

THE DISPATCH.

Vol. 5. NO. 7.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 13, 1898.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

LIBERAL REDUCTIONS!

—IN PRICES OF—

**Crash Hats,
Crash Caps,
Straw Hats,
Yeddo Hats,
Manilla Hats,**

Boys', Youths' and Men's Sizes.

As during this season so few days have been really warm, no doubt many are still unsupplied with comfortable Headware for warm weather. These, we hope, will avail themselves of our Reduction Sale. We do not want to have one Hat or Cap left when the warm weather season is over. Come one, come all.

JOHN M'LAUHLAN, UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIER, HATTER AND FURNISHER.

Grand Clearance Sale.

COME ONE. COME ALL.

Hats and Caps away down out of sight.
Our fine lines for Summer Hats in Felts, for the low price of \$1.00 and \$1.50 to clear.
Through July you can get Great Bargains at

**THE HUB,
NO. 2, MAIN STREET.**

A. J. GREY, Prop.

No Man

Has a figure just like any other man. There are differences, greater or lesser between all men. It is the business of a good tailor to note these differences and to meet the requirements of each figure that he has to clothe. My education and long experience enable me to suit my customers to perfection. They are my best advertisements. I can suit you as well. Let me try.

**W. B. NICHOLSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR.**

Woodstock, N. B.

ALONG THE ST. CROIX.

St. Stephen and Calais as They Strike a Casual Tramp.

The Border City Has a "Sinch" in the Competitive Route Which Encourages Wholesale Trade.—Asphalt Sidewalks and Electric Cars.

A visit to St. Stephen at this time of year is interesting. You have a town of some 3000 population, bright and progressive on one side of the St. Croix, while a short bridge connects it with Calais on the American side, a town of, say, 6000 or 7000 souls. So, the two towns make quite one city.

St. Stephen is up-to-date, and its business men alive to the interests of the town, and of themselves, as citizens. One who has not been in the place for several years, is struck with the improvement in the streets, on which are most of the residences. Trees which were in their infancy, then, have grown up to full fledged luxuriance, and the effect, as may be fancied, is very pleasing. Trees are the beauty of a town. St. Stephen has grown quite extensively into the asphalt sidewalk business, and in the business part, you scarcely find a wooden plank. This adds much to the general appearance of the place. A mistake has been made in putting down wooden curbs, such as we have on Queen street. The job is not such a poor one as our Queen street job, indeed, the asphalt seems to have been well laid, but the citizens are now regretting that they had not put in stone curbs, the wooden curb being decidedly inferior. It is very plain that the St. Stephen wholesale men possess an advantage over our merchants. With the St. Croix literally at their doors, they have a splendid alternative route, having direct and quick connection by water with St. John and American cities. They are alive to this advantage, and are extending their wholesale business in all directions. Here is St. Stephen's peculiar strength from a commercial point of view. The street car system is very complete and no end of a convenience. The long belt route takes in Calais, the two Milltowns, passes by the Cotton Mills, with their 700 or 800 employees. It takes about one hour to do the thing, and then you have seen what is to be seen, and come back to your hotel with a good opinion of the border "city." St. Stephen people like to hear their place called a "city," just as a Woodstocker straightens up, when this dignified term is applied to his progressive town. It is all vanity, but a pardonable species of vanity, perhaps. Of hotels, St. Stephen has a good supply. The Windsor is a fine and even pretentious building, with a good deal of style about it. The Queen is a much older hostelry, situated just opposite the Post Office, back from the principal business street. It is run by J. W. Smith, a Woodstock boy, and he is doing himself credit. He looks well after his guests, runs a decidedly good table, has added all modern improvements to his building, and is drawing a large custom. The Queen is coming, all right. There is constant communication between St. Stephen and St. Andrews. The steam down the river is very beautiful, and of course, the boats have a large patronage.

St. Stephen possesses one of the most complete newspaper offices in the provinces. Perhaps there is not such a thorough office outside of St. John. The Courier is a well known and long established paper. It is beautifully printed, and ably edited by Mr. Geo. J. Clarke, who is also mayor of St. Stephen, police magistrate of Milltown, and a busy barrister. Mr. Webber assists Mr. Clark in the editorial work, and the mechanical department is under the control of Mr. J. C. Henry. The Courier is printed on a fine Cranston press, with a folding machine attached. Since the war, a small daily has been issued, and is still put out. It is doubtful, whether this venture is meeting with the financial success, that should attend it.

St. Andrews is at its best just now. Visitors are beginning to come in from all sides, and the big Algonquin, the external appearance of which, is no criterion of its excellence, as an hotel, promises to be filled in a week or two. Kennedy's hotel, down town, regarded as one of the best hotels in the province has its capacity taxed always during the summer. There are quite a few vacant cottages in St. Andrews, rather peculiar to relate. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the prices asked for the rental of these cottages, is such as to terrify the everyday man. The Algonquin, sets an example of big prices giving the very best for the amount asked, and the owners of cottages, in their zeal to profit by the summer visitor, are apt to gauge their proposals by the Algonquin scale. There is room enough in

St. Andrews for a great number of visitors, provided reasonable charges be made, and if such visitors, are content to live to themselves and enjoy life, and are not desirous to emulate the monetary habits of the wealthier people who stay at the Algonquin, they can put in a very pleasant time. There has never been a by-law passed by the municipality of Charlotte, forbidding people to spend the summer in St. Andrews, unless they are "worth" a great deal. Anyway St. Andrews is altogether lovely these fine days and happy is the family who rusticate there during the warm weather.

Calais is a bright city, and their seems to be lots of business and stir. There is a good deal of "running the blockade" between the two places. Small articles are constantly passing from city to city, and they pay no duty. Anything at all heavy, of course, has to contribute to the government of either country. People from Canada who visit St. Stephen always find a charm in going to Calais and purchasing some little thing, as a memento, and people from the States visiting Calais like to run over to St. Stephen and buy some English trinket. Undoubtedly this custom from the U. S. side is increasing owing to the preferential rate, by which English goods came into Canada at much less custom rate, than goods from other places. When Calais has a big day St. Stephen joins in and vice versa. The idea of the Anglo-Saxon union is well illustrated in the friendly and intimate intercourse of the two peoples and yet each sticks tenaciously to his own flag and government.

Church Dedicated.

The Baptist church at Hartland was dedicated to divine service on Sabbath last. The day was fine and cool and the congregation in attendance was very large such that overflow meetings were held in the Methodist church which was more than filled. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hinson, Pastor of the Moncton Baptist church, from the text "He sent me to preach His gospel." The effort was a masterly one and accepted as one of the best ever heard in the village. Rev. Jno. S. Young offered the dedicatory prayer.

Rev. Mr. Baker preached in the Methodist church to those who could not gain admittance to the Baptist church, in the morning and afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Cahill preached at 2:30 p.m. and Rev. Mr. Hinson at 5 p.m. who also preached again at 8 p.m. to an overcrowded house, from the words "Christ the Power of God."

The following ministers were present at the services, Revs. Hayward, Baker, Shaw, Worden, Bennison, Perry, Cahill, Hinson. The offerings during the day amounted to about one hundred dollars and about an equal amount was subscribed leaving the debt on the church at present, small. The erection of the church was begun in May of 1896 on land given by the Rev. B. Jewett. The church is one of the neatest to be found in this part of the country. The contractors were Messrs. Judson Currie, and Henry Stevens, and they have every reason to be proud of their work. The church has now a membership of about forty.

The music during the day was excellent. Miss Ella Campbell presided at the organ.

Death of Mrs. John Williamson.

Everyone in town was sorry when they heard of the death of Mrs. John Williamson. She had been ill since early in the spring of heart trouble, the outcome of a serious attack of grippe. Mrs. Williamson's maiden name was Sarah Blake. She was the last of a family well known in the county. She was married twice, her first husband being the late John Lea, a painter of repute. From this union there was a large family. Five sons survive, John and George, the former of Houlton and the latter of Woodstock, Rupert, who has just returned from the west, Charles, now in Prince Edward Island, and Herbert, in Minneapolis. There is one daughter, who was here last summer, Mrs. George Clynick, of Missoula. There are no children by the second marriage. Mrs. Williamson was a good, kind woman, and was very popular in town and county. She was always kind to the poor, and those in distress.—The funeral will be at two o'clock this afternoon.

Sudden Death.

A very sudden death occurred in Tracey's mills on Saturday evening, resulting in the removal of one of the best citizens of this county. Mr. Edward Sloat was known well. For many years passed he was engaged in the milling business at Tracey's Mills. A few weeks ago his mill was destroyed by fire. On Saturday evening Mr. Sloat came home from his work. He rested on the verandah, talking to his wife and family. Later on he and his wife retired. Mr. Sloat remarked as he got into bed, that it was a good thing to get a rest. Without any notice of coming sickness he turned in the bed, and fell, dead, to the floor. It was a tremendous shock to his family and the neighborhood generally. Mr. Sloat was a high class citizen, and the deepest sympathy is expressed for his afflicted relatives. He was about 60 years of age. Mr. Sloat has one son who is now out west, and three daughters. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon and was largely attended.

THOMAS W. BAKER who drives the stage from Woodstock to Richmond Corner, now leaves town at 2.30 p. m. instead of 7 a. m.

A WORTHY PASTOR.

Presentation of Addresses to Rev. Dr. Chapman.

Citizens of All Creeds Unite in their Kind Words for the Pastor.—What the Ministers Have to Say.—A Good Townsman and a Kind-Hearted Christian.

Rev. Dr. Chapman who has been pastor of the Methodist church in this town for the past four years leaves today for his new station Point de Bute. Dr. Chapman has made so many friends in Woodstock, among all denominations that his departure as a citizen is deeply regretted. He endeared himself to his congregation while he ministered here. That he is held in great respect was manifested by the addresses printed below, presented to him, at a meeting in the basement of the Methodist church on Monday evening. The address by the ministers of the town, here given, was read by Rev. C. T. Phillips.

REV. DOUGLAS CHAPMAN, D. D.
Dear Sir and Brother,—The pastors of this town with whom you have been on such friendly terms for the past four years cannot permit you to leave them without expressing and putting on record their appreciation of your friendship.

There are few places where the relations between the Pastors are of such a friendly and helpful character as in this town and to this pleasant and gratifying fact you have largely contributed. Your brother Pastors have ever found in you a helpful friend. It has always been a pleasure to meet you whether on the street, in your own home, or in any church work in which we have been mutually engaged.

Once a Methodist always a Methodist. St. Paul says after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee, with equal truth you might say after the most straitest sect of our religion I have lived a Methodist, but your spirit has been so lovable and your thoughts so broad and catholic that the other churches have claimed you.

Not only do the Pastors of the town express their own feelings towards you, but they voice the sentiment of their respective churches. We shall miss you from the places where we have so often met you and we follow you to your new field of labor with the kindest wishes for your future prosperity.

To Mrs. Chapman we express the same kindly thoughts and good wishes for she has been a faithful worker with you and her work will not be forgotten.

Praying that God's richest blessing may abide with you, ask that many years of active work may be yours.

We remain your faithful friends,
Dated July 11th A. D. 1898.

C. T. PHILLIPS, Free Baptist Ch.
W. J. RUTLEDGE, Baptist Ch.
W. B. WIGGINS, Ref. Bap. Ch.
JAMES WHITESIDE, St. Paul's Ch.

His Worship Mayor Hay read the following address signed by over a hundred citizens representing all creeds. In doing so the mayor referred to the high place that Dr. Chapman occupied in the hearts of the citizens of the town:

REV. DOUGLAS CHAPMAN, D. D.
Reverend and Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned citizens of the town of Woodstock having learned with deep regret of your intended departure take this opportunity of bidding you, farewell. During the years you have been among us you have been instrumental in advancing every good work and your kindly manner has endeared you to us all. We will remember with grateful recollections your many acts of kindness.

We realize that in your departure, the poor will lose one of their greatest friends and the sick their greatest comforter. We feel sure that your incumbency has been for the good of the people to whom you ministered and the general advancement of the welfare of the town at large. We realize that whenever any movement for the advancement of our people was set on foot it always had your most hearty accord and approval.

We hope that in the new field to which you go you will find as many sincere friends as you have in Woodstock. Your estimable wife will be long remembered by us all and we wish that you may both be spared for many years to continue the chosen work that Divine Providence has set apart for you.

Signed by D. McLeod Vince, W. W. Hay and 100 others.
Dr. Chapman made a suitable reply to both addresses. He spoke of the kindness to him of the people in Woodstock during his stay among them and of the friendly feelings between him and the other ministers and congregations of the town, and thanked most cordially the people for their kind words to him.

Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs Rutledge and Spargo, a solo by Mr. Mooers and "God be with you till we meet again" was sung by the congregation.

On Sunday afternoon after the meeting of the Sunday school, the following address on behalf of the Sunday school was read by Mr. L. E. Young. A gift of half a dozen silver spoons accompanied the address:
WOODSTOCK, N. B., July 10, 1898.

Dear Mrs. Chapman,—On the last Sunday of your presence with us as a teacher and member of the Woodstock Methodist Sunday School and as a Pastor's wife here, we cannot refrain from giving you, even though briefly and inadequately, an expression of the high esteem in which you are held by us.

During your stay with us we have learned to love you for your innate goodness of heart and life. We have appreciated your work with and for us in our school and we realize the great benefits which we have derived from your labors. Your example to us—teachers and workers—will be sure, inspire us to more faithful endeavors in our future work.

While the results of your work will remain with us, still we feel that the school has sustained a loss which will long be felt and your place will not readily be filled.
We ask you to accept this token as a small expression of our regard for you and with it our best wishes for the future happiness of yourself and family. And we shall ever pray, "God's richest blessings be with you."
On behalf of the school,
LOUIS E. YOUNG, Supt.
R. E. HOLYOKE, Secy.