

THE DISPATCH.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 12, 1899.

PRICE TWO CENTS

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Trade.

Alex. Henderson for President and Harry Noble for Vice-President—Retiring President Balmain's Address—Memorial to C. P. R.—No Telephone for Custom House.

On Monday evening last the annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held. There was a good attendance.

In reply to a letter from the secretary, the minister of customs said that it was found inadvisable to place telephones in any offices excepting at the larger ports.

The president and secretary were continued a committee, and given authority to prepare and forward a memorial to Mr. Timmerman of the C. P. R. regarding the stoppage of the north bound express at Woodstock instead of at Newburg for dinner.

Mr. Balmain, before vacating the chair, reviewed the work of the Board during the past year. He mentioned the efforts of the Board to secure a market for our hardwood in England and claimed that the Board's efforts



ALEX. HENDERSON.

should not cease in this direction. He understood that Donald Fraser & Son found an unlimited market for all kinds of hardwood in England, and there seemed to be no reason why the wood from this county should not be equally marketable. The proposal of Mr. A. W. Hay to move his pork-packing business to Woodstock was touched on, and the opinion expressed that it would be wisdom to hold out to him any reasonable inducements. Respecting the removal of the commercial travellers tax, it would be remembered that this measure was first proposed in the Board of Trade by H. P. Baird. A long discussion followed, and the proposed change seemed then very unpopular. Opinion had so changed, however, that not a word of opposition was heard to the motion of this new council in abolishing the license. The start which was made by the board in forming a Produce Buying Co. led to the establishment here of a branch of H. H. McCain's business at Florenceville, and the result was that the farmers who came to Woodstock to dispose of their produce found competitive markets and were able to make satisfactory trades. The board had also worked in the direction of securing the erection of a pulp mill in Woodstock, and he was sanguine that before long outside capital would be persuaded of the advantages which Woodstock afforded for such an industry.

The sec-treas. submitted his report. Receipts from dues for the year \$56.00; disbursements; to bal. due sec. end of last year \$4.40; postage, stationary, telegrams, etc., \$2.10; W. H. Everett acct. \$4.00; tin box for papers \$1.00; on sec-treas. salary \$44.50. There is a small balance of \$1.45 in the bank to the board's credit. Some dues remain to be paid, which would make up the deficit.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, resulting as follows:—Pres. A. Henderson; Vice-Pres. Harry Noble; Sec-Treas. T. C. L. Ketchum, council the aforesaid officers and W. Fisher, H. P. Baird and J. T. A. Dibblee.

The incoming president and vice president thanked the board for the honor conferred on them.

About Even.

Papa—See that spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?

Jonny—What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?—Philadelphia Times.

"Is your mother in little girl?" "Yes she's in for 30 days, but dat's no business of yours."—New York Journal.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

THE FENIAN WAR OF 1866.

Scenes and Incidents in Woodstock in Those Exciting Days.

The Midnight Alarm—How the Volunteers Were Called Together—The Ice Blockade in the River—Recollections of Over 30 Years Ago by a Former Resident.

Reminiscences of old-timers always possess an interest not only to those whose memory runs back to ancient days, but also to the younger generation, who lend willing ears to tales of their fathers and grandfathers relating to incidents which happened long ago in the localities where they now reside. It is with the belief therefore, that the readers of THE DISPATCH will be interested in the narrative that I am moved to tell the story of the exciting times of thirty-three years ago in Woodstock and vicinity.

During the winter of 1865-6 faint mutterings had been heard of a contemplated invasion of the provinces by a Fenian army. As the winter passed and spring advanced these mutterings became louder, and those who had ridiculed the idea that any body of men would be so foolhardy as to embark upon so hazardous an undertaking, began to realize that they might have to face the horrors of inevitable war.

The Fenian Brotherhood was a secret organization whose avowed object was the freedom of Ireland from English rule. It had recently come into prominence, and had branches—or circles, as they were called—in all sections of the north and west of the United States. At the close of the civil war there were large accessions to the ranks of the society owing to the disbanding of the armies, in which there had been thousands of Irishmen and men of Irish descent. These men were trained soldiers, and many of them, being without employment, entered eagerly into the scheme for the invasion of Canada. They did not believe there would be any serious interference with their plans by Uncle Sam, as public sentiment at that time was undoubtedly hostile to England, and in this belief they were not greatly disappointed. Preparations were accordingly made for attacks at various places on the borders of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario. Sections of the Fenian army were massed at several points in Maine, Vermont and New York, and invasions in a few instances actually took place, but owing to dissensions in their ranks and to lack of leadership the hostile demonstrations were of a very insignificant nature, and were easily repelled by the provincial militia. It was a sort of a go-sayou please campaign, and the result, as might have been anticipated, was dire failure.

In Woodstock, as in many other towns near the border, there was more or less excitement when it became known that the Fenian army had begun to move. The provincial government had been kept well informed of the progress of events, and upon receipt of news that a large body of Fenians had left Boston and Portland by steamer for Eastport and Calais, orders were given to call out the militia.

Captain George Strickland, who commanded the Woodstock volunteer company, received the order to get his men in readiness at about 11.30 o'clock on Sunday night, April 15. Now the captain, as his old friends will remember, was of a very nervous temperament, and thinking, no doubt, that the Fenian army was about to make Woodstock its objective point, immediately set to work to get his men together.

After conferring with Lieut. Wesley Boyer, he detailed Robert H. Upham to arouse the bugler of the company and to go from one end of the town to the other and sound the alarm.

The bugler was Jack Buck (I trust Elder John will excuse the familiarity), a big strapping young fellow, the son of a soldier, and with lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and the blasts that he blew from his horn that night were loud enough to awake the dead from the sleep of ages. The good people of the town—and nearly everybody was good in those days—had retired for the night to enjoy peaceful dreams after their Sabbath devotions, but the shrill, piercing notes of alarm from the bugler, as he went from street to street, rudely dispelled their slumbers. Windows were thrown open and nightcaps (I wonder do they wear them now?) popped forth, and the anxious inquiry from all was, "Where's the fire?" When told that the Fenians were coming the consternation and excitement were terrible to contemplate. There was screaming and howling, and groaning and wailing, and it was said that many fainted away, imagining, no doubt, that the

enemy was already within their gates. There was no thought of sleep for the remainder of the night, and some even went so far as to make preparations for hasty departure from the expected carnage of the morrow.

There were quite a number of members of the volunteer company who lived in outlying districts, such as Hardscrabble, Northampton—now Grafton, Lower Woodstock and Richmond, and couriers were dispatched to notify them to report for duty.

The duty of notifying the Richmond boys fell to the lot of Corporal Upham. Mounted on a swift steed, he started from the house of the late Robert A. Hay and proceeded down the creek road. As he passed the foot of Sweeney's hill, a man sprang out from behind the embankment, and shouting, "Hi, there!" made a lunge at the horse, which, frightened, shied to one side, and the blow struck the corporal on the leg. He paid no attention to the incident at the time, as he recognized the man and knew him well, but proceeded on his way. On his return from Richmond in the morning, however, he found that he had been cut, evidently, with a sharp knife, and that the wound had bled quite freely. When questioned, later, as to his motive, the man who struck the blow protested that he only intended it as a joke, and had no idea that he had injured the corporal. The incident was allowed to drop with this explanation, but as this man was known to be a strong Fenian sympathizer he was kept under surveillance until after the scare was over.

The ice in the river was breaking up at this time, and it was not safe to cross upon it. In order, therefore, to notify Colonel Baird, and the members of the company in Northampton the services of the bugler were necessary to call them up, and the situation was explained to them by hallooing across. Early Tuesday morning the ice began to move, and continued to block the river until Friday. On Thursday two members of the company—both named Shea, if my recollection serves me right—forced a passage across, and the colonel came over on Friday morning. But if the valiant Northampton boys had been shut out from participation in the exciting scenes that were happening in Woodstock, the martial ardor that inspired their comrades was equally strong in them, and in response to a request for loan of uniforms for new recruits, one of the Sheas answered back: "You may have our uniforms, but we shall be in them."

That was the spirit that animated nearly all the boys, and although the fortunes of war did not lead them to the field of battle, they showed their disposition to respond promptly to the call to defend their country. It was expected that the company would be sent to either St. Andrews or St. Stephen, the Fenians having shown themselves at Robbinstown and Calais. They did not dare to cross the line, however, and at the end of the week the citizens of Calais, Eastport and Robbinstown, in order to be rid of their unwelcome guests, raised subscriptions and paid their way back to Portland and Boston.

The company was dismissed from active service at the beginning of the following week, and thus ended the Fenian war of 1866 so far as New Brunswick was concerned.

It was deemed advisable, however, to guard the armory, which was situated in the basement of the Mechanics' Institute at the crest of the hill on Broadway, and two men were detailed for this duty each night until the following spring. There was great rivalry among the boys for appointment to this duty, as it was considered what would be called in these days a "snap." They received, I think, a dollar apiece per night, and the only service they were called upon to perform was to keep the fire burning in the stove and to sleep peacefully till the morning dawned.

WOODSTOCKER.

Boston, April 4, 1899.

Moose Destroyers.

Week before last, P. Corbett, Game Warden, and Deputy Sheriff Foster went to Lansdowne to find Theodore Crabb and Sam Burlock for violation of the game law. They got Crabb, whom they took before Justice J. R. Tompkins, where he was fined on the charge of killing one deer.

On Monday of last week, U. R. Hanson, Game Warden, and Jas. Woolverton went down to Richardson's Mill and found three quarters and the hide of a moose in Geo. McDonald's cellar. On Thursday night U. R. Hanson, P. Corbett, Sheriff Foster, James Woolverton and Johnston McAlpine, driven by James Harvey, left town at 7 o'clock and drove to Richardson's Mill, in search of Geo. McDonald, in whose cellar the meat and hide were found; one, Chase, who was wanted for the killing, and one Fletcher, who was wanted as a witness. They got Chase in his own camp in the woods, and Fletcher in Richardson's mill house. McDonald was not to be found. The party returned to town between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Fletcher was arraigned before Police Magistrate Dibblee on Friday morning, W. P. Jones prosecuting, and J. C. Hartley defending. There was no evidence and the judge adjourned the case.

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Without ever having foreclosed a mortgage.	With total insurance in force, \$7,985,839.00.
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With a larger new business than in any previous year.	With a death rate of only 3.44 per 1,000 of average number of policies in force.
With a premium income for '98 of \$188,744.14	With a record for care and economy unexcelled.
With an interest income of 25,381.55	Such has been their record. It is a record of steady, solid progress. Where is there a clearer record, or one that can beat it in any respect?
With an increase in total income of 17,538.90	
With an increase in assets of 55,022.72	
With an increase in expenses of only 714.58	
With total assets amounting to 667,214.22	

T. A. LINDSAY,

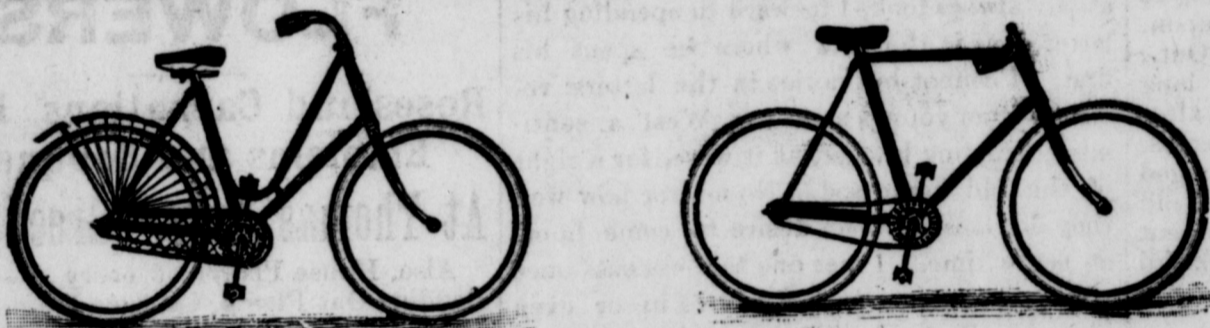
Special Agent,

Woodstock, N. B.

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