

THE DISPATCH.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B., JULY 25, 1900.

PRICE TWO CENTS



Looking Out to Sea. . . .

Most people are looking out to see everything that is in sight, and comment upon it. If it's good there is approbation, if bad condemnation. Our Summer Suits are made to withstand criticism, because they are made right, of right material, IT IS COMMENDATION ALWAYS. Always come to us for **BOYS and MEN'S CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS and FURNISHINGS.**

John McLauchlan,

The Up-to-Date Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

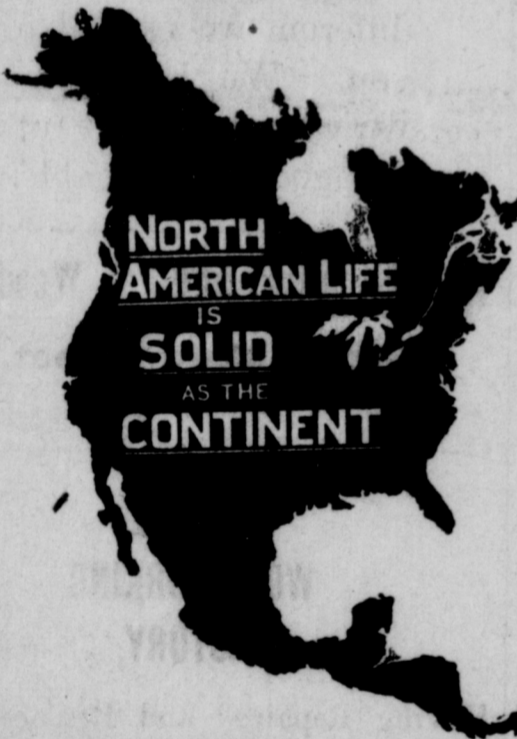
High Prices Can't Exist

When we have had a hand in marking goods. With us it is never a question of how much we can get, but a question how little we can sell for. Our spring stock is all in and we can show you the best line of **BOOTS and SHOES** ever shown in Woodstock.

All Shades in Colored Shoes, and our prices are right. Call and see our line of **J. & T. Bell's Fine Shoes.**

COX & GIBSON, WOODSTOCK, N. B.
NEXT DOOR ABOVE
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

LIFE: CANADA'S LEADING CO.



For some years the North American Life, is shown by the Government records to have the largest percentage of net surplus to liabilities of any home company. This proud position is maintained in spite of the fiercest competition, but not until this year was it that the North American Life attained to another first position in the ranks of life insurance companies in this country, that is for new business.

The preliminary Government Report, just received, places the North American Life, for new business taken in Canada, ahead of all competitors, British, American or Canadian. We give the figures of a few of the leading home companies:

1.—North American Life, Gen'l Business,	\$4,651,305.00
2.—Ontario Mutual,	3,965,505.00
3.—Confederation Life,	3,839,469.00
4.—Canada Life,	3,800,917.00
5.—Sun Life,	3,602,209.00

H. S. WRIGHT, Manager for Northern New Brunswick, Woodstock, N. B.

SEE THE RECORD FOR '99.

THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

without a dollar of interest overdue, an unbroken record for 5 years.
without a dollar's worth of real estate ever having been owned by the company.
without ever having foreclosed a mortgage.
with much stronger reserves than the law requires with a much larger new business than in any previous year.
with the lowest death rate on record for so long a period in our Temperance Section of any company anywhere.
with a premium income for '99 of \$215,755.57
with an interest income of 27,212.20
with an increase in total income of 30,283.10
with an increase in assets of 127,291.44
with total assets amounting to 794,595.66
with an increase of 1,263 policies and 1,117 lives.
with an increase of insurance in force of \$1,452,441

with insurance of \$7,265,469 under 6,393 policies on lives of total abstainers classed by themselves, with a new business applied for of \$2,966,836 with a total insurance in force of 9,436,300 with a death rate in our fourteenth year of only \$5.60 for each \$1,000 of average risk carried during the year.
with a record for care and economy unexcelled, with experience to show that abstainers are better risks than non-abstainers.
with a recognized standing as the total abstainers company in Canada.
Such has been our record. It is a record of steady, solid progress, and we are proud of it. Where is there a cleaner record, or one that can beat it in any respect? Surely the T. & G. is the Best Company for the Best Risks.

T. A. LINDSAY,
Special Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

E. R. MACHUM,
Mgr. Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.

What we make We Guarantee!
Britain's motto is: **What we have we'll hold!**
I likewise the sentiment of those who honor our establishment.
Many have endeavored to imitate Custom Tailoring, and have filled the market with their goods, but have met the fate of the Boers—
A seeming success for a time, then a struggle, and finally are forced to recognize the Superiority of Custom-Made Clothing. It should not require much argument.

to convince a man that a garment made from His Measure, taken by an Experienced Tailor, and fitted on in the course of making should fit better and be more stylish than one taken from a pile made 6 to 36 months ago!
To say nothing of the Superior Workmanship and goods used.
We are showing an Excellent Stock of The Newest Shades and Textures, which we make up in Our Usual Good Style.
Radical changes in styles this summer,

W. B. NICHOLSON, Merchant Tailor,
Woodstock, N. B.

IN OLD QUEBEC.

Notes From a Trip to the Historic City.

A Place Full of Interesting Memories. Stocked with Monuments and works of fine Art.—Where the English Language is Decidedly in the Minority.

Quebec may be said to be the one city in Canada that can retain its historic aspect, and at the same time go ahead as a progressive up-to-date port. And such is the combination, Quebec presents today, compared with a visit made some seven or eight years past. It is no longer old, dreary Quebec. On the contrary it is up to the century progressive Quebec. The electric car service is magnificent. It certainly cannot be excelled in the dominion. The leading streets are beautifully paved, and the student of old bones and other matter of history, is apt to find himself wondering whether or not, such and such a place is really the scene of such an event, or whether like the rest of America, mostly, its "curiosities were imported." The sceptic very anxious to smash something venerable has not failed to cast his lustful eyes on even the Plains of Abraham and to hint, if not openly state that the very earth on that historic point is not genuine. However, it will require much scepticism to overcome the belief, almost universal, now, that on the Plains of Abraham was fought the most momentous battle in Canadian history at all events, that it was from these lands went up the cry "they run, they run," and Wolfe's answering echo "Who run?" "The French, sir." "Then, thank God I die happy." All strangers are interested in the Plains of Abraham. You stand by this venerable and plain shaft, with the words engraved on it in iron "Here died Wolfe victorious," any day in summer and will get well up in the figures in counting the number who pass by. One monument years ago was defaced and this other has been erected in its place. You cannot expect the French to enthuse violently over Wolfe, but they are respectful. Wolfe's remains were taken home, Montcalm's remain in Quebec in the ancient and beautiful chapel of the Ursulines.

With regard to the defacing of Wolfe's monument it is interesting to quote the very words which the British soldiers wrote after the monument had been defaced. They are these:—"This pillar was erected by the British Army in Canada, A. D., 1849, His Excellency Lieut. Gov. Sir Benj. D'Urban, G. C. B. K. C. H., etc., etc., commander of the forces, to replace one erected by the late Gov. Gen. Lord Aylmer, G. C. B., in 1832, which was taken down and deposited beneath. The imposing shaft in the Governor's Garden to the two heroes bears a much more extended epitaph, written however in Latin, but not difficult of translation by any one who has studied the first rudiments of the tongue of ancient Rome. It relates the glories of the two heroes and their imperishable name. It has been stated that Montcalm's remains lie buried in the little chapel of the Ursulines, where is inscribed a epitaph to his memory. Many people who read the guide books, and who can get along without guide books these days, has read of the famous relic in the skull of Montcalm to be seen by the privileged. It can be seen by the privileged and by no others. Some people are fond of viewing old bones, and some want to avoid them. It was the privilege of the writer to have this unique if ghastly relic shown to him by the reverend father who has it in charge. It was standing on a small table covered with a crimson cloth. It is also stated that relics are to be seen of the Jesuit missionaries Breboeff and Lallment (I think these are the names of the deceased gentlemen) but having as the coroner says "viewed" the remains of such a distinguished man of war as the late lamented Gen. Montcalm I had no desire to disinter the more peaceful bones of the good Jesuit missionaries. Quebecers do not know half of Quebec, and they admit it. Many of them will go away some day to perhaps a better land, or perhaps not, and they will weep some tears that they had not seen so many beautiful and historic things in the old town. For those who are fond of old paintings, Quebec should afford a pleasant abode. Many of us talk of the "old masters" perhaps because we ought to do so, but we at least know there must be something in an old master, and the most amateur critic of art, or admirer of art, who enters the Basilica, the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Quebec, and spends some time in contemplation of Vandyke's Crucifixion, and then form no idea of the difference between either a master old or new, and one who is not a

master, had better confine his household picture to the latest representation of governor this or president that, or buy oil paintings sold exclusively by travelling gentlemen who state that these are quite superior to anything hitherto on the market. The richness of this church is amazing. This Vandyke painting is one of several in the main aisle, while magnificent paintings hang in the Sanctuary. There the richness of the hangings, the gold and silver and precious stones makes one think of the glories of the temple that King Solomon builded. It would really be interesting to know how much of intrinsic wealth there is within the wall of the Basilica at Quebec. I am speaking relatively and comparing this church with ordinary city churches in Canada. Of course it must be remembered that Quebec is a city of churches and military. That is, the cleric in his soutane and the soldier in his tunic are more frequently met than the policeman, especially if there is a disturbance needing aid from city authority. But it is of one church, the Roman Catholic. Of a population of 70,000 there are not more than 7000 English speaking, and perhaps not more than one half of these are Protestants. It is a sight to visit some of the large churches early of a Sunday morning. I was told for instance to go to St. Roch's anytime before 6 and 12 on a Sunday. The church will easily hold between 4000 and 5000 worshippers. It was a rainy morning, but that church was crowded to the doors with an attentive and devout congregation. And the same was the case in another church a few blocks away, and the same all over the city. The people make their church their home, and while we may not agree, we must indeed be respectful of such devotion. In some church at any time of the day you will notice some poor afflicted person pouring out her sorrows before the altar. In other forms of religion there are other modes, but let us all be silent and reverent before pure unadorned devotion. You will find a funeral going on about every morning in Quebec, and generally a funeral service going on in some church or other. So much of the ecclesiastical life of this old city, only a glimpse at it.

Here is a matter of a different nature which will interest people in Woodstock. There are two electric light companies in Quebec, the Q. R. and Power Co., which derived the power from Montmorency Falls and does the greater amount of the work in the city, and the Jacques Cartier Company. The first named Co. charges ½ cent. per ampere hour, ampere hour, mind, is a technical term. The Jacques Cartier Co. get their power from the Jacques Cartier river, 18 miles from the city. They charge 1 cent per lamp per day. If a lamp is burnt out the older company replaces, free, in the other case 20 cents a lamp is charged. But here we have the benefit of competition. Before the J. C. Company arrived, the old chaps charged ¾ of a cent an hour. Now, they charge ½ cent. Every one uses the electric light. A small family will have a light bill of from \$12 to \$15 a year, and have 11 lights. It must be remembered that it is easy to get the power in Quebec, and that therefore the case is different from places where the power must be generated.

Mayor Parent is a most progressive man, and has many admirers in Quebec. He certainly is bound that the old city shall be well to the front, but the French tax payer, is very much like the Woodstock tax payer, only he shrugs his shoulders to express disapproval, and he sometimes implies that Mr. Parent is on the extravagant side. However the progressive mayor is just now decidedly on top. As was expressed to me, the mayor is the council and the council is the mayor. A wise and trite remark. As far as I can find the aldermen are much as other aldermen are.

In another part of this article, reference has been made to some of the old institutions. The little chapel of Notre Dame des Victoires (our Lady of Victories) was erected, as a stone inscription on the front says, in 1688. It is in Lower Town right under the Citadel, and built to celebrate a victory on the date named. It has a very quaint old steeple. As is the case with many churches in Quebec, the steeple is surmounted by a weather cock on top of the cross. All around the city are to be found streets that start anywhere and end nowhere, and if you happen away down in St. Roch, St. Sauveur or Lower Town and your stock of French is absolutely nil, you may find yourself in quite an unpleasant quandary. You may swear in English and generally display the customary Anglo-Saxon contempt of any but his own, but it won't help you to find your house again. However such an instance would be very rare. Montreal and Ottawa are fairly French cities but they are in this regard as nothing compared

to Quebec. Seldom do you hear English spoken on the streets.

The merchants have their little grievances, too. Every Saturday evening, the band used to play on the Terrace, Quebec's picturesque glory, but the merchants in St. Roch parish kicked a strenuous kick. It took away business from them and the band doesn't play any longer on Saturday evening on the terrace in old Quebec. I have not mentioned among the statuary the stately and beautiful figure of Champlain the discoverer of the city, erected right off the terrace, and this striking object is the first that attracts your attention as you approach, and the last as you leave the ancient city.

One might dwell upon the beauties of the parliament buildings, but we have so many parliament buildings and such regiments of able statesmen, that neither a parliament building, nor a statesman in bad oils, is the least variety. They can be secured even at Fredericton, and the woods are full of politicians in oils and out of them.

Every city or place exercises a certain influence on its inhabitants, and it is noticeable that there are a number of admirable amateur artists among the Quebecois. The homes of the refined even in modest circumstances may be said to be noted for the tastefulness of the pictures, and for originals of no small merit, which adorn the walls. One wishes one could lay aside the precepts of the eighth commandment, (having visited Quebec, he has at once forgotten there ever was a tenth) and purloin a few of the many beautiful works of art. I could almost forgive sacrilege in one so minded. Then I would not object to being the happy possessor of some of the many curios. The prayer book used by Mary Queen of Scots, to be seen at the Laval Museum would tempt the honesty of a book lover, and one might like to swipe Montcalm's skull.

There are many ways of getting to Quebec from this part of the country. You may go to St. John and via the Intercolonial, somewhat a round-about way from Woodstock, or you may go up via Edmundston, but the quicker and perhaps the more excellent way is to board the 4.40 p. m. express. At McAdam Junction you get into a combined first class and sleeping car destined direct for Levis, and you arrive at Levis about ten the next morning. The view as one travels along the Levis shore of the St. Lawrence with the old city gradually looming into view is most inspiring. This route is made by the C. P. R. and the Quebec Central via Megantic. Most people speak of Megantic as a way station. You strike it about 4 a. m. and you can't see much of it, but you see a town where the electric light is run all night (and it was my fortune to pass through on a moon-light night) Megantic does not employ the moon to light its streets, withal, and it is a neat town. Here a couple of thousand people congregate in a very pretty and well built place. And here you leave English and enter into the French domain. The conductor can always talk in English, but many of the passengers on the first class car cannot. At Tring Junction you have an opportunity to get a good breakfast served up a la Francais, mixed with bad Anglo-Saxon. One thing you will always meet with in Quebec city or in the rural parts, urbanity and politeness. A busy Frenchman will always be civil. He may swear under his breath, but the representative of a nation noted for its politeness of heart will preserve his temper, outwardly at least, on nearly all occasions, particularly in dealing with an Englishman.

A trip to Quebec means a complete change in every way, change of scenery, of faces, of language and of general environment. And therefore it is a beautiful place to visit. Moreover in an Empire where a couple of million fellow subjects are French speaking, intercourse between the two people is most advisable. Rural Quebec is a study but it would take weeks to form a correct impression. They might be weeks of enjoyment and pleasure. There are several good hotels in the city. The Chateau Frontenac of course is ornamental and rich in design as first class in appointments. The Clarendon and the Victoria are good enough for those who are not after the extra best. Three English daily papers flourish in the city, and one wonders how they manage it, with such a small English population, but what the English speaking population lacks for in quantity, it makes up for in quality. The Morning Chronicle is issued from a handsome office on Buede Street. Horace Wallis an old Mail man and long time member of the Press Gallery is the managing director. The Telegraph and the Mercury, the latter edited by Dr. George Stewart, a well known literature, are published in the evenings, and the French population is well looked after by Mr. Ernest Pacaud's Soleil, which shines

Concluded on 4th page.