

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

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THE POLITICAL FERMENT.

There are stirring times in political circles just now, and men are being hurried into the ranks by the crack of the party whip. It is interesting to compare the public opinion during the vacation in political school attendance, and during the time when school is in. A short while ago we had a terrible time, altogether, in affairs political. A local election was rushed on, and we had scarcely found time to get our second breath, when dominion politics were introduced in an election. Party men, and every man has at least a tendency in favor of one or other of the parties, became wicked in their denunciation of the evils of the other fellow, and particularly of the other fellow's leaders. The men were generally aroused and party loyalty was at a premium. Then, the day of election came. We worked for all we were worth. We cheered and hurrahed for our fellows, and hissed the name of the other chap.

In a very short while we got down to every day business. Politics had not paid our notes, it had not raised our potatoes or even our wheat. It had done nothing for us excepting to give us a little diversion. Then we get ashamed of our fervor. We found we had said nasty things about men with whom we should have never quarrelled, in the ordinary walks of life. We had been playing the fiddle and a few politicians had all the fun of the dancing. Our whole gay and festive career during the moments of political exuberance turned out to be but a delusion and a snare.

Perhaps it would be too much to say that all politics is a fraud, that men act entirely by impulse and not by conviction. Perhaps, even in the great scope of political life it would be impossible to carry on politics without party. It certainly seems so, strange as it may appear. If we look at public life in some of the greater cities, we do not find, it is true, a freedom from the worst elements that figure in our party politics, but there is again this to be considered. Party politics does not figure outwardly in municipal affairs, but it may figure inwardly, and perhaps that is a worse thing than the more apparent evil. Still, when we come to sum up the whole matter, the conclusion is that we aspire to a better state of affairs than we can actually carry out. Our ideal is excellent, but in practise, in spite of our utmost efforts, we will fall away from the high point at which we aimed. Still, in politics as in all else one must aim high. He that aimeth at the sky, in the words of the poet, George Herbert, may hit the tree.

The Khalifa.

Abdullah et Taishi Khalifa, whose power has been broken by the British forces under General Sir Herbert Kitchner, was the most powerful and successful of the three Khalifas of the three leading Arab tribes, that in 1882 helped the Mahdi to overthrow the government of Egypt in the eastern Soudan and establish the Mahdist despotism in its place. Each of these Khalifas commanded a distinct section of the Mahdi's army, and Abdullah's force had most to do with the annihilation of General Hicks and his army. Abdullah was the favorite of his master. The Mahdi believed that if he died Abdullah was the only man who could maintain the strange empire he had raised and keep the upper hand of the rapacious Soudanese tribes. Before his death the Mahdi nominated the Khalifa Abdullah as his successor, and thus the cruel and tyrannical Arab tribe of the Bagaras, whose leader was Abdullah, became the masters of the Egyptian Soudan and ruled it with a rod of iron.

The Mahdi died on June 22, 1885, after three years of power, and Abdullah has since been known as "the Mahdi's successor." There was intense jealousy and disappointment on the part of the Danagla and Jaalin tribes, who had been the rulers, but now became the subjects.

Civil war on account of Abdullah's accession was narrowly averted, but he was too strong for his enemies in the other tribes, and they finally chose the part of discretion just when all had been made ready for battle. The new ruler then made it his business to render the other tribes harmless. He reduced the power of the two other Khalifas, and they became men of little influence. He sent many of the Jaalin and Danagla Emirs in chains hundreds of miles up the Nile, and he permitted his Baggara to plunder the other tribes without mercy, under the pretext of levying taxes. There has been only one ruler of the Soudan for the past eighteen years, and he has been the Khalifa Abdullah. He maintained his policy of cruelly repressing all the people except his

own tribe, until he was frightened very badly by the news that England and Egypt were getting ready to invade the country and overthrow his power. After that news reached Omdurman he made a great show of reversing his policy. He pardoned the imprisoned Emirs and trick in many ways to win back the disaffected people.

The Khalifa's empire, within which not a particle of European influence has permeated since the Mahdi captured Khartoum, extends along the Nile from Dongola on the north to the neighborhood of Lado on the south, a distance of about thirteen hundred miles, Omdurman, the capital, just across the Nile from the ruins of Khartoum, is about midway between these points. The Khalifa lost Darfur, but still his empire extends from the western limits of Kordofan to Abyssinia on the east, and embraces about 700,000 square miles. During the thirteen years he has controlled the destinies of the Egyptian Soudan it is estimated that nearly three-fifths of its inhabitants have perished through war and famine. Constant warfare has greatly diminished the male population.

Abdullah is forty-nine years old this year. He is a Baggara, with dark, coffee-coloured complexion, his face much marked by small-pox. He has a long and prominent nose and wears a short beard, according to the Moslem custom. When he helped conquer the country he was very thin, but of late years he has grown exceedingly stout. He could never conceal his Baggara accent and dialect in speaking Arabic. He is gifted by nature with tremendous energy and common sense, but he has no education whatever. He cannot read or write, and for this reason he could never accept a written position. He is very cruel by nature, while the Mahdi was naturally humane. In the terrible days of the famine, when bones were ground to powder, made into a sort of bread, and eaten with eagerness in Omdurman, the Khalifa showed no mercy, pity or desire to relieve these terrible sufferings. He did not care a jot for any of the people except his Baggara, and he made sure that they were all well fed. He treated the white prisoners in his hands with great cruelty except a few whom he could make useful to him, and their enjoyment of his favour was spasmodic and uncertain.

Like the Mahdi, it was always Abdullah's wish to destroy even the recollection of the old regime under the Egyptian Government. This is the reason that they destroyed so many of the old towns which had attained some measure of prosperity under the Egyptians. Old Berber was deserted and a new berber was built by the Khalifa's command just north of the old town. This is the reason and the only one why by far the finest city in tropical East Africa was laid in ruins. It was the work of the Khalifa. He left hardly one stone upon another in Khartoum. One day in 1886, after he had been in power over a year. Abdullah ordered the thousands who lived in Khartoum to quit the town within three days. On the fourth day thereafter the work of demolition began. Houses were pulled down, the wood of windows, balconies and doors was taken across the river, and soon the town was fit only to be the habitation of wild beasts. The bricks were taken over the Nile and Khartoum was a heap of mud ruins. The building material was used in the rearing of Omdurman on the other side of the Nile and it became a city of 150,000 inhabitants. The most conspicuous building in it was the tomb of the Mahdi. thousands of workmen were sent over to Khartoum to get the material for it. The Khalifa himself, emirs and judges carried stone for the dome. Of course, the whole city followed their example, and in a short time all the stone required was at the site. The Khalifa's palace, also was a sumptuous building for the Soudan.

NO CENSORSHIP

In Giving the News of the Great Cures Effected by South American Nervine—It Has Saved an Army of Sufferers From the Pangs of Indigestion and Nerve Troubles.

L. M. Holmes, of Parrsboro, N. S., was taken severely ill about a year ago with nervousness and indigestion, and for some time was completely prostrated. He consulted best doctors, but they failed to help him. A newspaper advertisement brought South American Nervine to his notice. He tried it with the result that he was greatly benefited from the first bottle, and six bottles completely cured him, and he would be pleased to give all details of his case to any person asking him.—Sold by Garden Bros.

More Experience.

[From the Washington Star.]

"I dunno's I kin git my money back," said Mr. Corntossel, as he ruefully rubbed his brow. "But I must say as how I ain't going to recommend any customers to that concern."

"Have you been makin' investments?"

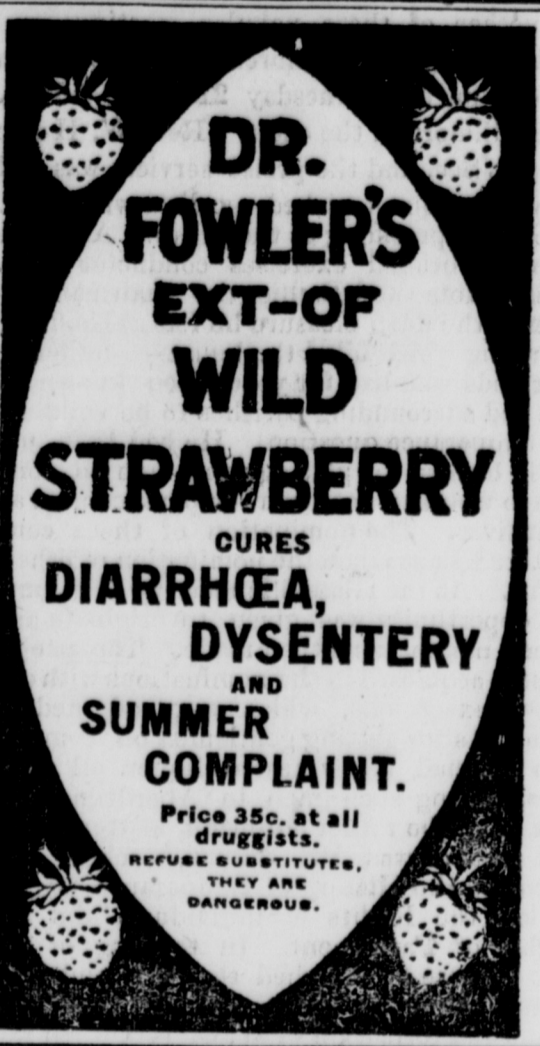
"I sent a dollar to a man who advertised that he would tell a sure way to make money fast."

"Didn't you get any answer?"

"Yes. He says 'put glue on it.'"

Sores Healed.

Sores and ulcers of the worst kind are readily healed by Burdock Blood Bitters. Take it internally and apply it externally according to directions and see how quickly a cure will be made.



He Made A Sale.

She made a call at her usual drapery establishment to purchase some stockings.

Taking a seat, she was shown by the obliging young man some very pretty striped articles; but she did not care for them, as she thought they were out of fashion.

The assistant began to wonder how he could convince her that this was not so. A bright idea entered his head.

"Madame," said he, "I will soon prove to you that most ladies are wearing them at the present moment. You see, Madam, there are about ten ladies in the shop. Don't be alarmed when I shout, but keep your eyes on the other ladies' feet."

He gave a knowing smile and bounding over the counter shouted in a loud voice: "A mouse! A mouse!"

Each lady instantly drew up her dress, with the result that—well she ordered six pairs of those striped stockings.—Pearson's Weekly.

Piles Cured without the Knife, by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Geo. Browne, painter, of Woodville, Ont., Victoria Co., says:—"For thirteen years I was a sufferer from bleeding piles and the intense agony which I passed through during these years and relief I obtained by Chase's Ointment prompts me to give this testimonial. My physician wished me to have an operation, but I felt I could be cured without the knife. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment stopped the bleeding and effected a permanent cure."

The Weather Profit's Woes.

I promised them a rainstorm
And it never rained a jot;
Then promised them a hailstorm
And the sun was piping hot.

I told them snow was coming
And the sky was summer blue;
Then I wrote of frosts and blizzards
And both of them fell through.

I promised April showers
And December came instead;
And I said it would be cloudy
And the sky was clear and red.

So now I take of guesses
An ar'ful, hit or miss;
A little bit of that and
A little bit of this.

I shake them in a bottle,
Promise wind and snow and rain,
Fogs and clouds and clearing weather
In a manner brief and plain.

In this way I'm sure to hit 'em,
Whichever way the wind may blow,
And next day I calmly tell 'em,
"Certainly! I told you so."
—New York Sun.

The constitution of South Carolina provides that jurors must be within the ages of 21 and 65 and a new trial was granted in a criminal case because one of the jurors was 66 years old.

Before After Wood's Phosphodine,

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1. six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor Ont.

Order by mail or call on Garden Bros., Woodstock, N. B.

WE ARE NOW

Offering to our customers:

- Veal, Lamb,
- Mutton,
- Loins of Beef,
- Beef Steak,
- Roast Beef,
- Corned Beef,

- Smoked Hams,
- Sugar Cured Hams,
- Roll Bacon.

U. R. Hanson,

Queen St., Woodstock.

We Manufacture And Have For Sale

Threshing and Sawing Machines, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines, And General Mill Work.

Also, Furnaces, Farmers' Boilers, Stoves of All Descriptions.

One and Two Horse Seeders, Turnip Drills, Pulpers,

Mowing and Reaping Machines, with Roller Bearings, Spring Tooth Harrows,

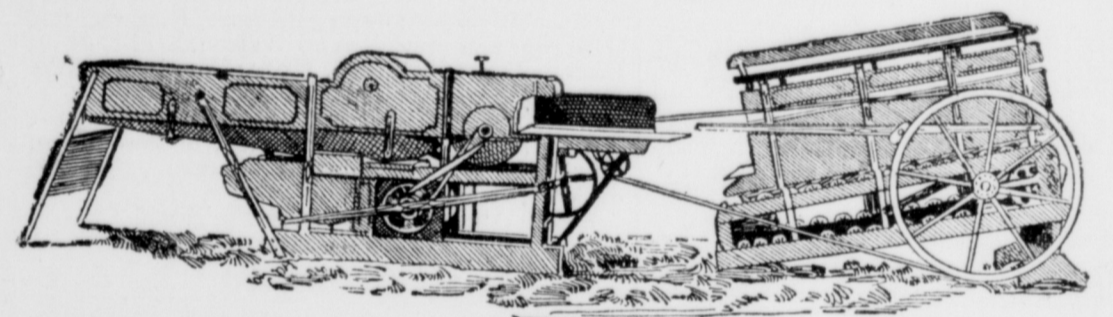
And the Finest Kind of **STEEL PLOWS**

in the market, consisting in part of the CELEBRATED No. 21, 30, 8 and 6. They are guaranteed not to be Chilled Plows, but Genuine Crucible Steel Mouldboards, Hard Outside with Soft Centres.

Repairs for Frost & Wood's Machinery kept in stock.

SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.

Woodstock, N. B.



Tornado Thresher

—AND—

LITTLE GIANT HORSE POWER

After spending many years in the study of, and thousands of dollars in experimenting on Threshers, we have succeeded in building a machine which possesses in the greatest degree all the essential and desirable qualities of a perfect thresher and cleaner. We have the best machine in the world. It threshes out all the grain from the straw, and cleans without wasting it. We furnish a whip with each machine that prevents waste of grain.

Connell Bros.,

Woodstock, N. B.

Good Herring.

We have yet in stock a few Half Barrels of those Good Herring, at Lowest Prices. Call and see them.

C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO.

WOODSTOCK.

A New Klondyke in Woodstock.

There is no need going to Yukon for a CARRIAGE or HEAVY WAGON. We have a number of our New Carriages in the wareroom and invite any one desiring one to call and inspect. We have well under way fifty carriages that will soon be ready for the market. In heavy stock for waggons we have a big supply, and anyone intending to purchase invite their attention, come and look it over and decide for yourself. All wheels are boiled in oil before tiring. Our designs are the latest, and personal attention is given to all departments, none but skilled workmen are employed. One of the proprietors always on hand to attend customers. Now is the time before the busy season sets in to have your Repairing and Painting done by the best of mechanics. Try us with your orders, satisfaction assured. Charges moderate.

CHESTNUT & HIPWELL,

Opposite Small & Fisher Co.,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.