

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY  
 from the office, 46 Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.  
 Subscription price \$1.00 per year.  
 Advertising rates made known on application.  
 P. O. Box E. Telephone.

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 Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., AUG. 15, 1900.

THE ELECTIONS.

This journal is not in the confidence of either government or opposition, and even if it was, it does not believe the decision respecting a general election, would be known to it. The party papers are only the servants of the party, and servants are not always taken into the confidence of their masters. However we may safely predict that there will be an election within six months, it may be in October or it may not be till January, or, again, it may not be till next spring or summer. It is only to be hoped that the election will be held in a pleasant month. These elections in mid-winter are distressing. Just fancy expecting the faithful to turn out of their comfortable homes of a cold winter evening, to hear the party "spouters" discourse. This is nothing less than cruelty to animals. When an election is held in the summer or fall, the electors rather like to spend an evening in a public hall, where they can tear to pieces the arguments of the orator who is sent out to tell them how they ought to vote.

Now that the war in South Africa is over, and that the Heathen Chinese looks a little less terrible than he did, we are almost out of excitement. And we must have excitement of some kind or other. So, why not have a nice little election to amuse us? It doesn't much matter what the result may be.

OUR POPULATION.

It is often said that Canada grows slowly. So she does. So do all healthy bodies. Mark the slow growth in population of the United States up to 1880.

Year.	Population.
1790.....	3,929,214
1800.....	5,308,483
1810.....	7,239,881
1820.....	9,638,822
1830.....	12,866,929
1840.....	17,069,453
1850.....	23,191,876
1860.....	31,443,321
1870.....	38,558,371
1880.....	50,155,783

Our time for rapid growth has not yet arrived, nor need we be impatient for that time.

Conflict and Progress.

An American bishop has recently concluded a course of lectures on religious experience, the closing one of which has just been published in one of the reviews. The title of the lecture is the one which has been chosen for this article. The right reverend lecturer confines himself, in his treatment of it, to its relation to the religious life. In religion, as well as in every other form of life and activity, these two things, conflict and progress, are inseparable. The Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest applies to the highest as well as to the lowest realm. It is by the struggle for existence, or for something better and more to be desired than existence itself, that all progress is made. Without conflict there can be no victory, and victory is but another name for progress. It is in the act of our overcoming that we move forward. The sum of our overcoming, the aggregate of our victories, forms the exact measure of our progress. No man can be great in anything without fighting, and the quality of his greatness, as well as the measure of it, depends upon the object for which he is contending, and the manner in which he carries himself in the battle of life.

We would all, at times, at least, like to contract ourselves out from under the operation of this law. We would like to reach the end without the use of the means, especially when they are so arduous and difficult. Who would not like to be a Christian if the central principle of Christianity were not self-sacrifice, and its symbol a cross? Who would not be a saint, if sainthood could be attained to in any other way but by conquering and trampling under foot all the evil influences which are at work in the universe? We would all like to crush the serpent's head if it could be done in some other way than by putting our naked foot upon it and feeling the pain of his envenomed fangs entering our heel. Or, to descend to a somewhat lower plane—we would all like to possess a high moral character if we were not confronted with temptation—if we had not to fight for purity and uprightness of life. But experience shows this to be impossible. The sources of temptation are in ourselves, in the world around us, and in the subtle and unseen influences which, in the New Testament, are expressed by the phrase, "spiritual wickedness in high places." Hence, to be either a Christian or a moral man, in the purest and best sense of the term, one must wage a life-long conflict with solicitations to what is low and mean and vile, coming from a thousand different quarters, and often in the most subtle and insidious form.

All this does not come by chance. The law that binds conflict and progress together in such a way as to make the latter inseparable from the former, is a divine law. This is often forgotten, even by good people. They think the world would be a great deal better than it is if there was no occasion for sinning; if solicitation to evil in any form did not exist; and if things were so fashioned, and the forces of the universe so adjusted, controlled, and directed, that goodness should be imposed upon human beings from without. Hence, the view is held by many that all that is necessary in order to make individual men what they should be, is that society be so revolutionized and social conditions improved that there would be no temptation to evil. Another class find, or fancy they find, the cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to in such a redistribution of wealth that if every individual was not made rich, ipso facto, everyone would have enough to make him comfortable without the arduous conflict with adverse influences in which the mass of human beings are at present engaged. But in all this the fact is overlooked that the change which they so much desire, and from which they imagine so much good would result, could only be brought about by the abrogation of a divine law, which, so far as we know, is in operation throughout the universe, and by the destruction of the individual liberty of man, without which virtue in its highest form could not exist and progress would be impossible.—Toronto Mail.

Read it in the Faces.

This is the age of brain trouble, of heart failure of paralysis and of body weaknesses. You can read it in the faces of the people you meet. Nervous diseases do not get well of their own accord. Regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the only treatment that can be absolutely relied upon to stop the wasting process which saps vitality from the system. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food creates new rich blood, revitalizes the nerves and permanently cures all nervous diseases. 50 cents a box.

A Cleaver Woman's Scheme.

With the present overcrowding of almost every vocation, credit is due to any one who can strike out successfully into new and original lines of business. A bright little woman in a New England town has hit upon a novel and ingenious way of making money.

Her plan is to buy some house which is dilapidated and out of repair, but in a good locality. There is usually not much trouble in finding such a house, or in purchasing it at a bargain. Then her tastes comes into play, devising repairs and improvements to the place, putting in a pretty window here, some ornamental tile or woodwork there, a cosy corner somewhere inside, a handsome touch to the hallway to give "first impressions"—and in one way and another transforming an old run-down house to a attractive modern dwelling.

She furnishes the house and lives there for a time, while her ideas are being carried into effect. She renders the place as attractive as possible inside and out, not at all because she means to stay there—but simply for selling purposes. That is her speculation. Once her work is completed her house finds a ready purchaser, owing to the taste displayed. She generally sells the whole house outright, furnished and all, at a handsome profit. Then she searches out another house under similar conditions, and does the thing over again, says the Atlanta Constitution.

Living in the houses as she does during the repairing period, she considers that she is rent free. Her local reputation for taste and good judgment in such matters is a valuable aid in her business. She is a manipulator of old houses and they are transformed under her touch.

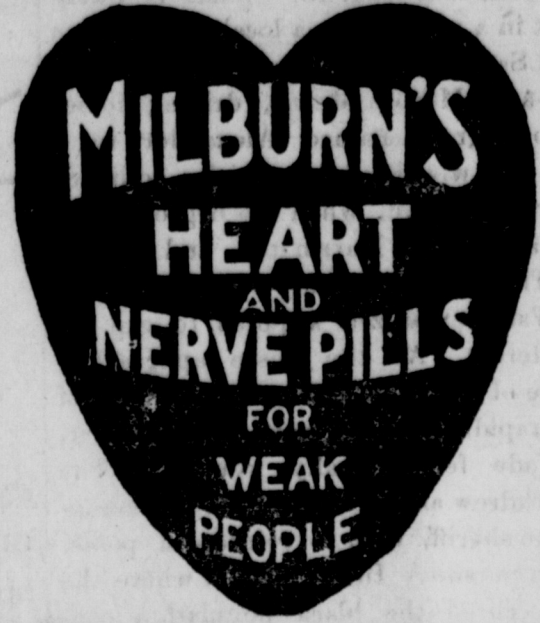
Children at Meals.

The table is the place to teach children self-control, thoughtfulness for others, the petty sacrifices that Emerson says make us good manners. The little three years old who is required to wait patiently her turn on pain of being lifted down, is learning a valuable lesson, and the comfort of the whole family is enhanced incidentally while it is taught. To make this still more effective, each child—particularly the boy—should have some part in serving to do, helping the better, pouring the water or similar tasks. In many households this is left entirely to the girls. Why should the boy, who need it so much more, be exempt from this discipline?

Children may and should be trained both in the repression of fault finding about their food and the expression of appreciation. Nothing is more trying to a mother, hot and wearied with the preparation of a meal, than to have her one failure singled out as the object of comment, says the New York Telegram. The rule should be: Pleasant comments or none. And yet this negative teaching is not quite enough. It adds so to the pleasure of life to know that our efforts are appreciated. The father who takes thought to say: "My dear, this is a very nicely cooked roast," is adding to his wife's happiness and is educating his children as well. A fault finding husband will not be likely to go forth from that home.

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.



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 fag, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

His Offer.

First farmer—Look here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it.  
 Second farmer—Are you sure it was my dog?  
 First farmer—Yes.  
 Second farmer—Well, I hardly know what to do. I think I'd better sell him. You don't want to buy a dog, do you?



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 Are Running Every Day.

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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	M MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction 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, Carleton, 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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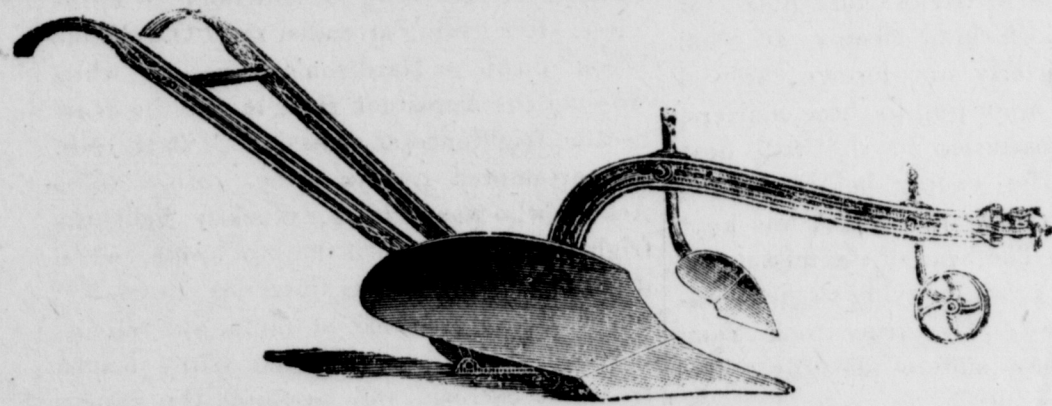
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 STEEL PLOWS  
 Have NO Equal.

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