

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 6. NO. 8.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 26, 1899.

PRICE TWO CENTS

SAVE PRUDENTLY. SPEND WISELY.

We make this perfectly easy for you. Just now we would call your attention to our Clothing Department, and to some excellent value which we have just received in

Men's Suits and Pants.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN,

Men's and Boys' Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

What is Sterling Silver?

Ask Jewett about it, he carries a complete line of Sterling Silver goods suitable for Birthday and Wedding Presents. It wears for centuries and can be handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another. If you don't want Sterling Silver we have a large stock of the best plated goods on the market, at prices that are sure to please you. At a considerable expense we have learned hand engraving and we are giving our customers the benefit of it free, we will engrave all goods sold by us without extra charge. Don't have your Silverware scratched by machinery when you have it engraved by hand. Samples of our hand engraving may be seen in our window.

W. B. JEWETT,
Cor. Main and
Queen Streets.
WOODSTOCK, - N. B.

The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company

Closed their Books Dec. 31st, 1898,

Without a dollar of interest overdue.	With an increase of 713 policies and 639 lives during 98.
Without a dollar's worth of real estate ever having been owned by the company.	With a new business of over \$2,100,000.
Without ever having foreclosed a mortgage.	With total insurance in force, \$7,985,859.00.
Without a dollar of claims in dispute.	With a death rate in their thirteenth year of only \$5.38 for each \$1,000 of average risk carried during the year.
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 cleaner record, or one that can beat it in any respect?
With an increase in total income of 17,538.00	
With an increase in assets of 93,022.72	
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.
E. R. MACHUM, Mgr. Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.



DAISY CHURNS.

THE LATEST IMPROVED WITH STEEL FRAMES AND BALL BEARINGS.

On account of the ball bearings (the same as used in best high grade bicycles) this churn runs much easier than the old style barrel churn, and requires very little labor to operate it.

The price of this improved churn is no higher than the ordinary barrel churn. We have all sizes on exhibition at our store. Call and see them.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.

AN OLD OFFICIAL GONE.

Death of D. F. Merritt For 25 Years Collector of Customs.

After a Long Illness Death Came as a Relief.—An Imposing and Impressive Funeral.—Sudden Death of Thos. H. Flemming.

The death of Mr. David F. Merritt was not unexpected, as he had been in ill health for several years past, in fact ever since he met with a serious accident, from the effects of which he did not recover. Nevertheless when the announcement of his death was made on Wednesday morning, it came in the nature of a shock to the community, of which for so many years he had been an active member. Mr. Merritt was born in 1840, in Queens Co. With his family he moved to this county in 1860, and was for some time engaged in farming. In 1867 he moved to Woodstock and entered into the dry goods business with Mr. G. W. Vanwart. In 1875 Harry Dibblee collector of customs was superannuated and Mr. Merritt was appointed collector in his place. This position he held till about two years ago, when ill health demanded his retirement. During the period from that time till his death, he was a patient sufferer. Death finally came as a relief. Mr. Merritt was a prominent citizen of Woodstock. He was a Free Mason, having at one time been deputy grand master in the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick. He joined Woodstock lodge in 1876 and passed through all the principal offices. At the early age of 18 he joined the Orangemen in Queens Co. Afterwards he affiliated with the lodge in Florenceville where he lived, and when he came to Woodstock he joined the lodge here. At one time he was Grand Master of the Orangemen of the province. He was a member of the Free Baptist church. Mr. Merritt married Miss McCoy, daughter of the late James McCoy, for many years principal of the Grammar School. His widow, and two children, Charles, and Mrs. Marshman Brayley of Montreal, survive. Mrs. Brayley arrived in Woodstock on Friday morning.

The funeral on Friday afternoon was largely attended, showing the respect in which the deceased was held. The remains were taken to the Free Baptist church. There were many beautiful floral offerings, contributed by relatives and friends, and by the two orders, and the church with which Mr. Merritt was associated. Dr. and Mrs. Guy Smith, of Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. Manzer, of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Vanwart, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. W. Winslow, sent some beautiful and appropriate designs. The Masons met in their lodge room and marched in procession to the church, soon being followed by the Orangemen, and the two orders took seats assigned to them. On the platform were Rev. C. T. Phillips, pastor of the church, and Rev. Joseph Blakeney, the Orange chaplain. The service was simple and impressive. "Abide with me" was sung, followed by a prayer by Mr. Blakeney, then an appropriate anthem. Mr. Phillips addressed the congregation. His references to Mr. Merritt were well tuned and in good taste. He spoke of his honorable career as a citizen and as an official, of his usefulness in the church. He was a reliable treasurer, and that the finances of the Free Baptist church in Woodstock were in good order was largely due to his management. He was a sound councillor. Equally valued were his services in the lodges. He was missed by these organizations, how much more in his own family circle. To the family in their affliction, the sympathy of all was extended. "Jesus Lover of my Soul," a favourite hymn of the departed, was sung, and with it the service at the church closed.

The 67th band came down from Hartland to attend the funeral. They marched at the head of the procession playing appropriate airs. After them came the Masons, then the mourners in coaches, Mr. Chas. Merritt, Mr. Joshua Merritt of Presque Isle, Mr. G. W. Vanwart and Mr. J. N. W. Winslow. The pall bearers in a coach, Messrs. A. B. Connell, H. A. Connell, J. T. A. Dibblee, David Hipwell, Jas. Carr and George Robinson. Representatives of the Orange order followed and then a long procession of private citizens. At the grave the thoughtful precaution of erecting a large canvass tent, in view of the rainy weather had been taken, and the impressive ceremonies of the two orders were there conducted by their respective chaplains. Mr. Joshua Merritt, whose name is mentioned above is a brother to deceased. Another brother Caleb Merritt lives in the Western States.

The Late Thos. H. Flemming.

People in Woodstock and vicinity were shocked beyond measure, when it was noised

around early last Thursday morning that Thos. H. Flemming, the well-known grocer in Wellington ward was dead. The first intimation of the news came from Mr. Smith proprietor of the Queen Hotel who stated that Mr. Flemming had been found dead in his house in the early morning. He had left Woodstock on the afternoon express for St. Stephen on a business trip, and several persons who were at the station were chatting with him, and found him as usual in good humour and in good spirits. Deputy Sheriff Albion Foster took tea with him at McAdam and he also spoke of Mr. Flemming seeming to be in good health. The news that he was dead came as a great shock. No one but those who have passed through a similar experience can appreciate the agony of the poor widow, herself just getting a little better from a dangerous illness. Sympathy, too goes out to the large family of eight young children whom death has deprived of their head. The eldest a boy is only 16 and the youngest an infant in arms. Mrs. Flemming bore the shock bravely, and the effect was fortunately not so severe on her as was feared. John Flemming, a brother, who lives below town happened to be up just about when the news came. He was soon put in telephone communication with another brother J. Kidd Flemming, and the latter came to Woodstock as soon as possible leaving for St. Stephen by the 4.40 express, with a view of bringing the body home on Friday. Deceased was one of a family of six boys, all alive now save him, and all residing and working in this county. Their father, Thos. Flemming of Lower Woodstock, is upward of 84 years of age, and is quite active. Thos. Flemming in his younger days farmed, and while engaged in that occupation, he represented Woodstock Parish in the county council. He moved to town some years ago and bought out the business started by George and J. K. his brothers, from the latter, who had bought out George. He became very popular and was twice a member of the town council. Mr. Flemming married a Miss Kirke, daughter of John Kirke of Richmond. The utmost sympathy is extended to her in her affliction. Deceased was insured for \$4000 in the New York Life, having put on a policy quite recently. Deceased was a favourite on all sides. He was an excellent business man, and at one time did an extensive trade. He had friends many sincere friends and his untimely cutting off is sincerely mourned. The remains arrived in Woodstock on the noon express of Friday and were at once taken to the late residence of Mr. Flemming. The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended, indicating plainly the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

With regard to the cause of death of Mr. Flemming, his family here wish the report that he had been on a heavy spree to be corrected. It would seem that after arriving in St. Stephen he went into the bar of the Queen Hotel, which is down cellar, and had two or three glasses of liquor. He was overcome on his way upstairs, and when last seen had gone to sleep on the steps. There he was left. The next morning his body was found. He had evidently fallen, for there were bruises on his head. He was a man who used liquor to quite an extent but was not what is generally known as a spreeing man. The coroners jury concluded their hearing on Friday. According to a dispatch to the St. John Globe, it appeared from the evidence that he was led from the bar room of the Queen Hotel and placed on the steps, where he fell asleep, and was left sitting there when the hotel was closed for the night. In the morning he was found dead at the foot of the steps apparently from apoplexy. The jury rendered a verdict of death from natural causes.

St. John Valley Railroad.

Engineer Maxwell of Calais, is now making an examination of the route of the proposed St. John Valley Railway between Fredericton and Woodstock. Mr. Maxwell, it is understood represents contractors who will tender for the construction of the line. The local government, now in session at Fredericton, is expected to revoke the subsidy for the line and if so the New York capitalists, who now control the franchise, will at once proceed with the work of construction. It is likely that the line will be run through to Houlton to connect with the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad.

ROBERT INGERSOLL DEAD.

Famous Agnostic a Victim of Apoplexy. NEW YORK, July 21.—Rcvt. G. Ingersoll died of apoplexy at his home, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., this afternoon.

The Military Camp.

OTTAWA, July 20.—Sussex camp is to be held on September 12th.

IN LOVE WITH THE OLD SOD.

The Member for Carleton Co. on His Visit to England.

London a Centre of Rush Yet Orderliness—Where a Policeman Commands Obedience.—The whole Country Like a Series of Gardens.

THE DISPATCH had quite an interesting interview with F. H. Hale, M. P. when he was in Woodstock, on his return from a visit to the old country. Mr. Hale was on a business trip, and was only in England between ten days and a fortnight, but being an observant man, he has many incidents to relate of his trip. Needless to say he was greatly impressed with the old sod, the commercial business done in the cities, notably of course in London. He was especially taken with the order in this high centre of activity.

The policemen have everything under control, and a wave of the hand of one of these officers at a crossing is the signal for traffic to stop, until whatever may be the impediment, is removed. It is all done very quietly and most effectually. He managed to visit most of the points of interest, such as the celebrated Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, etc. While in the big city he called on Dr. Rankin who is taking a special course. They were glad to see one another. Mr. Hale went from London to Edinburg. He describes the suburban surrounding London as being kept like so many gardens, and one is struck with wonder at the immense amount of produce raised from a comparatively small area of land. In fact wherever he went through the country, the highest state of cultivation was noticeable. Then the manufacturing and mining towns so closely connected gave him an idea of the extent of production of one kind and another in England.

People with whom he talked were interested in Canada, and the prevailing idea is that this is a great country with a grand future before it.

Mr. Hale left for his duties in Ontario, having spent a few days with his family here.

Along the St. John.

I have left my readers to imagine my feeling of pleasure or of pain in returning uphill for my prodigal hat. I was not half as much pleased as the parent of the prodigal son. It pleased my companion and he was still more pleased later in the day when his hat blew off while he was coasting along ahead of me, and he saw me reluctantly, for the sake of civility, dismounting and rescuing his truant hat. On reaching the barony we crossed the river for the double purpose of visiting Bear Island friends and also to look at a young female calf moose which a Queensbury man had been sheltering for the past week. The calf is about two months old and had evidently lost its mother, and our friend Mac was only doing an act of charity. It looked more like a decent respectable colt than many colts it has been my privilege to see, with the exception of its ears, hoofs and the hump on its shoulders. The rafting men had seen a moose floating down the river just about that time and so it is believed that its mother was drowned, probably having first been worried by dogs it attempted to swim the river.

I enjoyed the ride very much but my joy would have been much fuller if the weather had been more tempered with the frigid Arctic breeze. The thermometer at Fredericton had reached the highest point for the season. We visited a number of kind friends at Bear Island and remained for dinner and tea and then in the cool of the hot evening sped along the river. Crossing the ferry at Hammondville we were not long in reaching Springhill and pitchy darkness. Carefully we treaded the devious path and inwardly we did not bless the road makers' craft, silently and sullenly we wondered why it was always necessary to spoil the roads at the beginning of the holiday season in order to mend them. We moved with caution, but occasionally a spin of a hundred yards or so over a floor like road, would cause our caution to become less and less until we would be suddenly jolted into acute remembrance. On one occasion my wheel was forced to linger beside a log lying close to the roadbed, my momentum carried me along until the gravity of my twelve stone weight brought me down with unpleasant force to rest for a moment upon the top bar of the bicycle frame. After executing a severe balancing feat I rejoined my saddle, realizing that the old log was only teaching me caution. Until Fredericton was reached all things seemed to be whispering to me that one word, caution. At last the lights of the city shone in our faces and at ten o'clock I was enjoying a cold water bath, immediately after an ice cream cooled my palate and at midnight a hot water bath repaid me for any unpleasantness of the day's outing. In a few moments I was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, safe in the land of nod, there to remain until the dawning of a new day.

A. E. P.

P. S.—Did Friday's rain reach you with the same severity as it did us at Sussex, the Kennebecasis was at freshest height.

A. E. P.