

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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

WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUGUST 29, 1894.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

People will always differ as to what constitutes a proper observance of the Lord's day. In Quebec, after you have attended mass you can go in for about any amusement you wish. In Toronto, it is thought that the city would be destroyed by a special visitation of Providence if a tram car ran on the Sabbath, though it has been found on investigation that many of the advocates of strict Sabbath observance see nothing inconsistent in driving around on Sunday in their barouches. In that same city, which is considered by its denizens the nearest thing to perfection this side of Paradise, the ministerial association thunder anathemas against Sunday street cars, while they have never been known to represent to the managers of any of the big dailies, the iniquity of sending the reporters to work on Sunday, in collecting news from the various churches, and in reporting sermons of distinguished and often far from distinguished divines.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, the large dry goods firm of St. John, have passed a decree that not one shall remain in their employ who rides a bicycle on Sunday. The manager of this firm is reported in a St. John daily paper to have given two distinct reasons for the new by-law. In the first place the wheelmen ride so much on Sunday that they are not up to the scratch for Monday's work. Secondly, the firm does not desire any men or boys in its employ who do not respect the Lord's day. Possibly the first reason given is the stronger in the view of this estimable firm, though they would scarcely wish the public to form that impression. It sounds much better to have it go abroad that they are the peculiar custodians of the Sabbath.

Why it should be more improper to ride a bicycle on Sunday, than to drive in a buggy behind a horse, which according to Mosaic law is as much entitled to his Sabbath's rest as his master, it is difficult to determine. We all recollect Macaulay's reference to the Puritans who objected to bear baiting, "not because it gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Sometimes one is led to think that innocent recreation on Sundays is objected to not because it violates the moral law, but because it gives pleasure to hard worked men and women. The gentleman in the interview already referred to says that the employees have ten days or two weeks holidays in each year, and get off work every evening at a quarter past six, excepting Saturday, and thus have ample time for bicycling. It is just possible they don't feel very much like riding after twelve hours work in each day. Mr. Robertson should have said they could also get up at daylight and ride. Supposing one of these young men lives in a suburb and wishes to come to church or to Sunday school in the city, his case would be truly hard. He must walk, for it would be a sin to ride his bicycle, and perhaps what might be taken more seriously by him he would be apt to lose his job.

A too loose observance of the Sabbath is most deplorable, and a too strict observance inimical to the advance of religion in this hard working age. Sensible people see no objection to a quiet walk or drive into the country on a Sunday, but the community would have a right to be shocked if driving parties were made the order on the Lord's day. And we think the same rule should apply to the bicycle. It is now recognized as a useful vehicle, and no longer regarded as a mere toy. But bicycling parties, made the rule for Sundays, would be open to exactly the same objections, no more and no less than driving or walking parties.

THE UNITED STATES TARIFF.

Americans, and Canadians scarcely less, will breathe a sigh of relief that the tariff bill of the United States is settled, for the nence at all events. The President has allowed the bill to become law without his signature. He explains that his reason for so doing is that the bill, as mutilated by the Senate, does not embody the Democratic ideas of tariff reform, entered upon by Congress. Nevertheless, the President concedes that the tariff is an improvement upon existing conditions. Yet, he regards the fight as only half won, and concludes a remarkable letter, an extract from which is given in another column, with this sentence, "Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering people." The reduction in duties on Canadian products will be heartily welcomed. No one holds to the opinion for a moment that we will perish if the Americans do not allow us their markets, but surely everyone with a grain of common sense, will agree

that it is vastly to our advantage, if we can sell our products to our neighbors across the border. The Chinese doctrine of trade restriction dies hard, but it is surely on its death-bed.

A Murderous Peddler.

A St. John lady had an escapade with a tramp peddler on Monday last which was to say the least of it thrilling. She displayed wonderful pluck, and thereby probably saved her life. The lady is Mrs. C. W. Parker and she lives at 138 St. James street. Shortly after 9 o'clock Mrs. Parker was at work in her kitchen when glancing at the window she saw a young peddler passing through the yard. The peddler, who is supposed to be a Polish Jew, is a short, heavily-built, powerful lad of about sixteen years of age, with coarse features and a forbidding countenance. He was well known to Mrs. Parker, having called there many times to ask her to buy of his stock of pins, needles, laces, towels, threads and other like articles. He had never made a sale and this fact apparently had angered him. When Mrs. Parker saw him passing the window she twice shook her head, signifying that she did not want anything, but the youth kept right on. He opened not only the fly screen door, but also the ordinary door. The care he took in closing them convinced Mrs. Parker that she was in for trouble.

Dropping his pack on the floor, the peddler looked round the room, and his eyes resting on a large carving knife that lay on the table he grabbed it up and clutching it aloft in both hands, gasped, "Now you'll buy something," and made a rush at Mrs. Parker. She was standing in the corner, where she had been working between the sink and the stove, and all escape was cut off. Her position was a dangerous one, for she knew the knife in the hands of the peddler was a sharp one and that a blow from it meant death, as it was aimed directly at her heart. Her courage, however, did not fail, and she resolved to fight the would-be murderer, feeling satisfied that help would come if she could but hold him off for a few minutes. She watched her chance, and as the young man sprang at her with the upraised knife she grasped his wrists in both her hands and exerted all her strength to overpower him. At the same time she screamed with all her strength, hoping to alarm her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Parker who lived on the upper flat. An exciting struggle ensued, and finally the pair fell to the floor with Mrs. Parker on top. She quickly placed her knees on the peddler's chest and then with her hands wrenched the knife from his grasp. She now had the upper hand and apparently in terror that she would murder him the young peddler began screaming for help and begging for mercy at the same time. Mrs. Parker got him to the door and then was compelled to discard the knife to get it opened. She flung the weapon to the farthest side of the room and then opened the doors. When he saw that she was disarmed the peddler again became aggressive. He fought his way back to the kitchen, and when he had secured his pack began to upbraid Mrs. Parker with having attempted to rob him. This he did because his screams from the yard had attracted attention and he saw some excuse for the disturbance was necessary. Mrs. G. W. Parker who heard the screams after the door was opened, but had failed to hear the first of the disturbance, because all the doors and windows were closed, hastened to her sister's assistance. The peddler then took to his heels and made out of the yard. He was afterwards arrested by the police. His name is Isaac Jacobs.

Mr. Laurier's Tour.

Mr. Laurier is making a tour of Western Ontario and he is meeting a warm reception wherever he speaks. The following condensation of a speech delivered at Ottawa is taken from an exchange:

The Liberal leader, who was most enthusiastically received, addressed the audience in the French language and in English, for in this part of the country there are many of his fellow countrymen. The people had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Laurier at his very best, and he did not fail to impress them with the strength of the position occupied by himself and his followers on all the questions of politics now before the country. Mr. Laurier criticized adversely the methods employed by the Government in fighting their opponents, condemned the franchise act and deplored the corruption which had disgraced the Federal Administration. He promised that when the Liberals came to power, and he expressed the conviction that the day of victory was not far off, they will repeal the iniquitous franchise laws; and metaphorically cut off the heads of the 215 revising barristers who are now in the pay of the country. The force of the proceedings by which McGreevy and Connolly were sent to gaol and then let go by Sir John Thompson was alluded to by Mr. Laurier. He contrasted the wasteful and criminal methods employed at Ottawa in the construction of public works with the economical and honest methods employed by the government of Sir Oliver Mowat, and said that the Liberal party would take a leaf out of the book of Sir Oliver Mowat. The wretched Curran bridge affair was pointed to by the leader as warrant for the arraignment that he made of the government in this connection. Turning to the trade question, Mr. Laurier said that he did not come before the people as a demagogue. The people must pay taxes for the necessities of government, but he contended that no man should be taxed except his legitimate portion for the cost of government; yet the Government at Ottawa compelled them to pay taxes for the benefit of others. Why levy taxation not to raise revenue, but to foster certain industries? He found none of the industries

in Mattawa; yet the people of Mattawa were taxed to erect these industries in Toronto and Montreal. He did not want to array class against class, but he wanted the same amount of freedom for all. We must have taxation, Mr. Laurier declared, but we must have equal rights in taxation as well as in religion. I come to preach freedom of speech, freedom of religion and equality in taxation as well. This is the policy I submit to you. Mr. Laurier very warmly thanked the citizens of Mattawa for the cordiality of the reception which they had accorded him.

A Quebec Tragedy.

A most atrocious murder was committed at Ste. Barbe, a village in Quebec, not a great many miles distant from Montreal. On Monday evening last a man named Myre left his home at Ste. Barbe to sell some sheep to a farmer two miles from Lee's Corners, after which it was his intention to proceed on to visit his father-in-law, who resides some ten miles beyond the latter place. After disposing of the sheep he started on his journey and after driving four miles he met a brother-in-law named Henri Castagner, going in an opposite direction and towards Cazaville. After a few pleasantries had been exchanged, Myre stated that he was on his way to visit his father-in-law. Castagner replied that he had just left there and that the old man had gone out on some business and would not be back that night. On receiving this information Myre said he would return home. He then turned his horse in the direction of Cazaville, and the two men drove along together. They were in happy spirits, and a pleasant conversation on general topics ensued. Arriving at Cazaville the two men went up to Dupuis' Hotel, where they met the hotel-keeper, Louis Dupuis, and one John Hurteau. As the whole party were in a jolly mood it was agreed to have a game of cards, and they adjourned to a back room for the purpose. The game got very interesting and the members of the party were more or less excited.

As it was nearing an end a man named Corry entered the hotel and, after having a drink, entered the room where the card party was in progress. After the game was concluded he invited the four men out for a drink. All of the men took liquor, with the exception of the murdered man and his brother-in-law, Castagner, who took cigars. After they left the bar, Corry who was then slightly under the influence of liquor, started to argue with Myre. The former got very excited, and finally the conversation drifted back to old times when both were in love with the same woman, who is now Myre's widow. This somewhat agitated the murdered man, and he got slightly excited and started to argue back. As a fight was imminent, Hurteau came forward and said, "I would not talk about that affair, boys. It is too long ago, and you are both happy." This did not pacify Corry, however, and he continued to heap abuse and threats upon Myre. As matters were beginning to assume serious proportions, the hotelkeeper thought best to interfere and pulled Corry outside and, after quieting him somewhat, tried to persuade him to get into his buggy and drive home. Corry replied that he would provide Dupuis gave him half a pint of highwines, and at the same time said, "You know, Louis, if I wanted to fight with him I could whip him."

After getting the highwines he drove off, going in the direction of his own home. A quarter of an hour later Myre and Castagner left the hotel in their buggies for Ste. Barbe, which is an opposite direction to that taken by Corry. After seeing Myre safely on his homeward journey, the brother-in-law returned to Dupuis hotel, where he stayed for about one hour talking over the old love trouble existing between Myre and Corry, and the quarrel that had taken place. Both men were confident that matters had taken a favorable turn, and that nothing further would be heard of the affair.

When the deceased's family awoke the next morning they were startled to find the farm house and rig standing at the front of the house, with the body of Myre lying across the wheel, and the face was covered with blood. On close examination it was seen that the man had been dead some time, and his end one of extreme violence. There were three ugly gashes in his neck and a deep wound across the forehead, from which the blood still trickled. There was also a bad bruise on the back part of deceased's head, which was caused, no doubt, by a heavy, blunt instrument. Some of Myre's clothes were off, including his boots. These were found rolled up together under the seat of the rig.

The authorities believe that the murder was committed at a lonely part of the main road leading to Ste. Barbe, and two miles east of Cazaville. At this spot there is a bridge spanning a small stream, the approaches to which are hidden by two dense orchards. On the left side is an old unoccupied farm house, and it is said that it was here the murderer awaited his victim. As Myre approached the bridge his slayer left this place of concealment and followed in rear of the buggy, at the same time keeping under cover of the trees. It is thought that when the murderer attempted to cross the wooden bridge the creaking of the boards disclosed his presence, and Myre, still pondering over his evening's ordeal, became suspicious and got on his guard. A desperate struggle must have followed, because the road in the vicinity was strewn with blood and pieces of cloth, the dust in places being swept from the stones. A sheep's skin that Myre had with him when he left Cazaville was found twenty yards from the spot where the crime was committed. After killing Myre, the murderer placed the body in the buggy and started the horse off toward Ste. Barbe with its ghastly load.

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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.

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

Fredericton Burglars.

Two men attempted last Friday night, during a pelting rain, to break into Postmaster Hilyard's residence, corner of Queen and St. John streets, Fredericton. It was just at midnight when Mr. Hilyard heard a noise at the window below his bedroom. On looking out he saw two men lifting flowerpots off the sill and attempting to raise the window. He went immediately to get his revolver, but the men heard him before he got back to the window and were running away when the postmaster fired four or five shots at them.

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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.

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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.

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