

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Florenceville.

SEPT. 9.—Miss Alvaretta Estabrooks left on Friday evening to resume her studies at Wolfville. H. H. McCain's son, Andrew D., who was at the St. Martins Seminary last term, has this term gone to Wolfville.

Arthur Brown and his wife, who have been enjoying a visit to Florenceville and Wicklow for a few weeks, returned to their home in New York on Tuesday.

Miss Salmon of St. John, is visiting friends at Wicklow.

Miss Helen Hutchinson of Wicklow, returned to Wolfville on Thursday last.

Richard Wheeler is building him a new house on the old George Wheeler farm.

Some of the farmers complain that the onion crop is a total failure. The bean crop, though said to be fair throughout the country, in some places in this vicinity is not at all good. The pods utterly refuse to fill as they ought.

Miss Godsoe is the guest of Miss Louise Hume.

## Grand Falls.

SEPT. 10.—Mr. Pete Watson and Miss Kate Watson, of Andover, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mr. A. W. Rainsford.

S. S. Miller, of Woodstock, has been at the Commercial during the last week.

J. T. McCluskey returned Saturday from a business trip to St. John.

A. R. Hallett has recently had his fine house painted, which greatly improves its appearance.

Still Stevens, of Salmon River Mills, met with a serious accident Saturday. The mill bell fell and struck him on the head and shoulders, seriously injuring him.

Dr. Chorimard and wife, F. Goodman, F. W. Kerton, Postmaster Kelly and Arch. Pelletier leave today on a trip to Quebec, Ste. Anne de Beaupre and up the Saguenay river.

Mrs. F. Goodreau has been spending the past week in Lewiston.

The dance in the Victoria hall Wednesday night was well attended. Quite a number of strangers were present and all seemed bent on having a good time.

## Pilgrims' Progress.

Now it came to pass on a certain day, that two young men who abided in that city which is called Woodstock, saddled their bicycles and grt them forth into the country. And they went forth by that way which is from Woodstock to Florenceville, and lo! as they journeyed they fell by the wayside, and those who dwelt thereby came and gathered them up. It came to pass, in the fullness of time that they arrived in Florenceville, which is one Sabbath day's journey. They were hungered and athirst, and their raiment was sad and woeful to gaze upon by reason of much dogs. Ascending the hill which is from the river to the city they came to a suburb which is Balaklava, because of much strife, which in times past hath raged there, thence crossing the stream which is named Butternilk, they entered the northern gate of the city. And when the people of that place saw them coming afar off, they wondered much in their hearts, saying, how escaped they the police? And some said "are not these the tag end of Cook & Whitby's circus?" and others again reasoned among themselves saying, "nay, they be even such as commit burglary, and break through doors and commit steal, shall we not scourge them and drive them forth into the wilderness?" but one among them said, and all the brethren hearkened unto him, "surely these are they who proclaim unto us the wondrous merits of THE DISPATCH which is in Woodstock," and it was even as this one had said. And when their identity was known they were received with kindness, and much provender was provided for the alleviation of the hunger which beset them sore. And the next morning when it was about the third hour of the day, they arose and hied them forth upon their journey, filled with much joy and pumpkin pie. And as they journeyed into a far country even Wicklow, they fell into sore distress. For the steed of him who was behind was much torn by the steed of him who led the van—and presently the earth received them, and they arose and inquired much concerning themselves, saying, are we hurt or only filled with fear? After this they went more circumspectly. They wandered through the land of Wicklow for the space of one day, seeking what they might devour, and when they left there was a famine in the land. Now about this time their hearts yearned for their wives and their children, and they took council with themselves, saying, have we not devoured all that there is in the land, and doth it not behoove us to gird up our loins and make haste to return home? And they travelled by day and by night until they reached the land that gave them birth, namely Woodstock, and there they abode.

## Death of the Count of Paris.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—The Count of Paris died at 7.30 o'clock this morning at Stowe house. The death scene was one of quiet peace and profound emotion. During the night the count several times appeared to have passed away, so feeble was his pulse and so deadly his pallor. Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans was a son of the late Duc d'Orleans and a grandson of the late King Louis Philippe of France. He was born in Paris, August 24, 1838, and in company with his mother, the late Duchess d'Orleans, he witnessed the stormy scenes in the French chambers which followed the revolution of February, 1848. His eldest son is Prince Louis Philippe, Robert Duc d'Orleans, born at Twickenham, Eng., Feb. 6, 1869. His eldest daughter, born at the same place Sept. 23, 1865, is Queen of Portugal. With the death of Comte de Paris, the Duc d'Orleans, (now Comte de Paris) becomes head of the Royal house of France.

Subscribe for THE DISPATCH.

## THE CHATHAM ISLANDS.

Dr. Welch, of Glassville, Discourses on a Familiar Subject.

Seeing in your valuable paper of August 22nd a short notice on the Chatham Islands, I have taken the liberty of writing to correct a few inaccuracies contained therein; and having been during the years 1867 and 1868 medical officer to the garrison and Hau Hau prisoners captured in the New Zealand war it may be assumed that I am tolerably well acquainted with that distant group of islands. That a man there who is eating his Sunday dinner is also at the same time eating Monday's dinner is altogether out of keeping with absolute facts. There are seven days in the week there as elsewhere and this idea can only originate in the fact that vessels circumnavigating the world gain a day in doing so and on attaining the 180th parallel of longitude have made half a day and in order to bring there time to coincide with Greenwich time they have to make two Sundays or two Mondays and so on follow each other on reaching the 180th degree, to keep their reckoning correct or they would arrive at their destination "A day after the Fair," but even this does not take place at the Chatham Islands but four degrees farther east. Again, the assertion that the islands are so near the antarctic regions that the days and nights are somewhat mixed is not absolutely correct. The position of the group will show that this is not so. The days and nights are the same there as in the middle island of New Zealand, in fact the group is in about the same latitude as Dunedin in the province of Otago and the climate is about the same character. A reference to a map or terrestrial globe will show that the antarctic regions are too far to the south to have much influence on the days and nights. During the years previously mentioned I was well known to every man woman and child on the islands with whom I was constantly brought in contact in my official capacity and being a fair Maori linguist was well acquainted with them all. A reference to a paper written and read by me for the Anthropological Society of London, and published in the journal of that society for the year 1869 will afford a better description of these islands and the people than I can undertake to write after so many years. However, a short description of them may not be without interest to some of your readers, and I will endeavour to throw a little light on this interesting group of islands.

The Chatham Islands were discovered by Lieutenant Broughton, one of the expedition under the celebrated Vancouver on the 23rd day of November 1791 and were named by him after the great English statesman. The group consists of three islands, Chatham Island, Whari Kauri, Pitt's Island, Rangiorua and South East Island, Rangitira, with several groups of outlying locks which have each a name as the Outpost, the Sentinel, the Fort, the Pyramid, the Sisters, and the Forty-four. Some of these are dignified by the name of islands though they are small, have no trees growing on them, and in fact have only a little manuka scrub, but are the haunts of myriads of sea birds. The islands are situated on the 176th degree of longitude and near the forty-fourth parallel of south latitude. In fact one of the outlying groups of locks is precisely on that degree and is known as the forty-fours, and the whole group is four hundred and seventy miles from the coast of New Zealand. The climate is delicious, and the scenery and vegetation is beautiful. The Areca Sapida or Nickan palm is one of the finest and loftiest of the palm tribe and its large glossy green leaves and leaf stems are gracefully woven together by the natives to thatch their Karakeras or churches as well as to decorate the interior of the building. The Free Ferns are the finest possible, the Mamaku Cyathea Dealbata grows to an immense size towering up forty feet in the air and the top of its palm-like stem is crowned with fronds from sixteen to twenty feet in length, while there are smaller ones with fronds of a glossy green on the upper surface and silvery white beneath. These are so plentiful that they are cut down and the trunks used to make Corduroy roads, and are known as the Punga-jonga. The climate is very favourable to vegetation. The Physalis Edulis or Cape gooseberry grows plentifully in the bush and ripens its delicious fruit, while European fruits and vegetables grow to the greatest perfection, having been introduced by some Moravian missionaries who settled on the islands many years ago. There are several fine harbours on the great island Whangarua affording the best anchorage though there is a fair anchorage at Waitangi, Kaingaroa, and Fupangi. When the islands were discovered they were inhabited by a race of people known as Moriories materially different from the Maoris of New Zealand, and also differing from the general run of the Kanasia races. A description of this people and their fate, will be found in the paper previously referred to, and an ethnological sketch of this now extinct race. During the time of my residence on the islands military duties were so light that I found ample time to investigate these aborigines and the history of their conquest by Maori cannibals and to procure several skeletons of this interesting people. These skeletons formed for some time a portion of the collection of my late lamented friend, Dr. J. Barnard Davis, F. R. S., and are now in the Hunterian Museum, as well as some of their stone axes, and jade implements which I was fortunate enough to secure.

An illustration of what military life in this distant part of the world is like, may be gleaned from the lament of a raw recruit:—

Chatham's land of milk and honey,  
Gold and silver (coined money)  
Land of bushes swamps and mountains,  
Splendid bridges, but no fountains;  
Land where varied charms combine  
To make the soldier's life divine.  
Tropic's heat with savage beauty  
Combined with military duty;

Martial pomp each day renewing,  
Drill, parading, and reviewing,  
Guard in skirmishing sections wheeling,  
Clouds with smoke the sun concealing,  
When evening steals her veil of grey,  
Across the sun's declining ray,  
I wander forth to take the air  
On Chatham's lovely meads to stare.  
Such sweet and dear angelic creatures,  
With snuff and butter colored features,  
Approach them with a grace so gay,  
Thay sneer and Korero Ave.  
My heart turns from them with a sigh  
To where my native countries lie.  
No dusky form roams o'er her plains,  
Nor is there Hau Hau there in chains,  
But roams in native beauty fair  
A mountain belle with raven hair.  
No gew gaw rings of brass combined  
Those forms of symmetry entwined,  
For ornaments would but debase  
Such snowy arms and beaming face.  
From smoky huts and frowns of gloom  
I turn into my barrack room,  
Upon a frame I lay my head,  
By people here nicknamed a bed.  
I try to sleep and ease my breast  
And give my wearied limbs some rest.  
Presumptuous thought, I might as well  
Attempt to sleep or dream in hades.  
Women screaming, children squalling,  
While fleas all o'er my limbs are crawling.  
Drunken men of devil's dreaming,  
Through their sleep of fever screaming,  
But in spite of scenes like those,  
I chance to drop into a doze,  
Short is my time allowed for rest,  
My sentry—"go, I must do next."  
The clock strikes twelve, my name they call,  
I jump from bed and d—m them all.

If these lines should meet the eyes of some of my old companions in arms of the old New Zealand days, they will no doubt recognize in the writing the hand of an old friend who has spent many a jolly day and night in the field and at the mess room table with them.

EDWIN A. WELCH, M. D.  
Glassville, Sept. 3rd, 1894.

## Forest Fires.

Bush fires have been raging fiercely the last week. On the Manawagonish road, leading out of St. John, a house owned by Mr. Richard Thomson and valued at \$1400, was burned to the ground. At Lepreaux there was a vast amount of damage done. Four houses were swept away on Thursday. Two were owned by Mrs. W. K. Reynolds, mother of Dr. Reynolds, and one of them was her home. The other was occupied by Thomas Chittick. They both lost all their effects. Some buildings on the wharf owned by Mr. H. P. Reynolds were also destroyed. The large highway bridge over the Lepreaux was destroyed and the railway bridge narrowly escaped a similar fate. It caught fire and when the train from St. Stephen arrived it was beginning to burn fiercely. All hands set to work and after a hard fight the blaze was extinguished. The bush fires threatened to do a great deal of damage on Thursday on the Loch Lomond road, five miles out of town. For a couple of miles woods, fences, etc., were burning. Squire Jordan's house caught more than once, but the flames were readily extinguished.

In the Northwest, the fires have devastated homes and destroyed life. A special from Barwick, a point on the Rainy river, says:—"We have had most destructive bush fires raging here for some days, and many people have been burned out, and thousands of dollars' worth of timber destroyed. Seven in one family are known to have lost their lives, and there are some missing. Mr. Gamsby's house, on Grassy river road, nine miles below here, was burned, and Miss Clara Gamsby, a young lady of 18 years, and her five younger brothers perished in the flames. Mrs. Gamsby escaped from the building badly burned, but died shortly after. Mr. Gamsby came here from Lindsay, Ont., and lived at one time at Sturgeon Point, near Fenelon Falls. Mr. Thomas Weston, of Shinston township, is known to have been completely burned out, losing all his buildings and crops. Mr. Henry Osler, of Morley, has also been burned out. Many cattle running in the bush have perished."

## The Great Trial.

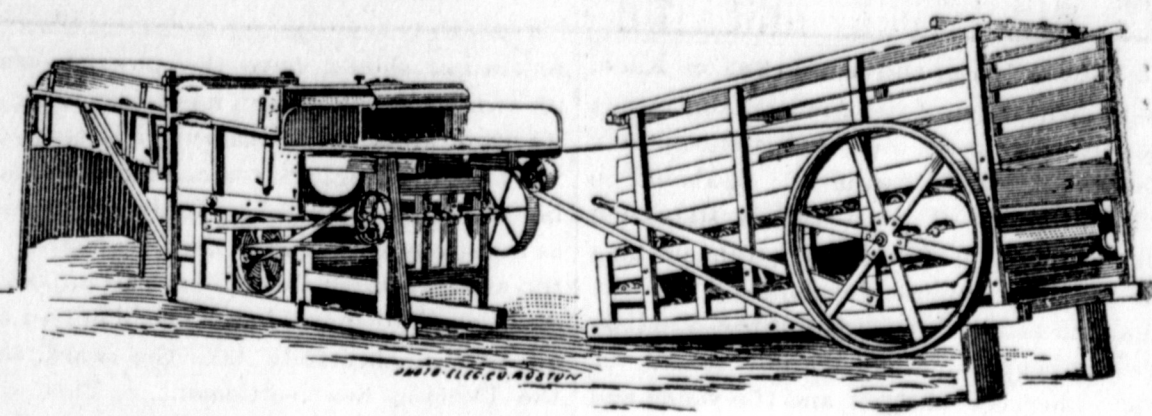
Of the great "Mock Court Trial," given at Worcester, Mass., last week, we give the following notice from one of the afternoon papers:—

"The event of yesterday was the opening of the great New England Fair, which is flourishing like a green bay horse. Last evening's event was the Post 10 Mock Court Trial, which went far beyond the expectations of those not familiar with Captain Newton's methods. When Clerk Raymond called the first juror "Grover Cleveland," and Mr. Stephen Salisbury answered "here" and came upon the stage with his usual dignified tread, a great shout went up. He was followed by "Benjamin Harrison," "General Coxey," "John L. Sullivan," and other worthies represented with equal incongruity by ex-mayors, aldermen and well-known citizens. The fun went fast and furious from the unpanelling of the jury. The humor depended largely on the absurdity and extravagance of the witnesses and lawyers. His Excellency, the Governor, with his staff came on from Boston to attend the trial and evidently enjoyed it greatly."

Captain Newton conducts one of his great trials here on next Monday evening, September 17 in Graham's Opera House. It is given by Ivanhoe Lodge, K. of P. and the cast of characters is made up from the most prominent citizens of Woodstock. Don't miss it. More fun than the measles.

## The Fly Killed Him.

St. Louis, Mo., September 9.—Eugene Dickson swallowed a fly Tuesday afternoon and died yesterday. He was playing in the kitchen, and was laughing heartily at some incident which had happened when he swallowed the fly. About an hour afterwards he became so ill that it was necessary to call a physician. Notwithstanding the efforts of the medical attendant the child grew worse very rapidly and died in terrible agony.



## To Parties Intending to Thresh

FOR THE PUBLIC

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WASTE NO GRAIN,**

And prove easy for the Team.

We make the only machine that fills the bill. Come and see it. BUY the BEST. The BEST is the CHEAPEST.

**SMALL & FISHER,**

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

## Slaughter Sale

—OF—

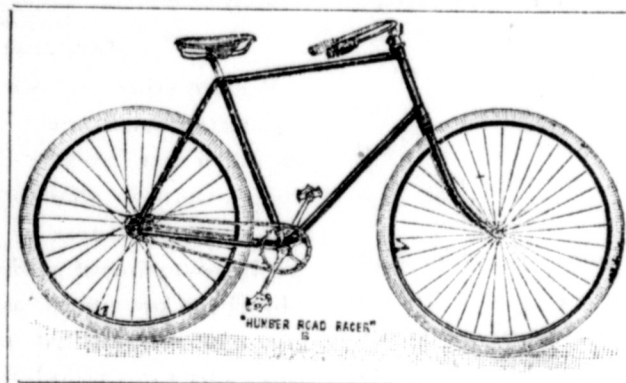
## ENGLISH &amp; FRENCH CAMBRICS

All Wool Challies,

And balance of stock of

**SUNSHADES.**

**G. W. VANWART, KING ST.**



## ONE BOY'S WHEEL,

Pneumatic Tires. Ball Bearings Throughout.

**A Splendid Bicycle.**

**FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.**

**BALMAIN BROS.**

## Repeat Order.

We have been obliged to repeat our order for

## Summer :-: Shirts.

—More of Those—

**Fine Cashmere, Black Sateen, Fast Dye, Fancy Cambric Dress, Fine Underwear and Hosiery, Yeddo Straw Hats, also, Fedora and Stiff Flange Brims, Latest American Shapes.**

**R. B. JONES,  
MANCHESTER - HOUSE.**

**NEW DRESS GOODS.**

## Tweed :-: Suiting,

In Stripes, Checks and Mottled Effects.

**Cheviot Suitings, Albertine Suitings, Cravenette Suitings, Broad Cloth Suitings,**

AND MANY OTHER DESIGNS.

A large lot of **Ladies' Coats**, Very Stylish Cuts.

**McManus Bros.**