

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 3. NO. 47.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 21, 1897.

PRICE TWO CENTS

A BOY'S SUIT!

TO TWIST,
TO SQUIRM,
TO ROMP,
TO ROUGH
It In.

\$2.20 per Suit, upwards.

For up-to-date Boys' or Men's Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishings, come to us.

New Goods Constantly Arriving.

John McLauchlan,

March 29, '97.

WITH SPRING

—Comes a Demand for—

Light Overcoats,
Medium Weight Suits,
Fancy Vests, Etc.

Now we can fit you out in all these from the cheapest to the most expensive in a First-Class Fit. The Most Stylish Looking Garment, and the workmanship guaranteed. Fine Trousers a Specialty.

NOTICE: We will remove our place of business to Opera House Block on or about 1st April.

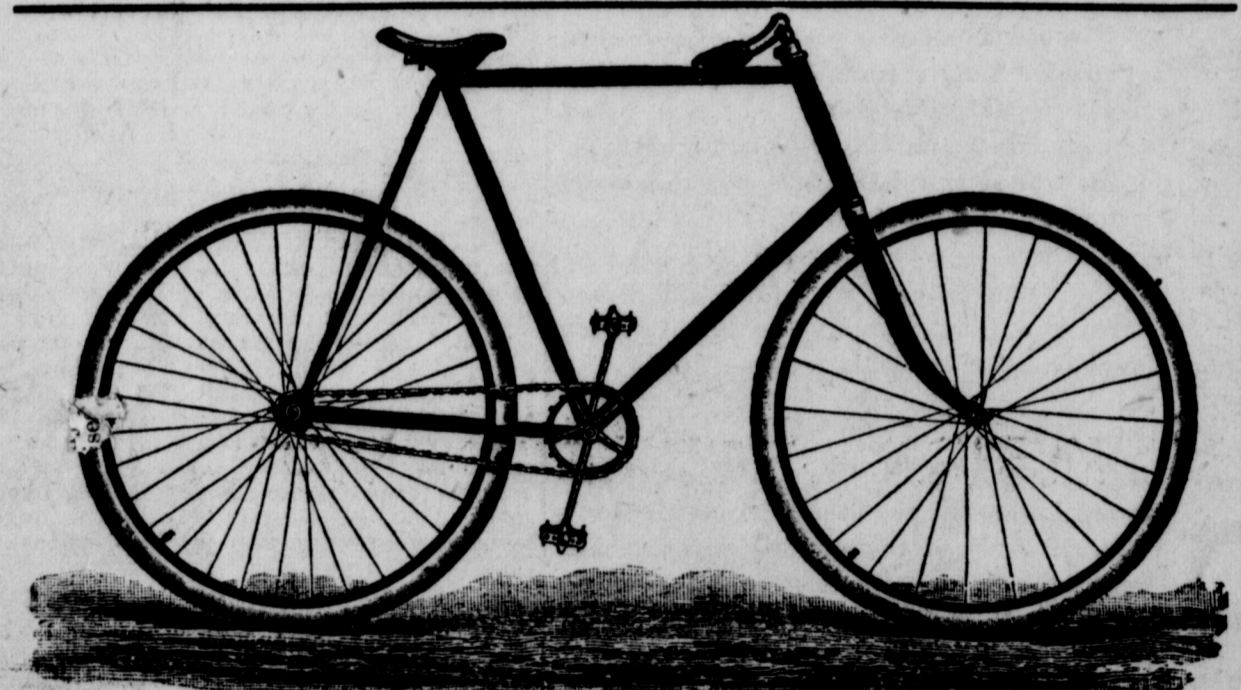
PORTER & GIBSON, QUEEN ST. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

EASTER MONDAY BALL.

For the occasion I have just received the **Finest Lines of Dress Shirts, Lawn Ties and White Kid Gloves** that have ever been shown in town. When you see them you will buy, and you will always come back. Every customer whose purchase is over 50 cents will be presented with a fine Nosegay. You can have your choice of Roses or Carnations. Call early to avoid the rush.

A. J. GREY

NO. 2 MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK.



Our first consignment of BICYCLES has arrived, including the well-known and reliable

CRESCENT AND CRAWFORD.

These together with the

CLEVELAND

will be the lines handled by us the coming season. We wish you to call and inspect the above. We have several new features we would be pleased to show you. **Prices from \$40 to \$75.**

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

HE DEPENDED ON AID TO KEEP HIM ALIVE.

An Unexpected Bath by an Individual who Wasn't Looking For it.—Other Events of Interest.—A Letter From Bob.

Mr. J. M. Frupp of the Woodstock Grist Mill had as narrow an escape from drowning, as he is likely to experience again, on Friday morning last. As usual, he went to the mill at an early hour. Noticing some obstruction in the sluice near the head gates, he took a pick to remove it. In doing this he lost his balance and was thrown into the water beneath, which is some eight or ten feet deep. It was a dangerous position that he was in. The water was deep and rushing at a rapid pace. Mr. Frupp was born downwards amid a mass of floating ice. Most fortunately he passed close to one of the large posts that support the wharf. He gripped this, and by exercising a good deal of presence of mind, swung himself around until the force of the current was broken by the angle of the post. Above him was a beam, but it was too high to reach, and Mr. Frupp's only chance was to hold on until his cries for help would be heard. This was no picnic because the roar of the water prevented his voice being heard, and his position was such that it would be difficult to find him when he was heard. And all this time he was in the coldest of water hanging on to a large post, so large that he could not get his arms around it. After between five and ten minutes his cries brought aid and with the assistance of a couple of men he was landed safely on terra firma. Of course he was wet—no one would be likely to dispute it—and he was cold. The weather is too cool for bathing in the creek, for pleasure's sake. Moreover Mr. Frupp was badly chilled. As soon as he got home every care was taken, and when THE DISPATCH had a talk with him a few hours after the ducking he seemed none the worse. It was a close call and no one appreciated this more than Mr. Frupp and his family.

A LETTER FROM BOB.

He has Left Cuba and on the Way to the Moon.—From a World of Chance, Supposed to be About the Middle of April, 1897.

DEAR DISPATCH,—I thought my creditors would like to hear from me. To commence with after I got promoted to Gen. in the army in Cuba, last December, and was informed by the Government that I was to be in advance in all battles, I says to myself, Bob, you had better leave, it is better to be a live coward, than a dead hero in Cuba. So I got my balloon and started for Woodstock. I had not gone far, before I discovered I had to have more ballast. All I could find was about 50 feet of rubber pipe, and a dog, or rather a pup, as a dog would have had more sense than to go in that balloon. Then, I started again for Woodstock, N. B. I got up too far, and soon found that I was in the attraction of some planet. I was lost. My grub and whiskey was getting low. As the dog did not take whiskey, the grub gave out first. So I let off the gas. I knew I would bring up some where, and so I did. I saw the earth coming. I took a death grip of the rubber pipe, placed it to my mouth, so I could breathe through it and struck the ground, and went 36 feet in the earth. If it had not been for the rubber pipe, I would have smothered to death. The dog grabbed the other end of the rubber pipe, or I would have gone clear through the earth, I mean this world of Chance. Lucky for me the ground was free from stone, or I would have been hurt sure. The natives and the dog soon dug me out. I could not make them understand. I tried them on English, Spanish, Greek, Latin and French. That was all I could understand or talk myself, but it was no go. I did not know what to do. Just then I saw a man coming, I thought I had seen before. It was Fred Greenlow, from Calais, Maine. I asked him how he got here, he said I came here by chance, just as you did, meaning me. He told me he knew Mr. John Bonness, of St. Stephen, and was well acquainted with all the policemen on both sides the river. I says, "can you tell me where I and you can get some whiskey?" He says "I told you I came from Calais, Maine." So that settled that. We had some. Everything here is governed by chance. There are no women here, nor never was. The men all came by chance. I see an ox covered with wool, with only one eye, that is in the middle of his head. The sun goes and comes just by chance. There are no days, no nights. I tell you everything is governed chance. By chance there is Bread Trees. They graft them and raise sweet cake and pies off the same tree. Now you may think this story is not true, but I was taught to tell the truth and told that liars never went to Heaven, and George Washington must be lonesome. I want to go there. It will take me too long to tell you of this world of chance, so I will stop right here. I and Fred and the Dog will start now with this letter

for Woodstock, N. B., in my balloon. I am sure I can find the Flag Staff at the post office. We would stop off there, but I heard before I left Cuba, the La Grippe and Scott Act was raging there. So, we will pull for the moon. The moon is small, but I guess we can hit it this trip, and I will let you know what kind of a place it is. We have a X-ray Light Telescope and can see through the clouds and fog. I can convert the largest sinner on your planet, and he will believe the story of Samson swallowing the whale, Norah getting his hair cut and losing his strength, Solomon and two others walking through the fiery furnace without getting singed, also Daniel that slew the drunkards with the jaw bone of a Bear. You just wait until I get there about July 1st. You would hardly believe it, but the sun has gone up and down a number of times since I commenced this letter. It is liable to come up in the north, south, east, or back the way it went down. Now I am afraid you will not believe this letter, but it is just as true as your Imp seeing the ghost last December. Well! I saw by the papers before I left Cuba, W. W. Hay was Mayor of Woodstock. I told him that 15 years ago. I will risk him he will make Hay while the sun shines. He is a smart man. I shook dice with him years ago, a hundred times. He never stuck me once. You will see him issue town bonds payable in 50 years, so they will be paid by the rising generation, that is now accumulating wealth riding bicycles at the present time. I will close now wishing you all happy dreams. I can't give you my address, but think it safe to try the moon.

P. S. I sealed this letter up too soon and forgot to say the balloon is working finely. We have dropped the letter, had no trouble finding the Flag Staff. We are getting in full sight of the moon. I shall drop Fred off at Calais. Please don't open this letter for 30 days, that will give us time to tell just where we are.

Yours Very Respectfully,
BOB SEABORN.

There is one Optician you can depend upon who is not here today and away tomorrow, his name is Jewett.

Difference of Opinion.

The Fredericton Herald supports everything the local government does: the Gleaner of the same place, strenuously opposes everything that emanates from the present local administration. Last week the three members from this county were at the capital. The Herald under the heading "Stock Importation," says: Messrs. H. H. McCain, J. T. A. Dibblee and C. L. Smith, M.P. P.s, for Carleton are in the city to interview the government regarding the proposed importation of thoroughbred stock.

Now, the Gleaner thinks that it was a different kind of stock the Carleton members were interested in, and it gives this version of the cause of the visit to Fredericton of our three members:—"Messrs. McCain, Smith and Dibblee of Carleton County are here. It appears that this delegation have been impressed with a notion that the Governor-in-Council will proclaim the act establishing a Commissioner for Agriculture in the Government in the near future. They are here to say to the executive that this office must be filled by the appointment of Mr. Allan Dibblee. The delegation so far have not had much encouragement and appear to be looking about for some other pressure to bring to bear. Mr. Dibblee, it appears, feels that he has earned a cabinet position, but the members of Government seem to take a different view of things."

The Reporter, H. H. Pitts' paper, appears to support the Herald's contention. It says:—"Messrs. Smith, McCain and Dibblee, the Carleton Co. M. P. P.s., are in the city interviewing the government regarding some local affairs in their county."

What treason? could these awful three members have been at?

The resident optician will tell you if your vision cannot be improved. W. B. Jewett, 37 Main St.

The Band Ball.

The ball given by the Woodstock Cornet Band on Monday night couldn't be called anything less than a success. It was about nine o'clock when the Grand March started, led by J. T. Allen Dibblee and Mrs. Dibblee. There was a fair crowd in the march and circle and when the round dances came on large numbers sifted down from the gallery and chimed in. It was no unusual thing for Woodstock: good floor, good music, good partners. There were some Houlton ladies and gentlemen present. The amount of money received was in the neighbourhood of \$80. The expenses will prove to be about \$40, leaving \$40 for the band uniforms.

NOBLE & TRAPTON have just placed in their store a fine refrigerator. They have a couple of dandy counters nearing completion. The counters have receptacles beneath them with a capacity of 38 bbls., for holding flour, meal, sugar, tea and such goods. There are probably no such counters as these in the province. The idea is a Boston one. They will be placed in position in the course of ten days.

Don't risk your eye sight by patronizing peddlers. If their agents won't trust them why should you.—W. B. Jewett.

WAR IS IN THE AIR.

GREECE AND TURKEY ARE AT EACH OTHER.

What will it Mean in The Long Run.—Will We Be Involved More or Less? Things Which are of Interest to the People of the County.

ATHENS, April 18.—A telegram just received from Actium states that the Greek flotilla in the Gulf of Ambracia is now (4 p. m.) successfully bombarding the Skafidiki battery. Four gunboats are attacking Salagora. The first shot was sent by the Greek warship Basileus Georgios.

ATHENS, April 18.—Assim Bay has handed to M. Skouges, the Greek minister of foreign affairs, this note: "In consequence of the aggressive attitude of Greece, diplomatic relations between the King of Hellenes and his imperial majesty the Sultan of Turkey, and their respective governments, are hereby broken off."

The Greek minister at Constantinople and the Greek consuls have been ordered to quit Turkish territory. For the same reason the Turkish consuls in Greece have been recalled to Constantinople. Within a fortnight from the date of this announcement all Greek subjects must leave Turkey. Ottoman subjects now on Greek territory have been invited to leave it within the same period.

Foot of Milouna Pass, April 18, 10 a. m.—A fierce battle raged in the pass all night long. The Greeks who entered and descended toward the valley encountered four battalions of Turks, who drove them back at the point of the bayonet rescued the force garrisoning the Turkish blockhouse, which the Greeks had encircled before entering the pass.

Neshad Pasha, commanding the Fifth division, occupied Mount Parna with a great force, while Haidar Pasha, commanding the Sixth division, prepared to enter the Tohaishan pass, and Haidar Pasha, while the Fourth division, occupied the Milouna pass. Before dawn Edhem Pasha rode out to direct the disposition of these divisions.

A general engagement ensued. The battle still continues along the entire pass, over twenty thousand men being engaged. The combat turns on the possession of the Greek blockhouse, which was most obstinately defended. Several vigorous attacks were made by the Turks without success, but finally about 9 o'clock, by a magnificent dash, they took the blockhouse at the point of the bayonet.

The Greeks are still defending their positions on the summit of the hill.

At the present moment four battalions of Mendukh Pasha's division are advancing to the frontier positions already taken. The Turks are fighting like lions, the Turkish artillery doing splendid execution under the command of Riza Pasha.

The correspondent of the Associated Press says: "I regret to have the announcement of the death of Hafiz Pasha at Milouna. The battle is still undecided, but the Turks, without calling up the reserves, have taken almost the whole pass. It is impossible to give details as to the losses. I saw many groups of wounded men, but they were mostly on the heights. Ambulances have been sent to bring them in. I cannot say whether the Turks intend to advance on Larissa."

London, April 18.—A despatch to the Daily Chronicle from Athens, dated midnight, says the Greeks have captured Menem after severe fighting. The Turkish losses were very heavy: the Greeks comparatively light. The correspondent adds:

"The Greek fleet has destroyed half the fortresses of Prevousa and silenced the guns. The latest news received here tonight is that the Greeks have captured and hold all the positions except Ana and Miloma, along the Thessalian line. It was Germany that urged Turkey to declare war."

Letter of Condolence.

Court Bloomfield, No. 1498, Bloomfield, N. B., April 12th., 1897.

To MRS. JEWETT AND FAMILY:

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our forest home our beloved Bro. Joel Jewett a member of our noble order and thereby removing the first link in our Fraternal Chain and filling our hearts with sorrow for the loss we have sustained:

We therefore on behalf of Court Bloomfield take this opportunity of expressing our deep and heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of your affliction. You mourn the loss of a dear and loving husband and father, we, that of a beloved brother. While the ways of Almighty God may appear to the human vision to be very hard and mysterious, God in his wisdom will make all things work for good. We trust that He will afford you and yours every comfort and support in this your terrible bereavement, and that He will guide your feet and those of your family in the paths of peace and righteousness.

Yours sincerely,
E. LONDON,
C. H. CHENEY,
A. D. ALBERTON, } Committee.

They Don't Need Asphalt.

There is one town in New Brunswick where they need not bother about asphalt sidewalks. While we are wallowing in mud in Woodstock, St. Andrews people are walking on the driest and hardest of good roads. They have no need of sidewalks.