

## THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH

AUGUST 4, 1897.

## RECESSIONAL.

(From The London Times, July 17, 1897.)

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lull our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
Or lesser breeds without the law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!  
Amen!

—Rudyard Kipling.

## Shaved a Dead Moonshiner.

"It was in Tennessee," said the travelling man, "it happened, on one of those back country roads which I was travelling on my way to a town where I had a fine list of customers. The night was closing in, and I was wondering how long it would take me to reach the place where I could spend the night. I knew that I was among the moonshiners, for the jug on the stump with the money under it was in evidence along the road. I had no thought of being molested in that country, where the only warfare is against the revenue officers, and no one would have suspected me of complicity with the government."

"A slight noise startled my horse, and I leaned out of the buggy to look into the chamber of a revolver. At the same time I saw two fingers one on each side of me checking my horse, I tried to assume a bravado I was far from feeling as I asked:

"Well, gentlemen, what is your will with me?"

"You can imagine your surprise when a boyish voice asked:

"Kin you shave yourself?"

"I answered that I always shaved myself. Without lowering his revolver, he looked across me to his pal on the other side.

"He-uns will do, Jim. Hop in an' I'll lead the horse."

"Having made up my mind not to be dragged off in any such ignominious manner, I said:

"If you are going to shoot me I suppose I must give up my life, as I am unarmed. If it is money you want, I—"

"Yer won't be killed nor robbed nor nothing', if yer don't try to give us the slip. Shet your mouth now, mister, an' you'll know more right soon."

"We must have gone a mile before we came to a turn in the road that brought us out in front of a cabin much larger than any I had seen that day in my travel. A woman stood as the door crying.

"Hev yer found somebody, boys?" she asked anxiously.

"Yep, morn, an' he'll do the job up slick 'thought askin' much pay."

"I wondered if I had to be compelled to murder some one. The boys were beardless mountain loafers—I had met their type often but I never knew them to be desperadoes."

"I was shown into the cabin by the woman, one of the boys following with the revolver, while the other waited to fasten the horse to a scrub oak. I saw a figure on the settee, and the idea flashed into my mind that I was mistaken for a doctor.

"I am not a medical man," I began to explain, when the woman cut me short.

"You-uns 'ud a been tew late ef you uns was a doctor. He passed outen afore day light, an' it's 'nother kind of job we want hev done. Yer see, we uns is a goin' tew hev the biggest fun'el evah was in these year pahts, an' we want ter have the old man shaved foh the fust time an' there ain't a man nowhere aroun' as shaves hisself or ennybody else."

"The revulsion of feeling which came over me was not altogether pleasurable, for I did not fancy the idea of playing barber to a dead man, but when I looked at the cadaverous countenance and tangled grey beard of the deceased I felt sort of a professional pride in making him look more like a mortal being and less like a wolf. I had always been an abstainer from strong drink, but I filled up on crude spirits that would have killed me on an ordinary occasion, and tackled my silent customer with a feverish and hysterical alacrity. This was in due to the close proximity of the two boys and their revolvers. But as soon as I had the old mountaineer shaved the revolvers were laid aside and I was treated with the utmost hospitality. The work itself had not been half so gruesome as I had imagined, and I had to fight a

ludicrous temptation to pour barber talk into the deaf ears. He was such an improvement over himself when alive—as I judged by the family lingo—that I wanted to ask him to look into a mirror. I declined the fee tendered me by the boy Jim, and, supplied with a jug of moonshine whiskey, I was set in the right road and permitted to leave."

"I found it true that in all that community not a man had ever been shaved, and it was only in deference to a whim of the old mountaineer, expressed on his death-bed, that he was made such a curious exception. I did not mention my part in the transaction until I was far beyond that county line, for I was not sure that a precedent being set, they might not again demand my services, and another salesman has that route."

## A City Man's Wail.

There Are Thousands Like Him In Canada.

"To be candid and truthful, I am miserable, used up, nervous, can't sleep these days; feel as if life was not worth living. I have tried country air, and have strictly followed my doctor's advice, yet here I am, fast wearing away."

This confession, made by a resident of one of our largest Canadian cities, truly represents the condition of thousands of men and women, old and young, at this time of the year.

It is almost certain that such weakly and broken down men and women have not yet heard the joyful news that Paine's Celery Compound is the great life renewer and builder, the medicine that makes the weak strong, that gives vim and true activity to the languid and despondent, that makes the blood pure and red, that gives digestive vigor and sweet refreshing sleep.

Are you, dear reader, amongst the afflicted ones? Are you pining in misery and suffering and full of dread and fears? If so, let us point you to the only medicine that can meet your case without a fear of failure. It is Paine's Celery Compound, nature's medicine for the tired and worn out body and unstrung nerves. The virtues of this medicine strike right at the seat of the trouble, quickly bringing health and happiness. It has a marvelous record of cures, a fast and enduring fame won by rescues and life saving. Will you test its efficacy? You must if you desire health and robustness as well as extended years.

## Dr. Andree and The North Pole.

Word recently came from Dane's Island that the Swedish aeronaut, Dr. S. A. Andree, had started with two companions to drift by balloon across the Polar region. In a short time, although the brave adventurers have passed out of the reach of individual communication, we shall doubtless hear of their progress. Andree, who is the chief engineer of the Swedish patent office, and is a man of most optimistic disposition, says an exchange, had been planning this trip for twenty years. A year ago he had his balloon at the point of departure, but found some defects that led to a postponement. The most hopeful thing about his scheme is the indorsement and aid by the Swedish Academy of Science and several other organized bodies. His balloon is new, with a height of 75 feet and a capacity of 172,000 feet of gas. It carries a sail of 800 square feet, and some appliances for steering, the success of which is problematical. The equipment provided is much better than that of last year, and the experiment, foolhardy as it is on general principles, is brimful of scientific interest.

Andree's expectation, if all goes well, which is supposing much, is to be carried by the northerly air current direct to the pole in from thirty to forty hours. He will then cruise about for thirty days at an altitude of about 1000 feet to study the geography and other features of the pole and its immediate vicinity. With a wind of average velocity he assumes that he can travel 12,000 miles in thirty days, ending his balloon flight in the inhabited parts of North America or Northern Siberia, where our own and the Russian Governments have requested the people to maintain a look out and be ready to give any assistance in their power. Dane's Island, the point at which the start was made, is in latitude 79.40, or about 700 miles from the pole. The aeronaut claims that his plan is easier, safer and surer than any other form of Arctic exploration, and he has made a considerable number of converts to his theory.

But if the record of Arctic ship expeditions is full of tragedies, that of ballooning, under all conditions, is worse. Within the past month several balloonists have been dashed to death, and there is a long list of casualties every year, not in the wild wastes of ice, but in thickly settled localities where aid is at hand if a safe landing can be made. Andree's airship may be disabled, and he would then be fatally trapped in some frozen solitude. Contrary winds may buffet him back and forth, he may be pounded on surfaces of rock or snow, or dragged into open water. There has never been seen what deserved to be called a controllable balloon. The Wise voyage of 1150 miles from a southern city eastward in 20 hours in 1850 is one of the most remarkable balloon flights, but it would have fallen short of carrying the traveller across the Polar stretch of 1400 miles. Wise designed a balloon to cross the Atlantic, con-

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Remedy with a Record.

50 Years of Cures

taining more than twice the amount of gas used by Andree, but it burst before it was used. Balloonists are exposed to such a variety of accidents that the successful accomplishment of his plans by the Swedish engineer would startle the world and give scientists something to dwell on for years—Ex.

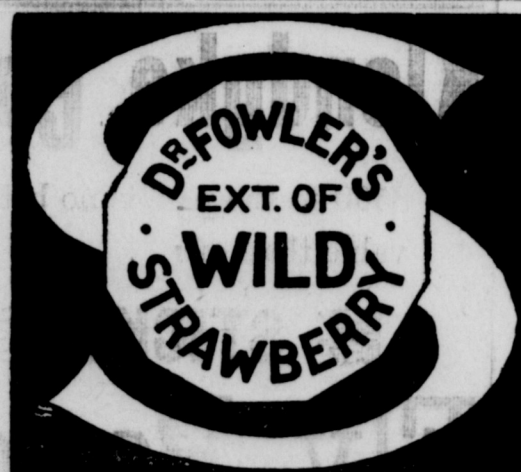
## ANOTHER HALF INCH

And It Would Have Been a Case of Murder.

An exciting affair is reported from Griffen Junction on the C. P. R. Griffen Junction is a short distance above Aroostook Junction. Trackmaster Miller has charge of the road around there, his jurisdiction extending from Perth to Edmundston.

It appears that on Saturday, the 24th inst., Mr. Miller had ordered a ballast train to stop opposite a farm owned by a man named Griffen, and unload a cargo of gravel for the ballasting of the road, filling in, etc. Now, it seems that an old man named Griffen has a very fine crop of beans and wheat, and that he has been in the habit of planting and sowing right up to the railway track or to the foot of the elevation on which the track lies. When he saw the train stop opposite his place he knew that if they unloaded, a portion of his crop would be buried. So he raised a great time, and would not listen to the train hands when they said they were only carrying out orders. He said that the C. P. R. had never paid him for the land. The track master and his men not knowing how much truth there might be in his claim, moved up the track further and dumped their load. In the afternoon however they come along with another load, and again stopped at Griffen's. The old man was on hand this time with a revolver which, it appears, he pointed at Miller, while his son had a gun, which he pointed at one of the other trainmen, bidding his father say the word and he would fire. In the meantime Mr. Miller was working at the wire cable hitching it on to the steam shovel. With whatever intention, Griffen's revolver went off, and the ball pierced Miller's hat, within half an inch of the top of his head. Matters were becoming serious, and the train men moved the train down to Aroostook Junction and immediately communicated with St. John. The result is that Griffen and his son have been arrested. At first the old man was let out on bail, but afterwards he and his son were committed to gaol. Mr. John Wetmore of the C. P. R. came up to Andover and looked into matters, the result they have reached being that the company had a perfect right to do the work, Griffen having been paid for his land. The case will of course come before the Circuit Court.

In so complex a thing as human nature we must consider it is hard to find rules without exceptions.



**BABY WAS CURED.**  
DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.  
MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

**THE HEAD MASTER**  
GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.  
R. B. MASTERTON, Principal,  
High School, River Charles, N.B.

## Summer Groups!

The summer weather has probably directed your attention to PHOTOGRAPHS. I can do you a beautiful piece of Photography in a group or an individual, either out door or in.

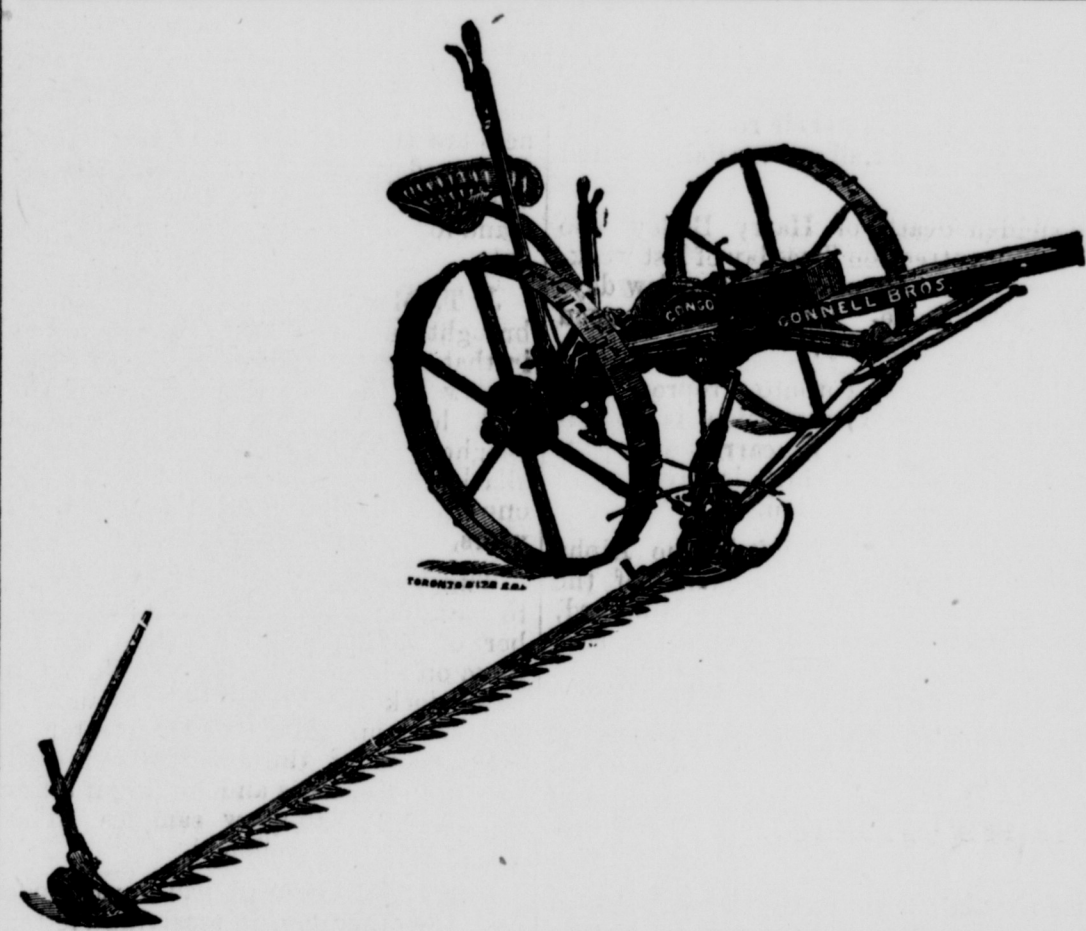
Campbell, the Photographer,  
Next door to Dr. Manzer's office, Main Street,  
WOODSTOCK.

## SUPERPHOSPHATE.

We have for sale 3 carloads of Superphosphate, nine varieties, can prove from the Government Analysis that we have the Best Fertilizer in the market. We sell by the bag, bbl. or ton, prices according to quality.

SMALL &amp; FISHER CO. L'td.

Woodstock, N. B.



## THE CONGO

Is the Most Perfect Mower  
Manufactured in Canada.

Cutter Bars 4½, 5 and 6 Feet.

Syracuse Steel Plows,  
Horse Rakes, Three Kinds,  
Horse Hoes, Steel and Iron Wings,  
Cultivators.

Our prices are low. Give us a call before purchasing.

## Connell Bros.

Books and Fancy Goods

At Everett's Bookstore!

Books, Bibles, Annuals, Toy Books, Toys, Dolls, Ornaments,  
Cups and Saucers, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Work Boxes, Jew-  
ell Boxes. Come and see what you can get for little cash.

W. H. EVERETT.

## READ THIS!

LEAVE YOUR ORDER WITH

C. M. SHERWOOD &amp; BRO.

For Strawberries,  
Tomatoes,  
Pine Apples,  
Cabbage,  
Cucumbers, Etc.

TO ARRIVE 19TH INST.