

We've Got Them Again!

Owing to some difficulty between the Canadian customs authorities and the manufacturers of Perrin's Kid Gloves, we have been unable to sell these superior Gloves to our customers. That difficult has been overcome, and we have just received a large consignment of them. We offer them at the same prices you pay elsewhere for cheap gloves. We have the sole agency for this county.



We have in stock the Most Complete Line of **LADIES' JACKETS** ever carried in Woodstock. These are in all the Latest Styles and of the most approved and Beautiful Cloths. If you will call at our store we will be more than pleased to show these Jackets to you. You don't have to buy, but if you want to we will be glad to sell.



G. W. VANWART, 20 King St.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTY.

ASHLAND.

Not having seen any items from this place for some time I think I will try and write a few of the doings and happenings of this interesting community.

Every one has finished harvesting and the crops are reported exceptionally good.

Nearly all the men have gone to the "bush" and as a consequence there are lots of "old maids" and grass widows wandering disconsolately around. Guy McCollom, the veteran lumberman, has again struck a new "permit." This time it is the very head waters of the river. On the 7th W. Guy started with his horses which he drove to Edmundston, from which point he shipped them by rail via the Temiscouata to Riviere de Loupe, then via the I. C. R. to Quebec Junction where they laid off over Sunday. Monday they reloaded on the Quebec Central which landed them at their destination with a sixty mile portage ahead of them. On the 12th Mr. McCollom started with his men intending to join "Willie" Guy on Wednesday morning. He took Merrill Taylor with him as clerk and he has promised to write up the trip for THE DISPATCH, we shall look for it with interest. Frank Graham has gone up to operate for McCollom. He will cut about a million I am told. Al Clark has gone also with his team. Nearly all the young fellows have gone and many of the girls look sad. But never mind no matter how much you miss 'er, they will be back in the spring.

Burchill Stewart has gone to the woods with his team for Hayward, and Verne Jackson starts with his horses this week.

Mrs. W. Guy McCollom and children are visiting at Highgate.

Apple parings are or have been the order of the night. Some were highly enjoyable affairs while others—why go into harrowing details.

Beecher Stewart has purchased one of Messrs. Small & Fisher's feed and grist mills, which does good work.

I notice that the Highgate correspondent to the Sentinel speaks of pairings. Yes, we have noticed it ourselves, but would advise our esteemed friend not to publish his own infirmities, they are apparent enough to us without our attention being called to the fact.

J. Ed. McCollom has secured some fine horses, among them being the Ross horse, the Campbell horse, and a black horse from Tom McCray. Burchill Stewart has bought the Shep. Boyer mare. Verne Jackson has bought a very nice pair of black horses, weighing over 1400 lbs. a piece. He has also sold his fine driving colt, Delmo Wilkes, to J. E. McCollom. Sam Craig has sold his mare to W. H. Hayward.

HARTLAND.

Mr. Fred M. Boyd, of Hartland, and Miss Mildred Thornton of the same place, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents, Riverside Hotel, at one o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. B. Trafton. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Bertha, the groomsmen were Mr. Dudley Day. There were a number of guests present. The bride was the recipient of many elegant and useful presents. The happy couple took the afternoon train for their future home in Woodstock, followed by the best wishes of their many friends.

George Cox is finishing up a three story tenement.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Forester's Hall. H. M. Stevens is the workman in charge, and has with him six carpenters. Soon there will be a number of men in addition to the present crew.

Kickapoo Medicine Co. No. 53 is taking the town by storm in so much as they have a full house every night. Though it might seem that the performance is too cheap to be good, yet some of Mr. Higgins' legdramatic work is truly marvelous in appearance. "Ginger" the performing dog is a favorite and a terror to smaller dogs about this village.

Since Prof. Lint has undertaken the instruction of the cornet band decided strains of harmony have superseded the previously existing soul-harrowing sounds that the boys so mercilessly inflicted upon the village.

J. E. Mitchell has been in this vicinity for some time back repairing the Western Union Telegraph lines.

KNOXFORD.

Last evening a number of Rev. J. E. Flewelling's friends assembled at Robinson Longstaff's and spent a very enjoyable evening besides contributing liberally. The ladies had brought pies and baskets, consequently Fred Longstaff was chosen auctioneer. The bids were high and lively, due possibly to the Florenceville hay pressers who fortunately were present. The highest bidder was Howard Estey, who secured his basket for \$1.15. Four others brought \$1.00 each. Only two sold for less than 50, and only three as low as 50. Three others sold for 80 cts. each. There were not enough baskets. Rev. J. E. Flewelling heartily thanked donors.—Oct. 15.

WAKEFIELD CENTRE.

A few weeks ago Mr. Henry Briggs on going to his cheese factory found the door lock forced, and on investigation found a number of cheese gone. He immediately started for town, where with the aid of some neighbors he found a man with a cheese trying to sell it. Mr. Briggs knew it was his, and on charging the man with the theft, the fellow owned up acknowledging the theft, told how he did it, told where the cheese were hidden, and gave up the instrument he had for forcing locks, as he concluded to steal no more. Mr. Briggs went to where the thief said they were and found twelve cheeses hid down in a stack of buckwheat straw behind the barn. He brought them home that night and on looking over the cheese in the factory found more were missing. He went back next day and found two more. He was well pleased to get the cheese back again and was undecided what to do; but while he was hesitating the thief stepped over to Uncle Sam's where he is at present. The thief is a well known character in Jacksonville and his leaving is considered a good riddance, if he only stays away.

Harvey Hopkins who has been to the States for a few years has returned and is helping his father to farm.

Mrs. Gilbert Hagerman has returned from a week's visit to her parents in Newburg.

Miss Carrie Caldwell has got home from a week's visit to friends at Hartland.

Eyes scientifically tested by W. B. Jewett, Optician, Woodstock, N. B.

CENTREVILLE.

Mr. Herrick Scholey left for British Columbia this morning with the intention of seeking his fortune in the West. He has always been a general favourite in the village, so his late associates in the band, and the young fellows of the village tendered him a banquet at the residence of Mr. Howard White on Saturday night. The tables fairly groaned under the weight of the delicious viands; and the hearty manner in which they were partaken of spoke volumes for Mrs. White's reputation as an unrivalled hostess. The toasts were next in order. When all had joined in drinking to the health of the Queen, Dr. Brown, in a neat speech, proposed the health of the guest of the evening, and on behalf of those assembled presented him with a handsome seal cap. Mr. Scholey made a short and feeling reply, ending by assuring them that he would never forget his native home nor the friends that he left behind. The toast to the "ladies" was then proposed by H. W. Peppers, and was responded to in a witty way by Guy Balloch. E. L. West drew forth round after round of applause by his clever response to the toast of "the benedictus." "The host and the hostess" was then proposed by Mr. Henry Scholey in which he referred in glowing terms to the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. White. On behalf of his wife Mr. White thanked the guests for their expressions of good will and friendship. Then this most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by all joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Sygne."

Mr. Scott has returned from Bristol and will open up a blacksmith shop at his old stand in the part adjoining Mr. Hiram Clarke's work shop. En passant it may be said, that Mr. Clarke, has one of the neatest and most commodious workshops in the County. He has lately sheathed and painted it inside; and the appearance outside is improved by the hanging of new glass doors. The whole appearance of the shop is indicative of the first class workman; and the quality of the work turned out is another evidence of the same.

Mrs. Robert Reid, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly recovering under the care of Dr. Baker.

Mr. Gordon Cormier of North Berwick, Mass., is spending his vacation with his parents here.

A children's concert was given in the Baptist meeting house last night, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The church was crowded to the doors and every one commented on the excellent manner in which the little ones performed their parts. A noticeable feature of the concert was the singing of the little eight year old girl of Mr. Allison McCain. This child has a wonderfully rich and powerful alto voice and gives promise of being a star singer some day. The success of the concert is due to the efforts of Mrs. Wilmot Harold who spared no pains to teach the little ones to perform their parts well, and they did.

Miss May White arrived home on Saturday after a pleasant visit with friends in Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Parlee, of Westfield, Kings Co., is visiting her mother, Mrs. G. W. White.

Mrs. Wilmot Balloch spent last week with friends in Woodstock.

Work on Mr. Simonson's new mill is progressing rapidly; and he hopes to be able to commence sawing some time next month.

Mr. Alonzo Dougherty left for British Columbia this morning followed by the good wishes of his friends.

You will want to read these long evenings, prepare for it by getting the last artificial aid from W. B. Jewett, Optician, Woodstock.

DOWN THE EMBANKMENT.

And Into The Nashwaak River They Go.

It was a narrow escape certain passengers on a Canada Eastern train had last Saturday afternoon. A special train from Blackville, consisting of an engine, tender and one first-class passenger coach, was thrown from the track by a landslide striking the train about 3 o'clock. The train was in charge of Engineer Scott Cowperthwaite, Fireman Enmack and Brakeman Jewett of the suburban service, and had on board Alex. Gibson, Supt. Hoben, Mrs. A. McH. Shaw, Alfred Avery, Marshall Brewer, Benjamin Brewer, and James D. Johnston, a commercial traveller representing Green's clothing house of Montreal. The road at this point runs close along the Nashwaak shore under a high bank, and as the train rounded the curve about three hundred yards above the place it now lies, in the engineer noticed a bunch of cedar trees and a quantity of earth start from the bank above. His train was coming at the rate of about thirteen miles an hour at the time, and he at once applied the air brakes and reversed his engine. The landslide struck the engine and forced it from the rails, and after running about one length ahead the train left the road-bed and tumbled into the Nashwaak river. The bank is almost perpendicular here, and the engine and cars now lie bottom up. The wonder is how those in the car escaped, but they all did, and before any help arrived were safely out. Supt. Hoben has an injured finger. The fireman jumped as the train went over, but Engineer Cowperthwaite, who held to the wreck, had to break the cab window and crawl out among the logs in the river. The passengers got out through the rear door of the car. There is three or four feet of water today in the car, submerged. That no lives were lost is a miracle, for a train could not be wrecked in a more dangerous spot. The accident only delayed traffic about two hours. A crew of men were at once put on and cleared the track for the incoming freight. The express for Chatham left about two hours late. The heavy down-pour of rain all day Saturday was doubtless the cause of the landslide.

Don't go blind when you can have your eyes properly fitted with glasses by W. B. Jewett, Woodstock.

The shadows of poverty and meanness gather round us, and lo! creation widens to our view.

Her Majesty's Father.

A dispatch from Quebec to The New York Sun says: The preparations for the approaching celebration of the longest reign in British history have revived considerable interest in Canada and the Canadian career of Queen Victoria's father, when, as a gay bachelor, his household, both at Halifax and at Quebec, was presided over by the beautiful and fascinating Mme. de St. Laurent. She was in reality the Baroness Fortisson. She is described as a most charming and fascinating woman, and she accompanied the Duke to Canada in 1791, when he landed in Quebec as the commander of the British forces. He immediately took up his residence at Haldimand House, at the Falls of Montmorency, the large manor house, still visible to tourists on the west side of the falls. His town house still remains, under the name of Kent House, upon St. Louis street, in this city, nearly opposite the Court House. At both these residences Mme. de St. Laurent was installed as mistress, as well as at his lodge near Halifax, which, out of compliment to her, he called "the cell of Friar Lawrence."

A mass of the correspondence of the De Salaberry family has been published, which includes many letters from both the Duke of Kent and his mistress, The De Salaberrys, one of whom commanded the Canadian forces at the battle of Chateaugay, lived at Beauport, close to Montmorency. In one of the Duke's letters to this family from Halifax this postscript occurs:

"Mme. de St. Laurent has not time to write by this mail, being engaged in preparations for our journey. She proposes to make amends on our return."

Edward de Salaberry, who fell at the storming of Badajos in 1812, wrote to His Royal Highness just before the encounter that was destined to be fatal to him: "Believe me, sir, that my last moments shall be to wish you all the happiness which you, as well as Madame, eminently deserve."

The Duke was undoubtedly sincerely attached to "Madame," and she remained his companion until not very long before his death, the final cause of their separation having been the Duke's approaching marriage which was dictated by reasons of state policy. It was in 1818 that the Duke was married to Queen Victoria's mother, though as late as June 15, 1814, he wrote to Col. de Salaberry from Kensington Palace, after his return to England:

"Mme. de St. Laurent unites with me in best remembrances," and on the 28th of September following he concluded another letter to the same correspondent as follows: "Thank God we are both quite well. * * * My life continues to be very domestic, and I see as little of the great world as possible, and having said this to you, I am sure you will be pleased to learn that what our life was when we were beside you, it has continued during the twenty years that have passed since we left Canada, and I love to think that twenty years hence it may be the same."

Little more than four years had elapsed, however, when in March, 1819, the year following the Duke's marriage, and a few weeks only before the birth of his daughter, Queen Victoria, Mme. de St. Laurent retired into a convent. The parents of many of the present generation of Quebecers, and of residents of Beauport and Montmorency, were full of anecdotes of the life in Canada of the Queen's father, and to them the picture was a familiar one, of the Duke and the beautiful Mme. de St. Laurent, driving from the Falls into the city every morning and back again every night, behind a pair of high stepping ponies.

In addition to not being a saint, the Duke, in Canada, was certainly a martinet. Several men of the Prince's regiment at Quebec plotted to seize him and other officers, and unless they granted their requests, to kill him and escape across the lines. Draper, the ringleader, was sentenced to be shot. At his colonel's intercession he was pardoned, but the alternative was 700 lashes.

If your eyes trouble you, Consult W. B. Jewett, Optician, 37 Main St.

About Labrador.

Mr. A. P. Low of the Geological survey staff, Ottawa, has been since May last exploring in Labrador. He returned a few days ago. With him are two Indians whom he engaged at Mattawa, and who had shared with him the perils of a journey of three thousand miles. Leaving Mattawa, Mr. Low struck north from the head of Lake Temiscamingue over the height of land to Hudson Bay; thence striking the coast of the Bay east and north for four hundred miles, the party struck eastward through Clear Water Lake to the height of land, where they found the north branch of the Ungava River. Thence they journeyed down the river to Ungava, on Hudson Straits, which they reached on the 1st of September. Here on the 15th they were enabled to take the Hudson Bay Co's steamer, which conveyed them to Rigole, on Newfoundland Labrador. There they found a sailing schooner, which was coming to Bic, Lower St. Lawrence, and with favorable winds they made the journey of a thousand miles in eight days. From Bic the home run was made with far less hardship and discomfort than the earlier part of the journey.

Ladies', Fall

Is here. You want that room that you neglected to paper last Spring papered before the cold weather sets in, as it looks pretty bad after the Summer's flies and heat. Have you seen our samples of Wall Paper? They are beautiful. You can paper a large room with good paper with border to match for

30c.

EVERETT'S BOOKSTORE.

"Foot-laws".



—Twenty-one homely "horse sense" prohibitions against foot-ruining folly, bound into a little volume which tells how to care for tired feet, sore feet, tender feet. How to prevent, and cure corns and distorted feet; also pointers on shoe purchasing, which are worth six dollars to any man whose footwear hurts or tires him.

Any full grown man, or woman, who asks for a copy, or sends a stamp to get it by mail, can have one free while they last, from—

"The Slater Shoe."

I have everything that is needed in

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

For Men, Women, Misses and Children.

Coarse Kip and Fine Boots, Larrigans, Shoe Packs, Moccasins FELT GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY. Overshoes, Rubbers and Leggings.

All kinds of Leather and Shoemakers Findings.

All of the above goods I will sell at the very LOWEST POSSIBLE FIGURES.

J. FRED. DICKINSON.

Meadow Brook Tragedy.

MONCTON, Oct. 25.—The preliminary examination of John E. Sullivan, charged with the murder of Eliza Dutcher, was resumed on Saturday. The prisoner was as self-possessed as usual when he appeared in court and showed no signs of his reported illness. Phileas Melanson, a bath Sawyer at Calhoun's, testified to meeting Sullivan on Thursday of the week the crime was committed. He wore dark clothes and a cap. He had seen Sullivan wear a pair of striped pants at one time last summer, but not at the mill where they worked. The witness was asked if Dan Sullivan, prisoner's brother, had told him he could for \$15 or \$20 get women to swear they were with prisoner the night of the tragedy, to which witness answered in the affirmative, but counsel for the prisoner objected, and the question and answer were disallowed.

Fred Gayton testified that a person could leave the railway track at McMann's and go through the woods to Meadow Brook without passing a human habitation. He had also seen prisoner wearing striped trousers. No evidence was taken in Sullivan's case in the afternoon. Mrs. Sullivan, mother of the prisoner, had been subpoenaed, but her counsel said she was too ill to attend court, and further hearing was adjourned for a week. Mrs. Sullivan's medical attendant says her mind is affected by the terrible strain incident to her son's arrest, and that he is doubtful if she could give intelligent testimony.

If you have headache frequently any intelligent Physician will tell you to have your eyes scientifically examined by W. B. Jewett, 37 Main St., Woodstock.

Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

We needs must love the highest when we see it.—Tennyson.

Truth is the mind of God, and can only be lived, not spoken.

The things which cost most money are never the things we most want.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so firmly, as love can do with a thread.

The true Christian is like the ripening corn; the riper he grows the more lowly he bends his head.

All men by nature are brothers, and should be mutually endeared by a brother's love.—Fenelon.

Hope is like the sun, which as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

To maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime; if we will live simply and wisely.

When faith grows weak, all virtues are weakened; when faith is lost, all virtues are lost.—St. Ligouri.

That best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

No one can be an impartial or wise observer of human life but from the vantage-ground of, what we call, voluntary poverty.

A true man of honour feels humbled himself when, owing to circumstances beyond his control, he cannot help humbling others.