

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JUNE 6, 1900.

EMPIRE DAY.

A writer to the St. John Globe last week enters a protest against the observance of Empire Day, urging that the object is to foster a spirit of what we would call "spread eagles," and not of patriotism. He intimates that a love of Canada is a good thing, but it should not lead us to fight for another country. Altogether, the writer seems to have studied Goldwin Smith pretty closely, and to agree with that distinguished writer and publicist. Both contend, directly or indirectly, that the South African trouble is no affair of ours. They write, as if we had no connection with Great Britain and Ireland.

Let us look at the affair in another light. Suppose such a case as an attack on Canada by a foreign country. Would not Canada expect aid of Great Britain? If such be the case, why should not Canada assist Great Britain? It is plain, at all events, that the vast majority of the people of this country, favour the idea of an empire united for common defence, just as the Transvaal and the Free Staters united for an offensive war. It is purely the right of a free people to form such an alliance. This is quite a new idea, that the wars of Great Britain are no concern of the colonies. It is said we had no quarrel with the Boers? In this war, supposing the Boers had been a large maritime nation, would they have failed to attack Canada, a British possession, because they had no war with Canadians? As a matter of fact the men who actually do the fighting in all wars, have no quarrel with those they attempt to shoot, and who attempt to shoot them.

For the Women and the Children of the Empire.

A new society, called "The Daughters of the Empire," with junior branches called "Children of the Empire," has recently been formed in Canada. Its object is to make a great golden chain of patriotism throughout the country, bringing the women and children into touch with each other by means of small clubs called "Chapters," which are being started all over the world. These clubs are of two kinds, either of grown-up women, or of children guided by their older friends. The meetings take place once a month, in each others' houses, when a nice little patriotic programme is enjoyed. Each club has its flag and its badge. The badges are made from a special design, which has been registered, and will be worn all over the world. This Federation has already spread over the other colonies, and has taken root in England, and among British residents in the United States. Single members may enroll individually. We heartily commend it to our readers. Every woman and every child in Canada ought to be a member. For further information, and a pretty card of instructions, write to the Secretary.

MRS. CLARK MURRAY,
340 Wood Avenue, Montreal.

McClure's Magazine for June.

The June number of McClure's is particularly strong and varied in its contents, both as regards fiction and special articles. President Kruger of the South African republic is portrayed in an acute character-study by F. Edmund Garrett, who has had the advantage of personal contact with the remarkable Boer leader, and is thoroughly familiar with his past career and with the political history of the Boers. Excellent portraits of Kruger and his wife are included. J. Lincoln Steffens, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, relates some striking "incidents of conflict" between Governor Roosevelt and the party leaders, and considers whether his first term as governor has turned out to be a successful experiment. A fully illustrated article on the Cape Nome Gold Fields, by William J. Lampton, describes life in Nome City, which is the largest of its age in the world, and gives the latest and exactest information available concerning the possibilities of this new gold region, one that is much richer than even the Klondike. "Experiments in Flying," by O. Chanute, is an account of the author's own flying-machines, one of which was so constructed as to maintain successfully a speed of seventeen miles an hour. The article is illustrated from photographs.

One of the most striking features of the number is a thrilling naval story of the Japanese-Chinese war by Adachi Kinoshuke, who is almost the only existing Japanese writer whose literary reputation has been established by his work in the English language. How the "Hiyei" ran the gauntlet of the Chinese Squadron, how the valiant Yamaji fulfilled his dedication by his dying father to the service of the Emperor of Japan, all this is graphically and thrillingly told. The pictures are full of action and unusually effective. In addition to this, there are several other good short stories. There is also a true historical story by the Rev. C. T. Brady—the story of the greatest fight in the history of American privateers. Reid's great fight in the "General Armstrong" against the British.

THE S. S. McCLURE CO., NEW YORK.

Mr. Murr Hill: I dreamt of you last night Miss Bunker Hill (coldly): Ah how good of you. Mr. Murray Hill: Yes, then I woke up and shut down the windows and put an extra blanket on the bed.

Losses in This War.

It is interesting says London Tit-Bits, to compare the proportion of officers to men killed and wounded in the present war. So far one officer has been killed for every 9.5 men, and one has been wounded for every 14.5 men. As the proportion of men to officers is as nearly as possible 20 to 1, it is clear that the men have fared very much better than their leaders. In no battle of this war has the casualty list contained more than 9 per cent. of the fighting numbers, unless we except Spion Kop, a battle in which it is impossible to ascertain the exact numbers engaged. This ratio has been far exceeded in many of the great battles of history. At Sadowa the Austrians lost 14 per cent. of their forces in killed and wounded: at Gettysburg the opposing armies together lost over 19 per cent. at Waterloo 28 per cent. were placed hors de combat, and at Borodino the total loss of both armies was slightly greater. Of all our battles in South Africa during the present war that of Spion Kop was the most fatal, with a loss of 1,729 men; Colenso ranks second with 1,123 men killed and wounded, and is followed by Magersfontein with 970, and Modder River 468. At Jacobsdal our loss was least of all, and only amounted to 12 men; at Gaborones it was 32; and at Koodoosberg Drift, 43. At Elandslaagte we lost no fewer than 9 out of every 100 of the men engaged; at Modder River 5.8, and at Graspan only 2.8. At the battle of Modder River it was stated that the Boers fired no fewer than 1,000,000 bullets, killing 72 and wounding 396 men. Thus of every 2,137 bullets 2,136 failed to "find a billet"—a fact which is eloquent rather of the Boer's prodigality of ammunition than of his accuracy of aim.

Bonaparte's Brother in America.

N. Y. Post: During the war of 1812-15 between the United States and Great Britain, a representative of French royalty visited the United States and made quite a sensation in New York. There were two British men-of-war lying near Sandy Hook, as part of a blockading squadron, and very little American shipping had a chance to get either in or out of New York harbor. But on one hot evening in August an American bark ran the gauntlet of the two men-of-war. The bark was named the Commerce, commanded by a fearless old sea dog named Missurey, and on board the vessel was a distinguished-looking Frenchman, who had registered on the vessel's book as M. Bouchard. The captain of the bark had made up his mind that the Frenchman was a soldier in disguise, and none other than the great Gen. Carnot, and as such he reported him to his friend the mayor, whom he invited to his vessel to receive the distinguished stranger. When the mayor and the French gentleman met the former addressed him as Gen. Carnot. At this M. Bouchard shrugged his shoulders and declared on his honor that he was not Gen. Carnot, and then, taking the mayor's hand, he added: "Your Honor, here in America I can afford to disclose my identity, and have no hesitation in telling you that I am Joseph Bonaparte."

When it became known that Joseph Bonaparte was in the city, the leaders of society were bent upon making a suitable demonstration in his honor; but Bonaparte, who was not entirely sure that the United States could protect him from the British, and who very much dreaded falling into their hands a prisoner, like his great brother, Napoleon, earnestly protested against any public reception, and avowed his determination to settle down somewhere inland. He accordingly purchased a place at Bordentown, N. J., and spent lots of money in making improvements, constructing an observatory or look-out, as well as a secret subterranean passage from his house to a corner of his grounds. He remained in safety until the condition of affairs in France warranted his return home.

Safer in the Dark Continent.

An instance of the vagaries of luck and the uselessness of taking care of oneself is that of the traveller—a well-known man in London—who had successfully concluded a very perilous sporting tour in tropical regions. He had been absent from London, in various little-traversed parts of the world, about two years, and rather looked forward to the comforts and conveniences of civilization. On arriving in town he took a cab to his destination, and the wheel came off, leaving him and some of his baggage on the pavement. The following day he again ventured forth, this time in a brougham, and the horse ran away, collided with a van, and generally caused a great deal of unpleasantness. Next the traveller ventured abroad in a four-wheeler, of which the bottom fell out, and he was left in direful plight in the road. On the succeeding day he only ventured to walk; civilization was beginning to shatter his nerves, and the sad fact is that a telephone wire fell down and knocked senseless a pedestrian in front of him, which caused a shock to the travellers nerves which he has not yet quite got over. The day following he stayed at home, and the chimney caught fire, doing no damage, indeed, but collecting some fire engines and causing local excitement. He then took train for the country,

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves
AND
Weakened System.

A Montreal Gentleman Tells About It.

Mr. F. J. Brophy, a well-known employee in the money-order department at the general post office in Montreal, tells about his case as follows:

"I had a very severe attack of La Grippe, which left me all run down, very nervous, without appetite, and extremely weak. Very often I could not sleep at night, and I was much troubled with profuse perspiration, which naturally caused me much annoyance. Learning of the good effects of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I began taking them, and much to my gratification they have braced me up, invigorated my entire system, and made me feel like a new man. I am now all O.K., and highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, anæmia and general debility.

preparatory to seeking the comparative safety of uncivilized regions.

A small boy dashed breathlessly into a merchant's office. "Is the guv'nor in?" "Yes; what do you want?" "Must see him myself. Most pertickler." But you can't; he's engaged." "Must see him immeid. Most pertickler." The boy's importunity got him in. "Well, boy, what is it you want?" said the merchant, anxiously. "D'yer want a ortice boy, sir?" "You impudent rascal! No, we've got one." "No, you ain't sir; he's just bin run over in Cheapside." Boy engaged.



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Hartford, Aug. 5, 1899.

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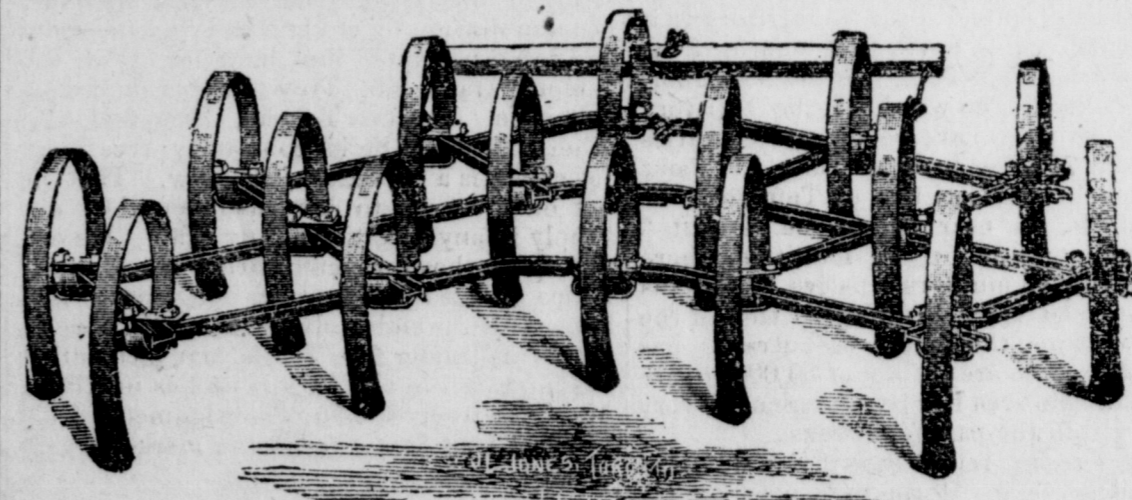
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