

# THE DISPATCH.

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## FRENCH NEW BRUNSWICK.

A TRIP INCLUDING EDMUNDSTON, GRAND FALLS AND ANDOVER.

The Customs of the People on the Upper St. John.—Lumbering Industry.—The Angelus.—Mardi Gras and St. Leonards.—Split Rock Blasted.

Madawaska is a bit of old France placed among English surroundings. The French language and French customs hold sway in the county. The people of Quebec have drifted down and populated the district, which to all intents and purposes belongs to the great Canadian French province. Edmundston is a bright, wide awake town of some 1,500 souls, and there is a large business done there. The situation of the town is most striking. It is on a peninsula formed at the junction of the Madawaska river with the St. John. All around are high hills, which at this season of the year present a beautiful appearance. Immediately across the St. John is the American State of Maine, and a great and extensive business is done one way and the other between the two peoples. It would be impossible to enforce the customs laws through such a large territory, and the consequence is that, practically, reciprocity prevails between the two peoples separated by the waters of the upper St. John.

Edmundston is a connecting link between the lower Provinces and Quebec. At Felix Hebert's you meet a traveller from St. John, and the next moment are introduced to a representative of a leading Quebec House. Indeed, Quebec finds a ready market for its goods in Edmundston, and taking all things into consideration the French Canadian prefers to trade with the people of Quebec than the people of New Brunswick. Here is the terminus of the C. P. R. on its one hand, and the Temiscouata on the other. The two railroads nearly meet each other, but they run quite independent, and are not at all particular about making connections. There are three churches in the village, a Roman Catholic, a Church of England and a Presbyterian church, only recently built. Rev. Father Damour is the Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Mr. Ladds from Grand Falls, attends to the wants of the Presbyterians, and Rev. J. R. Hopkins, according to a new arrangement, will serve the Church of England once a month.

The growth of Edmundston has been very rapid. A gentleman now doing business in the town says that twenty-six years ago when he first went there, the entire population would not have been more than thirty, and there was at that time no railway connection whatever with the outside world.

Then after a while the "narrow gauge" road, as it was then called, was extended north, and Edmundston under this new connection began to boom, and has been booming moderately ever since. Lumbering is being prosecuted vigorously in the neighborhood of the town. Nixon & Teddie are doing a fine business on the Green River and Baker Brook, employing between 300 and 400 men, and Narcisse Marquis, who is getting out some lumber on the Green River, has 175 men working for him. More attention is being paid to farming than formerly, but there is still much room for improvement. Probably the farmers across the river make more money than those on the Madawaska side, because they abstain from the use of liquor, and are so much the better in pocket. Much is said about the shiftless habits of the French farmer. I am informed on the very best authority that as a general thing he farms well, and has one virtue in which we might all do well to imitate him. He hates and abhors debt. If he has an account at a store he is not satisfied till it is paid off, and the conscience is clear and his characteristic vivacity comes into full play.

I have said that the train connections are not of the most accommodating. If a man leaves Woodstock on a business trip to Edmundston he has one of two choices to make. If the train arrives at the terminus on time, he has two hours for business, and provided he knows his ground thoroughly, he may perhaps get through with what he has to do; but if it is his first trip he will find the two hours employed in finding the lay of the land, and the alternative of leaving without having accomplished anything, or putting in another twenty-four hours in the town faces him. In our case we did neither. We decided to stay over night in Edmundston and to drive down to Grand Falls in the early morning. A Jehu was secured and a fair bargain made with him.

Early in the morning we were awakened by the ringing of the Angelus. The Angelus,

to those who are not acquainted with French customs, I may say is the church bell, and at six in the morning, at twelve noon, and at six in the evening, you hear the sweet tones of the bell coming in the distance from some church away off on the hill. The sun does not rise more regularly than the Angelus rings. It is a constant reminder that religion is prominent amongst the French people, and the French Canadian would be as much surprised, if the bell did not ring out its message at the regular hour, as he would be if the sun failed to put in an appearance when it was due in the morning.

Ste. Basil is the first village of any account that you strike after leaving Edmundston, but it so happened when we passed through that the villagers were all at church—or most of them—and those which were in did not speak "Anglais" and consequently "Dodds" did not get the good results which he anticipated. "Ste. Basil" is quite a poetic name, and it is quite a shock to the nerves to strike such a common place name as Green River in a French country, and worse still when you get to Green River Tank. However, at this latter place there are a store or two, and the gentlemen selling two for five succeeded in placing an order, just as much as you might notice.

St. Leonards is quite a centre. The good inhabitants of that place had only recuperated from the effects of "Mardi Gras," which is a general time of feasting and jollity preceding the Lenten feast. Our French compatriots go in for a good time, and when they have a dance it continues for some days. They believe in doing nothing by halves.

Grand Falls is not going behind, though the population is hardly increasing at the rapid rate which is characteristic of Edmundston. The great thing then of course is "The Falls," and a very imposing sight they are even in winter. Eighty feet the water falls in one one leap, and the roar is mighty and continuous. Lumbermen have good reason to remember the "split rock." Many a good bit of timber has been sadly marred by running against this rock, and getting so damaged that the woodman who fell it would not know the work of his own hands. The "split rock" has been a constant menace to lumber, and it will be good news, indeed, to hear that a blasting party set out the other day with Mr. J. R. Graham as foreman, and after a dangerous time succeeded in making such an impression on the rocky mass, that the dangers of the split rock are now in the past. The Grand Falls people were much interested in this event, and Mr. Graham and his party were the subjects of congratulations on all sides. For fifteen days they had been on the job, and the result was everything that could be desired. Among the industries at the Falls may be mentioned a saw mill run by James Burgess, and a grist mill by John Beaulieu. Grand Falls is the feeder for a large country. In the vicinity there are the villages of Woodville, Chamboid and DesJardins in Madawaska county, and a number of small settlements on the Victoria side. To many people there is more or less of a confusion about the counties of Victoria and Madawaska. For the purposes of the Dominion election Victoria and Madawaska are one county. For the local legislature they are two counties, and the boundary line is the "Little river" which empties into the St. John at the Falls. There is a population of between 400 and 500 people in the village of Grand Falls, and a school attendance of about 130. The principal of the school is Mr. J. L. White.

Everyone who has travelled up river knows Andover and Perley's hotel. Perley's hotel may be said to be the rendezvous for all travel weary pilgrims, whose steps are by choice or necessity led above Woodstock. Around the big, old fashioned fire place many a traveller meets a fellow pilgrim and talks over times long since gone by, and renews acquaintances which might otherwise have remained unrenewed. Perley's may be said to be the parting place, and the meeting place of the knights of the road.

Andover is a town of magnificent distances. Land is plentiful, apparently, and an acre or two is not to be considered. This may be a very good thing for the people of Andover, but outsiders find it something of a drawback. The business places in Andover are not so many that you could not count them on the fingers of your two hands. And at the same time if you want to see them all you will have to march a mile or two at the least. Evidently the people who first laid out Andover meant it for a big city, and had in their mind's eye a place of great expansion, with a rapidly growing population. But the population in Andover has not grown as rapidly as the founders of the town probably fondly imagined it would grow.

And right across the bridge is Perth.

(CONCLUDED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

## AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

WHOLESALE MURDER IN A QUEBEC VILLAGE.

A Paymaster who Guards His Trust.—The Deadly Revolver used with Telling Effect.—No Reason Given for the Deed.—The Perpetrator must Have Been Crazy.

Valleyfield, in the Province of Quebec, was the scene of a terrible tragedy last Friday. Mr. John Lowe is the paymaster of the Montreal Cotton Company, one of the most extensive business concerns in the city of Montreal. He was engaged in working up the pay sheets, and was being assisted by two of his office clerks, Mr. J. Loy and Mr. H. Wilson.

Until quite recently Mr. Shortis had been private secretary to the manager of the mill. For some reason or other he was dismissed from his situation.

On Friday night about 11 o'clock Shortis came into the office where Mr. Lowe and his assistants were working. Mr. Lowe always kept a loaded revolver on hand.

Suddenly Mr. Shortis, knowing evidently where this weapon was kept, leaned over the counter and took it.

He immediately pointed it at Wilson and fired, the bullet penetrating the left side. Those present, thought the whole affair was an accident, and Mr. Loy rushed to the telephone to send for a doctor. Before he could get a hold of the transmitter to give the message, Shortis again drew the revolver and shot him dead.

The desperate young man once more drew the deadly weapon and aimed deliberately at the paymaster. He missed him—but the shot hit Wilson, who already had been shot in the side, over the left forehead.

Mr. Lowe seeing that the man was demented or vicious, grabbed the pay boxes, containing \$25,000 and ran into the vault, pulling the vault door behind him.

Shortis then began a conversation with Lowe. He asked him to come out of the vault, that he did not wish to hurt him. Lowe replied that he could not come out as the vault was locked. It was really only closed. Then Shortis remarked "give me the combination, and I will let you out."

Mr. Lowe said "give the vault a turn and it will open." Shortis did this and the vault door was locked, a termination to proceedings which Lowe wished.

About this time, Maxime Leboef, the night watchman, entered the office. Shortis immediately, on seeing him drew his revolver and fired, killing him.

This was the last deed of the crazed man, and he was soon overcome when assistance came.

Mr. Loy, the first victim, is a son of the Mayor of Valleyfield. Mr. Wilson is lying in a very critical condition, and Mr. Lowe who was four hours in the vault, and was only last January afflicted with paralysis is suffering from a great shock to his nervous system.

Shortis is a young Irishman hailing from Waterford, and had been carrying on an agency for bicycles since his arrival in Montreal, excepting for the short time that he was employed by the Montreal Cotton Co.

No reason can be given for the awful act he committed, and it is said that he must have been drunk or crazy.

## Canadian Australian Treaty.

A dispatch to the Montreal Star dated March 1st. says:—It is feared in colonial circles that the question of privilege, which yesterday compelled the government to withdraw from the Lords the bill, to enable Canada and Australia to enter into mutual treaty arrangements, will seriously retard this outcome of the Ottawa Intercolonial Conference.

The officials of the house of commons objected that the bill which affected the customs duties should begin in the upper house and declared it must be initiated in the commons. The Government will introduce the bill into the Commons, but the business there is very much congested, and the prospects for the bill's passage are not bright.

## A Gasoline Bicycle.

The gasoline is contained in a metal reservoir, and the vapor ignited by a lamp so to explode in the cylinder and work the piston backwards and forwards. The piston turns the rear or driving wheel of the bicycle round, and the whole machine is moved forward or backward as the case may be. The rider has only to start, stop, and steer, or regulate the speed. The new bicycle is coming rapidly into favor all over the Continent. It may be added that a cellular tyre for cycles has made its appearance, the india-rubber containing cells or chambers of oval

section, and giving elasticity comparable to that of the pneumatic tyre.—Public Opinion.

## Death of Wm. H. Hall.

Wm. H. Hall died Sunday night at the residence of his son, Moses Hall, George street. About a week ago deceased contracted a severe cold, which on Thursday developed into pneumonia. He was in the 86th year of his age and was a native of Granville, N. S. He was the last of a large family, consisting of eight boys and four girls, whose home was in Annapolis county, N. S. The remains were taken to St. John for interment. Deceased leaves two sons, M. S. Hall, of this city, and T. H. Hall, of Saint John.—Fcton Gleaner.

Mr. Hall was at one time a resident of Woodstock. He was proprietor of a book store at Payson's corner, and was a highly respected old gentleman.

## Utilizing the Central Heat.

Some one has suggested the sinking of a shaft 12,000 or 15,000 feet into the earth for the purpose of utilizing the central heat of the globe. It is said that such a depth is by no means impossible, with the improved machinery and advanced methods of the coming engineer. Water at a temperature of 200 degrees centigrade, which can it is said, be obtained from these deep borings, would not only heat houses and public buildings, but would furnish power that could be utilized for many purposes.—New York Ledger.

## College Sports.

We adhere to our oft-repeated conviction that the simple solution of the whole athletic problem lies in concentrating the interest of each college upon home sports, without regard to, or competition or contact with, any other college. We do not separate football from other team play when we condemn all intercollegiate contests as demoralizing, and as tending to substitute physical for spiritual ideals in the aim and intent of college discipline. Football is simply more brutal and more perilous.—The Nation, New York.

## A Broad Minded Monarch.

The Sultan of Turkey has again giving a striking instance of the broad-mindedness which characterizes his philanthropic acts. His majesty is having erected not far from his Palace an Asylum for incurables of all creeds. In order that those patients may have the opportunity of praying in public, the Sultan has ordered that the Asylum shall contain a synagogue, a mosque and a church. The Asylum will shortly be opened by his Majesty in person.—American Hebrew.

## Harper-Hannah.

On Tuesday evening of this week, at the Baptist parsonage, Jacksonville, Mrs. Mary S. Hannah, widow of the late Robert Hannah, was married to John Harper. A few immediate friends of the contracting parties were present. After the ceremony refreshments were served at the parsonage, after which Mr. Harper and wife drove into Woodstock and took the express going west. They will spend a few weeks in Providence, R. I., and other eastern cities.

## Woodstock Markets.

Oats have not been coming in in any quantities of late, because the price has not been enticing. As a consequence the price has gone up to 35c.; hay loose in town, \$5.50 to \$6.00; beans, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bus.; green hard wood, \$2.50; dry hard wood, \$3.00; potatoes, 70c. to 80c.; butter, 15c. to 16c.; eggs, 16c. Carleton county oats retail in Fredericton at 45c., and Ontario oats at 48c. The Ontario oats are heavier and better cleaned.

## Colter Will Run.

A rumor has been afloat for some weeks, though grounded on no very valuable authority, that Dr. Colter would not be the Liberal candidate in Carleton county in the coming election. Dr. Colter told THE DISPATCH last night that if the party wanted him he would be the candidate, and as the party is sure to endorse him, he will undoubtedly be in the field.

## Taken Ill.

Mr. H. H. Fairweather, of St. John, came to Woodstock last Friday. He was taken ill with a severe cold and had almost immediately on his arrival to go to his bed. The illness became aggravated with strong symptoms of pneumonia. Dr. Rankin is in attendance. Last reports yesterday were to the effect that he is improving.

## Tea Drunkards.

Excessive tea drinking is said to be on the increase in America. Of the patients applying in one week at a dispensary in Brooklyn, 10 per cent. were said to be tea drunkards.

## THE MUSINGS OF THE IMP.

DISCOURSES ON THE LITERATURE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Is Much Annoyed at the Big Hats Which the Women Persist in Wearing in Church and at the Theatre.—A Comparison Between French and English Canadians.

I think it was "poor gin befuddled Charles Lamb" who said "there are books, and books, and there are books that are not books at all," and as far as I have been able to look about me, it is this last variety of books that find their way into Sunday School libraries. I never have been able to find out why Sunday School libraries should be so much poorer in quality than all other libraries, but this is the case. Like the late Matthew Arnold, I am satisfied with the best literature the world affords. If I thought attendance at Sunday School would reduce my intelligence to the level of the average Sunday School library in town, I would studiously avoid Sunday Schools in the future, and might, as a precautionary measure, even limit my attendance at church. \* \* \*

In many of the State Legislatures over the border which have been in session during the months of January and February, legislation has been introduced with a view to reducing the fair sex to subjection in the matter of big hats in the theatres. Before the much discussed question of woman's suffrage is settled in this Province in favor of the women, I think our legislature should make it compulsory for all women to remove their hats in church and in all places of amusement or entertainment where the audience is seated. When a churchgoer has to twist his neck in numerous directions in order to catch the eye of the preacher, the spiritual benefit he receives is just about balanced by the inward swears he indulges in. I would not be so Heterodox as to intimate that ostrich feathers are not an absolute necessity to a woman in her devotional exercises, but can't she carry them somewhere else except just in the line of fire of the preacher's eye. \* \* \*

I wonder, after all, if the English speaking Canadian is so far ahead of his French confreres, as is generally supposed. No doubt the English speaking citizen has traits which the French Canadian does not possess; but at the same time the French Canadian has traits, and good traits, which do not appertain to the Anglo-Saxon. For instance, the French Canadian has jollity. He believes in laughing. He does not think mirth a sin, and everybody who knows anything of human nature knows what results from a first class good laugh. Then, the French Canadian has quite an eye to business, too. If he has anything to sell he sells it for all it is worth. He is very particular about getting a good price for his article. And, if he cannot pay for an article he does not want it. Or, if he does want it he goes without it till he gets the money to pay. And the French Canadian keeps clear from mortgages. He will live on buckwheat sooner than put his barn under an encumbrance. "St. Johnny Baptiste" is not particular about his dress, but taking him altogether he is a pretty good sort of a fellow and we can take lots of hints from him. \* \* \*

March is a very deceiving month. The old saying is that it comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. This year, however, it came in in a very mild humor, but no sooner had it got in among us than its leonine disposition was apparent. Yesterday's snow storm is evidence of that. THE IMP.

## The Green Bag.

The Green Bag for March turns up triumphantly with a leading article, well illustrated, on the supreme court of Ohio. This is the first installment of a series on this subject. O. F. Hersey has an appreciative article on "Socrates as a cross-examiner." Charles P. Daly, L. L. D., ex-chief justice of the New York Court of Common Pleas, has contributed Part I. of a sketch of William Atwood, who was chief justice of the colony of New York from 1701 to 1703. The other articles are interesting and well written. The Lawyer's Easy Chair is quite up to the standard.

## New South Wales Election.

The ex-Premier of New South Wales, Sir Geo. Dibbs, notified the Assembly on Saturday that he would propose a motion of want of confidence in the ministers. The House then adjourned. It is rumored that Sir Henry Parkes will support the motion. The ministry is expected to triumph.

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