

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

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Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MARCH 29, 1899.

TOWN IMPROVEMENT.

In many towns the size of Woodstock there are what are called town improvement societies. These societies are for the purpose of keeping the town neat and clean. The householders agree to clear up all the dirt and refuse in front of their dwellings, and in their yards. The effect is said to be almost wonderful. Towns which before the starting of such societies have been noted for their dirtiness, become transformed into well kept communities. No society is more needed in Woodstock. Any citizen of our town who visits Houlton in the summer, and contrasts the appearance of the two places, cannot but be ashamed of Woodstock.

The town council can hardly be expected to send its men into every one's back yard and clean up the filth, but the town council might very well pass a resolution calling upon all citizens to do what they can towards beautifying the town. Such a reminder from the council would undoubtedly meet with a cordial response, and the board of trade might back the council in its effort. There surely is no reason why Woodstock should not be as clean a town as Houlton. Surely a Woodstocker is not more in love with dirt and filth than a Houltoner.

The Art of Trimming a Headlight Wick

In discussing the question of headlights, with particular reference to the acetylene light described in our issue of February 4, an official of the Canadian Pacific Railway is said to have told a story that proves the proficiency of Vice-President Shaughnessy of that road in the art of trimming a headlight wick. The occasion of a delay at a small station furnished the material for the story. Mr. Shaughnessy, who happened to be on the train, went forward to the engine to discover the trouble. He stood for awhile and listened to a crusty engineer swearing over the the headlight. Finally he asked, "What's the matter?" "It's the infernal oil the company supplies us with. They're too mean to buy us good oil and we can't get a good headlight." "Possibly the wick hasn't been well trimmed," suggested the official. "Do you think I don't know how to trim a lamp wick, you fool? I've done it often enough to know how." "Possibly you didn't do it right this time." "Well if you think you can do it better than I can you'd better try it yourself." Mr. Shaughnessy taking him at his word pulled off his coat and trimmed and trimmed the wick so skillfully that he obtained a good light. "Now, young man," he said, "you see you do not know everything, though you engineers think you know it all." "I'd like to see a dude like you run my engine," said the crestfallen engineer. "Well, I think I could do that on a pinch and I would have less oil and dirt to show on my brasses for it." Soon after the vice president's return to the private car, the engineer learned to his horror the official position of the gentleman whom he had been swearing at and it is needless to say that he was in a great hurry to offer a humble apology. He was good naturedly forgiven and is still running on this road but is noted for his civility to strangers.—Railway News.

Pimples on the Face.—Can be cured in 3 days by the use of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. However impossible this may seem, a few applications will convince. Many are cured who have been disfigured for years. Try it today.
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The Taxation of Bachelors.

We have it has once or twice been proposed in Canada that bachelors should be taxed and there are not a few benedicks who will always hold that single men should be made to bear the greater share of the taxation of the country than they do. Not generally being householders, the latter escape the penalty that the former can never avoid. The subject is receiving fresh attention owing to the fact that a bill is now before the Legislature of Virginia which provides that bachelors over 21 years of age shall pay the moderate sum of \$1 per annum into the state exchequer. The first thing to be said of the measure is that if any tax of the kind is justifiable the amount named is too small. It is a disparagement of the ancient institution of bachelorhood. If the state conceives that a bachelor to any extent in enjoyment of a privilege that conflicts with the social fabric the tax should be more than 2 cents a week. That would not add much to the revenue, while to its victim it would be a vexation and belittlement. The subject should not be opened at all unless with a firm and even heroic hand. Let the first thing settled be the status of the bachelor in modern schemes of civilized government, and then tax him accordingly. It is only fair to define his position, whether that of a culprit, an evas-

ive person, or one misinformed on the subject of proper citizenship. When the reason for the special tax is clearly disclosed its amount can be adjusted, and the bachelor called upon to pay in cash or work it out as he may elect.

But every new law affecting a class is certain to undergo a searching legal test. Some bachelors are pretty stubborn, and appeals will be carried up to the highest court in the land. The defendant will demand to know what he has done in derogation of duty to the state that must be offset by an indemnity of 2 cents a week. This will compel an analysis of bachelorhood as well as of a bachelor's civic relations. One of the delinquents might bring testimonials to prove that he had made repeated efforts to marry, and never got any farther than an offer of sisterly interest. Others might plead the care of his kindred who had lost other protectors. Some might have loved and lost through rivalry they tried hard to overcome. To clap a tax upon bachelors and insist that the whole tribe are alike is to disregard the dictates of reason and the voice of experience.

There is a type of hardened bachelor who might perhaps be equitably taxed, but \$1 a year would not meet his case. Irving draws a not very flattering portrait of this variety in sketches of English manorial life. But then Irving was a bachelor himself, though a man of fine feeling and sentiment. Then there are women, like Queen Elizabeth, who deliberately decide not to marry. Virginia must not forget that it was named for a girl bachelor and one who turned her back on a pick of princes. A tax on all celibacy might be the result of the entering wedge of an impost on bachelors. But in any case the tax should be fittingly graduated in accordance with the proverb that the man who never marries has a fine breakfast, a fair dinner and a very poor supper. It seems that nature lays a tax of its own on "a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures."—Toronto World.

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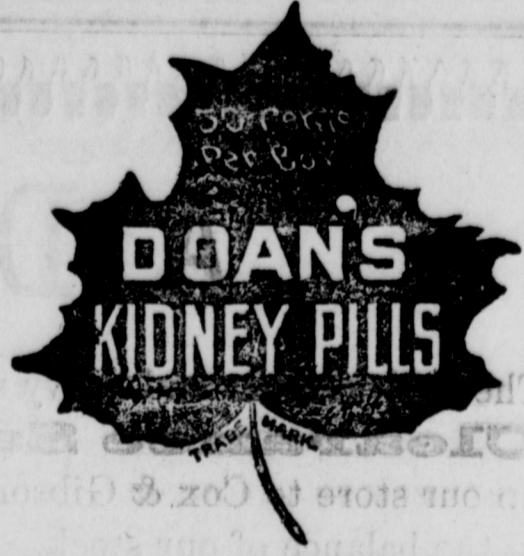
WITH THE TROOPS IN CUBA.

Mrs. Patrick Corbett of Johnville Sends the Dispatch the Following Interesting Letter.

PIÑAR DEL RIO, CUBA, Feb. 24th, 1898.
My Dear Mother;—I suppose you will be a little surprised to receive a letter from me, but since I wrote you my last letter, I have been so much on the move, that I could not find time to write. I am in Cuba again—this is my third trip here. We have been here nearly two months, and from the present outlook of things, it appears that we will be here for some time. The place where we are now camped is about 130 miles from Havana. We are 3 miles from Pinar del Rio. I saw a great many interesting sights as we passed through Havana. Havana is a very large city, it has over 400,000 inhabitants, and its harbor is considered one of the finest in the world. The streets there are very narrow, so narrow, that you can almost step from one side walk to the other. The houses too are all crowded together, and the city has a cramped appearance. Pinar del Rio is a very nice city and I go there as often as I can. Have you heard the news of our victory in Manila? You see our troops are whipping everything that comes before us. Our victory there was even greater than the one at Santiago. I was at the battle of Santiago last year, and wish that I could have been in the one at Manila. It is supposed to be the dry season here now, but it rains nearly every other day. So far I have enjoyed tolerable good health. I have had a little sickness but nothing serious. We have nearly 3000 soldiers here now. There is one Regt of Inf, one battalion of Engineer corps, they are getting settled in our corps now. We have large hospital tents to sleep in and they are much better than the small ones. We also have portable canvas cots and mosquito bars, so you see the government takes as good care of us as possible. You should see the natives here, their habits and customs are so much different from ours, that it is quite interesting to see them. For our wood we have to go 15 miles, and even then the men have to go fully armed, and carry rations and ammunition. From what I see in the papers you must be having awfully cold weather at home. Here the weather is very warm indeed, and we enjoy a bath in a stream near our camp daily. Near our camp are numerous cocoa-nut, orange, and pineapple groves. Please write me soon and let me know how you and all at home I have seven months to stay in the service yet and if possible when I receive my discharge I will try and come home. Please give my love to all at home. Trusting that this will find you in good health and spirits and that I will hear from you soon, I am with much love as ever. Your loving Son,
Michael Daley.
Co. E. 1st U. S. Inf.
Pinar del Rio, Cuba.

The Peculiar Accident.

Some portions of northwest Arkansas are very hilly—so much so, in fact, that it has been said by hypercritical visitors from other



The above is the name and trade mark of the original Kidney Pills. The only reliable Kidney Pill. They were placed on the market by Mr. James Doan, Kingsville, Ont., February, 1885—long before other Kidney Pills were thought of. Their phenomenal success in all parts of the world, as well as in Canada, has brought forth many imitations. Take nothing that has a name that looks or sounds like D-O-A-N-'S. Kidney Pills—Always ask for D-O-A-N-'S. Kidney Pills—the pills that quickly and thoroughly cure all kinds of Kidney ills after other remedies fail.

parts of the country that the hillside natives do their farming in wall pockets. A citizen of that region dropped into the office of the Simpsonville Culverin the other day, and when interrogated by the able editor replied: "Waal, no; thar hain't no speshul news from out around Tursley Trot, that I know of; nothin' worth mentionin' has happened that I've heered tell of. To be sho' thar has been a triflin' shootin' scrape or two, and some fellar from the Nawth got sawter tar and feathered, I believe, for somethin' or ruther—I didn't learn what—and thar was considerable of a fight at the baptizen Sunday, and Huck Buckleby eas licked his wife a few times lately, and a young lady was snake bit at a weddin' about a week ago, and the presidin' elder was arrested for hoss stealin' and a man or two gits shot every now and then, and the ague is pow'ful plenty and good lickin' is shameful scarce, and a few little things that-a-way, but nothin' that yo' could really call news.

"Come to think about it, though, Lab Jonks is in favt of an interestin' predickymunt, as yo' might call it. —o' see, he was kinder dabblin' around in his tobacker patch one day las' week, when he stubbed his toe and tumbled over the edge of his farm and fell down on Hoot Peddicord's house, and rammid his head down the chimney very considerably whur it stuck for the time bein'. His body lopped over backwards and hung down behind the chimney like as if he had an elbow; and when they executed him out of it, so to describe the process, his neck, peared to be set and locked in that position. It's that way yet.

"I reckon his neck will sawter limber up after a while by reason of the snake oil and seek like that they are rubbin' on it mighty numerously; but if it don't he'll go through life in a pow'ful peculiar way, for when he stands up straight his face looks up in the air like he was searchin' for a balloon; when he wants to glance ahead he has to bend over, and if he wanted to gaze down the well I reckon he'd have to stand on his hands with his feet in the air.

"I don't suppose this is a piece of news—wish I could tell yo' somethin' startlin' that-a-way—but thar hain't nothin' worth mentionin' happened out our way lately. Come to think about it, maybe yo' can make sawt of a funny piece out of this, for Lab sho' does look—haw—haw—comical!"—New York World.

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