

Christmas 1894.

The Finest Display of Christmas Goods
ever seen in the County.

We have fitted up a large show room in the
rear of our store, and it is filled with

Useful and Fancy Articles

Of every description. Call and see it.
An endless variety of

**Books, Dolls, Cups
and Saucers, Vases,
Albums, Etc.**

Space will not allow us to enumerate our
large stock. Call and examine for yourself.

MRS. J. LOANE & CO.

FARMERS

—AND—
LUMBERMEN!

We have just received:

- 50 doz. Moccasins,
- 25 doz. Black Shoe Packs,
- 25 doz. Oil Tanned Shoe Packs,
In Men's and Boys' sizes.
- 10 doz. Hair Lined Shoe Packs, at
\$1.25 per pair.
- 5 doz. Black Larrigans,
- 5 doz. Felt Boots.

Also, a large stock of

OVERSHOES,

At prices to suit the times.

BAILEY BROS.

OILS. OILS.

Pure Porpoise Oil,

Castor Oil,

Neatsfoot Oil,

Fish Oil,

Harness Oil,

Machine Oil,

RAW and BOILED Paint Oil,

Axle Grease.

A. E. JONES, King Street.

USE —

**C Salt Rheum,
Sore Lips,
Ringworm,
Pimples,
Styes,
Cuts,
Etc.**

For
**Piles,
Chaps,
Bruises,
Scratches,
Cold Sores.**

25 Cents a Box.

Connell's

: PHARMACY, :

Woodstock, N. B.

Brewer & Perley

Are paying the Highest Cash
Prices for

POTATOES

—AT THE—

**OLD KETCHUM STAND,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.**

Call and see them before selling elsewhere.

GARDEN BROS.

After the fire of 1877, A. F. Garden started a drug store on the corner of Main and Queen streets. Two years afterwards, Julius T. Garden went in the business as junior partner, the firm bearing the name of Garden Bros. When the business was first started, a shop some sixteen feet square was sufficient for the trade, which since then has so extended as to tax all the space in the commodious building now used. The drug business



is now conducted by the junior partner, J. T. Garden, his brother, A. F. Garden, managing the book, stationary and fancy goods business—the "Bazaar," at Dr. Smith's old stand. When the business was first started, it was as a small dispensary and pharmacy. Now it has grown into a wholesale and retail business, in which, however, the compounding of medicine from the purest drugs, and by competent and careful hands, still plays a prominent part.

In the stock may be found all the popular patent medicines that are in demand, and being purchased direct from the manufacturers, the firm is enabled to compete with the large wholesale houses in St. John and elsewhere. The same may be said of toilet soaps and perfumes, in which this firm justly claims the right to stand in the foremost rank. This present season, in toilet soaps, there is an unusual variety in stock, from

the "one-cent cake" soap, which proved such a popular thing last season, to lines which retail for fifty cents a cake.

In spices, Garden Bros. handle the purest qualities, bought from first hands, with the reliability of the articles guaranteed. They also show a complete stock of essences, including the famous Pure Gold Brand, so well and favorably known throughout the length and breadth of Canada. Humphrey's Specifics, as usual, are on deck. Mention must be made of trusses, surgical instruments, tooth forceps, and of course, a fine line of sponges.

The Xmas display embraces a well-selected stock, prices lower than competitors'. There are to be seen a handsome collection of mirrors, cheap in price and beautiful in design. There is also an immense assortment of perfumes in boxes suitable for presents, varying from 66 cents to \$2.50 in price, and also fine English and French perfumes by the ounce, sold very cheap. Men with smoking propensities will be attracted by the varied selection of briar pipes, tobacco pouches, Havana cigars, cigar cases, and smokers' requisites of all kinds. Among other attractions and necessities may be mentioned gentlemen's traveling cases, an immense line in hair brushes, tooth brushes, varying from five to forty cents in price, shaving brushes, nail brushes, etc. This firm are sole proprietors of Dr. Smith's Carminative Elixir, and Gardens Iron and Wine Tonic. Julius T. Garden is vice-president of the Board of Trade.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Of the St. John River.—Destruction of the Mohawk War Party at Grand Falls.—Last Fight With the Mohawks at Shikitehawk.

(No. 13.)

The legendary lore of the Maliseet Indians is varied and interesting; many of their quaint stories have from time to time appeared in print, but no attempt has yet been made to collect them into one volume. Leland's "Algonquin Legends," although in some respects an unfortunate and misleading book, suffices to give an idea of the richness and variety of these old Indian legends. Tales found in Leland's book are common today among St. John river Indians. Several Indian traditions related in the narrative of John Gyles were mentioned in the last article; others will be found in "Legends of the Micmacs," by the late Rev. Silas T. Rand, D. D. This is an exceedingly interesting book, lately published by the department of comparative philology of Wellesley College, Mass., and cleverly edited by Helen L. Webster. Another talented lady, Mrs. W. Wallace Brown of Calais, Maine, has collected and arranged many of the mythological tales of the Maliseet Indians. These have from time to time appeared in the "American Journal of Folk Lore," the "Anthropologist," the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada," and other publications.

Many of the stories told by the St. John river Indians relate to their old fights with the Mohawks. The latter were the most easterly tribe of the Iroquois confederacy and were always an object of dread to the Indians of Acadia. Many a fierce war party did these "hungry wolves of the west" send by way of the St. Lawrence to the head waters of the Kennebec, the Penobscot and St. John to attack the Indian settlements along these rivers. Gyles in his narrative alludes, as we have seen, to the dread with which the Indians, in his day, regarded the Mohawks. This superstitious fear descended through succeeding generations. Mrs. Brown says, that even today, "a Passamaquoddy Indian can scarcely speak of a wild Mohawk without some look or gesture betraying the horror associated with the name." Col. Baird, in his "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life," says, "I have seen a Maliseet Indian jump at the name being suddenly uttered." A Maliseet child when recently asked, by Mr. Edward Jack, "what is a Mohawk?" answered, "a big, bad Indian who kills people and eats them." Many of the traditions associated with places along the river St. John, relate to the fights with the Mohawks. Three of the most striking of these tales are connected with the following localities, viz., the Grand Falls, the mouth of the Muniac and the mouth

of the Shikitehawk. They will serve as specimens of others which might be given.

The best known of all the old legends is that which describes the destruction of the first Mohawk war party that descended the St. John river. This with some variations of detail has been related by the Maliseets from time immemorial. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon was told it on one of his trips when Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, and he gives it a place in his "Wilderness Journeys." Col. Baird was told it when a boy by Joe Sebatin an old Indian hunter and it finds a place in his "Seventy years of New Brunswick life." Dr. Silas Rand was told it some years ago by an Indian at St. Marys in this Province and he inserts it among his "Legends of the Micmacs." Professor Charles G. D. Roberts of Windsor, N. S. and Mr. James Hannay, editor of the St. John Telegraph have each given a poetic version of the tale. I shall here give the story as contained in Dr. Rand's book which the readers of THE DISPATCH can compare with the versions of the other writers mentioned.

A WAR-PARTY DROWNED BY TWO WOMEN

"Two Maliseet families away above the Grand Falls on the Oolastook (St. John River) had gone to the hunting ground in the fall, and had taken up their residence there for the time being. The men were out in the woods hunting and the women were keeping camp, when a Mohawk war party came upon the camp and took the women captive. As the women were acquainted with the river below and the men were not, they compelled them to act as pilots to the fleet. This consisted of a large number of canoes; and as the day was fine, these were all lashed together in a body forming a sort of raft and were left to drift with the current.

As night approached, the warriors inquired if the river was as calm and placid below as it was there. They were assured that this was the case. But the women knew well where they were, and that the Grand Falls were not far below. Night settled down upon them and the men were soon all asleep, but the two pilots kept wide awake. When they had approached sufficiently near to insure the success of their bold enterprise and sufficiently far off to insure their own safety, the two women quietly slipped down into the water and swam ashore leaving their captors to the mercy of the river. Their fleet was soon carried over the falls and dashed to pieces. Some of them awakened before the final plunge, but they were too far in to extricate themselves and all perished. The women were soon joined by some of their friends. They stripped the slain of their clothing and ornaments, and gathered much spoil, then they danced all night for joy and were highly honored by their nation."

The tale as told to Dr. Rand differs a little from other versions in which it is stated that the Mohawks descending the Madawaska,

surprised a few Maliseets there encamped killing all except two (some say only one) of the women whom they saved to pilot them to the Meductic village which was the chief object of their attack. Professor Roberts in his version of the tragedy, written for Appleton's guide book, states that after safely guiding the war party through some rapids the canoes were lashed together and quietly drifted with the current whilst the majority of the Mohawk warriors slept. Hearing at length the noise of falling water, some of the watchers inquired the cause and were told it was only the noise of a fall at the mouth of a tributary that here joined the Oolastook. "As the fleet sweep round the point, and quickened for the plunge and the full blast of the cataract's thunder roared suddenly in their ears, the Indians sprang in desperate horror to their paddles, but it was too late, and the women raised their shrill war-cry as they swept with their captors into the gulf and saved their tribe."

One of those unkind people who are given to asking awkward questions, on reading the account as given in Appleton's guide book remarked, "Where did he get his information about the war whoop and the conversation of the Mohawks with the women if no one lived to tell the tale?" But Professor Roberts has fairly earned poetic license: "For as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name."

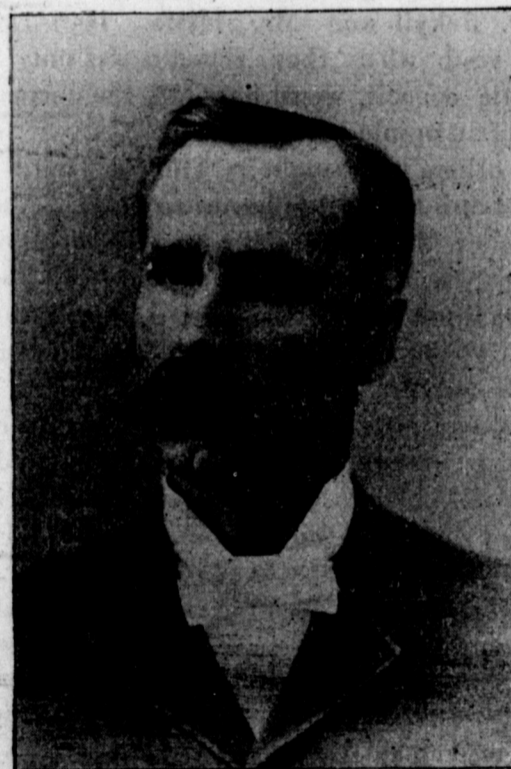
The legend of the destruction of the Mohawks by the turbulent waters of the Shikitehawk, "the destroying giant," is probably quite as authentic as a great deal of our ancient history.

We pass next to the story of the last fight with the Mohawks at the mouth of the Shikitehawk. The story briefly told is this: In time of peace a Mohawk chief with his young son paid a visit to the Maliseets. The Mohawk had a son and a son of the Maliseet chief, in hunting one day killed a white sable and proud of their achievement, quarrelled as to who should carry it to the camp and in the quarrel the young Mohawk was killed. The chief, his father, departed home vowing to return and seek revenge. He accordingly came back with a party of Mohawk warriors at his back. The Maliseet chief and his friends were awaiting them at the mouth of the Shikitehawk. As the quarrel was of a personal nature the Mohawk challenged the Maliseet chief to single combat, which it was agreed should end the matter. A long and terrific struggle ensued in which victory at first seemed to incline to the side of the Mohawk, but in the end the St. John river Indian triumphed and bore away the scalp of his foe. The Mohawks buried their fallen chief on the spot and returned homeward, and the Maliseets returned in triumph to the Meductic village. The Indians say that from that day the river that enters the St. John where the combat took place has been known as Shikitehawk, meaning "where he killed him." This derivation, it may be mentioned, is considered by Dr. W. F. Ganong as not an improbable one. In the next article will be given a remarkable story of Indian strategy, the scene of which was near the mouth of the Muniac.

W. O. RAYMOND.

Mayor Hanson.

U. R. Hanson, mayor of Woodstock, was born in Charlotte county, near St. Andrews, on the 16th day of April, 1850. He followed farming till the age of 18 when his father died. He then moved with his mother, younger brother and sister to Richmond Station, in the county of Carleton, where he did a small business till the rails going to that place were removed. He then sold out and became clerk for John S. Leighton, sr., at Houlton, Me. At the expiration of two



years he went into the produce business in Woodstock, N. B., which business he followed for 4 years when he lost his wife. For about a year afterwards he did nothing, when he was solicited to take the position of marshal of the town of Woodstock, which he did, and filled the position for about four years. He was then Scott Act Inspector for the county two years. He started, later on, in the fruit business, and has by energy and zeal worked up a good jobbing and retail trade. Four years ago he entered the town council, and represented the town at large for three years, leading the poll twice. He was chairman of the poor committee for three years. Last year he was elected mayor of Woodstock by acclamation. He has had some misfortunes in life, but always managed to come out on top. He was born and brought up under the teachings of the Calvinist Baptist faith which he still holds to. However, he is not bigoted in his views, and is somewhat conservative in his make up. He never tries to make an enemy where can make a friend.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

DEPARTURES.

6.15 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Presque Isle and points North.
11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Bangor, Boston, &c.
12.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Fredericton, &c., via Gibson Branch.
1.05 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.
2.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Vanceboro, Montreal, etc.
8.00 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Houlton, McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. John, Bangor, Boston, &c.

ARRIVALS.

6.15 A. M.—MIXED—Except Monday, from St. John, St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, etc.
10.56 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Fredericton, &c., via Gibson Branch.
11.00 A. M.—From McAdam Junction, etc.
11.32 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From Presque Isle, etc.
1.05 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: From St. John, St. Stephen, Bangor, Montreal, etc.
7.45 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Edmundston, Presque Isle, etc.

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