

THE DISPATCH.

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THE MUSINGS OF THE IMP.

HOW BILL NYE LOOKED WHEN THE IMP SAW HIM.

The Sporting Editor Advises The Imp Against Woman Suffrage.—They would make Extravagant Town Councillors.—"Baby Talk" Should be Prevented.



Probably the leading American humorist of the day is "Bill Nye." I remember hearing him lecture not many years ago. He was then travelling in company with the "Hoosier Poet," J. Whitcomb Riley. They both had clean shaven faces, and heads mostly clean shaven—entirely shaven on the top. It is a strange thing, but a fact, that a humorous writer never looks funny. He generally carries about a particularly solemn-visaged, as if the jokes which make others laugh so heartily, left no essence of merriment in his whole nature. When Nye and Riley came on the platform with their slick dress suits, their shining bald heads, their exceedingly solemn countenances, and paused a few moments before beginning a reading, the audience seemed to see the jokes inside the two humorists and burst out into a roar of laughter. It was nothing but laughter all that evening. I notice that Bill Nye has been interviewed, and that part of the interview in which he deals with the famous Americo-European inter-marriages, I give to the readers of this column. He says: "In the case of our unfortunate international marriages the American girl is to blame for accepting some impecunious titled beggar who has his coronet 'in soak' for the price of a drink. These penniless counts, knowing they cannot marry any one in Europe, find some foolish girl here who is dazzled by the sight of a crest and a long pedigree, and she trades her dollars for a life of trouble and unhappiness, simply in order that she may have a handle before her name. If American parents were more careful about the financial condition of their foreign sons-in-law they would save their daughters a good deal of misery and themselves a good deal of money." Then he goes on to deal with the question of suicide, and deals with it in his characteristically quaint way. "Is suicide a crime? Well, really, that is a subject on which I am not competent to speak. I am too fond of life to give a thought about leaving it by my own hands, and suicide and I are as far apart as the poles. The more we see of the bright side of life the better for us. Laughter is the sauce of life's feast, and as the poet says, 'Grim visaged war smoothes his wrinkled front into dimpled laughter!'"

In a conversation with the sporting editor this morning—about four o'clock—we dwelt on the question of woman's suffrage. Probably having in mind woman's peculiar method of shoving on the reins when driving a horse the sporting editor proceeded to observe that women were not any good for anything except keeping house and minding the baby. No use even in trying to educate them. I mildly remarked that if he had been submitted to the same lack of education as the average woman grows up with, he would have been considerably of a jay himself. "Why," said the sport, "just suppose the town council was composed of women! They would want to cover the fountain with plush, gild the city hall, fresco the watering-cart, and tie coloured ribbons on the snow-plow. They'd want the town horse to have his tail done up in a Psyche knot on all occasions, they'd want the council chamber papered, and would insist on having ties on the backs of the councillors' chairs. No, it wouldn't do at all; I am against it."

I never wondered that parrots, after long association with human beings, learned to talk the human language, but it has always been a mystery to me how the human baby ever learns to talk at all. From its earliest infancy it is addressed in a gibberish form which the most learned philologists would fail to get any meaning. If professor Garner would postpone his attempt to understand the language of the African monkeys and set himself to learn the meaning of the distressing twaddle that mothers and sisters and even fathers pour into the ears of poor little babies he would do the human race a service. People sometimes wonder why children are tongue-tied, or make bad breaks in using the language, to me it is a wonder they learn to talk at all. An act of parliament should be

passed to prohibit a mother from addressing a baby with "google, google, goo!"

Here we have it again—I mean an illustration of a protection that can't protect. M. Puvis de Chavannes, the distinguished French artist is to receive \$50,000 for decorating one room in the new Boston public library. With numberless painters in Boston out of a job, and spring cleaning and kalsomining not yet under weigh, why do the patriotic Bostonese give their best jobs to these frog-eating Frenchmen and allow their own workmen to starve?

I have been looking over the New York papers in vain for a market report that will give me a quotation on foreign noblemen. It appears that one Miss Gould of New York has given two million dollars for a French Count of secondary quality. An English Duke is worth about two million and a half according to the last quotation. The United States should have these noblemen classified among their imports in making up their annual statements of imports and exports.

The Town Horse.

The "town horse" is about the most discussed subject on the streets these days. Some people think he is not worked enough; others think he is altogether overworked. The chairman of the street committee evidently was bound to find out, who had the first call on the noble animal. So at a meeting of the council, it was decided that—fire purposes excepted—the road committee had the first claim. The chairman of the road committee having secured his gravel for the roads, decided to set the town team at work hauling the same. All went well, until a short while ago, a fire broke out at the lower corner, while the town team was rusticated in the vicinity of the island, some distance below town. A temporary substitute had been improvised, in such an emergency, but he was new to the business, and it was many minutes before he trotted slowly in the direction of the fire. In the meantime there were cries for "Harry." The fire was put out in time, but certainly, if there had been anything like a conflagration, the consequences would have been most serious. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the utmost promptitude in getting all the apparatus to the site of a fire when the bell rings.

Carleton County Court.

The Carleton County Court opened yesterday morning. The only case on the docket was the Queen vs. Isaac Boyer for larceny. This is the celebrated case that grew out of the Glassville fair. Henry Corcoran had in his pocket on the day of the fair some \$600. He threw off his coat to represent an indignity that had been offered him, and when he came to pick it up the money was gone. He thinks Mr. Boyer got the money, and hence this trial. Mr. Boyer pleads "not guilty" most emphatically. Stephen B. Appleby has charge of the prosecution and Frank B. Carvell is conducting the defence.

The jurors warned were: Julius E. Long, Wm. W. Wade, R. W. Hume, Wm. Starrat Spear, James Barter, John W. Reid, D. F. Munro, John Williams, Wasson Bridges, Howard Everitt, John Farley, Albert Stoko, John Carpenter, Stanley Harper, James Good, Patt Corbett, Robt. W. Tompkins, A. W. Estabrooks, Albion Estabrooks, Hezekiah Stoddard, Newman Shaw.

The Public Library.

In a letter to THE DISPATCH, Rev. W. O. Raymond writes "I am glad you continue the agitation for a town library. As a school boy, I found lots of instruction and enjoyment in the old Institute Library over which Col. Lewis Dibblee presided twenty-five years ago. It was burned up in one of Woodstock's big fires and should in all fairness be replaced. St. Andrews puts Woodstock quite in the shade in this matter. Its library though small is admirably selected and efficiently conducted."

Happy Event.

The residence of James W. Boyer, Victoria Corner, was the scene of a very important ceremony last night, when his daughter Miss Ada Boyer was married to Charles W. McAnn formerly of Moncton but now a barrister of the British Columbia Bar, practising at Kaslo. The ceremony took place at 7 o'clock Rev. Canon Neales officiating. Mr. and Mrs. McAnn took the night train for their new home, Kaslo, B. C. followed by much good wishes, rice and old shoes.

Mayor of Fredericton.

Wesley Vanwart was elected mayor of Fredericton on Monday, beating his opponent, Daniel Jordan by 117 majority.

BREAKERS AHEAD,

BUT THE AWFUL ROCK NOT YET IN SIGHT.

Skirmishing and Guerilla Warfare the Order.—The Open Field not Taken, nor the Signal Gun Sounded.—Everyone Listening Intently for the Gong to Ring.

The air is full of politics. Political bacilli are everywhere and in everything, and the chance of escaping the infection is far less, than the chance would be of escaping Asiatic cholera were it to visit us. And, it is pretty hard to say which disease is the most to be avoided.

However, as the disease is with us, and we are all more or less affected with it, not even excepting the "Mugwumps," it is the policy of wisdom to accept the situation and absorb, without a murmur, the bacilli. At the time of writing this article there is no more certainty of the date of election than there was a month ago. The Manitoba school question has cropped up since, and when the government has dealt with that as it is said it will in a day or two, there will no doubt be a definite announcement of the date of battle. In the meanwhile the forces are busy preparing. They are occupying the opposite heights ready at any moment to descend into the valley and engage in the sharp struggle.

The idea of a session before election is not quite left to those without any political perception. Under the present arrangement of conducting elections, a candidate has two battles to fight. First, he has to fight his own party. That is, he has the convention to win over, and very often there is a bitter struggle before he gets the convention. In fact, the bitterness between two candidates for the nomination of one of the parties is frequently bitterer than the struggle for the representation between two party nominees. When the convention fight is over, love immediately takes the place of war, outwardly, at all events.

St. John, which may be said to be the metropolis of the province, has got over the first fight, as far as the Liberals are concerned, and the electorate of the party did the opposite to King Rehoboam of old, for they consulted with the old men, and forsook the counsel of the young men, and probably they will find they will have the success which the Israelitish King lost, by his insistence on the superior wisdom of youth.

The St. John Liberals had a large meeting the latter part of last week. It had been rumored that Mr. A. G. Blair did not have the most ardent affection for Messrs Weldon and Ellis, but he was present at the meeting, and just how he feels may be judged by the following extract from his address on the occasion:—

The newspapers paid considerable attention to him, and even Liberal papers had not been just as kind and friendly as he thought they should have been. There were some who might think he would not endorse the candidates chosen because they happened to be the managers of the two leading Liberal papers, and therefore he had decided to come and show himself, and show that he thought the Liberal party superior to any candidates or any leaders.

Able addresses characteristic of the two men were delivered. The following are brief but pointed extracts:

Mr. Weldon referred to the charges of disloyalty that had been made against the Liberals. Those charges were base and untrue. The mother land would find no better or truer defenders than the Liberal party in her hours of peril or need. (Applause.)

He referred to some of the disloyal statements made by Conservatives, including the recent abuse of England by Sir Hibbert Tupper, and contrasted it with the noble utterances of the Liberal leader, who had frankly acknowledged his love and devotion to England, and had said his countrymen received greater freedom under English rule than ever they could have under that of France.

Mr. Ellis was full of his subject. Among the sharp hits he made were these:

Boasts had been made of how well money had been borrowed, as though that was something to be proud of. Had the government been able to say they had got along without borrowing how much better it would be. (Cheers.) He referred to the assets of the Dominion, and showed that while some of them were good there were many not worth anything. There were some, such as the Albert railway, the Fredericton bridge, etc., for which large sums had been granted and on which not one cent of interest had ever been paid. It was ridiculous to call such assets. Mr. Ellis next passed to the census returns and said it was a sad fact that the growth of the province in the ten years of tory rule had been 61, just equal to the increase in the asylum. (Cheers.) In the ten years over 1,100,000 Canadians had been driven from the country by the National Policy. (Cheers.) Very few settlers were coming and many who came did not remain. When he first came to St. John the merchants

carried on a very extensive trade with the whole world, but in spite of the subsidies that trade had not increased. The National Policy had been tried too long. The only remedy was to throw down the tariff walls. (Cheers.)

Col. Domville, who is going into the fight in Kings with strong promise of success, was at the meeting, and he had the following witty hit on the flittering Minister of Finance:

He knew there was a stiff fight ahead, but he also had a stiff fight on hand and was in it to win. He had fought five battles in Kings, but finally, in a moment of weakness, his opponent, Mr. Foster, had joined the exodus. He urged the young men to help along the fight and victory would be their reward. (Cheers.)

So goes the skirmishing from the Liberal sharpshooters. In Ontario the ministers are on the trail, and the two controllers, Messrs. Wood and Clarke Wallace, are to the front.

Mr. Wallace made a speech the other day from which the following is given:

In reply to the oft-heard charge of extravagance made against the present government, he would just point to the fact that the increase in the debt for the period between 1875 and 1879 was \$40,000,000, while the increase for the last five years was only \$8,500,000, truly a startling comparison. But the Reform party claimed that they were not responsible for the \$40,000,000 increase, and that it was inherited from a corrupt Tory administration. If that was so, and if the Reform government had incurred no debt, as it proudly boasted, and had certainly not carried out any public works, was it a party worthy of carrying on the affairs of the country. The manifest object of the Reform leaders was to create hostility between the residents of the farm and those of the city, but their efforts would signally fail. Dealing with the offers for reciprocal trade made by the Dominion and the United States, the speaker declared that the Government would never consent to a commercial treaty with the United States, which discriminated against the Mother Country. (Hear, hear.) The effect of the present Reform policy, if carried out, would be to destroy the home market. Every farmer knew this was the case. In conclusion, the speaker referred to the reduction of duties affected by the Government last session, and quoted some of the articles affected. Reading from Temple Bar, he showed that in England births, marriages, and deaths were taxed, all modes of locomotion and everything they drank were taxed and, in short, it was estimated that everyone was taxed to about a ninth of what they earned, and the rate was going up. No one in Canada would stand such a tax for five minutes.

Mr. Wood had this to say:

The contention that the tariff was excessive was absurd, as it was no higher than was necessary to maintain the home market and enable Canadian industries to exist. After a short-lived existence with unrestricted reciprocity, which certainly caught some people, and caught a few constituencies from the Conservative party, that policy was decently interred in the boneyard, and now Mr. Laurier was blithely to the front with a brand new policy that nobody could explain. If he did not highly respect Mr. Laurier, he would almost think him guilty of endeavoring to deceive the farmers and the people of the country.

The parties in this county are very careful of showing their hands. Dr. Colter stands about certain for the nomination at the Liberal meeting on Wednesday; and whenever the Conservatives assemble, the choice will undoubtedly lie between Fred. Hale and Major Vince. In the meantime Louis Young the Prohibitionist candidate, is disseminating his views quite extensively. The question is which of the other candidates will be hurt most. In York the hon. finance minister is going in to win, but it will not be surprising to find E. H. Allen will poll a heavy vote. Charlotte will again have A. H. Gilmore to the front. His election is assured, unless Jas. Mitchell runs, in which case honors are easy. The big county of Northumberland will be apt to elect "Sir" Peter Mitchell, just as it is odds in favor of Domville in Kings. King (Liberal) is said to have a good chance in Queens and Subury. He stands to have an opponent either R. H. Wilmot, M. P., or George T. Baird, M. P., with the chances somewhat in favor of the latter. It is rumored that Hon. A. G. Blair will contest the county of Albert with Dr. Weldon, M. P. Hon. John Costigan who appeared last evening before the footlights in St. John with the member of finance, is about to visit his constituency. He will probably be present at a caucus of the Conservative party to be held at Grand Falls on Monday. The honorable John will no doubt have an opponent, but the chances are his friends will see that he holds his old seat. They claim that they did not work hard at the last general election.

First Issue of Bonds.

London, March 11.—The first issue of bonds of the Atlantic and Lake Superior railway, to amount to \$2,500,000, was made yesterday by Robinson, Fleming & Co., bankers, the first named being governor of the Bank of England. The subscription book will close on Wednesday, and there seems no doubt about the success of the issue.

DEATH WAS ACCIDENTAL.

NO ONE TO BLAME FOR GEORGE THOMPSON'S END.

Coroner's Inquest so Decide on Monday.—

Testimony of Those Who Were on the Train.—High Esteem in which the Deceased was Held.

Poor George Thompson came to his death in a sudden and awful manner early last Thursday morning. Railway hands follow a calling extra hazardous, and it is at no time a great surprise to hear that one of them has met a violent death. Nevertheless, there were many people in Woodstock who could scarcely believe the sad news, when it was wired, that George Thompson was dead.

He was acting in the capacity of baggage master and brakeman, and was on the train leaving Fredericton for Woodstock early in the morning. The train was to stop at Upper Keswick station, to put off two flat cars. The circumstances connected with the sad affair are best told in the words of those examined at an inquest on Monday morning. Conductor Hoben gave the following evidence:

We left Fredericton at 5.40 a. m. on the 7th inst. The duties of baggage master were almost the same as the brakeman, on that train. The work of breaking is divided up between the baggage master and brakeman. After we left Burnside, a way station, the brakemen knew there were two flat cars to set off at Upper Keswick. They both went ahead on top of the train to rope cars into the siding. Just before we got to the switch I saw one brakeman, taking up the line, and as we stopped I looked on the rail and saw blood on the track. I shouted a man on the flanger, Harry Glew, to run behind and see if somebody was not killed. He got out of the flanger, a body was beneath, and he said it was Thompson. I went around to the flanger, and was so upset I could hardly describe his situation. He was quite dead. We took him up put him aboard of train and proceeded. He must have fallen off between the two box cars, or at the upper end of the box car.

Gabriel Poitras' evidence agreed with that of the former witness. He said: I was ahead of Thompson on top of the cars. I never looked back from time I started and I did not miss him till I got to the engine. I then heard he had fallen off. We stopped just as I missed him.

Elisha W. Thornton, car repairer, was on the train when the accident occurred. He said—I saw deceased just before he met with accident going out of the baggage car door, but did not see him fall. I was the first one to find him. He laid right straight alongside the rail, his head pointing north. He was moving his head. I put my hand under his head. About time we got him out he was dead.

The jury, composed of Chas. L. Tilley, Howard Burr, M. McKenzie, Jas. Carr, Jas. Brewer, George Holmes, and Frank Tilley, found that the accident was entirely accidental, and that no blame attached to anybody.

After the inquest the DISPATCH had a talk with Mr. E. W. Thornton, whose name is given above as one of the witnesses. He said: "George and I were chums for several years past; and on the morning of the accident we breakfasted together in Fredericton. I am sure he must have been coming down from the box car to the platform beneath, and then missed his footing. I found his watch lying up over the track, and think that he got a grip underneath and held on for some time. His leg was apparently cut off, and he dragged along some time. It was a terrible sight, and I can hardly bear to think of it now. So badly was he mangled that it was with difficulty I could find anyone to crawl in with me under the flanger and bring out the body."

The deceased was very well known in Woodstock, and when here he boarded with Mrs. Jas. Aughterton. He was popular with everybody, and his sudden end was the topic on everyone's lips when the news reached town. The remains after being brought here were taken to Vanwart's undertaking establishment and prepared for burial, and the next day were removed to Hampstead, Queens county, the birth place of deceased, where his father and mother now live. George Thompson belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and attended service in the church here, the Sunday evening before his death. He was 27 years old. That he was a careful man is pretty well shown by the fact that he left \$5,700 in life insurance. He was unmarried.

It pays to advertise in THE DISPATCH.