

Bristol News.

Rev S. W. Bennison preached in the Primitive Baptist church on Sunday morning and evening.

Mrs. G. W. Somerville has gone on a visit to her old home in Queens County, and will be gone about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Giberson of Miltown, but formerly of this village, have been visiting their friends and relatives here.

A party consisting of J. J. Hayward, Charles Armstrong, Charles Mead, John Mead, Edwin Phillips and Alva Phillips, went on a fishing trip to the Miramichi last week. They returned on Saturday night, having had a very pleasant and successful trip.

The school reopened on Monday last with a good attendance in both departments. The teachers are S. C. Merritt and Miss Mattie Bell. Miss Annie McLean returns to Holmsville for another term. Robert Atkinson has taken the Gordonville school and Miss Jennie Somerville goes to West Glassville.

A. W. Brown and family, Woodstock spent a couple of days in Bristol last week the guest of Mrs. John Farley.

Miss Lena Morgan Hartland, and Miss Lina Gidden Woodstock are visiting friends in Bristol.

Sadie Giberson has given up his position in the woodworking factory and gone to Colorado.

A. W. Phillips has been improving his residence by giving it a new coat of paint and also by grading his grounds.

Rufus Giberson and Miss Amy Giberson were married on Friday last. In the evening the boys gave the usual charivari.

Harvesting has commenced and some grain has been threshed. Mr. Brittain reports the first grist of buckwheat being brought to his mill on the 18th inst. Last year the first new grain came to Mill on the 20th August.

W. H. Arlaud and family arrived at this station a few days ago direct from England. They have located at West Glassville.

Miss Bessie Nason. Clover Hill N. S., says: "I gladly recommend Laxa-Liver Pills, as they cured me completely of Constipation before I had finished the third box."

Sisson Ridge News.

Our day school was taught the last two years by Miss Carrie Blake but at the close of the last term she resigned and left the school, much to the regret of the settlement. She was a good teacher, and a grand worker in the Sunday school and sewing circle. She has taken the school at the Linton Corner. We trust our present teacher will be as useful. She is a Miss Kinney from Florenceville holding a first class license. She is boarding at John E. Berryman's.

The Murphy Bros. are pushing their clappboard mill near to completion. They will begin to saw next Monday, 21st. They are five miles west from Sisson Ridge on Salmon River waters.

John Burgoyne and Jim have taken the contract to supply the mill with lumber and haul the clappboards to the station, a distance of 10 miles.

Edward Giberson is putting up a new house. Murdock Brown has the contract to build it.

Talk about blueberries! You want to take a trip up the Tobique River to Angus McDonald's Mountain. If you want to get blueberries, men women and children have come far and near to pick them. For instance a man and three children went 8 miles and picked 17 pails full and came back the same day.

I. P. Berryman, wife and mother-in-law from Augusta Me., who have been visiting his father for the last two months here intend to return to their future home next week.

Lively times this fall Council Election.

One way of Getting a Dinner.

A certain English magistrate was in the habit of affixing his signature to all sorts of papers without taking the trouble to examine them?

One winter evening about 6 o'clock, our worthy magistrate was comfortably seated by the fireside, wrapped in a dressing gown, when a friend was announced.

"Ah! delighted to see you," he said to the visitor as he entered the room.

Shortly after there was another ring at the door bell. This time a couple of his old comrades came in together.

"You see, my dear B," they both said in one breath, "we are punctual to the time."

Just then three other friends were shown into the room, and thanked the magistrate for his kind invitation.

"Why, what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed the latter, in utter amazement.

"You have invited us to supper, and here we are," cried the visitors, in chorus. "We were certainly surprised at your sending us the invitation on stamped paper. Quite an original idea!"

Hereupon each produced a document of portentous dimensions, bearing a legal stamp and the signature of the magistrate. The document, instead of representing writs or indictments, contained an invitation to supper, the menu of which, consisting of cold meats (readily obtainable), oysters, etc., was distinctly specified. A list of wines to be drunk on the occasion was also given.

The magistrate had to give in. He had signed these documents along with the rest that were submitted to him from day to day. He behaved handsomely on this occasion, and the supper was a grand success. Since that time, however, he has been more careful.

The Boy With the Hose.

The other evening an open electric car was going south on Centre avenue it passed a small youngster engaged in sprinkling grass with hose.

Just as the car came opposite with him he whirled and instantly sent the stream with full force into the crowd of passengers.

The instantaneous uproar which arose caused the driver to shut off power and put on brakes instantly, while the child stood, open mouthed and stupefied, pouring the water into the car. The passengers scrambled over each other to get on the other side as he seemed unable to change direction until the car conductor did it for him.

At this point in the proceedings the boy seemed to recover his faculties suddenly, and bawled loudly, while the car went on.—Chicago News.

Sunday School Convention.

The 24th annual session of the Carleton County Sunday School Convention was held at the Methodist church, Benton last week. The following committees were appointed:—nominating Rev J. J. MacCaskall, S. J. Parsons, Rev J. W. Clements, Mrs George Watson and Mrs Jennie Kenne. Credentials; Rev A. Sellar, and C. T. Hendry. Financial, Dell Belyea and John Scott. Question; S. J. Parsons and Rev. A. Lucas. Resolutions; J. K. Flemming and Rev. J. W. Clements.

James Watts submitted the report of the recording secretary. It was full of useful information.

The report showed there are 108 Sunday Schools in this County with an enrolled membership of 5694, and an average attendance of 5742. There are by parishes as follows:

Parish.	School.	Number.
Aberdeen.....	8	274
Kent.....	11	433
Peel.....	8	415
Brighton.....	13	790
Northampton.....	5	224
Wicklow and Simonds.....	14	524
Wilmot.....	13	671
Wakefield.....	10	485
Richmond.....	10	384
Woodstock.....	16	1494
Total.....	108	5694

There are also 224 in the Home Department. There are 510 reported members of Normal classes.

The nominating committee recommended the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—Rev. D. Fiske.
Rec. Sec.—Jas. Watts.
Cor. Sec. and Treas.—C. N. Scott.
Asst. Sec.—Miss L. M. Scott.
Supt. of Normal work—Clinton Gray.
Supt. of Prim. Dept.—J. K. Flemming.
Vice Presidents—Richmond, H. Hemphill; Woodstock, Thos. Forest; Woodstock town, S. J. Parsons; Wakefield, George Wiggins; Wilmot, E. L. West; Wicklow and Simonds, Thos. Colwell; Kent, D. V. Boyer; Aberdeen, John Crawford, Peel, J. K. Flemming, Brighton, Dell Belyea, Northampton, Mrs. J. A. Shea.

Additional members of Executive—J. H. Forest, Mrs. G. C. Watson, John Barnett, and M. A. Oulton.

Sup. Normal Dept.—Clinton Gray.
Sup. Prim. Dept.—Mrs. Hale.
Sup. Home Dept.—J. K. Flemming.

Mr Flemming said it would be impossible for him to do justice to the position of Supt. of Home Department in addition to his other Sunday School work; and Mr. Hemphill said the same regarding V. P. of Richmond. Leaving these positions for the Executive to fill the report was adopted.

The following were appointed delegates to the provincial convention: C. N. Scott, Mrs. Wm. Speer, Geo. L. Holyoke, Mrs. F. H. Hale and D. V. Boyer.

Misses Jones and Lewin were appointed canvassers for the Advocate.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

The Bristol Races.

The races on the Bristol track last Wednesday under the auspices of Messrs Gallagher and McKenzie were well attended and men who know a good thing when they see it say they were all right. In this respect they were a startling contrast to the races at the opening of the track a year or two ago. The judges were G. R. Teed, J. A. Perley with James Phair, Starter. Below is given the result.

2.24 CLASS.		
Goldnut, T. J. Boyer.....	1	1
Mattie C, Geo S Foss.....	3	2
Lady B, H Birmingham.....	2	5
Bye-and-Bye, W B Belyea.....	4	3
George S, R J McKee.....	5	3
Time—2.29½, 2.27½, 2.26.		

FARMERS' RACE.		
Dottie G, John Scott.....	1	1
Blanch, C R Grant.....	5	4
Cora S, H P Birmingham.....	2	3
Harry W, Ira Willard.....	4	5
Harry D, Coles Dugan.....	6	6
Time—2.57½, 2.48½, 2.46½, 2.48½.		

2.29 CLASS.		
Lady Glen, Earnest McLean.....	1	1
Montrose, Harvey McCoy.....	3	2
Annie, Benjamin Price.....	2	4
Leah, J N Willard.....	4	3
Black Beauty, Maines & Clark.....	5	5
Trixie, D W Haines.....	6	6
Time—2.27½, 2.27, 2.26.		

Though Dottie G. had first place in the farmers' race she was disqualified and the money given to Blanch. So three Woodstock men got first money. Ernest McLean, owner of Lady Glen sold her the day after the race for something over \$600.

Woodstock's Fresh Air Fund.

(Contributed)

Wal my friends; I've been a thinkin and the thought is bound to stay.

I will just give my opinion, then the rest can have their say.

And though farmers have no business for to sit around and dream,

There are farmers that have notions, and can think up quite a scheme.

Though the city feels above us, and it tries to laugh us down,

Still my thinkin and my plannen is to try and help the town.

Now; I aint no politition with "reforms" to ketch yer votes.

I aint promissen you "something" if you'll only turn yer coats,

I aint ruin for the Local, that takes money Sir, today,

No! I'll leave that for the doctors and the lawyer men and such.

And jist go ahead and tell you what I am thinkin of so much.

Woodstock has some first rate papers, and each week I sit and read,

What the editors are thinkin that the town and county need,

But a great important question they have missed or maybe shunned,

Is the one I bring before you, tis a Woodstock fresh air fund."

Yes now, I have been a thinkin as I think I said before.

And when I go to the city, I keep thinkin more and more,

When at every turn and corner of the busy crowded street,

I keep meetin' little critters lookin wal' so kinder beat.

Long thin necks and puny faces wearen such a look of care.

And I shake my head and mutter, what they need is more fresh air.

I am sartin I'll feel better, even if fur jist a day I could see the little fellers roll and tumble in the hay.

And I know that they'd look better, not so peakid worn and thin,

If the council would jist send them from the city's dust and din.

From the smell of that air tannery with it's smoke-stack in the air,

From them black and smutty foundries with their splittin wear and tear,

Where they could breath the pure air, free from Canner's Factory smoke,

The "flyers" from that Woollen Mill, and other things that choke.

So I've reached this ere conclusion, that the Council should be dunned

To make another by law and protect a fresh air fund.

When slack days I drive to Woodstock with old Betty, the gray mare.

And I hear the people longin' for a breath of country air.

Men and women, lads and lasses, talkin' what a treat 'twould be

If they could but see the country, where the flowers bloom so free.

Wal, you know, I aint aposin' fer no second Wilberforce,

But I always keep awishin'. 'Tis a foolish wish of course.

'Tis that I could up and take them somehow from the city hot.

And jist turn them all arovin' in my back ten acre lot

Gosh! the grass and birds and flowers, I can bet would make make them stare,

And then they could see the sunshine and breath the country air.

Sez a candidate last lection beamin' as my hand he shook,

"Vote right and we'll build a steef bridge for yer cross yer medder brook."

I jist told him 't would be handy that the money'd not be lost

Fur when I went fur the cattle now I had ter jump across.

But if he had no objections (he jist looked wall kinder stannin')

I'd as leave he'd take the cash and start a Woodstock fresh air fund.

At a Sunday school convention held out here the other night,

There were several Woodstock speakers, interestin' too and bright.

One has bin fur years a veterin in Sir Wilfrid's solid ranks.

He has never changed his colors and deserves a vote of thanks.

And he talked so kinder happy when they called on him to speak

That my heart was all athumpin and the tears run down my cheek.

Fur to get out in the country gave him rich de light and joy,

He was jist abrimmin' over; made him feel jist like a boy.

More he said, I disremember, but it proved out fair and square,

That the citizens of Woodstock are in need of country air.

Now, the council's been improvin' and afixin' things of late,

And the people are aboastin' that their city's up to date.

I ain't shootin' at the council, they've a weedy row to hoe,

And next month their gon' to treat us farmers to a Country show.

But the people ought ter bounce them when the next election's runned

If they don't git up and hustle fur a Woodstock fresh air fund.

Two young city girls and fellers drove by here the other day,

They waved rags and shouted at us in the wildest kinder way.

Martha, (she's my wife) said somethin, bout that "city breedin" showed,

And I couldn't jist then answer for I felt a little blowed,

But I told her in a minute where I knew the trouble lay,

These 'air people hardly ever saw the country fur a day.

Fur they likely worked in factories half a dozen stories high.

And breath 'air so foul and heated they get lunney pretty nigh.

Pleasure driving in the pure air is a treat there nerves can't bear,

So they jist fly off the handle, and have what they call a "tear,"

And I showed her that we never need again see such air scenes

If the Woodstock city council would provide the ways and means,

Fur to give them "fresh air ousins" every month the summer round,

It would help their nervous systems and their manners, I'll be bound,

But they won't, nor that blamed, M. P. since his 'lection has been runned,

Hasn't built ny bridge, or even started up a fresh air fund.

Now instead 'f gettin' better Woodstock's troubles gettin' worse,

Fur the smoke from that 'air Pulp Mill will hang blacker than a hearse,

And them St. John valley injines steamin up from down below,

Will make ashes, smoke, and cinders, gosh! no matter where you go.

Then again that big Shoe Factory, course its goin'er give employ,

But what fresh 'air's left in 'Woodstock it is bound ter help destroy,

And what's goin'er be a settler in the business I contend

Is that tarna blastin furnace at the cities upper end,

Clouds of soot and ground up iron over all the place will sail,

Dritting through the big brick Court House stealin on the bran new jail,

And them crouds of summer tourists that they say is winter come,

Like as not will get a chokin, and jist striker out for hum,

Wal, there now you have my theory, perhaps I aint been very clear,

But I hate ter here the people long fur country atmosphere.

'Tis a livin, breathin question that the council long has shunned,

So I say jist do your duty vote a Woodstock fresh air fund.

THE MAKER'S AIM.

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