

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

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Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOV. 8, 1899.

SERIOUS ENOUGH.

The war in South Africa is certainly no children's play. It is no sham fight. The position of the British forces in the interior of Natal is most perilous, and those on the borders of Bechuanaland cannot by any stretch of imagination be said to be in an enviable situation. Each hour brings some news, so that at this present time of writing it would be premature to be too pessimistic, but this it is safe to say, the war in South Africa will not be so one-sided as the war between the United States and Spain. The Boers are born warriors. They have been surrounded by savages, and are always on call for the protection of their own lines and property. Naturally this keeps in them a war-like disposition.

Just as our people from the frequency of elections, are all born politicians, and as each youngster becomes a tory or a grit according to the views of his beloved parents, so among the Boers, is every son of man a warrior bold. Then, they are fighting for, what at all events they think to be right.

President Kruger is not the sensitive old gentleman that Lord Kimberley in the House of Lords appeared to regard him. He is not, as the Times says, "an amiable and highly sensitive gentleman of the old school, but a shrewd peasant accustomed to the plainest of language, and utterly indifferent to the elaborate phrases, which in the case of more cultured intellects, sometimes weaken that grasp of realities which is his strength."

Kruger and Joubert are two strong men in their capacities of politician and soldier, and all the energy and ability that Buller can bring to bear will be required before they are crushed.

There is a comical situation to the affair. The Boers would love to capture Cecil Rhodes, and what would not the British do to get Oom Paul. The latter will be accomplished of course.

In the meantime there are complications in view which may mean the need of every able bodied soldier in Canada "in active service."

Music and Culture.

In the course of time the art of music has passed through curious vicissitudes. It has had as many ups and downs as its own melodies. At present, in America at least, it seems to be moving on an ascending scale, though it has by no means yet reached its point of proper rest. There still lingers in certain places a prejudice against music as a profession, though this feeling is not nearly so strong or so widespread as it was a quarter of a century ago. At that time the average man would almost as lief have encouraged his son's entering the prize-ring for a livelihood, as going into the business of song, composition or music teaching. And many of the musicians most prominent and most highly respected today can recall the bitterness of their early efforts to overcome parental scruples.

The reason for the improved estate of the musician is to be found in the bettered position of music. An immense evolution has raised the American pleasure and wisdom in music from a condition veritably primitive to a condition that rivals that of Germany and France. Americans already patronize far better music and listen to it with far more intelligence and discrimination than the English, or any of the continental peoples, except Germany and France, and possibly Italy and Austria. In the past few years, too, music has taken on a new academic dignity and been given a high place among elective courses of the better universities. But here is the rub: The divine (and, at the same time, the scientific) art is now taught only to such as are already strongly inclined by temperament to pursue it. It should be made one of the required studies in all the higher courses. In those earlier schools that aim to prepare one only with the rudiments of business necessity—reading, writing and arithmetic—it would be rather a waste of valuable time to introduce the study of fine art. But in the high schools and colleges, where one is supposed to be given a peep at the quality of culture, some instruction in music is vital.

In the first place the elements of musical Theory are so exact and so mechanical that they could well supplant some of the courses in higher mathematics which are no better as mental discipline and are infinitely less likely to be of use in later life. A knowledge of calculus, or even trigonometry or geometry, is not of any substantial use to one graduate out of a hundred. But, every day, one's musical instincts are called into play, and if they are rude and untrained, so much the un-

luckier, so much the less educated, and so much the less happy the listener is proved.

All college graduates know the difference between an epic poem and a novel; how many of them can distinguish between a symphony and a sonata? A brief initiation into music would be a very easy course to arrange, a very pleasant course to study, and one of applicability throughout a lifetime—and perhaps, after that, in the realm where the harps are of gold, a final symbol of glory and blessedness. In the lofty days of Socrates, a knowledge of music was instilled into the minds of such of the youth as studied anything at all. In the thirteenth century, when our mother country was a home of the best of the world's music, at the festivals, as Sir Francis Palgrave writes, "the harp passed from hand to hand, and whoever could not show himself possessed of talent for music, was counted unworthy of being received in good society."

Ichabod! Ichabod!

The Capture and Death of Cetywayo.

Writing of "The fall of Cetywayo" in the November "Canadian Magazine," Mr. E. B. Biggar tells many interesting stories. The following is his description of the search for the Zulu chief after his forces had been scattered.

At last, scouring in the bush, they came suddenly on a woman who was so badly frightened by the apparition of white soldiers with guns that she confessed to where the king had slept two nights before. At this kraal they found three brothers, who, though threatened with being shot, denied solemnly that they knew anything of the king, and said, if shot, they would die innocently. These men knew the secret, but how to extract it from them was the question. A plan was hit upon. They held till night and were each blindfolded, and led on as they supposed to be shot. But even yet they refused to betray their king, and these faithful Zulus standing apart in the moonlight, each silently waiting the dreadful moment when the threat of the white captors would be carried out, as they should have to speak or die. When they had again refused to speak, the report of a rifle woke the echoes of the night and it seemed to each man that a brother lay dead. The rifle had been fired into the air, but it is no wonder under the strain of this awful moment one of them gave way, and thus was the hiding place of the king disclosed to Major Barrow. They were close to the forest, on the other side of which was Major Marter, who got the clue about the same time. A Zulu came up to him and after talking for some time on indifferent subjects, said in his figurative style of speech, "I have heard the wind blow from this side to-day," pointing to the Ngomi forest, and when his listeners began to comprehend the figure, he added, "but you should take that road till you come to Nisaka's kraal." On reaching Nisaka's they were sent to another kraal where guides were found who led them to a rocky precipice. Here they were led to a bush and crawling along on their hands and knees to the edge of this wild and rugged cliff they looked down upon an indescribably weird and lonely forest 2,000 feet below them. After looking in vain for a sign of life they made out a kraal, walled in on three sides by steep precipices, and on the fourth side sheltered by the thick trees of the forest, into which a fugitive might escape. This was the king's last hiding place. A path was found into which it might be possible to go; and down here, over crags, through water courses again through the tangled mass of gigantic ferns or floundering among mountain bogs, the king hunters made their way, at last emerging into the open space in front of the kraal. After a long parley the king came out of the kraal remarking, "You would not have taken me, but I never thought troops could come down the mountain through the forest." In the kraal were found four rifles of the fated 24th, and the king's own assegai, which was sent Queen Victoria.

He was brought back to Ulundi. When, instead of being taken to Natal, he was brought down towards Port Durnford, he said, "This is not the way to the Tugela," and after adding mournfully, "It is better to be killed than sent over the sea," he grew moody and did not recover his spirits till he was landed at Simon's Bay. The great guns of the man-of-war struck him with wonder, and when one of them was fired he exclaimed, "Waoah! I was only born yesterday." Though much interested in the machinery of the ship, he could not be persuaded to go down into the engine-room.

The rest of Cetywayo's life must be briefly told. He was taken with two or three of his wives, to a place on the Cape Flats near Capetown, where he was placed in charge of a gentleman well known for his kindness of heart. Zululand was parceled out into 13 tribes over one of whom John Dunn was placed; but trouble soon brewed among the chiefs of these tribes, while the majority of the people pined for "their bone," as they termed Cetywayo. This state of things becoming worse the deposed monarch was restored in 1883 as king over part of his original territory. But the insolence of Usibepu, one of the new kinglets, led to a conflict in which

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Usibepu was joined by Onam, and poor Cetywayo was again defeated and would have been killed but for the heroism of one of his subjects, a Christian Zulu. This took place at Ulundi in 1883 in the same month in which his greater army had been routed by the British. He then gave himself up to British protection and died in March, 1884—some said of heart disease, others by the poison of an enemy.

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Hartford, Aug. 5, 1899.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

In effect October 2nd, 1899.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time. (QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc. M. St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John and East, Bangor, Portland, Boston.

8.35 M. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook Junction, Presque Isle, etc.

11.28 M. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

1.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. etc., via Gibson Branch.

3.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M. intermediate points.

4.18 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East, Vancouver, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and there with IMPERIAL LIMITED for all points West, North west, and on the Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

8.05 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.40 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.

11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

1.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.

4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.

7.47 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath and intermediate points.

9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Portland, St. Stephen, etc.

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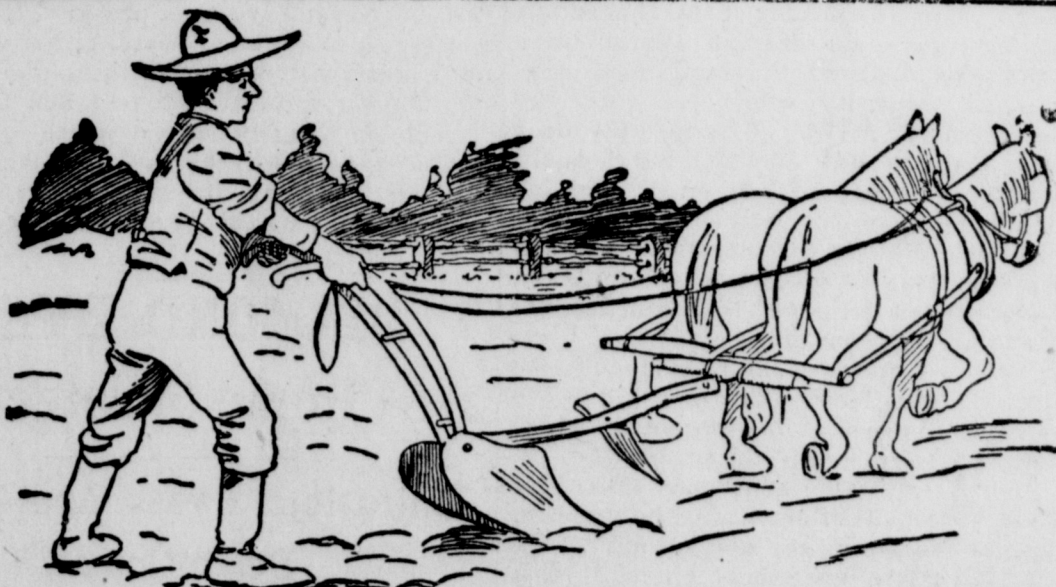
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I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, 'Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?'

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