

THE DISPATCH.

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THE MUSINGS OF THE IMP.

THE POLITICAL EDITOR AND HIS POLITICAL VIEWS.

Doesn't Know What to Think of Westmorland.—Busy Calculating Some Facts on College Education.—The Old Man and the New Woman.



The latest addition to THE DISPATCH staff is a political editor. The management had a long consultation before they decided that in view of the coming general elections, he was a necessity. A present he has a room to himself in the attic. Since he came on the staff he has been pondering deeply to find which side of politics he is on. He told me the other day that it would be impossible for him to come to a final decision until after the Westmorland election. And now, strange to say, he is as undecided as ever. He doesn't know whether it is a tory or a grit triumph. Both parties claim it is such. However, he went so far as to say he thought Powell must be better satisfied with the result than Kilham. He was greatly worried over a question of fact. Speaking of a meeting before the election, the St. John Sun said that twice as many people attended the tory meeting as were present at the liberal gathering, while the Telegraph asserted directly the opposite. He says he would like to be a patriot, but that no one knows the meaning of the word, now-a-days, and it is to be left out of all dictionaries published in the future. The word "boodler" is to be substituted. This new member of the staff is now engaged day and night in working out to a mathematical certainty, the result of the general elections. When he has settled this, beyond a doubt, he will decide which side of politics he is on. He told me, in confidence, and then winked both eyes.

"She was a stylish girl with New York manners and styles, and a pretty rather expressionless face, strongly addicted to fads, and after about four years of college life still something of a fool." This is a sentence from a new short story treating of girls' college life. I have seen girls who answered this description perfectly, and boys, too, for that matter. I remember hearing a professor, whom I am glad to call my friend, and who by the way has the very good taste to subscribe for this great journal, say that "during the four years of a college course young men are exposed to the contagion of knowledge and many of them escape the disease." College education doesn't make brains, but it is a very successful developer of them where it finds them. When one sees a fool with a good education one is apt to rail at blind fate for not conferring the education on a man of some brains. But, after all, the fool needed the education more than the brany fellow did, so perhaps things are best as they are.

There is no doubt about it, the new woman is down on the old man, and she walks to and fro upon the earth and up and down on it, with a chip on her tailor-made shoulder, looking for his gore. What the poor man has been doing I can't find out, unless, perhaps, it is to be that he hasn't married her with sufficient frequency. But it can't be that, for she professes a great contempt for him. Then, how could he marry her anyway. It's all very pleasant making love on a bicycle built for two, but when two people try to live on an income strictly built for one, well that's another matter. Give up cigars, an occasional visit to the theatre, an outing with the fellows now and then, for what? The answer smells of paregoric and squills. No, thanks!

There are some curious things in human nature, too. Once upon a time, in a certain bright town in this dominion, two vehicles ran into each other. Both parties were upset, and there was a general spill out. In one vehicle was a doctor, who while he was thrown out, was not hurt. In the other was a worthy citizen, who was also thrown out, and badly shaken up. The doctor spent some time feeling for broken bones on the corpus of his fellow unfortunate, but finally assured him that he did not think anything was broken. Instead of an exclamation of gratitude, the worthy citizen remarked "you haven't fifty cents, you could lend me, doctor, have you?"

THE IMP.

"Forgiven."

A good house welcomed Mr. Frederic Bryton and his dramatic company, who ap-

peared at the Opera House in "Forgiven," on Monday evening. The play was well put on and the parts creditably taken, Mr. Bryton being particularly effective. Of course there was a villainous villain, a heroic hero, and a couple of foolish women in the cast. It was the sort of play that takes with people fond of the melodramatic, as the frequent applause testified. Perhaps a little less of the awfully solemn, and a little more of the funny would have been an improvement. However, that was the fault of the play, not of the actors. The whole thing was much better than we generally get here.

County Convention.

Our Hartland correspondent writes as follows:

The County Convention of the W. C. T. U. met in annual meeting in the Methodist church last Friday afternoon. Owing to the inclemency of the weather not many were present from places outside of the village.

In the absence of the County President, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. R. K. Jones, of Woodstock, occupied the chair. The usual business was transacted in the afternoon session. In the evening the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The room was nicely decorated for the occasion. Speeches were delivered by Mrs. Jones, Mrs. S. H. Shaw and Mrs. Carr; and Revs. Barnes and Smith. The singing and recitations were nice. The chief topic of the evening seemed to be "How to get beer out of Hartland."

The Cosgrove Concert Company played to a large and appreciative audience in Burt's Hall on Saturday evening. Had it not rained so heavily there would have been many more attending. The company was one of the best that ever came here.

Pipe laying on Main-street will be finished on Wednesday.

The heavy rain of the past few days here raised the water in the Guimic to such a height that Mr. Sawyer will get most of his lumber in a few days. It is expected that the mill will then be run until the end of the season without intermission.

Of all hard times the poor horse on the ferry boat has the worst. It was kept out in the pouring rain all Saturday afternoon. The horse is at the age when it should not be put at such hard work. It is said that for a young and spry horse, if it were fed well, the work of towing the boat across would not be unduly hard but under the present circumstances it looks as if the S. P. C. A. would find a case, if they looked very much.

Carleton County Stallion Race.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

At the present time the speed of the different horses at the park is attracting no small amount of attention, and without doubt, the most interest is directed towards the stallions viz: Red Glen, Lord Dufferin, Louis J., Dr. Brown's D'Arcy and G. Saunderson's grey stallion. A stallion race limited to horses owned in this county and including the above, would draw a very large number to the park, and there is no doubt that, if Mr. Murphy could offer a purse of \$200, or add \$100. to a subscription of \$25. from each owner, he could get them together. Earlier in the season, this race was spoken of. I hope to see it carried out by publicly calling attention to it.

SPORT.

This Morning's Wedding.

A quiet wedding in St. Luke's church Woodstock, this morning at 5 o'clock, when Newton E. Drier, of Connell, was married to Miss Hope A. Kilburn, of Richmond, gives occasion for a host of friends to lay their congratulations at the feet of a young lady and gentleman of deserving popularity. The ceremony was performed by Venerable Archdeacon Neales. W. W. Hay gave away the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Drier left on the early train for Montreal where Mr. Drier will take a course in medicine at McGill University.

Mr. Gladstone's Views.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—The Daily News says: Among the guests at Mr. Gladstone's garden party Thursday were the American ex-Postmaster General, Thomas L. James, and his daughters and E. A. Quintard of New York. In conversation with the guests Mr. Gladstone remarked that he used to prophesy that if the United States adopted free trade they would attain the highest position in the world, nevertheless they would not injure England; on the contrary they would improve her position.

Getting Better.

The Miss McLeod who narrowly escaped drowning in the steamboat and schooner collision near Chatham, recently, is Miss Kate McLeod, daughter of Simon McLeod and teacher in the primary school in the college building. She is getting on very well, though still suffering from the injuries she sustained.

Westmoreland.

The election in Westmoreland on Saturday to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Mr. Josiah Wood to the Senate, resulted in the return of Mr. Powell, conservative by a majority of 685 over his liberal opponent, Mr. Kellam.

THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP

IS WON BY CAPT. AND ADJT. RAYMOND OF THE 67TH.

The Only Representative From Carleton Co. Does His Duty.—A Close Competition and Good Shooting.—Facts About the Cup.—Former Winners.

Upwards of 100 competitors were in attendance at the annual meeting of the New Brunswick Rifle Association at Sussex last week, a larger number than for some years past. Captain A. J. Raymond was the only representative of Carleton County and he distinguished himself by winning the Prince of Wales Cup, the association medal and money prizes amounting to \$25.00. The finish of the contest for the Prince of Wales Cup was one of the most exciting incidents of the meeting. Capt. Raymond and George Langstroth, the latter usually considered the best of the famous Langstroth family of Kings County marksmen, were paired in the firing. At the 200 yards range each made the creditable score of 29 points out of seven shots, standing position. They were the last to shoot at the 500 yards range. Here after the first few shots the white disc (the bulls-eye signal) kept coming up again and again until the two between them had scored fifteen successive bullseyes on the target. It was soon seen that the cup was likely to be won by one or other of the men and a big crowd gathered at the firing point to see the finish. Capt. Raymond by a bullseye on his third shot at 500 yards secured a lead of one point. In his remaining seven shots Langstroth found the bullseye every time but so did the Captain. The latter had to fire the final shot; the crowd whispered "an inner to tie and a bullseye to win." The moment was a trying one and Mr. Raymond was obliged twice to come down from the shoulder to steady himself. At the third attempt he got the shot off satisfactorily the white disc promptly came up once more, amid the cheers of onlookers, and Carleton County had won. A moment later the target appeared with the "spotting disc" right in the middle of the bulls-eye. The victory seemed a popular one and the winner received congratulations on all sides. An old veteran marksman observed "the 67th's representation is generally small in quantity but the quality is all right."

The Prince of Wales Cup is by all odds the handsomest prize awarded at the meeting, it is of solid silver and was the gift of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the time of his visit to the province in 1860. For thirty-five years it has been the ambition of New Brunswick marksmen to capture the prize at the annual shooting. Four times during that period the cup has come to Carleton County. A few years after it was donated the cup was won by Malcom McLeod, a member of the famous Woodstock Rifles that formed the "guard of honor" and gained such distinction by the proficiency of their drill at Fredericton on the occasion of the Princes visit in 1860. No future winner of the Prince of Wales Cup will ever receive such a reception as awaited Malcom McLeod on his return to Woodstock. He was met at the steamer wharf by the Rifles in full uniform, and placed in a barouche in which were seated Col. Baird (at that time captain of the company) and one or two leading citizens. Headed by the band and followed by half the boys in town the procession paraded the streets of Woodstock, McLeod holding the cup on his knee and receiving quite an oration. Malcom delighted to tell the story of how he won the cup, and he found many sympathetic listeners. "When I got there," he used to say "nobody took any notice of me; they thought I was from the bush I guess. But after I had made a good score at 200 yards some of them began to say 'Who is this McLeod anyway?' After I had made another good score at 300 yards they began to speak to me and asked me where I learned to shoot. After I finished at 400 yards and won the cup they began to shake hands with me!"

The next winner of the cup from Carleton County was Lieutenant Simon McLeod a brother of Malcom, and as good and reliable a shot as the County ever produced. He always made a good record at home and abroad and on one occasion headed the grand aggregate at Sussex. The third winner of the cup was Captain Robert Kirkpatrick of Debec, who was also a splendid marksman, secured first prizes at Sussex and is so far the only representative from this county on the Wimbledon (now Bisley) team.

There is material in every company of the 67th battalion as well as in the Brighton Engineers and in the Woodstock Field Battery for making fine shots and the liberal inducements held out by prizes for "tyros" and in the "Nursery Match" should secure a far larger contingent of marksmen from Carleton County at the next annual meeting at Sussex than have heretofore attended.

The St. John Sun says:—Capt. A. J. Raymond of the 67th Battalion, who won the Prince of Wales' cup, was the only Carleton county representative to take part in this year's competition at Sussex. His closest competitor was Sergt. George Langstroth. The two men tied with 29 points at the 200 yards range, and at 500 yards Raymond only came out one point ahead in the ten shots. That one point he gained in his third shot, and, as the detailed score shows, both riflemen plugged the bulls-eye every time from that on to the close. Following is the score at 500 yards:

Langstroth 5 2 4 5 5 5 5 5 5—46
Raymond 4 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—47

That Capt. Raymond shot well throughout the entire meeting is shown by the fact that he stands ninth man in the grand aggregate with 280 points. It is now in order for Carleton county to give its representative a rousing reception on his return home.

TRIED BY FIRE.

And Not Found Wanting.—Energetic Concern.

"I never made so many cash sales as this year. In fact we could not manufacture waggons and carriages to keep up with the demand."

This was the remark made by Mr. D. A. Grant to THE DISPATCH one day last week.

"The people of the country round about and from great distances have patronized us more generously than ever, since we were burned out, and what is very important these have made prompt payments."

A brief inspection of Mr. Grant's establishment on the bank of the creek plainly indicates that he is telling the simple, unvarnished truth.

He employs twenty-four men. The ground floor of the building is devoted mainly to the blacksmithing and woodshop. Each of these compartments is 50 x 25 while in the rear is a good sized ware room. Then on the next flat, are the fine painting shop, the rough painting shop and the trimming shop. On the third flat is a capacious store room. Mr. Grant will probably erect a large and handsome building in front of his present factory early next spring.

There are many admirable vehicles to be seen in this establishment, some are just in the initial stages, some about half completed and some already for the buyer to take away. A handsome Bangor buggy purchased by Mr. Wilmot Balloch of Centreville was noticed. It is furnished with the celebrated Richard's long distance axles and is guaranteed to go 700 miles without oiling. It is handsomely trimmed with the very best broadcloth.

Another pretty and at the same time useful affair is a two seated Surrey, which is soon to find a purchaser at the exceedingly reasonable price which the firm requires.

The carriage makers are borrowing from the bicycle. D. A. Grant & Co., are building a number of road wagons, with the ball-bearing axles.

Among his workmen Mr. Grant has S. B. Charlton, an experienced and talented painter, who worked in Boston at decorative art for twenty-five years. He has just completed a very handsome bit of decoration in the shape of hand painting on a concord wagon.

To show that the reputation of this firm is well established it need only be mentioned that they have already orders in for seventy-five pungs. By strict attendance to business, excellence of work, promptness in fulfilling promises, and square dealing generally, D. A. Grant & Co., have established a business creditable alike to themselves and country. The late fire seems only to have had the effect of stimulating their energy.

Reducing the Governor's Salary.

ADELAIDE, Aug. 22.—The Hon. F. W. Holder, Treasurer of South Australia, in making a speech on the budget in the Assembly to-day, said he regretted to announce that there was a deficit of £98,000 despite the continued economies of the Government. The chief decrease was in the customs receipts. Mr. Holder declared that further economies including a reduction of the Governor's and other salaries, gave an estimated credit balance of £7,000.

Chloral Habit Ground For Divorce.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Aug. 29.—Notice of a divorce suit entered by her husband was served upon Mrs. W. F. Gillon, Thursday. She is a sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York. The charge made is gross and confirmed habits of intoxication by chloral.

Finance Minister on a Wheel.

Among the Apohaqui wheelman is the Hon. Mr. Foster, who manages his bike quite skilfully, having been an expert with the old-fashioned tricycle "in his boyhood's happy days down on the farm."—Record.

A ROARING CYCLONE.

HENRY TEDLIE HAS A VISITOR THAT SMASHES THINGS UP.

Buildings, Fences and Trees Demolished.—A Swath of Four Rods Cut Clear.—Fences Rails Broken in the Air.—Ravages in the Forest.

An unwelcome visitor to the county on Thursday last was a cyclone. It struck Mr. Henry Tedlie's farm, eight miles above Woodstock on the eastern side of the river. The report, when it first reached town, was discredited, but confirmation soon came. Jas. Woolverton went up to the scene of the destroyer on Friday, and found it quite as bad as represented.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Tedlie called in to THE DISPATCH office and told this journal all about the affair. His house is situated on a side hill, a short distance from the river, and about two and a half miles above Newburg Junction. It was about half past twelve that he noticed the cyclone or tornado coming.

The main road is some rods from his house. The cyclone came up the hill. It looked like a funnel shaped cloud, and covered a distance of about four rods in width. Near the main road was a partially completed workshop, which Robt. Richardson was erecting. The cyclone lifted this structure off its sills, and landed it, broken up, into the middle of the highway road. It completely swept the fence in the line of its march, carrying the rails into the air, whirling them around and breaking them into pieces. Some of the bits of rails were scattered forty rods from the place where the rails were caught. An oat field, where the crop was cut ready for harvesting, was on the route taken by the tornado. It picked up the oats as clear as a horse rake and scattered the straw seventy-five and one hundred rods away. The grain was shelled and lay thick on the ground. An immense cedar pole, which two men could lift with difficulty, was lifted from the gutter where it had lain, and carried into the adjoining oat field.

The cyclone passed within ten rods of Mr. Tedlie's house. It circled up the hill, scattering everything in its way, attaining its force at the top, sweeping and whirling along till it came to the woods beyond. It demolished the forest as it had the fences and buildings and crops in the open. Mr. Tedlie followed it up. The tops of the trees were broken off along its course. A birch tree, with a trunk as big as a barrel, was stripped of every vestige of a bough or limb. It covered a distance in length of between four and five miles before its fury was spent. He thinks it was going at the rate of 40 or 50 miles an hour.

As it passed along it made a tremendous roaring which could be heard miles away. It was a regular air whirlpool twisting and breaking everything in its path.

After it passed by neighbors came and helped Mr. Tedlie clear the main road which was completely blocked with wreckage. Of the fence which was struck, about one quarter was broke up into two, three and four foot pieces.

The like was never seen by any resident of this country, and it is hoped will not be experienced again.

Bicyclists, Beware!

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 24.—Dr. Heine Marks, ex-supt. of the city hospital, yesterday denounced bicycle riding as follows: "To my mind, owing to the excess of exercise indulged in by the bicycle riders of to-day, when a man or woman buys a wheel they take the first spadeful of earth from their graves. To give some idea of the unwholesomeness of bicycle riding, listen to this: First, you have a kind of paralysis of the hands from constant gripping of the handle bar, then contraction of the muscles of the legs, contraction of posterior muscles of the lower limbs and of the inside muscles of the thighs; round shoulders from stooping over, contraction of the chest. This causes congestion of the lungs and leads to consumption. Continued violent exercise also leads to enlargement of the heart. Furthermore with men rupture, varicocele, hydrocele, follow; and worst of all it destroys virility. With women, constant riding causes troubles peculiar to women. Married women riding bicycles are especially liable to very serious physical mishaps. In fact, the dangers are multitudinous. People have neglected them too long, and if the entire world is not depopulated by the increasing membership of this suicide club, the human race will die out by reason of the lack of manhood and inability to propagate."

Babyhippotamusville.

Since the big Sells' Eros, circus visited Woodstock the lady hippopotamus has given birth to a baby weighing one hundred pounds. The auspicious event occurred at Brockville, Ont., and now that town is known as "Babyhippotamusville."