

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 2. NO. 12.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUGUST 21, 1895.

PRICE TWO CENTS

THE MUSINGS OF THE IMP.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE CONFERENCE AT THE STAND-PIPE.

What the Council and Board of Health Have to Say.—The Sun's Reply.—An Interview With a Youngster Two Days Old.—More of the New Woman.



I interviewed a young man aged two days, yesterday. His mother, a young thing, insisted that he could speak fluently in one language, and I am able to affirm that he could yell in seventeen languages and three dialects. As near as I could judge from the noises he made in response to my questions he told me that he had never been born before to his knowledge. He had his choice of being born on standard or local time and he chose local, as he hadn't much use for railroads. His mother wanted to exhibit him at the St. John exhibition this fall as a prodigy, but he said to me "you know young mothers generally think their children are the greatest in the world. She thought I could talk and walk four minutes after I was born, but, really, I couldn't. I don't think I will allow her to exhibit me." He said he thought he would go to Hartland about the end of the week to look at the blue clay in the reservoir, and he is ambitious to be appointed on the commission that is to spend the money on the Woodstock sewers.

DEAR IMP:—You gave notice last week of a joint meeting of the Town Council and Board of Health to consider the propriety of petitioning the sun to adopt standard time. Knowing that you are usually engaged at the late hour named for meeting and could not possibly be present, I called around, and herewith enclose you a report of proceedings.

Yours truly,
SOLOMON LEVI.

The Council and Health Board convened on a hill. For the purpose of asking the Sun to stand still; The former had slowed-up the town as to time, and now wished old Sol with the town-clock to chime.

The health men were asked to assemble in full. Because they are known to have quite a pull on microbes, bacteria, and sewers which run. And, therefore, must have the drop on the sun.

They met in the midnight when Sol was asleep. When policemen and tom-cats their sweet vigils keep. No sound could be heard save a dog's lonely bark. And between Council and Board was no slighting remark.

The meeting to order, a motion was made. That Sol in his course a half hour be delayed; And if stopping machinery expenses incurred. The matter to committee on bills be referred.

The motion was put, and carried by storm. A petition was drafted in elegant form; To his Sunship, business time-keeper, parish of Space, Never known to slow up but once in the race;

Whereas, the subscribers adopt standard time. Which, with your present gait, some regard as a crime. Be it, therefore, resolved that you let up a bit. Unanimously signed by tory and grit.

The seals were affixed and the messenger Jove Was dispatched through the air on the steed he erst drove; Sol read the preamble; said, "fun they are poking. Tell the Council I'll talk when they give up their joking."

The modern woman, after all, is not such a bad idea. A coy maiden of 40 summers on the modern plan would probably have more sense than to peek under her bed and in all the closets, before retiring, and would sneak in under her counterpane free from the harassing fear that some bold bad American man might come in and carry her off in the night. It's rather odd, isn't it? that the very sort of girls that a fellow would care to lug off, never look under the bed; they aren't afraid of being stolen, in fact they rather like the idea. But a homely old virgin that a burglar would drop under the first lamp post, lies down at night with a vague fear in her chaste breast that some rascal will want to steal her.

A long time ago Thackeray wrote:—A score of years hence men will read the papers of 1861 for the occurrences narrated, births, marriages, bankruptcies, elections, murders, deaths, etc, and not for the leading articles. If Thackeray had been a little more prophetic he would have added, "and they will read the papers to see what The Imp has to say."

I see that the town council is going to make it imperative on all householders to enter the sewers. I am glad I am not a householder, for I would most decidedly object to mixing myself up with the filth of the Woodstock sewerage.

A woman went into a Book Store in town the other day and asked the dealer if he kept fly-paper. The dealer, he says, says he, we

have THE DISPATCH, which is a fly paper. How many copies? This is a joke.

THE IMP.

Up the Creek.

Near its mouth the Meduxnakik is, as Dr. Colter has said, an open sewer. There is nothing beautiful or attractive about it. But when one gets above the logs, which completely blockade the stream some distance above the bridge, a very different impression is formed. Just now the water is low,—as low as it ever is—and canoeing up the Meduxnakik means a lot of polling and no little portaging. But even with these drawbacks the trip is one which will repay with good measure the lover of nature. The course which the stream takes winds and turns every few rods, affording a variety and breadth of view which the inexperienced can have no idea is to be found within two or three miles of the heart of the town. An interval of deep still water and the canoe takes a turn into rapids only dangerous, when the welfare of the frail bark must be consulted. The farther up one goes the more beautiful are the surroundings. The bank in many places is formed of ledges, from which cedar and fir and willow trees rise many score of feet, and one wonders whence they derive their nourishment. The dark green of the maple, and the still darker green of the poplar, the sweep of forest land with a glimpse of a clearing now and then, is an excellent sight for sore eyes, while the swish of the eddying water, the unequalled music of the hurrying rapids, with the "peep" "peep" of the snipe occasionally thrown in, is most soothing to the ear, aching with the discordant sounds of of standard and local time. It is said that a party coming down the stream in the pale moonlight have been known, as by inspiration to burst forth, as they were gliding through one of the quiet, deep stretches, into an exclamation on the awful quiet of the spot, when an owl disturbed in his thoughts, did fly right across the bow, of the boat with a "ty whitt" so sudden and so growsome, that almost only by a hair's breadth was an accident avoided. Perhaps one of the most enchanting points on the creek is Beardsley Cove. Here is a deep, deep hole into which the canoe passes in a second after almost grounding in four inches of water. An accomodating ledge rises from the water on which the picniker can sit. As far as the eye reaches the scenery is lovely. Right under one's nose can be seen schools of trout evidently belonging to the upper classes, for they seem in no need of food. If the visitor is wise he will take a pin—perhaps a safety pin would hold the trout better—and a spool of thread and try his luck. Or if he be indifferent to trout he can take a gun and bang away at snipe which are plenty enough. If neither fishing nor shooting can tempt, the may sit on the rock, and meditate on past follies, or be he fortunate enough to have never had any follies, he can indulge in an excusable sensation of pride over a past untinged with the shadow of regret.

Death of Simon Nealis.

Simon Nealis of Fredericton, died last Friday. He was seventy years of age and a native of Strabane, Ireland. He came to this country in 1837, locating in St. John, where he secured employment as a clerk in a dry goods store. When quite a young man he established a dry goods business of his own on King street and continued it for 34 years, running in connection therewith for several years branch stores at Fredericton and Woodstock. About 24 years ago he came to Fredericton and ever since has run one of the leading dry goods establishments in that city. For several years past he has also run a five and ten cent store. He leaves a widow, a daughter of the late Hon. Francis Rice, of Edmundston, who sat in the Legislative Council for many years and four sons and four daughters. The sons are: James, dentist, and Seymour, clerk, of Boston; Hugh, of law firm of Black, Bliss & Nealis, this city, and Charles, who has been associated with his father in the dry business; Mrs. Adams, wife of Hon. M. Adams, of Newcastle, is one of the surviving daughters. The other three are unmarried and are living at home.

Cosgrove Concert Company.

"We may safely say, the cleverest program ever put on in O'Brien's hall, was that of the Cosgrove Concert Company, last evening. From beginning to end, the performance was bright and spicy. Not once did there seem to be a lack of appreciation on the part of the audience."—Montreal Gazette.

"It was the best of the season."—Montreal Herald.

"The Cosgrove Concert Company have proved themselves to be in the first rank, as public entertainers."—Montreal Witness.

"The organization is much stronger in point of numbers and ability, than when they appeared about a year ago."—Moncton Times.

SHOOTING AT LAKEVILLE.

BIG ATTENDANCE OF CARLETON CO. RIFLEMEN.

Capt. Frank Carvell Wins the Irvine Cup.

Weather and Wind Fine For Scoring.—Points Made in the Different Matches.—Everything Passed off Well.

The annual shooting match of the Carleton County Rifle Association, held at Lakeville on Wednesday and Thursday last, passed off most satisfactorily. There was double the attendance there has been for the past three or four years. The shooting was very good the weather fine, the wind being fair.

The Irvine cup was won by Capt. Frank Carvell.

Below are the scores:—

	200 yds	300 yds	400 yds	500 yds	600 yds	TOTAL
Capt. Carvell, Irvine Cup \$6.	26	28	26	26	26	132
Pt Miller, \$5.	27	30	22	27	27	133
Sgt Jones, \$4.	29	24	28	28	28	137
Pt Tracey, \$4.	27	29	21	21	21	119
Sgt Campbell, \$3.	30	23	20	20	20	113
Pt Porter, \$3.	16	26	20	20	20	102
Pt Anderson, \$2.50.	27	23	22	22	22	116
H Tracey, \$2.50.	25	27	20	20	20	112
Capt Perkins, \$2.	23	31	18	18	18	108
Capt Raymond, \$2.	31	24	17	17	17	106
Pt Fowler, \$1.50.	21	30	16	16	16	99
Corp Crandlemire, \$1.50.	23	27	16	16	16	98
Sgt King, \$1.50.	24	29	13	13	13	89
Sgt Peabody, \$1.50.	21	16	27	27	27	98
P Perkins, \$1.	18	19	29	29	29	105
Pt Dyer, \$1.	22	26	15	15	15	83
Col Baird, \$1.	27	21	15	15	15	83
Pt McDonald, \$1.	22	21	19	19	19	89
Pt Perkins, 50c.	22	22	16	16	16	82
W H Carvell, 50c.	29	21	10	10	10	80
Pt R Crandlemire, 50c.	24	22	13	13	13	85
Pt M Anderson, 50c.	14	24	19	19	19	75

EXTRA SERIES 400 YDS.

Pt G Perkins, \$2.	23	24	24	24	24
Capt Carvell, \$1.50.	23	23	23	23	23
Sgt Appleby, \$1.	23	23	23	23	23

NURSERY MATCH.

	400 yds	500 yds	TOTAL
Perry Perkins, \$3.	23	18	41
Pt J McDonald, \$2.50.	17	18	35
Sgt R B King, \$2.50.	17	14	31
Pt J Porter, \$2.	21	13	34
Pt E Dyer, \$2.	17	16	33
Capt McDonald, \$1.50.	12	21	33
Sapper Lovely, \$1.50.	15	12	27
Sapper H. Campbell, \$1.50.	19	11	30
Pt J Sweet, \$1.00.	19	11	30
Sgt H Campbell, \$1.	14	15	29
Pt W Jamieson, \$1.	19	8	27
Pt J Crandlemire, \$1.	12	10	22
Corp W Smith, 50c.	0	22	22
Pt J McDonald, 50c.	7	14	21
Sapper J McIsaac, 50c.	7	14	21
Bugler T Smith, 50c.	7	13	20

COMPANY TEAM MATCH.

	400 yds	500 yds	TOTAL
No. 8 Co., Capt. Perkins.	105	94	199
No. 5 Co., Capt. Carvell.	98	93	191
No. 9 Co., Capt. Williams.	98	90	188
B. Engineers, Capt. Tompkins.	98	87	185

The prize for this match was a silver pitcher, which has been captured by No. 8 Co. three successive years, thus making it the absolute property of the winning team.

The Vat System.

In view of the fact that we are going in for sewers Mr. J. A. Ruel's report to the council of Fredericton on the matter will be of interest. The Gleaner says that Mr. Ruel's idea would be to build two large vats on the river bank, one in the vicinity of Phoenix Square, the other at the lower end of the town for the purpose of collecting all the drainage of the city. They would be of brick, and perfectly air tight, so that no odor could escape from them. The bottoms of them would be about eighteen feet below the surface, and the tops about six or seven feet below the level of the city, thus permitting of a sufficient slope in the sewer pipes to drain the water off without force. The vats could be cleaned out about twice a year. After destroying any germs with chemicals the water in them could be let off into the river without proving injurious to inhabitants down river who might use river water for drinking purposes, and the solid matter could be hauled away and used for manure, for which purpose it would be unexcelled. To make the system substantial, Mr. Ruel says, the sewers should be walled up with bricks and large enough to admit of a man going along them, in case they got clogged at any time.

Died Like a Hero.

Norristown, Pa., August 15. — Thomas Hovenden, the famous artist, was instantly killed by a railroad train near here last evening in a fruitless attempt to save a little girl. The accident occurred at a grade crossing on what is known as the Trenton cut-off of the Pennsylvania railroad. The Chestnut Hill Trolley Company's tracks run up to the tracks of the railroad company at the point where the accident occurred, but do not cross them. Passengers of the trolley company are compelled to leave the car at the railroad tracks and cross the latter on foot to take a trolley car on the opposite side. Mr. Hovenden had a summer residence in Plymouth township, this county, and he was returning home there last evening on a trolley car. When the car reached its stopping point on one side of the railroad track the passengers alighted and prepared to cross to the trolley car on the other side. Besides Mr. Hovenden among the passengers in the car were Mrs. Clark Pieffer and her ten-year-old daughter, Bessie. A fast freight train was approaching the crossing as the passengers from the trolley

car alighted. The little girl did not notice the oncoming train and ran ahead of her mother to cross the tracks. The engineer blew his whistle when he saw the little figure standing between the rails. The child seemed too frightened to make an attempt to escape, and Mr. Hovenden rushed forward and snatched her up in his arms. Before he could make the leap that would have saved them both the pilot of the engine struck Mr. Hovenden with a terrible force. The engineer stopped his train, and the fireman ran to where Mr. Hovenden and the little girl were lying side by side. The man was dead, and the child died as she was raised from the ground. Thomas Hovenden was one of the leading artists that America has produced. He was fifty-nine years of age. His best known painting, "Breaking Home Ties," has probably been engraved more than the work of any other American artist. The painting was one of the notable of the American group at the World's Fair. Mr. Hovenden leaves a widow.

"That's a Lie."

In the Imperial Parliament on Thursday, while Timothy Harrington speaking in support of an amendment to address moved by John Redmond referred to the attitude of the Liberal party towards home rule during the last election as unknown, when a member whose identity was not disclosed exclaimed "They ran away from it." At this Dr. Tanner, anti-Parnellite, cried out "That's a lie." Amid calls for order the Speaker told Dr. Tanner to withdraw the expression he had made use of. Dr. Tanner declined, saying he could not withdraw what he believed to be the truth. The Speaker named Dr. Tanner for gross disobedience of the chairman and wilful disorder. Joseph Chamberlain moved that Dr. Tanner be suspended. Amid cheers the speaker put the question. The responses where loud "ayes" and few "nays." The Speaker declared the motion carried and Dr. Tanner to withdraw. The latter did not move. Thereupon the Speaker directed the sergeant-at-arms to remove him. Dr. Tanner rose and bowed to the chair and marched down the gangway. Turning, he shouted: "I have greater pleasure in leaving than I ever had in entering this dirty House." He pointed at Mr. Chamberlain, at whom he first spoke and shouted "Judas." Four times before he reached the door Dr. Tanner turned and repeated the epithet. The last words the members heard as the attendants ejected him where: "You won't try any nonsense with me." Dr. Tanner's suspension is for a week, this being the first time he has been suspended.

Destroying The Evidence.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—The building at Inglewood in which is located the Holmes castle was burned early this morning. Firemen who were quickly on the scene unhesitatingly declare the fire was of incendiary origin and it is generally supposed the intention was to destroy it and any evidence it might contain relative to the Holmes case. The fire started in the rear of the structure on the first floor in the southwest corner of the building and the first known of it was when Thomas Rogers, the watchman at the railroad crossing, heard a muffled explosion. A moment later smoke was seen issuing from the windows of the building. A small crowd gathered, but were frightened away by three explosions similar to the first. Then in an instant the whole building was enveloped in a solid sheet of flame, and the work of destruction was well under way before the fire engines that had been summoned could get to work. It is said the explosions were caused by kerosene oil. The fire started in the rooms behind a confectionery store.

Bitten By a Mad Dog.

A London, Ont., despatch of Aug. 16, says: A four-year-old girl named Evans was bitten by a dog on Tuesday. On that night the dog died of what is claimed to be a genuine case of hydrophobia, the usual symptoms—frothing at the mouth and convulsions—having developed. On advice of the family physician, Dr. McArthur, the child has been taken to New York, where she will undergo the Pasteur treatment.

Two Centuries.

One hundred ruus is considered good scoring for an eleven, at cricket. Lately two Toronto men have made centuries off their own bats. They are D. W. Saunders and J. M. Laing. The latter made 102 (not out) in a match against the Wanderers of Chicago.

"If it were not so childish and out of date I could take a real good cry said the woman with the short hair. What is the matter, dear?" "I wore my husband's vest down town shopping yesterday, by mistake, and there were three big cigars sticking out of the top pocket. I never noticed it till I got home."—Indianapolis Journal.

A recent reader of "Westward Ho," has discovered that, because the story deals partly with the reign of Queen Mary and the brave old wooden walls of England, both are quite Marytime.—Fun.

PORK-RAISING IN TOWN.

THE HEALTH INSPECTOR SAYS IT MUST BE STOPPED AT ONCE.

The Pretty Little Pigs That Congregate on Queen Street Must Go.—Many of Them Have Already Gone to Summer Quarters. Down With the Pigs.

The board of health is acting energetically in removing nuisances which have been in the past responsible for much of the sickness in the town. Lately the inspector has made a determined raid on pigs, and there has been much squealing in consequence,—particularly in certain quarters on Queen street. It has been the custom for several householders to raise pork, not only within the limits, but in the very heart of the town. Now it is plain that such a state of affairs should not be allowed to exist, and the health inspector in his anti-pork crusade, will receive the hearty backing of all the sensible people of Woodstock. In most cases the offending parties admitted the corn,—or rather the pork,—and have removed the obnoxious pigs to green fields and pastures new, very much more suitable places for them than the sidewalks of Queen street. In one or two cases the inspector was accused of being harsh and of exercising a policy of coercion. But the coercion is positively necessary when milder measures do not avail. The anti-porkers are largely in the majority, and it is evident that the time of successful pig-raising in the town of Woodstock has come to an end.

Better Than Prison.

Deputy Sheriff Foster has received the following letter from Edgar Taylor and Willie Nason, the two boys who were sent to the Industrial Home, having been convicted of breaking into the Bazaar on Main street. It is plain that the home is a most satisfactory institution. The boys write as follows:—

BOYS IN THE HOME
Aug. 10th., 1895.

Dear Sir:—We will endeavor to write you a few lines this morning before beginning our work. It is Saturday and everything is busy as can be. We are well, happy, and content here. This is a lovely institution. The officers are all good and kind and we are just like one family. We have the superintendent Mr. Downey, with his wife, the teacher Miss Toole, and the guard, Mr. McDonald and they are always good and kind. We go to school every day except Saturday. Sundays we have church and Sunday school. There is an excellent library. When you come to St. John we wish you would come and call. If you see Mr. Carvell ask him to write to Edgar. Tell him he is sorry for what he has done and asks his forgiveness. We can see the ships coming in the harbor every day. There was H. M. S. Canada in here last week. This is all we have time to write today so we will say, Good morning. We would like to hear from you soon if you can make it convenient.

We remain yours respy
EDGAR TAYLOR and WILLIE NASON.

To the Dead Letter Office.

The Mayor has received several communications recently from Mr. Kinsey, the New York engineer, with regard to the sewerage. The plans, specifications and profile will be here in a few days, when a meeting of the sewer committee and of the doctors will be held to decide on immediate action. The plans in coming from New York got astray, and were sent to the dead letter office at Ottawa. Of course this caused delay.

Woodstock Markets.

As summer wears away toward fall, and the farmers are seen hauling load after load of apples into market, it would naturally strike the market editor to look up prices. Butter is slightly stronger than last week and is quoted at 15 to 16c.; eggs, 11 to 12c.; hay, \$6.50; new oats, 30c.; old oats, 35c.; potatoes, \$1; cheese 8 to 9c.; New Brunswick apples, \$1 to \$1.50; red astrachan, \$2; summer harveys, \$2; crimson beauties, \$2 to \$3, according to grade. The plum crop is a total failure. The Arctic—the only plum in the market, and there are few enough of them—sell at 75c. a peck. There are not enough plums to supply the local demand.

Election in Westmorland.

An election for the House of Commons to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Mr. Josiah Wood to the Senate, will be held on Saturday. The candidates in the field are H. A. Powell, Q. C., conservative, and E. A. Killam, liberal. Both candidates were members of the local house. The contest is quite exciting, and the result will be looked for with interest.

The way to be a true disciple, is not to make a specialty of looking for feet to wash but to do in kindness and love, whatever needs doing.