

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 5. NO. 10.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUG 3, 1898.

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"UNDER TWO FLAGS."

Carleton And Aroostook Villages
Assaulted

By Meandering Wheelman.—War and Potatoes Occupy Our Neighbour's Minds.—Pretty Towns and big fields of Murphies. A Bicycle Trip Recommended to all!

Three inexperienced youths, the majority of whom have seen a least thirty summers, went on a wheeling trip last week, including a visit to various villages in this county and the adjoining county of Aroostook Me.

A representative of THE DISPATCH interviewed one of the "tourists," on his return to Woodstock. He said:—

"Two of us started off for Hartland, via Waterville, a route recommended to us by the third party, who having started us on our journey, waited for the afternoon train to take him to Florenceville. We found the route prescribed longer by about three miles than the river route, and quite as tiring. We found Hartland, booming as usual. A number of new dwellings are in course of erection, and at least one new store of quite extensive proportions. Business men, speak encouragingly of the future, though they have met with the same "lack of money" which appears to have been a universal complaint during the spring and summer months. The waterworks system put in some time ago works well, and the citizens are congratulating themselves on such a wise course which was only adopted after a hard struggle. So do all reforms come, only by persistence in the face of opposition.

From Hartland to Florenceville is one of the best wheeling roads, which the heart of a bicyclist could desire. Not only is the road smooth and devoid of heart and back breaking hills, but the scenery is simply beautiful. At Peel a halt was called, in order to interview J. K. Flemming to see if he was still a Tory. This prominent politician is about building a new, handsome residence, that will be big enough when completed to hold the next "Moncton Convention." From Peel to East Florenceville even along a smooth road, and through picturesque scenery, is some miles, but the mile posts are quickly passed. You are a long time getting into East Florenceville, after you seem to be there. Having interviewed the principal citizens, and fortified the inner man, the two old parties were here joined by a new third party, and a start was made for Perth. Up as far as Bath all is smooth running. Beyond Bath you begin to strike a few hills, not at all grievous hills, but after the easy running from Hartland, they seem serious enough. It is a pull of some twenty-five miles from East Florenceville to Perth. If time will permit, Muniac will be found a good halting place. Muniac is about a mile south of Kilburn station. It is a pretty spot, and tired travellers will find comfort and ease at Mrs. Miles' hostelry. Some nine miles of a good road brings the wheelman into Perth, which by the way seems to be hardly crowding Andover as a business centre. Here is an excellent hotel run by Enoch Lovely. Having made the trip from Woodstock in one day, a distance of some fifty miles, the ordinary wheelman will be satisfied. If he is not, there is nothing to prevent him using the remaining hours for a little run to Grand Falls or even to Edmundston. This would probably be found tiring. After a night's rest, we decided to forego the visit to Grand Falls, until the new pulp mills are erected, and electric railways connect the coming city of the north with Woodstock and other suburbs. We crossed the bridge to Andover, and a poor sort of a bridge it is. People in Perth and Andover are looking for a sudden collapse, and there is nothing to make one believe that their fears are ill-founded. It is a wonder that a rich province like New Brunswick, with evidently lots of money to burn cannot keep such a well travelled bridge in a condition, at least. However, as an election is comparatively near, the residents, thereabouts are hopeful that they will not have to swim from one village to the other. Andover is given over to the tourist. He comes in great numbers, with much wealth and many tents and other outfit. He leaves money at the hotels and some at the shops, and is altogether popular. Who is not, when he has money to spend? As everyone knows Andover is long and pretty. We started to take in Fort Fairfield; and get a true account of the war. They said it was only eight miles, but a mile between Andover and Fort Fairfield for two-thirds of the way, is about three miles long. The hills are mountains. When you get to Carlingford, you strike a good place for a pause, and after walking up a hill of some proportions you are rewarded

by a view almost worth the labour of the climb. In the distance is Fort Fairfield, a pretty and bright looking town on the Aroostook stream, while a big slice from Aroostook County is in sight. Then jump on your wheel, and if life is a burden, and you don't want to be accused of intentional suicide "let her go," and you coast for about three miles right into the Fort. There is no fort, by the way, but that doesn't count. The most noticeable feature in Fort Fairfield is the absence of Spanish flags. The war and potatoes are the *Main* topics of conversation. Speaking of potatoes, the fields are simply luxuriant with this crop. The Aroostook farmer will not be weaned from his profitable and favourite crop. I was told that Aroostook County has the biggest acreage in potatoes this year, since the invention of potatoes. The crop is most promising, and there is a hope of a good price. American flags are the only things as conspicuous as the potatoes. Big flags and little flags are everywhere, not excepting the country graveyards, for people die sometimes even in this favoured country.

Fort Fairfield looks fairly prosperous, and is altogether a neat little town. There are several hotels, and we found everything that an ordinary man should require, at the Collins House. The very name "Collins House" sounds good to a thirsty man. Twelve miles from Fort Fairfield to Presque Isle. We took the straight road and a great mistake we made, for the straight road is apt to lead to destruction, so hilly is it. In fact it was a regular pilgrims' progress from Andover to Presque Isle, and even Bunyan's Faithful might have been appalled. However, as the descent to the Fort was easy, so was the descent to Presque Isle, after Whitney's hill was passed. In you go, fluking. It seemed to be quite a gala day at Presque Isle. There was a band, and the band did play good music. There was a travelling salesman, who sold gold chains for a quarter each, knives beautifully and wonderfully constructed for fifteen cents, stones like diamonds, from Salt Lake, for a mere song. He, or they, for there were two, were great orators, and it would be worth while for the enthusiastic politicians to borrow them for the coming election. One expression, which very much took us, was, "Goodness, Godness, Gidness." This was an exclamation of surprise at the indifference of the public to the great bargains. "Come give a quarter and you have the chain, somebody, any body, nobody! He or they said they struck a bad night, and didn't look happy when the performance was over.

I noticed one thing about Presque Isle. The town is lighted by electricity, but they have no contract with the moon. They use the lights all the year round.

The home trip was a good one. All the road from Presque Isle to Woodstock via Blaine and Centreville is good and as it happened with us, most of the way, extra dry. Fifteen miles from Presque Isle to Blaine. Blaine is a pretty little village, but from the accounts given to us, somewhat deceased. We struck a blue ruin man, who could not be surprised by our most experienced prophet of evil. The B. & A. had ruined the place, there were nothing but vacant stores, and altogether times were bad. So, our neighbors in Uncle Sam's free domain, far from the oppression of grinding Kings and Lords, are not all rich and happy. From Blaine to Centreville is about ten miles, a good run, but warm with the thermometer wandering in the one hundreds. Of Centreville much has been written in this paper. It will compare with any village of its size anywhere. It is an easy run to Woodstock, barring a couple of hills.

For further information, regarding the trips, a private diary kept by one of the party may be consulted.

Presentation.

Rev. Mr. Belliss, curate of Woodstock for the past two years, was presented with a complimentary address by the church corporation on the eve of his departure at the Rectory last evening. The friends of Mr. Belliss presented him with an envelope containing \$40, and Mrs. Belliss was asked to accept half a dozen solid silver spoons. Following is the address by the corporation to which Mr. Belliss made a suitable reply:

WOODSTOCK, N. B., August 1st, 1898.
To Rev. W. B. BELLISS,
Dear Sir,—We, the corporation of Christ Church, Woodstock, and on behalf of all other parishioners, would express to you our sincere regret that we can no longer retain your services, as Curate of this parish.

Your severance from us is due to no failure of duty on your part, but simply to the inability of the parish to provide the necessary means for a Curate's salary.

During your two years, stay you have faithfully performed the duties of your office, not sparing yourself in the work of the Mission as a whole, nor in the ready assistance given to the rector.

It is our sincere wish and prayer, that you may have much strength and joy in your future life, and that rich blessings may rest upon the labors of your ministry, from the Divine Head of the church. We would express the like wishes on behalf of Mrs. Belliss, and the same regrets that she must leave us.

A HARD SCRABBLE AGAIN,

But "The Creek" Wins the Battle This Time.

Special Meeting of the Council on the Gaol Question.—A New One in Town Voted by 14 to 11.—Not to Exceed in Cost \$10,000.—What the Councillors Had to Say.

A special meeting of the Co. Council was held yesterday to re-consider the question of repairing the old gaol or erecting a new one in the town of Woodstock.

Coun. White moved the following resolution:—"Whereas a committee of the County Council was appointed in January last to enquire into the state of the gaol, before whom was W. S. Saunders, Dr. Rankin and S. Jones, the gaoler, who was a member of the board of health, condemned the building "as dangerous to the health of its inmates and in its present state calculated to invite and encourage disease especially in hot weather. Dr. Rankin, the gaol physician, reported the building in its present condition "unfit in which to confine a human being." Mr. Jones, the gaoler, said his family had suffered in consequence of the want of room and the imperfect sanitary arrangement of the building. And, whereas, the Grand Jury before and after investigation of the said building in March last did unanimously recommend improvements and additions to the said building for the accommodation and comfort of the prisoners, as well as for the convenience, comfort and health of the gaoler and his family which if carried out would entail an additional expense on the county of not less than \$2,000 without giving any corresponding benefit to the county. And, whereas, the Municipal Council ignored the recommendation of the Grand Jury and ordered an outlay to be made of \$300 on said building which if acted upon would not give the accommodation required to improve the building for the comfort and convenience of prisoners and the gaoler's family; and, whereas, the Woodstock town council has offered by resolution to donate \$1000 towards the erection of a new gaol on the county land in said town which offer and amount we now accept. Therefore, Resolved, That this council does now rescind the resolution for the expenditure of \$300 on the said gaol building, and further, that a building committee be authorized to erect a gaol on the county lot in said town as soon as practicable having regard to economy and the wants and requirements of the county.

Coun. Purrington seconded the resolution. Coun. White speaking to the resolution said that it contained the gist of the requisition calling them together. He dwelt upon the reports of the various bodies which had investigated the gaol and had reported on its present unsanitary condition. It has been said that we should not move in the matter at the present time, but on the other hand it was said by every ratepayer with whom he consulted that a move should be made in this matter at once, and that the gaol should be put on the lands owned by the county in town. We have put some \$1700 on the present building, but the work and expense have proved a failure. He came now in the interests of suffering humanity.

Much is said about the expense but expense would be increased by trying to repair the old building. No councillor at this board would have the temerity to take a stranger and point out to him the beauty of our gaol. Regarding expenses a saving on insurance and by saving the mileage of carrying prisoners to and from town of \$85 a year. Put this over twelve years and we were between \$1100 and \$1200 out of pocket. Suppose we have \$10000. We have about 4300 heads of families, double up making our son a ratepayer which would be 8600. Take \$10,000, that is \$1.16 1-8 a year, for ten years, for each of those ratepayers. Put the population at 23000 and ask them to pay \$10,000. It amounts to 43¢ cents, and just 4½ cents a year to each individual for ten years. He visited Houlton gaol yesterday. The gaoler said "I am paid \$1.75 cents for each prisoner, excepting when they exceed 17 in number, when the county gives me \$2.50. I get no salary, but house rent free, firewood, light, no taxes, etc." He had nothing to say against the present gaoler who had to do work that we would hardly ask the lowest menial to do. By an arrangement such as in Houlton, in paying the gaoler, we would save \$458.00, which we now pay out without getting any corresponding benefit. The present state of our gaol is not honest, is not human, is not decent. He asked that this matter be settled for all time to come.

Coun. Kearney said the condition of the county is such that we should curtail expenses rather than pay \$35000 or \$45000. It would be a disgrace to the county to put up public buildings only costing \$10,000. He did not think a finer location could be found for public buildings than that on which they now stand. If we look out for future generations let us build up at Hartland, or somewhere there. He did not see any reason for reversing his former vote.

Coun. Saunders—This gaol has been condemned. It is a matter of great importance for us. We have no enormous debt. We have paid off all our debts. It is a myth. This institution has cost about \$200 a year for 15 years. There is not any reason to show it will not cost us more. Is it a fair representation of the condition of Carleton County? Last year \$308 was spent on it. The grand inquest says you must spend something like

(Continued on Fifth Page.)