

THE DISPATCH.

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THE MUSINGS OF THE IMP.

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THE COMING ELECTION.

He is Told That Business Circles are Agitated.—Hardware and Dry Goods are in it.—From Politics to the Beauties of Nature.—Autumn Leaves.



I have been told by those in a position to know that an election for the local legislature will be held right away. Mr. Blair has not yet informed me whether this election is to be general, but it is certain at any rate that a by-election will be held in this county. I think of getting out my own card when the happy day is announced. In the meantime, there is a good deal of excitement among the professional politicians. It is said that the hardware business is somewhat agitated, and that dry goods are likely to figure in the coming conflict. A little bird tells me also that the Patrons of Industry mean to have a finger in the pie and altogether there will be some surprises after the writ is issued.

This is the month of the year when nature begins to show her age, and reminds us that the most beautiful things on this planet are short lived. The forest here is changing from the deep green that soothed the eye during the summer time to the variegated colors of green, red and yellow, which are the first signs of the serene and yellow leaves, that hangs to the listless tree, the sole survivor of all the glorious foliage of a New Brunswick summer. Now is the time for the artist to put on his most effective touches, and for the decorator of the homes of artificial humanity, to take a lesson from the great painter, nature, who knows what colors fit in, and presents them in their most attractive form. We look across a landscape and see green and yellow and red and blue, intermingled, and hold our breath at the wondrous harmony, but if we set these contrasting colors in our rooms, we would probably run the risk of being accused of a taste for gaudy if not loud coloring.

It is somewhat amusing to read that Russia is expressing the opinion that Japan can never be an influence among the great nations of the world, because she is heathen. Now, how absurd that is. I am sure the people on this free American continent are sufficiently heathen,—in everything but name—and the North American continent wields some influence. England is tolerably heathen, too, but she has a little to say, now and then. It cannot be expected that all nations can be as truly christian, as Holy Russia.

THE IMP.

HON. WM. LINDSAY.

The End of a Long Business and Public Career.

Death at eighty-two cannot be regarded as premature but death at eight or death at eighty is equally a mournful phenomenon to those who have lived and worked with the departed. On Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock Hon. Wm. Lindsay passed away. He had been ill for some weeks and his family well aware that he was nearing his end. For over half a century Mr. Lindsay was engaged in mercantile business in Woodstock, and for a great portion of the time he was in public life. By hard and devoted labor he built up a profitable business, and his life is striking instance of the success a man may attain by industry, perseverance and sterling honesty. In his public career Mr. Lindsay had the support for many years of the majority of the electors of this county. He was a man possessed of a quick wit and a ready tongue, and of course had many opponents, as well as friends. The following is a summary of the life of the deceased.

Mr. Lindsay was born in the county of Fermanagh, Ireland, A. D. 1813. His father, Thos. Lindsay, was a tenant farmer. When Mr. Lindsay was 15 years old he was sent to the town of Fintonaugh to learn the saddle and harness trade. When he was 22 years of age he came to America landing in St. John in June 1835. He came to Woodstock to see his parents who were residing here. Afterwards he went to Houlton, returning to Woodstock, where he carried on the harness business for the late Stephen Parsons. In 1837 Mr. Lindsay decided to engage in business for himself, and opened a shop at the end of the bridge, now occupied by Mr. B.

Lynch. In 1852 the first county council was elected, and the late Harry Dibblee and Wm. Lindsay were elected councillors for a district covering the area now included by the parishes of Woodstock and Richmond. Mr. Lindsay sat in the council till 1861, when he presented himself as a candidate for election to the House or Assembly. He was in opposition to the family compact party. He sat in the Assembly without intermission from 1861 to 1874. He favored confederation and was one of eight returned during the first election on that question. Mr. Lindsay sat for many years at the council board, and was a director of the old Mechanics Institute during the palmy days of that institution. In the general election of 1882, Mr. Lindsay was the conservative candidate for the House of Commons, and was defeated by David Irvine.

Mr. Lindsay's wife survives him. She was a daughter of the late Stephen Parsons, and a sister of Samuel Parsons. There are three surviving sons, Alex., John A. and Robert J. and a daughter Mrs. Wilkinson. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon. A service was held at the house of Mr. John A. Lindsay. Revs. Dr. Chapman and C. T. Phillips officiated, and the Methodist choir afforded music. There was a large attendance of the citizens of the town and surrounding vicinity. There were no pall bearers, the remains being carried from the house to the hearse by a brother of the deceased, Mr. Alex. Lindsay, and the three sons mentioned above. The interment took place in the protestant cemetery.

Blackened the Tan Boots.

A traveller from Montreal had too much of a good thing at one of the leading town hotels last week. He wore a pair of natty showy, tan boots, which were his delight and care, and the prominent ornaments to his pedal extremities. He was used to putting up at hotels where tan boots were equally honored with black boots, only the tan was put on the tan boots, and the blackening on the black boots. So, when he retired to rest in this classic town of Woodstock he put his tan boots out of the door and dropped peacefully to sleep dreaming of the beautiful mahogany polish the shoes would wear in the morning. He awoke after a refreshing sleep, poked his head out of doors, and what did he see? The tan boots had turned a coal black. He was not a drinking man and knew that it could not be the horrors. But no delirium tremens ever racked an unfortunate mebriate's brain as the sight of those transformed boots, racked the mind of the Montrealer. The proprietor was notified of the outrage, and it was found that a new boy was the cause of the mistake. He wasn't on to tan boots and polished them to a coal black. The injured boots were taken in hand and scoured and rubbed to bring them back to their original beautiful hue, but the traveller could not be appeased and left town hurriedly and with a vow that he and his boots would never come back to Woodstock.

Where The Sewers Will Be.

The recommendation of the town physicians having been endorsed by the town council, sewers will be placed through the following streets (Section 1) starting at Victoria and Green streets, along Green to Elm, down Elm to Main, Main to Victoria; up Victoria, down Guelph to Richmond, down Richmond to Cross, up Cross to Main, down Main to Prince Albert, out Prince Albert to Green.

(Section 2) commencing at corner of Connell and Main, out Connell to Cedar, up Green to Maple, out Maple to Main, out Chapel to Main, from corner Chapel to Maple along Main.

(Section 3) from Davis outlet, along Water to Connor, along Connor to Main, along Main to Broadway, up Broadway to Park, along Broadway to Queen South, along Queen to flushing tank, from corner of Connor along Water to Main up Main to flushing tank.

(Section 4) down Water to Bull, along Bull to Main, down Main to Prince William, Prince William to Union, south along Union to Main.

The Royal Infant.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The Lancet, the leading medical journal of Great Britain, in an article taking notice of rumors which have been circulated throughout the American papers that the young son and heir of the Duke of York is deaf and dumb, says: "He is a fine child, notable intelligent for his age, and already repeats a number of words. Do our go-head American cousins," it asks, "expect a child now-days to speak as soon as it is born?"

Coming to Canada.

Henry M. Stanley, M. P., the great African explorer is on his way to Canada.

WARD POLITICS FLOORED.

ELECTORS DECIDE FOR SIX COUNS. FROM TOWN AT LARGE.

A Small Vote But an Immense Majority. Only Three No's in Kings and Queens.—Solid South Also Gives a Majority for Act.

Woodstock made another move in the direction of desirable reform, on Monday. A vote of the electors was taken on the adoption of an act changing the constitution of the town council. The main provisions are the reduction of the number of councillors from ten to six, the abolition of the ward system and the election of the councillors from the town at large, the nomination of candidates to be ten days before the election, the secrecy of voting as in dominion and provincial elections. There was not a great deal of interest taken in the question, as it was a forgone conclusion that the measure would carry. The vote in its favor was practically unanimous on the north side of the bridge. In Wellington ward there were quite a few votes cast for the negative. The result was as follows:—

Kings and Queens Ward.	
Yes.....	94
No.....	3
Wellington Ward.	
Yes.....	36
No.....	21
Total Yes.....	130
Total No.....	24
Majority for.....	106

Town Council.

Couns. Vanwart, Leighton, Nicholson, Arnold, Gallagher, and Jones, were present at a meeting of the council on Friday evening. A question from His Worship about the doings of the water committee brought out a spirited speech from Coun. Arnold, who complained that he was not consulted by other members of the various committees on which he served. "The water committee never asked me a question. I have been up to the pumping station two or three times alone, but the committee has never mentioned a word to me in any way, shape or form. It is the same thing with the fire committee. It seems as though the chairmen of the committees take all the business to themselves. I am chairman of the sewer committee but I do not want all the business left on me."

This little affair occurred over a call for the water committee to report on the question of extending the system to residents on the Houlton road. Incidentally the question of collecting water rates came up.

Superintendent Munro was around, and when the council talked about water rates, he remarked, "I do not like to shut the councillors' water off. I do not say all the councillors are behind, but some of them are."

A long discussion arose over the collection of taxes. Coun. Vanwart wanted the finance committee to be empowered to employ a man to collect back taxes paying not more than 10% commission. Some of the members thought this was a reflection on Marshall Gibson, who held the position of collector, but Coun. Vanwart explained that Mr. Gibson would be given the option of making the collections. A motion embodying the views of the finance committee was passed.

Coun. Jones asked permission to sell the oxen on the poor farm and buy a horse. This was agreed to.

Next came along Coun. Gallagher with a grievance. The electric lights would not work, and he wanted authority to employ a St. John electrician to set things right. It transpired that caretaker Hendry had told the electric light committee that the carbons are burning the wrong way, and no one knows what is the matter. There is great danger of the dynamo burning out.

Coun. Vanwart wanted to know the intention of the council with respect to the bond for putting in the sewerage. It was decided that the bonds should pay 4% and run for twenty years. They will be issued in the middle of October.

Coun. Nicholson opened a question which is likely to be heard from again. He complained that there were glaring inequalities in the way the assessment list was made up. He proposed that the council appoint valuers to look into the matter. When two men had adjoining property, it was often found that the man holding the property of the less value was taxed more than the man owning the more valuable land.

The town treasurer was instructed to bring his books before the council which will resolve itself into a committee of the whole on the affair.

Coun. Nicholson was given authority by the council to attend to the repairs on the town hall.

The question of the disposal of the asphalt which lies exposed at the Lower Corner was discussed. The street committee will be expected to see it removed where it will be preserved for another year.

A BICYCLING TRIP.

Thane Jones Writes of His Trip Through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

After making a five hundred mile run on a wheel one is in a position to draw some conclusions about this delightful sport. Just how many miles a day a fellow may make and thoroughly enjoy himself depends of course largely upon the rider's disposition. There are those who are perfectly happy if they can note upon the cyclometer at the end of a day's run, eighty or ninety miles. What care they if they see in the rings of smoke from their evening pipe but a stretch of brown road? No evening memories of the sunny landscapes, no recollections of the half hours spent in the cool shades near the little spring in the meadow. They care not for such. In their dreams they feel not again the glories of the ride, rather do they but hear, with the same senseless pleasure, the ringing of that little bell that works for some the covering of each successive mile. After running from early morning into the evening they reluctantly allow nature a little respite, and in talking to some chance acquaintance, they boast of a ninety mile run. "Just a pleasure trip, I suppose," is asked them. "O, yes; just riding through to see the country." See the country!

Boys, when you take a trip on the wheel leave the prosy old cyclometer at home. It has its uses, but not on a pleasure trip. That old rule in natural philosophy might be slightly changed and still stand—what is gained in speed is lost in fun!

I spent two weeks riding half a thousand miles. Most wheelmen, especially first year wheelmen, would feel a sort of shame had they to confess a truth revealing such a loitering along the road, in the villages, about the towns, over the morning pipe or talking to some old philosopher along the edge of the hayfield. How many apples have I eaten with these kindly-natured gentlemen. What peculiar old ideas one often hears from those honest, shrewd old fellows. One quickly loses one's unreasoning early prejudices and in their stead grows up a tolerance for all the finest fruit of the world's civilization.

The most beautiful scenery I found along the St. John river, about the Sussex valley, and through the rich and beautiful valley of the River John. The old stage roads are always the best for bicycles.

Down here in Sherbrooke all is beautiful. The many lakes, the pastures, the mines, the lumbering industries, all are worth seeing. These first autumn nights, glorious in the full moonlight, are unequalled for riding.

I shall return through the valley of the Annapolis, which I have always longed to see. Nearly always have I met fellow wheelmen from town to town. Wherever bicyclists meet they meet as strangers; they part as friends. The wheel seems to act as a common bond to make them kin.

THANE JONES.

Sherbrooke, N. S., Sept. 9th, 1895.

Meduxnakik Fishway.

The much talked of fishway is now in the dam near Davis' mill, and if it works right everything will be lovely. It was put in by Mr. Geo. A. Perley, of Manguerville, assisted by three men. The fishway is on what is called the old fish ladder plan. It is 75 feet long, 8 feet wide and 3 feet high. There are some fourteen compartments so arranged that the water passes from one to the other through an outlet two feet three inches wide. The fishway is on the same plan as one put in the Aroostook river some years ago, above Caribou. In that fishway the grade is one foot in five while the Meduxnakik way has a grade of one foot in ten. Mr. Perley thinks it will work well but some residents in town do not altogether approve of the new construction. Time will reveal its working.

Board of Trade.

At a meeting of the Board of Trade on Monday evening, it was decided to pursue an energetic course during the coming winter months, and to deal with matters affecting the welfare of the town in an energetic manner.

John Graham gave notice of the following resolution, to be presented at the next meeting of the board; "that the dominion government be petitioned next session to take off the duty on coal-oil and that the boards of the province be asked to unite with this board in presenting such a petition to parliament."

St. John Exhibition.

The International Exhibition to be held in St. John from Sept. 24 to Oct. 4 promises to be a grand affair and to surpass anything of the kind previously held in this province.

JOHNNY GETS HIS GUN.

WOODSTOCK FIELD BATTERY IN CAMP ON DOHERTY'S FARM.

Only Eight Days Drill This Year.—Officers and Men.—A Past That Reflects Credit on the Soldiers and the County to Which They Belong.—Inspection.

The Woodstock Field Battery has long been a pet and pride to the people of Carleton county, who take an interest in military affairs. And the corps deserves the popularity it has attained. On all occasions, as a corps, it has seen well to the front among the batteries of the dominion, and its officers have, in their individual capacity, acquitted themselves so creditably as to reflect honor on the county to which they belong.

The battery is now in camp on Doherty's farm at the head of town. They got to work on Friday last and will have eight days drill. They would like it to be longer, but, of course, have to submit to the orders of the powers that be.

Lt.-Col. F. H. J. Dibblee is in command, and he has under him two lieutenants, Doherty and Good, Surgeon Hand, Vet. Surgeon Donville, Sergt. Major Scott, Quartermaster Fields and Sergeants Taylor, Toms, Dysart and Smith. There are four corporals, four bombardiers—a total rank and file of 79 men, with four guns, and 29 horses.

The corps is made up of two divisions, the right division under Lieut. Doherty, while Lieut. Good looks after the left division. A brief record of the stand taken by this corps will be of interest. In 1892 this battery competed on the Island of Orleans, Quebec, under the auspices of the Dominion Rifle Association. On that occasion they won the first prize, the Oswald cup, and \$55 in cash. Lieut. Good took third prize in firing, and the first prize in the officers' observing competition also fell to the Woodstock Field Battery. In 1893, Col. Dibblee won, at the Island of Orleans, third prize in the officers' firing competition. In the annual drill at Sussex that year, the corps got third prize in the driving competition. Last year, 1894, Lieut. C. Dibblee took first prize and Lieut. Good second prize in the officers' competition, while the battery won first money against all the batteries in the dominion, drilling at local headquarters. In driving and gun practice they also took first place. Sergeant Taylor made 46 out of a possible 46 in firing last year.

It will be seen that the Woodstock Field Battery is no slouch.

Last year Major Drury of the Kingston Battery was inspecting officer and he expressed his surprise at the excellence of the work accomplished by this battery. This year the inspecting officer will be Capt. Hudson of A. Battery Kingston. He will be here tomorrow when the firing competition will take place.

On Sunday morning the battery had church parade. The men marched well. The Woodstock Cornet Band accompanied them to and from the church. A number of young men of the town and the band, were hospitably entertained at officers' mess after the parade was over, and after lunch the band played some appropriate selections.

Life's Battle too Hard.

MONTREAL, QUE., Sept. 6.—Mrs. George Turner, 89 1-2 Caniere street, was found in a dying condition at her house with a bottle of laudanum beside her on a table. She was removed to the Notre Dame Hospital and treated, and hopes are entertained for her recovery. The police found a loaded revolver and the following letters, which tell the sad tale:

Sept. 4, 1895.

Dear Mary,—About you I am in great trouble, as I have not succeeded in raising some money. I tried to borrow and could not. I cannot get any from Thompson and today I took another small line of samples and will work hard to raise money by the end of the week. You must be very miserable, and perhaps starving, and I cannot help you. I am wretched about myself.

Yours sincerely, GEORGE.

Lying beside this letter was the following one in French: It was dated Sept 5:

"I prefer to die than see my two children suffering. I have fought as much as ever I could against my misery, but I have no more bread and my children are crying. Blame no one if you find me dead. I am the only responsible person for the act I have committed."

The woman's husband got out of work some time ago, and in order to help matters along the woman opened a small candy store only to lose all the little money she had invested. The husband left to look for work, and as his letter states was unsuccessful. Worse times succeeded bad, hence the despair of the mother. All the neighbors speak highly of Mrs. Turner as a wife and a mother.