

**Lazy Life in the South.**

Perhaps the dreamiest, laziest existence in America is the life on the southern rivers in summer, says a Nashville (Tenn.) correspondent of the Chicago Record. It is at this season of the year that thousands of people—men, women and children—are to be seen catching turtles, hunting pearls, collecting mussel shells, fishing on the sand bars, capturing water snakes or dragging submerged walnut logs from the water. Hundreds of shanty boats, taking fish and bartering all sorts of goods with the natives, ply from one landing to another. The river people are satisfied with no other mode of existence and rarely ever abandon its seductive charms.

The Tennessee river is the greatest fresh water turtle stream in the world, and the Cumberland is famous for its prolific turtle fields. The Tennessee has its source in the mountains and cuts its way through a rocky country, rendering it perfectly clear at normal depth. The turtles of the clear streams, though smaller, are more valuable in the markets than the huge monsters taken from the muddy Mississippi. There are huge turtle pens along the Tennessee river, where hundreds of them are kept securely after being captured. Some turtles have been taken from the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers which the natives swear would weigh from 400 to 600 pounds. These enormous catches are rare, and the money is made by selling the smaller ones. Washington and New York furnish the best markets, and many a "diamond-backed Chesapeake terrapin" of the famous caterers really came from Tennessee.

Turtle meat is as great a favorite dish with the southerner as the 'possum. The southern negro has a proverb that the turtle feeds on fish, chicken, eggs, cresses and the choicest country delicacies, until his own flesh partakes of all their various flavors. They positively assert they can distinguish all these flavors. The small turtles are captured for food and the larger ones for their shells, of which many domestic articles are made. The heaviest hauls are taken in huge frame traps set in the swiftest channel of a bayou. The negro locates a turtle sitting in a shallow water and wades in after him with a forked stick. They tease the turtle until he becomes mad and pokes out his head to hiss, then the forked stick goes over his head and the turtle is hauled out of the water. The large ones are killed outright and boiled in giant pots until the shell comes off. The shells are then scraped and polished.

The pearl hunters throng the river every summer. Thousands of them are wading and dredging for the mussel or fresh-water clam. The shells of several varieties are gathered by the ton and shipped up the Mississippi river to the pearl-button factories.

There are a dozen varieties of the mussel, but only two—the niggerhead and the sand shell—are valuable to the factories. Along the river are shacks in scores in which the families engaged in the hunt find shelter. Outside are long troughs filled with water. Huge caldrons are mounted on brick foundations, and the shells are boiled in these. Punts, rafts, flat boats and skiffs are used in the catch. A trap made of heavy plumber's pipe is placed over each boat. To the pipe are strung lines set at six inch intervals, which run fore and aft. Four-pronged hooks made of old wire are fastened to the lines. The boat is pushed out from the bank for work.

The fresh-water clam points his nose up stream and invariably keeps his mouth open. He lies on the river bottom waiting for something to come along when he will greedily seize it and never let go. The trap with the dozens of hooks is tilted over the side of the punt lying up stream and the clams at once lay violent hold upon it, as many as can get a grip on a prong. The fisherman hauls them in until his boat is filled.

**A FAMILY MEDICINE.**

Mrs. D. Williams, Gooderham P. O., Ont., writes: "I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for burns, scalds, sprains and bruises, and it has always given satisfaction. It is a splendid family medicine, it can be put to so many different uses." Price 25c.

**Trick with a Postal Card.**

No doubt you've all made a rubber comb pick up bits of paper by first rubbing it briskly on a rough coat sleeve, but did you ever hear of a postal card that could be turned into a magnet?

Balance a walking stick on the back of a chair, and tell the spectators that you are going to make it fall without touching it or the chair.

Having thoroughly dried a postal card, preferably before an open fire, rub it briskly on your coat sleeve and then hold it near one end of the stick. The stick will at once be attracted to the card, and will follow it as if it were a magnet. As it moves it will soon lose its equilibrium, and fall from the chair. Of course, you understand the principle of the experiment. By rubbing the card you waken electricity in it, and it thus becomes a sort of magnet, with the power to attract light bodies.

Do not try the experiment in damp weather.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A philosopher is a man who ears his bread regulating in other people the faults and foibles he has discovered in himself.

**Lightning's Long Leap.**

A South Smithfield correspondent of the Lewiston Journal writes, under recent dates:

A singular phenomena was witnessed by a party of Waterville people yesterday forenoon while on the way to East Pond. Over the north of Rome and across Smithfield a thunderstorm was in progress. In that section where the party was at the time the phenomenon occurred the sun was shining brightly and the Southern edge of the rain belt was afterward determined as three and a half miles away.

The party was driving down a hill and the country for several miles was stretching before the party and in plain view. The rain fell in torrents along the ridge three miles away and the lightning flashed every few seconds. To the eastward are the farm buildings of Howard Smith, on the ridge across the valley and in the sunshine at the time. The buildings are one mile of where the party was riding. A bolt of lightning was seen to leave the heavy bank of clouds at the top of hill or ridge which was being deluged by the storm, and zigzagging its course across the clear space for a distance of at least two and a half miles, strike the barn of the Smith place. A cloud of what was supposed at the time to be smoke, but what afterward proved to have been nothing but dust, arose, and the ladies and gentlemen in the carriage supposed that the great barn would be destroyed by fire.

The party at once changed its course for the purpose of going to assistance of the farmer. When the smith home was reached it was seen that the bolt had torn an irregular course from one end of the ridgepole diagonally down the roof to the lower corner at the farther end of the barn, thence to a fence, splitting rails and posts; bouncing over to the well crub and upsetting that; finally spreading itself along the ground in the direction of the highway. Mr. Smith's damages will not amount to not more than \$5, and that will be taken up entirely in replacing shingles.

A visit was paid to the barn, in which there was two horses, the rest of the stock being in the pasture. The horses were trembling with fear, and when spoken to by the owner did not appear to notice him. Tests were made, and it was determined that the horses were still stunned from the shock and that their hearing had been effected. Mr. Smith unhitched both horses, and by speaking to them tried to drive them from their stalls, but it was in vain, the horses paying no attention to him. The horses were at last led out of the barn and walked about for a time. Then Mr. Smith stepped behind them some distance and spoke to them. The animals at once turned around and went to him. Chickens that were about the yard at the time the bolt fell were rendered unconscious, and for more than an hour, although alone and wandering about, were still so dazed that they would run against obstacles in the yard. The trail of the bolt in the earth was not wider than two inches and did not penetrate the ground at a greater depth. When the bolt arrived at the highway it must have taken a flight into space, as the trail stops suddenly with no indication of the bolt having gone into the ground.

Mr. Smith said that at the time the bolt struck his barn he was observing progress of the storm west and north, and that the eastern edge of the cloud, near the northern extremity, seemed to be afire with lightning, and that the thin streaks of fire darted out of the edge of the cloud far into the clear section every few seconds.

**NICE WORM MEDICINE.**

Mrs. Wm. Graham, Sheppardton, Ont., writes: "I have given my boy Dr. Low's Worm Syrup, and find it an excellent worm medicine. It is nice to take, and does not make the child sick." Price 25c.

**SUPPORT OF THE POOR.**

Coun. Gillmor Writes Again on the Question.

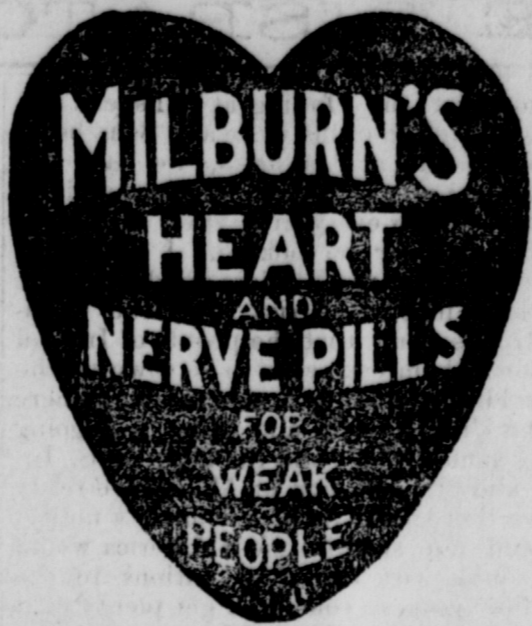
To the Editor of the Dispatch:—

Mr. Fiske has asked a number of questions in a letter in the Woodstock Sentinel in the matter of better way of support of poor about which I wrote you.

If Mr. Fiske has a plan for their better support let him tell what his plan is. The poor tax which all must pay impliedly means a comfortable support for those who may require it. What is a comfortable support? Surely more than a mere subsistence. It includes agreeable surroundings, beside food, clothing and shelter. To say that one who has lived a good and virtuous life among good people should in case of unavoidable poverty be compelled to live with those whose poverty is the result of a vicious life, and whose life has rendered their company obnoxious to good people, though poor, would be an unendurable punishment.

How would such an one as Mr. Fiske enjoy such companionship? The editor of THE DISPATCH states in effect that those who could do the work on a poor farm have no place there, but ought to support themselves.

The poor farm scheme is useless, as the product could be purchased at less than the necessary expense.



These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swelling of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fog, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

I believe in a pension for all the deserving poor, and the work-house for all the viciously improvident who have deliberately reduced themselves to poverty. Yours, E. S. GILLMOR.

"Keep the head cool and the bowels open" is sensible advice to follow during the warm weather. If the bowels do not move regularly once a day use Laxa-Liver Pills. They are easy to take, and do not gripe, weaken or sicken. Price 25c.



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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 Jct. 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, Vancorbo, 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.	

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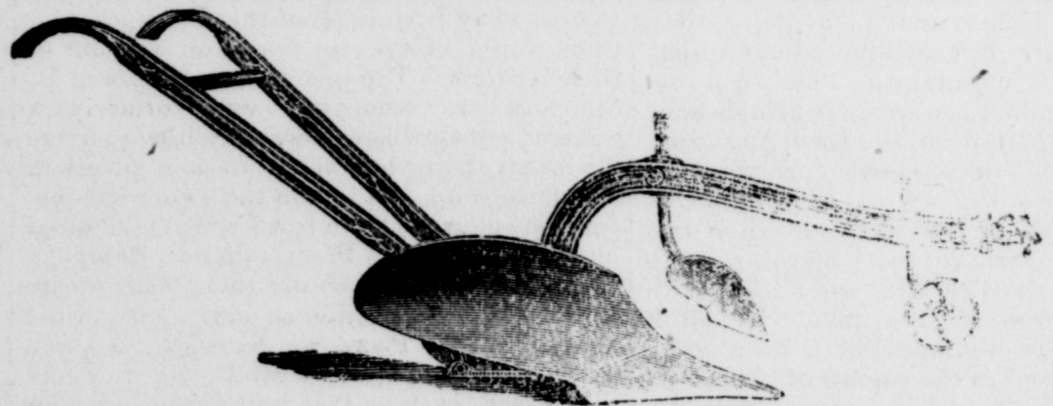
Road Waggon, Phaetons,

Bangors, Expresses.

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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Our Plows have Mouldboards made of Extra Quality Hard Steel with Soft Centre, and these are the only kind that will wear. Get one, and you will have the Best Plow made.

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Two Kinds—Hand and Self-Dumping.

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