

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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HARLES APPELBY & T. CARL L. KETCHUM. Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 11, 1900.

Comparisons in Railroads.

Some comparisons in railroading are suggested in a recent report of United States Consul-General Winslow at Stockholm. From this it appears that there were 2284 miles of railroads in Sweden in 1898, with \$10,136,780 gross earnings and \$3,888,129 net earnings. Hence, each mile of road earned \$4438 gross, with operating expenses about 61 5/8 per cent. The railroads of the United States earned in the same year \$6873 per mile, at an expenditure of 64 1/2 per cent. In other words, American roads earned 50 per cent. more at only a slightly greater expense for operation.

In equipment in the United States there are 19 locomotives, 18 passenger cars and 676 freight cars to each 100 miles of road, while in Sweden there 22 locomotives and passenger cars, the latter are much better supplied with freight cars. Moreover, the European freight cars have a capacity of only 5 to 10 tons, while the American carry 25 to 30 tons, or more.

Looking into the relations of the railroads to area and population of the country, the United States has much better railroad facilities. There is one mile of railroad to every sixteen square miles of territory in the United States, while Sweden has only one mile to every seventy-five square miles.

Again, in the United States there are 378 inhabitants to each mile of railroad; in Sweden, 2095. Yet the earnings in the United States are \$18 per capita, against \$2 in Sweden. In other words, while each mile of railroad in Sweden has five times as many persons dependent upon it as in the United States, it earns per capita only one-ninth as much.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

Chas. Bros., Druggists, Woodstock, N. B.
Garden G. Connell, Druggist, Woodstock, N. B.
Chas. A. McKeen, druggist, Woodstock, N. B.

Corrobered by a Cinnamon.

"The truth is mighty and will prevail," remarked Col. Lovett, the veteran Westerner, who tells a great many good stories and always accompanies them with affidavits, "and it prevails in various ways. Let me tell you how on one occasion it prevailed upon two Englishmen to give up their comfortable places in the smoking compartment of a sleeper. It was down in New Mexico, and I came aboard at Albuquerque with a very agreeable companion in the guise of a Chicago man. I had only met him half an hour before train time, and didn't know his name, but he was a good fellow all the same, and I was glad he was going through with me to his own town. It was a hot day, one of those New Mexican hot days that makes a cake of ice curl up like a feather in a flame, before it melts it, and when we fixed ourselves about our berths and got into the smoking room, we found the only two seats by the windows, where there was a breath of air, occupied by two Englishmen, who looked as if they had come to stay. They had been up the country on a hunting expedition, and the stories they were telling were tremendous. But they were not interesting enough to make it pleasant for us away from the window, and I made up my mind to get them out of their nice places if I could, and put two other people in there I knew of.

"I knew that if I could ever get a story started, they would listen, for they do love to hear a Yankee tell stories, so I waited my chance because they had a lot of good ones themselves. After a while, though, there was an opening, and I broke for it.

"Do you remember, Colonel," I said in a loud voice to the Chicago man, who might have been a Major-General for all I knew, "that little experience I had with a bear some years ago?"

"He wasn't looking for a break like that, and at first he recoiled, but he sprang back in an instant and lit on his feet.

"Well, no," he said, trying to study out the time and circumstances, "but go ahead with it, and if I've heard it I'll stop you."

"I nodded at him in recognition of his catching on, for I had mentioned to him that I thought we might get them out, and started ahead with my story, which I had no idea of beyond something that would have a

moving power to it, seeing that most of my hunting had been for mineral deposits.

"You know—I went on trusting to Providence and talking to the Englishmen rather than to my companion, though they were polite enough to stop their own talking to listen to me—I was one of the party that surveyed the last State line between New Mexico and Colorado and one day up in the Taos country I had my experience. I was riding along a mountain trail, and feeling the need of a smoke, I hung my gun to the saddle horn and taking out a plug cut I was slicing off enough for a pipeful with my penknife, when all at once my horse reared, almost falling back on me, and I slipped off as he whirled on his hind legs and made off down the trail. In a minute the singing of a rattler just before me, coiled up in the road, explained the horse's strange and unexpected conduct, and I resolved to put the snake where he would not serve anybody else as he had served me. My gun and revolvers were fastened to my saddle, and my saddle was with my horse going down the trail, but rocks were plenty, and I knew the horse would not go far, so I set to with rocks and finally killed the snake.

"The Englishmen seemed to think there wasn't much in my adventure, and showed signs of resuming their own stories, but they held off and I proceeded. I saw my horse about half a mile away, and after cutting off the snake's rattle, which had sixteen rings in it, showing that he was seventeen years old, I went after the horse and my armament.

"The horse was over on another ridge, and in trying to reach him by a short cut, I got down into a steep ravine and there I scared up the biggest cinnamon bear that I ever saw in my life. Blamed if I don't believe he would weigh a ton, and I know he looked to me to be bigger than an elephant as he came toward me, and I was totally unarmed. If I had only had my gun I could have put up a fight all right, and got him, but it was only as a last resort that I dared to tackle him with a penknife for a weapon with all the chances against me. There was nothing left me but to run for it, and I went off up the ravine like a scared wolf. You see, if I had gone up the hill or down it, the bear would have nabbed me in no time, but going along the side of a steep place the bear's legs are thrown out of gear, with one side so much higher than the other, and a man can outrun him if there is any sort of going. The ravine kept getting steeper on me as I went up it, and I had to keep slanting down all the time and the bear was gaining.

"At last it got to be a regular cannon, with walls 500 feet high and nearly straight up and down, and I had to take to the bed of the dried-up creek at its bottom, and keep going the best I could. There was a turn in it about a quarter of a mile further up, and I hoped when I got there that there might be an open for me to take to the side-hill again. I looked over my shoulder and the bear wasn't a hundred yards behind me and coming over the rocks lumbering like a Conestoga wagon. I got to the turn all right, with the bear about fifty yards behind and by all the gods, the d—cannon stopped short off, perpendicular walls all around me that seemed to stop only at the sky. There wasn't a crack in them big enough for a gnat to get through, and there I was, not a dozen yards from that old cinnamon, hot and mad after his long chase—gun and revolvers a mile away on my horse, and me having nothing to defend myself with except a little penknife that you couldn't have killed a chicken with. I don't think I was ever so badly scared in my life, and I shook all over as I felt the bear's hot breath in face.

"I stopped a minute to get breath. Both Englishmen were bent over, eagerly listened and I could fancy I could hear them saying to themselves that the Vankee was going to tell how he tackled a cinnamon bear as big as an elephant and slew it with a penknife.

"Well," exclaimed my companion, who had become very much interested himself, "what did you do?"

"Nothing," I said, as calmly as I could; nothing; what could I do with only a penknife? The bear ate me up.

"It took the Englishman about two minutes to get over the strain and catch on. Then they looked at each other, and with faces that did not clearly indicate whether they were more disgusted with me for being a coward or despised me for being a liar, they got up in silence and stalked out of the smoker. The next minute we had the seats by the windows, and I'm a goat if those Englishmen came back to disturb us all the way to Chicago. Which proves," concluded the Colonel, "that truth is mighty and will prevail."

Bicyclists and athletes generally will find Hagyard's Yellow Oil the most effective remedy for limbering up stiff joints and sore muscles. The best thing for cuts or wounds of any kind. Price 25c.

An actor says he avoids coast towns because of the light houses.

Parson—Dear me, Jim; this is terrible! You're drunk again!

Jim—When did yer riverence see me sober last?

Parson—M—Well I really don't remember. Jim (exuberantly)—Then 'ow d'yer know I'm drunk again?

When Travelling

Always take with you a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomforting as it may be dangerous.

A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety.

On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check the further advance of these diseases.

As Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is being widely and shamelessly imitated, your safety lies in seeing that the full name is on every bottle you buy.

Cleverton—Do you think it possible to love two girls at the same time?
Dashaway—Not if they know it.

Half Crazy With Piles

Mr. Isaac Foster, Erie View, Norfolk Co., Ontario, writes: "I was troubled with itching piles for about two years and could not sleep at nights. In fact I was about half crazy from the terrible itching. Reading about Dr. Chase's Ointment I purchased a box. After the second application I experienced relief and one box cured me thoroughly and permanently and that was two years ago." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers.



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Mrs. J. LOANE & CO. Opp. Carlisle Hotel, Woodstock.

The Hartford Grist Mill and Carding Mill

Are Running Every Day. R. E. HOLYOKE, AGENT, Woodstock.

Wool left in his care will receive prompt attention.

We have the reputation of making first-class work.

L. S. R. LOCKHART. Hartford, Aug. 5, 1899.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

In effect June 25th, 1900.

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

6.00 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc, M St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
6.35 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M Junction, Presque Isle, etc.
11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.
1.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M etc., via Gibson Branch.
3.45 P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M intermediate points.
4.40 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John, Vanceboro, Quebec (via Megantic) Sherbrooke, Montreal and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal, Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Lewis (opposite Quebec), Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston.
9.10 P MIXED—Week days—for Debec June M tion and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.
10.00 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.
2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.
4.40 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.
5.50 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, etc.
9.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.
10.55 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Portland, Boston, etc.
A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

We Manufacture And Have For Sale

Threshing and Sawing Machines, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines, And General Mill Work.

Also, Furnaces, Farmers' Boilers, Stoves of All Descriptions, One and Two Horse Seeders, Turnip Drills, Pulpers, Mowing and Reaping Machines, Spring Tooth Harrows,

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in the market, consisting in part of the CELEBRATED No. 21, 30, 8 and 6. They are guaranteed not to be Chilled Plows, but Genuine Crucible Steel Mouldboards, Hard Outside with Soft Centres.

Repairs for Frost & Wood's Machinery kept in stock.

SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td. Woodstock, N. B.

Our Output This Year

Will exceed that of all previous years.

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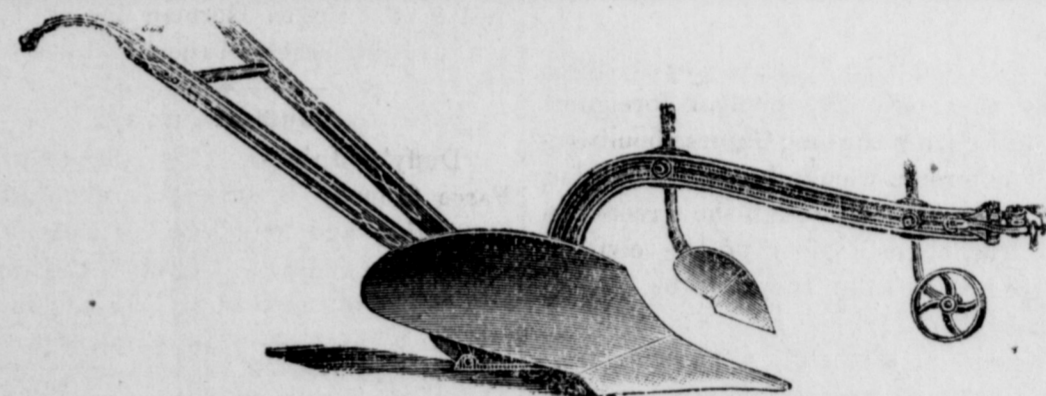
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You can have your choice of Rubber Tires, Ball Bearings, Dust Proof Hub Bands, 500 Mile Axles, all kinds of Patent Circles, any colored gear or body and texture or color in trimmings. You are not confined to one style of wagon. Tell us what you want and we will get it up for you promptly.

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Steel Wing Horse Hoes, Steel Cultivators.

It will pay you to call at our Works and examine above goods or write us before purchasing.

Connell Bros. Woodstock, N. B.