

THE DISPATCH.

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IMPENITENT IMP AGAIN

CONTINUES HIS MUSINGS ON THINGS GREAT AND SMALL.

Big Dogs do not Always Win.—Visitors who interfere with His Official Duties.—He Meditates on the Fashionable Fad of Heredity.

The Japs have taken Port Arthur, and the heathen Chinese is wringing his pig tail in very anguish of soul. Now, it is reported that Chinese ambassadors are hastening to the capital of Japan with all manner of speed to arrange a peace on any and all terms. The big dog in the fight does not always win after all. Two events in one week prove this. Japan has taken Port Arthur, and Woodstock has won a victory from the C. P. R. Great Japan and greater Woodstock!

I have had some funny experiences since my impious duties began in THE DISPATCH office. Generally, it keeps me busy attending the fire. This is not an unpleasant task for I like to put on the heat, and all the time I am qualifying for duties in another sphere. But, I have, as I was about to remark when you interrupted me, a moment to spare once in a while when my faculties have scope for observation. In the stillness of the night when hens and Woodstockers have been about six hours asleep, and I am left to muse alone, I recall some very peculiar things, happening in my brief career. Since I was given my job, about fifteen men have come in and asked if "this was the woollen mill." About as many more have come in with a sort of parched look, picked up a square face of machine oil standing on the table, taken a sniff, and without a word have walked out disgusted. But the other evening the climax was reached. I heard the door open, a lady of color, and I dare say of quality also, entered and I heard her ask the religious editor if "he had any safety pins for sale." The religious editor put on a long face, and said he was very sorry but all the safety pins had been sold out just that afternoon, and he advised the lady to try the butcher shop.

All men have their ideals and heroes. Sancho Panza's hero was the "man who first invented sleep." Columbus has been since the World's Fair the hero of countless thousands. But, since the days of Tammany and the McKinley tariff, I have had my doubts about the value of the Columbus find. If he had gone back instead of sailing "on, and on," or sailed a few points farther east instead of due west, and discovered Canada, and let whoever lost it have found that part of America where Tammany's boodlers reign, we might by this time have been done negotiating loans in London. Carleton county might have two representatives, and the Woodstock bridge might (who knows) be completed by this time. My hero is not the man who discovered the Nile, or invented the printing press, or unearthed Pear's soap, but the man who invented, or discovered Heredity spelled with a capital H. There was a time before I heard of my friend heredity, when remorse sat on my pillow after I had been down town to see a man, or been on a fishing trip; but now when conscience clears her throat preparatory to giving me a certain lecture I just plead an *alibi*. I wasn't within a hundred generations of the lie, or theft, or murder—or some little thing like that.

How thankful we old families ought to be that we have had a grandfather, and some of us have had two, and if they did not bequeath to us valuable old plate and china, or goodly manor, they have given us something better: They have left us a scape-goat upon whose back we can put our sins and have them carried into the wilderness of forgetfulness. Conscience, like Othello, is finding his "occupation gone," and heredity is doing the work. If I could only convince "His Honor"—who fines men ten dollars or sends me up for thirty days, for making a night of it—as easily as I can convince conscience that it wasn't me that got so hilariously drunk, but my great grandfather, I should feel better. I wish these police magistrates had studied science more, and their blue looks less. I think if they had they would let me off with a slight reprimand, or an expressed regret that I had not selected a less bibulous ancestor. I want people to distinctly remember that it was not Jay Gould who sent stock up, or stock down, for the mere fun of making a million more or less. It was not I who got up a corner in wheat, to give me a square meal and my brother none, but that was the old Jacob blood that took advantage of his brother's hunger. When I hold mortgages at ten, twelve and forty per cent., and fore-close sharp, that is the Shylock blood, for my ancestor were of all races and national-

ities. When I edit a grit paper don't call me a liar, it is not gentlemanly, neither is it a statement of fact. I would be George Washington for truth, but for the Ananias blood for he was my great grandfather's great, great father. When I edit a tory paper don't call me in irony, "Truthful James." What you see that does not remind you of George Washington is only the Sapphira strain in the blood, for she was my great, great grandmother. Blessings on the man who invented heredity.

Train-Wrecking Friends.

Trainwreckers, the worst sample of anarchists, have been operating in the neighboring State of Maine, between Biddeford and West Kennebunk. Most fortunately the plot to wreck a passing train, which was laid last week, failed. At the place where this attempt was made there is a 40-foot embankment. A tool house was broken into during the night and from it a bar, a wrench and several other tools were taken. With these the spikes on the outer side of a rail were drawn, but the wrench taken was too large to fit the bolts, consequently the iron straps at each end of the rail, fastening it to the next were not removed, which accounts for the failure of the wreckers' plot. The tools were found about 75 feet from the railroad. The job was evidently done by novices. In 15 minutes, with nothing but a section man's maul to work with, an experienced railroad repairer could not only loosen a rail, but break both the straps and bolts. The only motive suspected for the attempt at train wrecking is revenge on the part of some gang of tramps who have been driven off a freight train. It is thought the loosening of the rail was done early on Friday night. Ten night trains are run over the eastern division between 9 p. m. and 6 a. m. How many of these trains passed over the unspiked stretch of track there is no means of knowing, as none of the trainmen noticed the defect. Section hands are of the opinion that the job was done after the Boston-bound Flying Yankee passed. A tool house at West Scarborough was also broken into and a claw bar, such as is used in removing spikes, was stolen.

A Quiet Animal.

In the last issue of THE DISPATCH reference was made the assault case brought by the Johnsons of Upper Northampton, against the Tramblys, near neighbors, which unhappy affair arose over an innocent ram, which is the property of Wm. Johnson. Magistrate Queen listened to further evidence in the case last Friday, and it took all day and to nine o'clock in the evening before the case was finally sent up for trial at the coming county court in December. The affair has caused the hardest of feelings between the two families, and they almost came to blows in a lane near the magistrate's office during the noon hour. The ram which has caused all this trouble must be a most wonderful animal. According to one of the witnesses, all the time that the fight was going on, Mr. Ram lay as quiet as a mouse, on the spot, and when the fracas was over, walked quietly away. Evidently he was the only cool head at the time.

Post Office Deficit.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Postmaster General Bissell has submitted to the president his annual report for the year ending June 30, 1894. The revenue for the year was \$75,080,479; expenditures, \$84,314,414, leaving a deficit of \$9,243,935. The estimates for the current year ending June 30, 1895, are: Revenue, \$86,907,407; expenditures, \$91,056,283; deficiency, \$4,151,876. This is an annual deficiency, the postmaster general says, that could be overcome by an increase of postal rates, but he does not deem this advisable. It could be cancelled by a readjustment of rates on second class matter, a question which he treats at considerable length in another part of the report. Economy has been practised, but nevertheless great care had been taken that it should not effect the efficiency of the service. The economies have consisted mainly in re-letting contracts for mail transportation and in the cost and amount of supplies; also in the abrogation of seven of the eleven steamship subsidies contracts, which will mean a total saving in the ten years of the contract life of \$14,431,325. Mr. Bissell recommends that the experimental free delivery project should be discontinued and thinks that free delivery in rural districts is not needed nor desired by the people.

Assets and Liabilities.

Mr. T. H. Hall, bookseller, St. John, has assigned to Messrs. C. D. Truman and Walter Hall. His liabilities are understood to be about \$15,000 and his assets between \$8,000 and \$10,000. There are preferences to the amount of \$4,500. The liabilities of Mr. M. S. Hall, bookseller at Fredericton, are said to be between \$8,000 and \$10,000 and his assets about \$4,000.

BRISTOL AND ITS TRADE.

A VILLAGE GROWING RAPIDLY AND WITH A FUTURE AHEAD.

A Flying Visit by "The Dispatch."—Names of Some of the Leading Business Men.—Madawaska Tragedy.—Three Drowned and One Saved.

A feature about Carleton county which may not apply to many of the counties of the province, is the number of thriving villages, many of them almost reaching the dignity of small towns, which one reaches along the line of railway, and also in travelling on the highway. Last week it was the privilege of THE DISPATCH to spend part of a day in the village of Bristol. By reason of the delay at Newburg Junction, and the number of stations on the way, the trip from Woodstock to Bristol by rail is not a rapid one. You leave on the express going north about twenty minutes to two in the afternoon, and although the distance is but twenty-six miles you may consider yourself lucky if you arrive at your destination in an hour and a half. The village is prettily situated on the St. John river, and toward its upper part the Shiktehawk stream empties its contribution to the great water way of the province.

You see very few old buildings in Bristol. They are nearly all new, and still newer buildings are in course of erection. There are a number of general stores, among which might be mentioned the business places of E. Phillips, Mrs. W. A. Sherwood, C. A. Phillips, Miss Belle Jones, and Wm. McIntosh. These all appear to be doing a flourishing business, and look forward to still better times in the near future.

Near the Shiktehawk bridge a very imposing and sightly building has been put up and is now reaching completion. It has been erected by Daniel Bell & Co., who intend to carry on a general business on a very large scale—to have one of those mammoth country stores, that are becoming such a big factor in business life just now. The building is thirty by fifty. Over the store is a large hall, undoubtedly the best north of Woodstock, while the third story has a floor on which is a large room for society meetings, etc. The entire building will be heated by furnace, and owing to the favorable location, a complete water service will be passed through all the rooms. The firm have made large importations, and will open in a few days with a stock unsurpassed in variety, quality and quantity.

The milling business is well represented by the saw mill, carried on by C. A. Phillips, and the grist mill under the management of Geo. Wiggins.

Britton & Barter carry on quite an extensive wood-working business, toward the lower end of the village. Among other industries which may be named is the wagon factory run by W. B. Tompkins, and a boot and shoe industry and tannery conducted by M. Tompkins. Two young men named Daffy are working up a very creditable business in the tailoring way.

One of the sightly buildings in Bristol is the new warehouse which Michael Welsh has recently built. This gentleman, it is expected, will soon take up his permanent abode in Bristol. A word for those who look after the health of the inhabitants of Bristol and vicinity. Dr. Atkinson is reported to be in poor health, but still practices his profession to some extent. Then, there is also our old and valued friend Dr. Churchill. There are a couple of hotels in Bristol, one is conducted by M. Colwell, and the other by C. A. Phillips. Yes! Bristol is all right in every way and is growing rapidly. A young man told THE DISPATCH that he remembered when there were only about half a dozen buildings in the village. Now, there are scores of them, and the population is between three and four hundred.

Father and Two Sons Drowned.

A drowning accident, most distressing in its consequences, befell a party of Madawaska people on Monday evening, the 19th inst. It occurred on the St. Francis branch of the Madawaska river, between Frenchville and St. Hilaire, which are situated on opposite sides of the river. It appears that an agricultural meeting was held on the evening in question in the church at St. Hilaire. Considerable interest was taken in the event by the farmers round about. Among those in Frenchville who wished to attend the meeting were Isidore Daigle, a well-to-do farmer, and one time trader, his two sons, aged respectively 16 and 14, and a neighbor, Paul Ouletette. The river was open, although there was a good deal of shore ice running. The three Daigles, and Ouletette got a dug-out, which is not much more trusty than a canoe, and about half-past five o'clock on the

evening in question, left the Frenchville side to cross the river and attend the meeting in St. Hilaire. The wind was blowing almost a gale, and the ice was running. The unhappy voyagers had not got more than half across when their fragile craft proved unequal to the warring elements, and upset. The Daigles, father and sons, were drowned. Ouletette managed to swim ashore, and his cries at length brought assistance, and he was only saved in the nick of time. The sad event has cast a gloom over the vicinity in which the drowned man and boys were well known. Mr. Daigle has a son named Dennis, who is a railway mail clerk running between Andover and McAdam.

The Royal Wedding.

St. PETERSBURG, Nov. 26.—The marriage of Czar Nicholas II. to Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt took place in the winter palace today. The marriage service in use in the Orthodox church was begun by the singing of Psalm 127. The ceremony was of the most impressive character and lasted nearly two hours. After the psalm the Metropolitan said a few words of instruction to the couple and then turned to the Czar and said: "Hast thou, Nicholas, good and unconstrained will and firm determination to take unto thyself this woman Alix whom here thou seest before thee?" The Czar answered, "I have, reverend father?" The Metropolitan then asked, "Thou hast not vowed thyself to another bride?" The Czar answered, "I have not vowed myself, reverend father." The same questions were asked the Princess Alix, with similar answers.

After prayer the Metropolitan took two crowns, placing the first one upon the head of the Czar, saying, "Servant of God, Nicholas, is crowned for the handmaid of God, Alix, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Placing the other crown upon the head of the bride, he said, "The handmaid of God, Alix, is crowned for the servant of God, Nicholas, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The prelate then blessed the couple three times, thrice saying, "O Lord our God, crown them with glory and honor." After the anthems and prayers the "Communion Cup" was brought and blessed. The cup was filled and handed first to the Czar, then to the Princess, each taking a sip of the wine. The Metropolitan then took the couple by the hand, the groomsmen and bridesmaids walked behind and holding the crowns over their heads, and led them three times around the dias, the choir meanwhile singing. Rings were then exchanged for the last time, they having been exchanged twice before. The prelate then took the crown from the Czar and offered prayer. The Czar then kissed the bride, and the guests came forward to congratulate the couple. At the conclusion of the congratulations the dismissal was pronounced, and the bride and bridegroom and wedding guests returned to the winter palace. As the bridal party came out of the cathedral the sun shone for the first time during the day.

Substantial Reduction.

It was mentioned in THE DISPATCH last week, that the C. P. R. had made a reduction in the charge on freight coming to Woodstock from Montreal and the west. The following letter which Mr. H. Paxton Baird, president of the Woodstock board, has just received from [Mr. Tiffin, general freight agent at St. John, conveys the good news in an official form. It will be noted that this is not a rebate arrangement, which is always a cause of trouble, but a straight reduction of one half on all goods coming to Woodstock.

St. JOHN, N. B., Nov. 23rd, 1894.
H. P. Baird, Esq., president Board of Trade, Woodstock.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the communications which have passed between your board and myself, and the interviews you have had with me relative to the reduction in our through rates from Montreal and points west to Woodstock. I beg to advise you that our general traffic manager has consented to a general reduction in the rates from the points named to Woodstock. The reduction conceded being one half the rates which we have heretofore charged between McAdam and Woodstock, such reductions running from 12 cts. per 100 lbs. down to 5 1/2 cts. on general goods according to classification and on flour and grain 4 cts. per 100 lbs in car loads.

Yours truly, TIFFIN, G. F. A.

Presque Isle's Library.

The following news item is taken from the Presque Isle Star Herald. The people there have something Woodstock is not big enough to have yet—a public library. The extract reads:—

The Presque Isle public Library is beginning to be quite a creditable as well as thriving institution of our town. It now comprises some 1,000 volumes, and occupies convenient quarters in Mr. F. H. Blake's store on Main St. It is a well selected as well as a well arranged collection. Its patronage is constantly growing, and its usefulness and influence as constantly on the increase. It has several times come near perishing in its infancy, and the public owe a debt of gratitude to a few who have stood by it in its weakness and adversity. At present there are 390 regular subscribers, its monthly receipts are very respectable, and suffice to accumulate a good fund periodically for the purchase of additional books.

A MARKET IS THE THING.

WOODSTOCK ITSELF AND FARMERS WOULD BE BENEFITED.

Advantage Alike to the Buyer and Seller.—Question for the Town Council and Board of Trade.—Important Communication from C. P. R. General Freight Agent.

The question of a Woodstock market might with great advantage to the town and county, occupy the attention of the Board of Trade and the Town Council. In a few years, when Woodstock has a market, everyone will wonder how they ever lived without one for so many years. The saving to all those who want to sell or buy farm produce will be inestimable. For example, under the present system, if a St. John buyer wants cattle he comes to Woodstock or some other centre, takes a team and drives from house to house through the county, looking for what he wants, and the expenses of his trip are deducted from the price he pays the farmer when he buys. If there were a market in town, and, during the fall and winter at least, one day in each alternate week was a cattle day, the farmers would drive their stock to the market on those days, and the buyers from outside would know where and when to find them, and the time and money that had hitherto been expended in a hunt through the country, would go to increase the price paid the farmer for his stock. The same argument will hold good with regard to horses, and a market would be the means of proclaiming to horsemen that Carleton raises some very fine specimens of this class of stock.

This bringing together of buyers and sellers would equalize prices, and where now a farmer, in need of ready cash, may sell his produce for less than its value—he never gets more except in the case of an occasional load of wood—with a market in town he might be always sure of the same price as the more wealthy farmer who can take his time about selling.

Certainly the council and Board of Trade should take the matter in hand, learn how other towns, doing about the amount of business Woodstock does, operate their markets, and then take means immediately to have one established here.

Pretty Near Blows.

The case of Godsoe vs. Murray, a most interesting affair, was tried before Justice Queen, on Monday. Mr. Murphy appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Gallagher for the defendant. The action was debt for a pig. The parties to the suit reside at Benton. Wm. Speer took the famous pig from the Godsoes on an execution, and at the sale it was bought by Mr. Murray. Mrs. Godsoe claimed that the pig was hers, and this action was to recover the price of the festive swine from Mr. Murray. In the course of the examination Mr. Godsoe was rehearsing a conversation he had had with his counsel, Mr. Murphy, when Mr. Speer interrupted with, "if Mr. Murphy told you that, he told you a deliberate falsehood." This thrust quite naturally aroused the ire of the counsel for the plaintiff, who arose in wrath and broadly intimated to Mr. Speer that if he did not retract he would smash the nose on his face. Mr. Speer expressed an opinion that the counsel was eminently incompetent to perform the deed. Mr. Murphy evidently hankered for gore and striking a pugilistic attitude moved in Mr. Speer's direction. That gentleman decided to die game, and removing his coat cleared his decks for action. Just about now the judge took a hand in the game, and informed the assembled multitude that he would commit the belligerents for contempt if they did not subside at once. Regardless of this Mr. Murphy still moved toward his intended victim, but his deadly intent was thwarted. A man from Benton grabbed his arm, many a stalwart form was interposed between the opposing forces, and peace was restored. The defendant keeps the pig, but the plaintiff will review the case.

Port Arthur Taken.

A despatch from the Central News correspondent at Shanghai says the Japanese captured Port Arthur on Wednesday evening. Fighting began on Tuesday. The Chinese made an unusually strong defence. The fighting was severe and incessant for fully thirty-six hours. Both sides are reported to have lost heavily. The correspondent says the fall of Port Arthur has created great excitement in Shanghai. The news of the capture of Port Arthur by the Japanese was brought from Che Foo yesterday by a British steamer. No details of the fight have yet been received, but all accounts agree that the Chinese fought gallantly and desperately. Some of the officers and men in the forts refused to surrender, and were cut down by the Japanese.