

THE DISPATCH.

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THE TOWN ELECTIONS.

NO BED OF ROSES FOR THE COUNCILLORS OF '95.

Important Questions to Tackle.—Nomination Day Should be a Week Earlier than Election.—Streets and Schools the Questions Before the Public.

It would be an improvement in our town elections if nomination day were a week before the day of election. It is advisable that men who wish to be councillors should have themselves proclaimed some time ahead, so that the citizens may have an opportunity to weigh their merits and their misdeeds. For unexpected parties to tumble themselves into the council the day of the election without having given the slightest notice of their intention, is altogether at variance with the idea of popular government. The nomination should be the occasion for the candidates to state their views and intentions. As matters are now, we have only the word passed around from mouth to mouth, that so and so is in favor of this or that; but so and so has not "with a loud voice" stated his intention to the electors. When the change is being made in the representation, which the council has endorsed, a provision should be made that nomination day be a week before election day.

The mayor and councillors for 1894 are not going to have a bed of roses to lie upon. Whoever they may be, they will find, not only ample scope for work, but they must be prepared for sound criticism. Probably the important subject with which they will have to deal, is the street question. A large sum of money is needed to be spent on the streets. It will be such folly, as would hardly emanate from an assembly of lunatics, to think that an appropriation of a thousand dollars is going to be sufficient to bring our streets into anything like presentable condition. It will be necessary either to make a large appropriation of \$4000 or \$5000 at least, annually, until the work is done, or borrow some \$15,000 and fix up the streets at once, and have done with it. Against this latter course, which, if honestly considered, is the better of the two plans, the fearful bug-a-boo of increasing the town debt is raised, and we are told of the terrible burden we are leaving for our descendants. Our descendants are more likely to "cuss" us for a pack of fools if we leave them the heritage of disgraceful streets.

Woodstock is not a retrograde town. She is progressing and advancing, and her debt is not overburdening at all. Compared with other towns it shows well.

Oh! but it is urged, the "laboring class" will be against either borrowing or increasing the appropriation for street improvement. The "laboring class" know full well that the difference in taxes will be scarcely appreciable, while the extra remunerative work they will get, by reason of the demand for labor to improve the streets, will largely add to their prosperity. Of all people, they will profit by a progressive street improvement policy. It is probable that good men to supervise the streets will be as scarce in the coming, as in the present council. As a matter of fact we want a good supervisor—a practical man who knows his work and is able to do it. So much for the street question.

The school question comes next. Some people think it should take first place in importance. What is to be done with the College building? There is a cry of "shame" throughout the town that we should have a place for our school, which draws forth protests from parents, anxious for the preservation of their children's lives. The board of trustees, at last aroused, has appointed a committee to investigate the condition of this building, and the result will undoubtedly be that the wretched old trap will have to undergo extensive repairs, or be devoted to its proper use as a mammoth ice house, while a new school house is erected. Then, what about the lack of accommodation in our schools? This is a little problem which the town council of 1895 will have to deal with.

Neither of these matters are beyond solution if the council go at them in the right spirit. They are not likely to awaken such opposition as was given to the electric light system, and the water works system, which being once secured, no intelligent citizen would dream of doing without.

THE DISPATCH since it began its career has taken much interest in town matters. It will keep this interest up. It will not hunt around for grievances to be thrown at councillors who give their services to the town, without compensation. But it will continue, the faithful watch dog of the ratepayers, and if the coming council proves unwork-

able by reason of "cliques," one "clique" trying to outmaneuver the other, for the satisfaction of personal spite, or old pre-adamite grudges, this journal will soon let the people at large know how their confidence is abused. In the meantime it trusts there will be no occasion for such reports.

Obituary.

As the time for the election draws near, interest is increasing, and prophecies are freely being made as to the probable result. With the passing of the old year, and the decease, practically, with it of the old council, it is fitting that THE DISPATCH should preach a brief funeral sermon. The council, on the whole, did pretty well. It had no very difficult questions to tackle, and the meetings were as a general thing unexciting, saving one or two stormy scenes over the street question. Mr. U. R. Hanson filled his position as mayor creditably, and had he decided to again enter the field, in all probability he would have met with a good measure of support. Coun. Connor proved a good representative from Wellington ward, and got his constituents their full proportion of the asphalt. Having secured this, his interest in other matters appeared to flag considerably. It is said that he will not run this coming year. Coun. Sutton, during his sojourn at the board, did not have much to say, but he evidently thought a good deal, and has decided to come again before the electors. Coun. Jones posed somewhat as the innocent young man at the board. He said what he had to say plainly, and generally left a good impression. One of the veterans at the board is Coun. Churchill, who attended closely to the business of the meetings, and while he claims that silence is golden, in most cases, when it came to a vote was found on the right side. He seems to have the interests of the town at stake. Coun. Murphy, the legal member of the council, did not have an altogether successful term with his street committee. He made one good point in moving that a committee be appointed to look up the Institute money, and if his motion is the means of the town having a library in the near future he will not have lived in vain. Coun. Leighton seems to have done his duty as chairman of the fire and light committee. At all events, he made a good many special pleas on behalf of the fire department. It is a matter of regret that Coun. Watts is not again before the public. His speeches were always worth listening to, something which cannot be said of all his colleagues. Coun. Taylor is something of the style of Coun. Churchill, in the matter of having little to say. He is a good street reformer and carried himself modestly and creditably during the past year. Coun. Dickinson was a good man at the board, and it is a pity he is not again in the field. It is always a pity when men with large interests at stake retire from public life. Coun. Fleming, who sat as a member for the town at large, comes before the electors again, in the same capacity. In talking with THE DISPATCH recently he said he was strongly in favor of a large street appropriation, but does not favor the borrowing by the town of a sum of money to do the work up at once.

The new men who are in the field are G. W. Vanward and Miles Moore as candidates for Wellington ward. R. B. Jones runs in Queens ward. Leighton and Taylor, present councillors, will both run, probably. John Lindsay is spoken of as a candidate for Kings ward. H. W. Phillips will not be a candidate. For the town at large the candidates are W. B. Nicholson, A. E. Jones, C. Churchill, Hugh Gallagher, whose card will be found elsewhere, and Coun. Fleming, Jas. Carr, and Arthur Bailey will also be in the field. Andrew Myles has been urged to come out. Every voter wants to remember that he has three votes to cast, (1) for mayor, (2) for councillors in his ward, (3) for councillors for the town at large.

Sir John's Estate.

The usual papers for the administration of the estate of the late premier, Sir John Thompson, were filed. His estate is sworn to at \$9,727, of which \$5,726 is from life insurance. It will thus be seen that Sir John had but little of this world's goods. Of cash on hand there is an amount of \$258, being twelve days' salary of the past month, due to Sir John as minister of justice, and which has been paid to Lady Thompson since his death. An item of \$2,493, "Money in savings bank," is made up of sums which the late premier managed from time to time to save while a resident of Nova Scotia. Out of these moneys the debts by the estate will have to be paid. These amounts will aggregate about \$1,200, composed chiefly of household accounts. Deducting this amount it will leave only \$1,500 over and above life insurance available for the family.

THE MUSINGS OF THE IMP.

HE MEDITATES UPON VARIOUS BURNING QUESTIONS.

Thinks that the Pulpit is Inferior to a Discreet Woman as an Advertising Medium. Defines the Issues on which the Town Election will be Run.

I fancy that the Christmas trade in Woodstock was good. To be sure, the merchants were all praying for snow, a good deal more heartily than they pray for grace, and the snow did not come until Christmas morning, but if there had not been the lack of snow for a cause of complaint something else would have been produced. It is like the cry of "hard times." When was it not raised? I am not as old as I hope to be someday, but I never remember a trader gracefully admitting that it was a pleasure to meet his drafts, because times were good:

No man but a fool ever said "in his heart" "there is no good in the pulpit" but I am to risk an awful imputation to my faith in saying that I have some grave doubts as to the value of that venerable institution as an advertising agency. The public meeting called for last Wednesday evening in the W. C. T. U. hall, was advertised only from a few pulpits of Woodstock, and as a result the attendance was very small. If some of the friends interested had only just told about two nice discreet women of the meeting, in strictest confidence, with a warning not to tell a single soul, everyone in the town would have known it and the hall would have been filled to the doors. Judgment should be used even in advertising.

Each of the candidates for the mayor's chair, and several of the councillor candidates have done me the honor of soliciting my vote. I did not like to appear rude, so I told Mr. Murphy I would most certainly vote for him, and I remarked to Mr. Saunders that on no consideration could I think of exercising my suffrage, if not in his interest. I, also, gladly told all the councillors that I would vote for them. It was a little jesuitical I will admit, but it saves trouble, and it is a very disagreeable duty to have to tell a man that you don't think he is fit for the position to which he is aspiring. I would like to know, though, what Mr. Murphy's policy is to be with regard to the broken pane of glass in the lower window of the town hall. I really don't think it is necessary to replace it, and considering our enormous taxation it would be more economical to keep the piece of sheet iron where it is, and thus save the expense of a new pane. Perhaps Mr. Saunders will inform me as to his intention with respect to the watering cart, next year. As a resident in Wellington ward, I think it is only fair that the chief ornament in the gift of the town should, for part of the time anyway, be a thing of beauty for the residents on our side of the bridge. It might be placed on the hill so that visitors can have a good look at it when they drive past. The pane of glass and the watering cart are the issues on which this election should be fought.

It wants five minutes to midnight and I am sitting by my dying fire, chewing the cud of bitter fancy. I have smoked my last pipe, drank my last glass of the "cup that inebriates and does not cheer," next morning—swore my last swear, beer mad for the last time, scolded my wife for the last time. Good bye old life, *mea culpa*, miserable sinners are we all! New Year's morning, 1.30 a. m. How much better it is to live right than it is to live wrong. How happy I feel. Conscience is no longer bullying and worrying the life out of me. I never saw how wrong it was to smoke and drink and swear as I do, since I gave up such sinful practices. I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, the Smiths, the Jones and Robinsons who bully their wives, and cheat the printer, and vote as "early and often" as they can get paid for it. I wonder if my wings are not beginning to sprout. "I want to be an angel, etc." New Year, 10 a. m. Where in blank is that pipe I threw behind the barn last night. What in blank, blank are you laughing at, wife? Of all the blank women you are biggest idiot. Yes, go home to your mother, I can't live with such a disagreeable woman. I say, Johnny, run down to Mc's and tell him to send up a bottle of brandy for the worst case of sickness in town. No, I don't want to be an angel for fifty years yet.

Stolen—one day last summer, from the subterranean retreat of the Imp, one volume of Kipling's poems. The thief will be suitably rewarded if he will return it. As "poor gin befuddled Charles Lamb" would have said

had he been speaking of thieves, "there are thieves and thieves, and thieves that are no thieves." The vilest and most degrading form of pilfering man was ever guilty of is the pilfering of books. He, or more probably she, who filches from me my good name is not half so much my enemy as the "degraded mass of animated dust" who walks off with a book, "dearer to me than the ruddy drops that visit this sad heart." In the words of a celebrated clergyman, "the man who would steal a book would desert his grandmother on the sands of Arabia."

The novel reading public may consider themselves down on du Mauriers books, on account of "Trilby" for a sum that mere common dollars can't pay. "Oh, but life went gayly, gayly" in the studio occupied by Taffy, the Laird and Little Billee, until Little Billee's mother came in and took him away, and Philistinism and conventionality bore down the other two members of the trio into the depths of the most commonplace respectability. As the Laird would sagely remark, "its the confounded Trilbiness" of the story that holds the attention. One naturally steals one of du Maurier's own sentences to characterize it. "An ineffable charm of poetry and refinement, of pathos and sympathy, and delicate humor combined, an incomparable ease and grace and felicity of workmanship belong to it." His characters live and move and have their being like the rest of us mortals. Verily he has breathed into their nostrils the very breath of life. The life of poor Trilby who with Little Billee forms the centre piece of the story is terribly pathetic. Some unfortunate puritans condemn the story, as being unwholesome, but because a depraved mind can find food for its depravity in Shakespeare is no reason for proscribing him, so notwithstanding du Maurier has shown us in Trilby some of the phases of Bohemia, I would not turn my back on the book.

A Tale of The Scott Act. The Scott Act has been heavily enforced during the past week. Among those against whom convictions were made are Chas. McKeen and J. T. Garden, druggists; John McFarlane, R. W. Seaborn and Owen Saunders. John A. Herron for whom gin seems to have a particular fascination, was the informant.

In the case against J. T. Garden on Monday, Mr. Garden appeared in his own defence. He asked the witness if he did not say when he applied for the gin, that he wanted it for medical purposes. The witness replied that he did not say that but that he said he wanted to take it home.

"When you got the gin from me had you any idea of coming into court?" Yes, I did.

The witness denied that he told Mr. Garden he wanted the gin for his wife who was confined, or about to be confined.

Mr. A. B. Connell asked for a conviction on the evidence.

Mr. Garden admitted that he had sold the gin. Herron had asked for the gin saying it was for use in sickness, that his wife was confined or going to be confined. He mentioned the instance of a druggist who according to the letter of the law, should not put up a prescription without a doctor's orders. Yet in cases of emergency this was frequently done, under extenuating circumstances. He contended that the same ought to hold good in the case before the court.

The police magistrate held that the evidence of sale was clear, and whatever the truth of the matter was, there was no evidence that the sale was for medicinal purposes. He therefore must make a conviction.

Standard Time.

Mr. Almon Teed, of St. Stephen who is a prominent member of the St. Stephen Board of Trade, is strongly in favor of the adoption of standard time as the legal time of the province. The St. Stephen board has already passed a resolution, which with the concurrence of the other boards of the province, was to be presented to the local government. Mr. Teed thinks if the various boards agreed there would be no difficulty in getting standard time adopted. Dealing with the objection that Nova Scotia would be left out in the cold, he thinks that Nova Scotia would soon try to come into line, if one time were adopted, and moreover contends that one time for New Brunswick is the particular boon we are after.

Woodstock Markets.

Hay per ton \$6.00 to \$7.00. Straw per ton \$3.00. Butter per lb. 17c to 18c. Eggs per doz. 16c to 17c. Pork per lb. 5 1/2c to 6c. Cheese per lb. 9 1/2c to 10c. Apples per bbl. 75c to \$1.50. Potatoes per bbl. 75c to \$1.00. Oats per bus. 30c to 32c. Buckwheat per bus. 32c. Turnips per bbl. 50c. Carrots per bbl. 75c. Beets per bbl. \$1.00. Cabbage per head 5c. Onions per bus. \$1.25.

WOODSTOCK LODGE, NO. 11.

INSTALL THEIR OFFICERS AND THEN FEAST AT LEE'S.

A Toast List which Calls Forth Worthy Responses.—Those who Were Present.—The Temperance Nominees.—Mock Parliament.

At the rooms of Woodstock Lodge, No. 11, F. & A. M., on the evening of St. John's Day, Thursday of last week, D. F. Merritt, P. D. G. M., installed the officers of the lodge for the coming year.

E. L. Hagerman, W. M.
John McLauchlan, P. M., S. W.
Thomas W. Allen, J. W.
Rev. C. T. Phillips, Chaplain.
Williamson Fisher, Treasurer.
D. Munro, P. M., Secretary.
Mered Brewer, S. D.
J. R. Murphy, J. D.
G. L. Holyoke, S. S.
G. H. Harrison, J. S.
J. H. Lee, Organist.
Alex. Henderson, D. of C.
F. N. Currie, I. G.
Robert Donaldson, Tyler.

Robert Donaldson has been Tyler of Woodstock Lodge every year since 1869, with the single exception of 1879.

After the installation had taken place, the members adjourned to Lee's Restaurant, where with a few "rank outsiders" whom they had kindly invited to be present, they partook of some of the good things of life. The gentlemen who gathered round the festive board were:

E. L. Hagerman, D. F. Merritt, John McLauchlan, T. W. Allen, Rev. C. T. Phillips, Williamson Fisher, Donald Munro, J. R. Murphy, G. L. Holyoke, Robert Donaldson, Wm. T. Drysdale, Dr. Rankine, Dr. Churchill, Jas. Drysdale, W. S. Saunders, J. E. McCollom, W. B. Nicholson, Percy Allen, T. H. Phillips, C. W. Jenner, Sperry Shea, Samuel Watts and Charles Appleby.

Geo. L. Holyoke performed the duties of toastmaster, and after a course of oysters and fruit, he submitted a number of toasts to the guests. "Her Gracious Majesty the Queen," very properly headed the list, followed by "The Prince of Wales." The toast to the "Grand Lodge" was responded to by Messrs. D. F. Merritt and C. W. Jenner. Samuel Watts, the venerable editor of the Sentinel, made a pleasant speech in reply to the toast to the "Press." Charles Appleby responded on behalf of "The Ladies." The toast "Absent Brethren" was drunk in silence. The toast "Worshipful Master and Officers of Woodstock Lodge" elicited some pertinent remarks from E. L. Hagerman, Donald Munro, Williamson Fisher and J. R. Murphy. On a call from the toastmaster, W. T. Drysdale spoke shortly, indulging in a quantity of pleasant sarcasm on the "Public Press." After a few words, reminiscent in their nature, from James Drysdale, the party broke up, having enjoyed a pleasant evening.

The Temperance Nominees.

On Wednesday evening there was a meeting of the ratepayers of the town in the W. C. T. U. hall for the purpose of selecting candidates for mayor and councillors at the coming election. The business was not finished on Wednesday evening and the meeting was adjourned till Saturday evening. Thomas Smith, R. B. Jones and Alexander Henderson were appointed a committee to select a man for mayor, and they recommended William S. Saunders. Their recommendation was ratified unanimously by the meeting. James Drysdale, John Malaney, Abram Clark, Frank Foster, C. R. Watson and Wm. Lindsay, the committee appointed to nominate councillors for the wards and the town at large, recommended that the choice expressed by Wellington ward be ratified, namely G. W. Vanward and C. Miles Moore for the ward, and W. B. Nicholson and Hugh Gallagher for the town at large. The committee further nominated A. E. Jones and Charles Churchill for the town at large; R. B. Jones and William Taylor for Queens ward, and John A. Lindsay and Andrew Miles for Kings ward.

Mock Parliament.

At the Mock Parliament last Friday evening, the bill of W. T. Drysdale, post master general came before the house. The bill provided for the reduction of the postage on an ounce letter from 3 to 2 cents, and for the guarantee of all registered matter by the government. It was violently attacked by Messrs T. M. Jones and F. B. Carvell and defended by Messrs Wm. Dibblee and C. Appleby. It was rather unfortunate that the postmaster general was not present to defend the measure himself, but a hot debate may be expected on Friday evening when the consideration of it will be continued. Though the interest in the Parliament languished somewhat during the Christmas week, an increased interest may be expected to manifest itself immediately.