purchased by the Publishers of The Youth's Companion and has been reproduced in colors in large size, 14x21.

It will be sent to all new subscribers to The Companion who send \$1.75 for a year's subscription. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

THIRTY DAYS

CHEAP SALE!

—AT THE—

Wholesale and Retail Jewelry Store,

—CONSISTING OF—

Jewelry and Silverware.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

given in—
Plain Gold Wedding Rings, during the month of September.
Chain Lock Bracelets in Gold, suitable for Engagement Presents.
Brilliant Necklets and Sword Pins, something new and elegant for Ladies' Wear.
Stick Pins and Studs, all varieties and sizes.

L. N. FLETCHER, Proprietor.

427 ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

If You Are Sick! Bargain Counter!

Of paying large prices for

DRUGS & SUNDRIES

—CALL AT—

H. P. BAIRD'S.

Everything New, Bright, Pure, up to the Standard, and First-Class in every respect. This applies especially to

PRESCRIPTIONS.

H. PAXTON BAIRD.

Storage Rooms TO LET.

With use of Railway Siding.

—ALSO—

Privilege for loading and unloading lumber, wood, etc. Convenient and central. For particulars and terms apply to

H. PAXTON BAIRD.

To Farmers' Wives:

Your husband uses a mowing machine—horse rake and hay fork—and you are glad from time to time that the old fashioned Haying, with its TOIL and sweat and worry is in the past. So HE will be glad for you, that the old tiresome, exhausting spinning wheel can be put away—while the Woollen Mill will—card, oil, spin, and double and twist your wool into yarn for 18 cents a pound.—You pay us 18c.—and we do the rest.—You can have it coarse or fine, hard, or slack twist, two or three ply—white or sheeps grey, all for the same price.—Life is too short—doctors' bills too long—to work hard all day and board yourself for 15 cents.—So please your husband, and save your health, by getting your yarn made at the FACTORY.

Should you want single yarn it will cost you 15c.—and if you must have rolls—we make them for 6c.—We also take wool at cash price, and pay in cloth—Flannel Blankets—yarn horse blankets also at cash price. Call and see us, and we will gladly furnish you with further instruction.

Woodstock Woollen Mills Co. (Limited.)

Woodstock Woodworking Factory.

Running EVERY DAY.

Job Work,

Planing,

Matching, &c.,

DONE AT ANY TIME.

Doors, Windows,

&c.

Orders Filled Promptly.

R. K. JONES.

Woodstock, N. B., August 22, 1894.

Job Printing

OF ALL KINDS

Neatly & Promptly Executed

at The Dispatch Office.

Hair Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,
Cloth Brushes,
Whisks,
Combs,
Scissors,
Knives,
Soap,
Mirrors,
Photo Stands,
Hair Curlers,
Albums,
Perfumery,
Cups & Saucers,
Pocket Books,
Walking Sticks.

CALL AND SEE

We are offering an assortment of the above Useful Articles at greatly Reduced Prices, (In many cases)

AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

THE "BAZAAR,"

MASONIC BUILDING,

MAIN STREET, - - WOODSTOCK.

Great : Bargains

—IN—

REMNANTS

—AT—

B. B. MANZER'S

1000 yds. French, and American Lawns and Cambrics, in short lengths, at less than cost.

500 yds. All-Wool Challie. Former price 35 cts., only 25 cts. a yard.

Great bargains in remnants of Dress Goods, Cloths, etc.

Ladies Kid Button Boots only 60 cents per pair.

Gents Congress Boots only \$1.00 per pair. 300 pairs Men and Boy's Lawn Tennis Shoes at 30 cts. a pair.

In fact I am selling my whole stock of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Room Papers, etc., at greatly reduced prices—Call and be convinced.

B. B. MANZER

New Meat Shop.

Choice Domestic Lamb and Beef,
Swift Bros.' Bacon and Hams,
Pigs Feet, Lambs Tongues, Tripe.
Fresh Fish Every Week.

FINEN HADDIES.

Everything usually kept in a first-class market.

Charles C. Lee.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

DEPARTURES.

6.10 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Presque Isle and points North.
7.22 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Bangor, Boston, &c.
11.50 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Fredericton, &c., via Gibson Branch.
2.00 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Vanceboro, St. Stephen and St. Andrews.
12.25 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Presque Isle, Edmundston, and points North.
7.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. John, Bangor, Boston, &c., and Saturdays excepted, for Sherbrooke, Montreal, &c.

ARRIVALS.

6.10 A. M.—MIXED—Except Monday, from St. John, St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, etc.
7.20 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From Presque Isle, etc.
11.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
12.25 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Vanceboro, Bangor, Montreal, etc.
7.20 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Edmundston, Presque Isle, etc.

BOARDING HOUSE AND STABLE.

JOHN CAMPBELL has opened a Boarding House and Stable on CONNELL STREET, opposite D. Lee's Livery Stable. Meals at all hours for country people. A waiting room in connection for Ladies. A few Horses to let.

JOHN CAMPBELL.