

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

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THE CLOSING DAYS.

1898 is just about gone. One more year and we will be writing 1900. The 20th century is about to make its appearance. What a wonderful century the 19th has been. One can scarcely fancy that at the beginning, nay, even at the middle of this century, the inhabitants of the Earth, knew nothing of the telegraph, of travelling on the railway. Suddenly awakened from his long sleep the ancestor who passed away in the forties and introduced him without notice to our present modes of life and how completely astonished he would be. The telephone would be perhaps the greatest wonder to him, excepting the phonograph, a truly marvellous thing.

But supposing we leave the ancestor in his peaceful sleep, and instead suppose a case in which one of us is transported from this present age to the beginning of the century. How out of place he would be? No railways, no steamships, no cable or telegraph, no telephone. If he wished to go to Fredericton he would have to count on two or three days going and coming. If he were venturesome enough to wish to cross the Atlantic, it would be a two or three months' job.

We peer into the future and what do we see? More discoveries, or has the age of great discoveries and inventions closed, and will next century be noted for something else?

It is a fact which cannot be disputed that the 19th century, famous in a commercial, mechanical and inventive sense, is not the most famous from an intellectual point of view. Who have we in men of letters to compare with the giant of the 18th century.

The London Spectator recently dealing with this phase of the question says:—"It has been pointed out again and again by various writers that the theory that there has been real intellectual progress in the world is one of very doubtful validity. We have progressed in social efficiency, in the multiplication of contrivances for making life easier, in our grasp of an ever-increasing repertory of facts; but what we know of ancient Babylon and Greece compels us to doubt whether the human mind has really become more powerful as human life has opened out on the planet. The men who were capable of appreciating the logic and eloquence of Demosthenes, were certainly, from the intellectual point of view, a higher people than the human items that compose a London jury. In short, we must realize the fact that, whatever may be the determining factor in what we call progress, it is not, so far as can be discovered, a progressively deepening intellect."

ENGLAND'S GREATEST MEN.

Spring From the Middle Classes Rather Than the Nobility.

On looking into the antecedents of our eminent men, many interesting discoveries come to light, and of these the clearest conclusions are that the intellectual giants, of our day at any rate, come from the middle classes, and that a son rarely distinguishes himself in the same direction as his father.

These rules have exceptions, of course. Three of our English judges—Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, Sir Walter Phillimore, and Mr. Justice Channell—have all followed their fathers' footsteps to the bench.

Two of our bishops, Salisbury and Chichester, are sons of bishops, and Lord Roberts has only gone a step higher than his father, who was a distinguished general and a G. C. B.

The aristocracy, too, has made some useful contributions to our roll of great men. Our best of bishops includes a baron's son in the Bishop of Peterborough, the son of an earl in his Lordship of Lichfield, and the son of a marquis in Lord Alwyne Compton, Bishop of Ely.

The navy has its distinguished sons of noble families in Earl Clanwilliam, the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, Lord John Hay, and Admiral Fremantle.

The army and the law, in their topmost strata, owe little to the aristocracy, while it has a part at all in our leading men of letters.

The bar has a fair percentage of titled members, but the bench is chiefly recruited from the middle classes, and from nearly every representative grade of them.

Of the two living men who have sat on the Woolsack, Lord Halsbury is the son of a Doctor of Laws, and Lord Herschell of a dissenting minister.

Sir Francis Jeune is a bishop's son, and Sir Walter Phillimore's father was a baronet. Our remaining judges come without exception from the professional and business classes, or are sons of country gentlemen or courtesy esquires.

Sir Joseph Chitty is the son of a barrister, Lord Russell of an Irish gentleman, the Master of the Rolls of a professor of botany, Mr. Justice Bigham of a Liverpool merchant, Sir Gainsford Bruce of a schoolmaster, Mr. Justice Kennedy of an inspector of schools and Mr. Justice Wright of a Somerset rector.

In the army the story is the same. Lord Wolseley's father was a major, Sir Evelyn Wood's a clergyman (and baronet), General Harrison's also a parson, Sir John Lintorn Simmons' a captain of artillery; while Generals Sir George White, Markham, Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Redvers Buller, and many others of our best-known soldiers are the sons of country gentlemen.

Of our archbishops, Dr. Temple, of Canterbury, is the son of a major, and Dr. Maclagan, of York, of an army doctor; both of our archbishops, strangely enough, having a military origin.

Dr. Kennion, of Bath and Wells, is the son of a Harrogate physician; the Bishop of Ripon of a Liverpool incumbent; Dr. Stubbs, of Oxford, of a Yorkshire solicitor; the Bishop of Truro of a Yorkshire manufacturer; and the Bishop of Carlisle is the son of a canon of Manchester, all these five bishops thus springing from two northern counties.

The father of Dr. Jayne, of Chester, was a magistrate; Dr. Ryle's, of Liverpool, a Macleodfield M. P.; the fathers of the Bishops of Worcester, Gloucester, and Lincoln were all clergymen, and the Bishop of Manchester, like the quintet above, comes from the north, and is the son of a Sheffield gentleman.

Among our leading politicians we naturally find many wearers of titles, but many of our ablest statesmen spring from the middle social stratum.

Mr. Chaplin is a parson's son, Sir H. H. Fowler and Lord Herchell come from the "manse," Mr. Chamberlain from commerce, Mr. John Morley from medicine, and Mr. Arnold Morley from a city warehouse.

Mr. Long and Mr. Balfour spring from the squirearchy, Sir William Harcourt from the church, Mr. Asquith from business, Mr. Bryce from the law, and Mr. Sidney Buxton from the House of Commons.

It is in the world of writers however, that we find the greatest diversity of origin. Mr. Blackmore is a clergyman's son, as also are Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, while Mr. John Davidson, the poet, is the son of a minister.

Mr. Marion Crawford is a sculptor's son, Mr. Herbert Spencer the son of a schoolmaster, Dr. Conan Doyle of an artist, Mr. Rider Haggard of a barrister and Norfolk squire, Sir Edward Arnold of a Sussex magistrate, Mr. "Ian Maclaren" of a civil servant, Mr. Kipling of a gentleman in the Indian educational service, Mr. Clark Russell of a singer and composer, and Mr. William Watson, the poet, is a farmer's son.—London Mail.

PURE BLOOD IS LIFE.

Paine's Celery Compound the Only Hope of all Suffering from Blood Diseases.

The Great Medicine Quickly Expels all Poisons and Renews the System.

Scrofula is one of the most terrible and wasting of blood diseases; it usually develops in early life, and in the majority of cases is hereditary. Many medical men contend that scrofula is the parent of consumption. When the blood is thin, impoverished, impure and foul, its poisoned condition shows up clearly in pimples, sores, tumors, abscesses, blotches, erysipelas, cancer, white swellings, sore eyes, felons, boils, salt rheum, eczema, etc.

Pure blood represents life; foul and poisoned blood means suffering and death. Strength, action and the health of all parts of the human system are dependent upon the blood.

The only true way to cleanse and enrich the blood is to use Paine's Celery Compound. Its vitalizing and purifying effect upon the blood of old and young is magical. The most virulent blood diseases quickly yield to its healing and cleansing power. No other medicine known to man has ever achieved the victories over obstinate blood troubles that Paine's Celery Compound has accomplished.

If you have a trace or symptom of blood disease, your life is truly in danger. If you are anxiously seeking for a cure, have a care how you make use of the widely advertised "blood purifiers;" in the great majority of instances they are frauds. Ask your druggist for Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that can make your blood and flesh clean, pure and healthy.

Plattened.

Young Mrs. Torkins was almost in tears when her husband came home.

"What's the matter?" inquired her husband.

"It wasn't my fault, Charley, dear, and I do hope it can be mended. That pointer pigeon you brought home—"

"Well?"

"I'm afraid it has swallowed a tack and got a puncture."—Washington Star.

HARD TO STOOP.

Backache and Kidney trouble make a Halifax lady's life miserable.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

It would be well if every lady in Canada understood that pain in the back and backache were nothing more nor less than a cry of the disordered kidneys for help. Hundreds of ladies have found Doan's Kidney Pills a blessing, giving them relief from all their suffering and sickness.

Among those who prize them highly is Mrs. Stephen Stanley, 8 Cornwallis St., Halifax, N.S. She says that she was troubled with a weakness and pain across the small of her back, which was so intense at times that she could hardly stoop.

Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills she got a box, and is thankful to say that they completely removed the pains from her back and gave tone and vigor to her entire system. Mrs. Stanley also added that her husband had suffered from kidney derangement, but one box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him.

No one afflicted with Backache, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gravel, or any kidney or urinary trouble need despair. Doan's Kidney Pills cure every time—cure when every other remedy fails. Price 50c a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Train-Wrecking Mania in England.

London, Dec. 5.—The train-wrecking mania seems alarmingly on the increase in England. Dozens of attempts have been made lately, though fortunately, none has been successful. The perpetrators do not seem to be organized, because from all parts of the kingdom come stories of obstacles being found on railways. Last week's royal train had a narrow escape. Last week the most sensational case occurred near Machynlleth, Wales. A heavy lorry, or fiat car, was taken from a shed and placed across the line at a most dangerous curve. The railway men who fortunately discovered it had great difficulty in removing it, so firmly was the car fixed. They had just succeeded in removing the obstruction when the express flew past.

Mrs. Manhatten—And so your daughter has married well?

Mrs. Lakeside. But, of course, we cannot be sure until after the divorce.—Town Topics.

Wife (waking suddenly from sleep)—Henry, did you call?

Husband (who has been spending previous evening with the boys)—No, I'll raise it five.—Harlem Life.

She—In this story it refers to empty bottles as "dead men." That's absurd.

He—Where's the absurdity?

"Well, dead men tell no tales; empty bottles do."—Moonshire.

Write to DR. ROBERTZ, he is

THE DOCTOR WHO CURES

weakness of men. Expert scientific treatment. Instructive book free.

Address G. H. ROBERTZ, M. D., 252 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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You can count on getting a good job of work done at reasonable prices. Give me a call or write post card.

G. P. PARKER, PRACTICAL PAINTER,

North End Richmond Street, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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We make to order all kinds of Ladies' Coats, Capes, Ulsters, Mackintoshes and Outside Wraps, in the Latest Styles, and Perfect Fit guaranteed.

We make to order Ladies' Gaiters of all kinds to match costume. Ladies can furnish own cloth if they wish. Give us a call and get prices

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Merchant Tailors,

HOULTON, MAINE.

WE OFFER

Sled Shoe Steel, Bar Iron, Coal, Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Etc.

For the Blacksmith's Trade.

Also, Thresher Teeth, Belting and other Repairs,

For the Farmers' Trade.

STOVES and a good stock of GENERAL HARDWARE for Everybody.

Call in and see us.

SHAW & DIBBLEE,

HARTLAND.

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,

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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.

FALL OF 1898.

CHESTNUT & HIPWELL

Again to the front with over 60 Pungs, well advanced, of the best stock, and up to date trimmings. Ask for comparison with any other builders in the province. Intending buyers are cordially invited to call and inspect.

Have on hand several second hand Carriages in good shape, for a small figure. Will sell at cost to make room. Bring in your Sleighs and Pungs and have them Repaired and Painted ready for the first snow.



EARN A WATCH

Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty Topaz Scarf Pins, at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topaz has all the brilliance of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.

THE GEM PIN CO., Freehold Building, Toronto, Ont.

For Sale.

1 Phaeton, 1 Bangor Buggie, 1 Piano Box Waggon, 2 Dexter Pungs, 1 Light Two Seated Sled. These will go at a bargain. F. L. ATHERTON, King Street, Woodstock.

"Do you let out dress coats?" inquired Jenkins of a rather smart tailor.

"Only when they are too small, sir," replied the artist, with cutting severity.—Tid-Bits.

She—Father would it hurt you much if I married without your consent?

He—It might hurt the young man more. Brooklyn Life.