

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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WOODSTOCK, N. B., MAY 9, 1900.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN'S PLACE.

Sometimes we, English-speaking Canucks, get wrathful at our French-speaking brother, and politely wish him at the bottom of the sea in a dryer place. We kick most viciously, when he votes in a lump, and decides the result of a general election. We swear big oaths, that when another five years or so have passed, we will all vote together, liberal and tory, and keep Mr. Frenchman in his place, and in a couple of weeks we straight way forget all of what we had said in our haste.

And meantime, the French-Canadian simply shrugs his shoulders laughs, and says, Bien, tam !!

"In crasshus!" as the Dutchmen would say, how irate we all were with J. I. Tarte, Esq. Don't run away with the idea that the Tories were the only mad ones, nay, my son, the grits were frothing. Israel did make a break, but like the clever little Frenchman that he is, he saw the errors of his way, and now, he makes a speech at a great Imperial banquet in London, invites H. R. H. to come to Canada, and is patted warmly on the back by big, blundering, good-natured John Bull, who sees in every Canadian, French or English, a warm friend.

You may talk as you like, but Tarte is not the only politician who knows that there are many voices in Quebec, and that prayers, alone, do not win elections.

The sturdy leader of the opposition has not despised the views of the French-Canadian. In the ancient city of Quebec, he speaks out against a hastily formed Imperial Federation, and, no doubt, says many things, which he would be quite politic enough to leave unsaid in the ultra-loyal city of Toronto.

Now, the French-Canadian acts as a brake for us, and we need a brake. When the whole country decided that they would take a hand in this South African mess, they simply went on in spite of the brake, and the brake couldn't hold them back. But, when, we get too imperialistic, when we are apt to let our zeal run away with our reason, Johnny Baptiste, is a useful brake. Imperial Federation, be it remembered, is a big scheme. Confederation was a small affair alongside of it. And, we don't want to rush into any new arrangement, without counting the cost. It is just as well for us, therefore, that French Canada contains an element that bids us pause. At present, our relations with the motherland and the sister colonies are all right. There is no crying haste to change the relations. That the relations will be changed in due season, we have little reason for doubting, but never was there more need to consider the wisdom of the advice, "make haste slowly."

In the meantime let us be fair to our French confreres. They have many admirable traits, and they have been loyal partners in the Confederation. They were well and nobly represented at Paardberg, and word just comes that a French-Canadian, Surgeon Fiset, is the first Canadian in active service, during this campaign, to be recommended for the Victoria Cross.

ST. JOHN'S PROGRESS.

People in all parts of the province will rejoice in the excellent showing made by the secretary to the St. John Board of Trade, of the growth in the shipping trade in the years 1899-1900, over the previous year. The net increase is about 45 per cent. There is every reason to trust that each successive season will see a corresponding growth in trade, and we may hope, that St. John will be unable to handle all the seaport trade, and that recourse will be had to the beautiful harbour of the old town of St. Andrews, which, now, more than ever before, may look for a prosperous future.

THE SADNESS OF WAR.

Touching incidents in the Boer Camp.

"They are not beautiful, these Boer women, nor promising candidates for romantic treatment, but I have seen enough to know their practical value in the land. On them falls the slow sorrow of the times. The politics of the war were in other hands, but the prosecution of it rests in great part with the women. Had they not taken the direction of the farms into their own hands famine would now be staring the country instead of well-filled granaries and forage sheds. While the ladies of England have been employed devising comforts for the troops, the Boer women have busied themselves with getting in the mealies and digging up the potato crops. The same woman's heart beats with the same divine compassion under the Boer vrouw's lyffe as under the daintiest vestment from Worth.

"This is a war of the Cromwellian period. The men at the front may be degenerated. Calvinists may have all the vices of the century-end; but the women are simple in the faith, and their faith kept the men in their trenches at Colenso and at Spion kop. When the history of this war is written the influence of the Boer women will demand a very special place. They have been single-hearted in their determination to maintain the independence, and have not faltered in giving their dearest to its defence. I saw one woman turn dry-eyed from the train at Pretoria with the hoarse whisper:-

"He's the fourth son I have lost for Land en Volk since Elandslaagte. God preserve the Republic!"

"With such lie the prosecution of the war and the difficulty of settlement. But Kruger has not only the back-country Boers to wrestle with; he has the women in and around Pretoria, who dog his steps and exhort him to remember the sacred cause the people have sworn to defend. Their influence ennobles patriotism, but it makes policy vastly more difficult."

Something of the spirit in which the Boers are fighting can be seen, too, in the following story told by the Australian journalist, Mr. Hales. The conversation took place when he was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers:

"What do you fellows think of Australians as fighters?"

"I asked the question carelessly, but the answer that I got brought me to my bearings quickly, for then I learned that more than one gallant Australian officer dear to me had fallen never to rise again since I had been taken prisoner. The man who spoke was little more than a lad, a pale-faced, slenderly built son of the veldt. He had tangled curly hair, and big pathetic blue eyes, soft as a girl's, and limbs that lacked the rugged strength of the old Boer stock; but there was that nameless something, that indefinable expression in his face which warranted him a brave man. He carried one arm in a sling, and the bandage round his neck hid a bullet wound.

"The Australians can fight," he said simply. "They wounded me, and—they killed my father." Perhaps it was the wind sighing through the hospital trees that made the Boer lad's voice grow strangely husky; possibly the same cause filled the blue eyes with unshed tears.

"It was in fair fight, lad," I said gently; "it was the fortune of war."

"Yes," he murmured, "it was in fair fight an awful fight—I hope I'll never look upon another like it. Damn the fighting," he broke out fiercely. "Damn the fighting. I didn't hate your Australians. I didn't want to kill any of them. My father had no ill-will to them, not they to him, yet he is out there—out there between two great kopjes—where the wind always blows cold and dreary at night-time." The laddie shuddered. "It makes a man doubt the love of Christ," he said. "My father was a good man, a kind man, who never turned a stranger empty-handed from his door; even the Kaffirs on the farm loved him, and now he is lying where no one can weep over his grave.

We pulled great rocks on his grave. My cousin and I buried him. We had no shovels we scooped a hole in the hard earth as well as we could, a long shallow hole, and we laid him in it. I took his head and Cousin Gustave carried his feet. We folded his hands on his breast, laid his old rifle by his side, because he had always loved that gun and never used any other when out hunting. Then we pushed the earth in on him gently with our hands, breaking the hard lumps up and crumbling them in our palms so that they should not bruise his poor flesh. He had always been so kind, we could not hurt him, even though we knew he was dead, for he had been gentle to all of us in life; even the cows and the oxen at home loved him—and now who will go back and tell mother and little Yacoba that he is dead, that he will come to them no more. Oh damn the war," the lad called again in his pain. "I don't know—only God knows—which side is right or wrong, but I do know that the curse of Christ will rest on the heads of those who have made this war for ambition's sake or the greed of gold, and the good God will not let the widow and the orphan child go un-avenged; blood will yet speak for blood, and it must rest either on the heads of Kruger and Steyn or Chamberlain and Rhodes."

Stop the Pain but Destroy the Stomach—This is sadly too often the case. So many nauseous nostrums purporting to cure, because they are so loaded with injurious drugs and narcotics, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good and in many cases so destroy the digestive organs that a cure is impossible. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs. 60 in a box, 35 cents.

Settlers are beginning to flock into Manitoba in large numbers. The Tartarian alphabet contains 202 letters being the longest in the world.

Are You One of Them.

Statistics show that 25 per cent of men and women suffer the tortures of itching piles. Investigation proves that Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment has never yet failed to cure itching piles, and all of these men and women could end their sufferings at once by using it. Scores of thousands have been cured by this treatment. Everybody can be cured in the same way.

STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS.

Many persons are in a condition to invite Pneumonia or Consumption by reason of inherited tendency or other causes. They catch cold easily—find it difficult to get rid of an ordinary cough or cold. We would advise all such people to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is a wonderful strengthener and healer of the breathing organs, and fortifies the lungs against serious pulmonary diseases.

Miss Clara Marshall, Moore, Ont., writes: "I have suffered several years with weak lungs and could get no cure, so became discouraged. If I caught cold it was hard to get rid of it. I started using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and as a result my cough has been cured and my lungs greatly strengthened."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

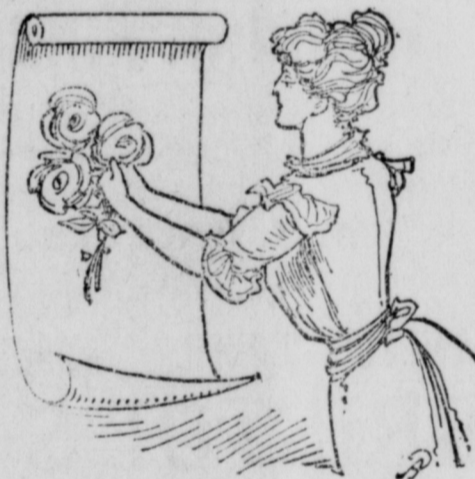


25c. and 50c. a bottle. All druggists.

The American girl, in her haste to be as man, is much less shy than men. She would chat gaily to all of the French Academicians at once, and cable a report of the conversation before night to the New York papers. She is the heroine of the hour and she knows it. The newspapers celebrate daily her victories in literature, art, golf or international marriage. No veil hangs before her. We can look at her just as she is.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

The Opinion of Women

Who have tested the merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills returns the verdict that for backache and kidney disorders there is no preparation in any way equal to this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase, America's greatest physician. This great kidney cure is sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box and has proved most effectual as a remedy for the many ills to which woman is subject.



Our New Wall Paper! Has arrived. The prices range from 5 Cents a Roll, to 50 Cents a Roll.

Newest Designs and Colors with Borders to Match. All the New Shades of Ingrain.

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

SPRING. SPRING.

Spring is now here and with it soon comes house cleaning, and you will begin to look around to see what improvements you can make in your home to make it more cheerful and pleasant. When doing this remember I have in stock a full line of just what you will need.

Paints, Alabastine, Kalsomine, Whiting, Varnishes, Stains, Brushes, Etc.

In fact, everything usually found in a first-class Hardware Store.

M. S. SUTTON ANDOVER.

P. S.—Let us put you in one of our New Grand Jewel Cook Stoves this spring. Call and see the improvements it has over others.

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.

We Manufacture And Have For Sale

Thrashing 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, And the Finest Kind of STEEL PLOWS

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.

You Want a New Waggon?

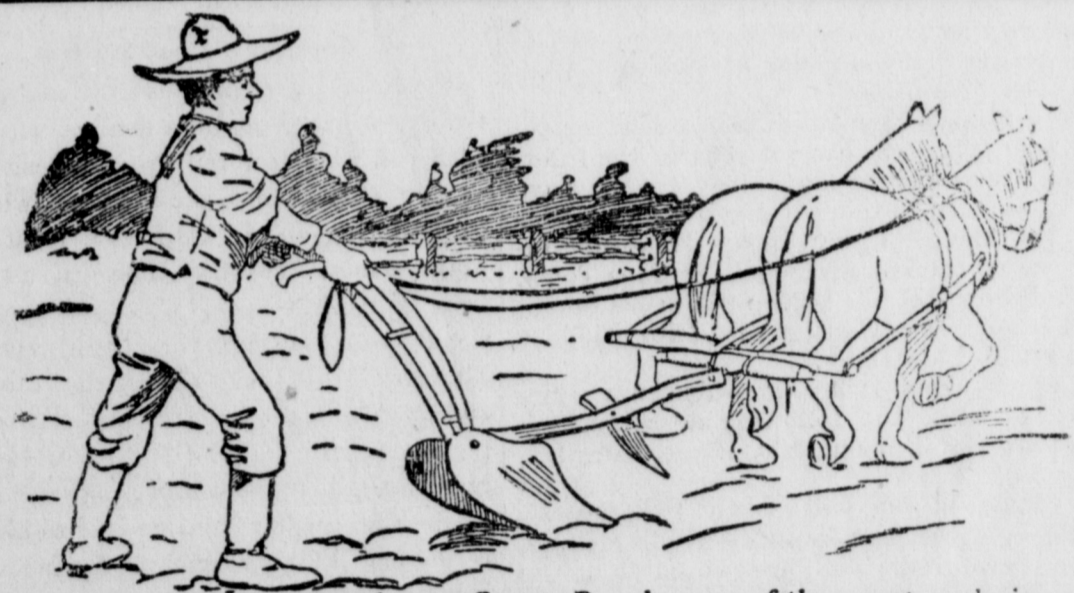
Then give us a Call—we can give you

Cornings, Surreys, Road Waggons, 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.

The Woodstock Carriage Co.

Main Street, at the Bridge.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WARNING.—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. Give relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S for 6 cents or twelve packets for 45 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one testimonial will be mailed to any address for 1 cent, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 28 Spruce St., New York.