

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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CHARLES APFLEBY,
Editor and Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, JULY 3, 1901.

OUR ROADS.

The manner in which the roads of this province are kept up is something wonderful to behold, both the manner in which the work is done and the manner in which the money is expended.

In Carleton County, for instance, we have an innumerable cloud of highway officials of greater or less proficiency or deficiency. We have about forty-four Highway Commissioners appointed by the council and about eighty road masters working under them. Then the government appoints for this county thirty three By Road Commissioners and nine Supervisors of Great Roads, and we probably have a few Free Grant Commissioners beside. We have, then, in all, perhaps one hundred and fifty highway officials and our roads are not by any means ideal.

Many of these officials are earnest and intelligent men surrounded by equally good assistants and they do their work in a creditable manner and do not waste the money entrusted to them for the improvement of the roads. Other officials are lacking in energy and sometimes, it is feared, in honesty, and the result of their labours is poor roads and a wasteful expenditure of the public funds.

If we had a competent engineer appointed as Road Commissioner for the province at a good salary and if each county were divided into four or five districts with a good man in each district as sub commission a better class of work might be expected for the amount of money now expended. The sub commissioners could report on the condition of the roads in his district to the commissioner and the commissioner could be in a position to know what amount of money each district required and what work was necessary for the best interest of any particular piece of road. A cash tax should be substituted for the present statute labour as a part of the new road system.

The progress of highway legislation in other parts of Canada and in the United States is on these lines and we can hardly hope for any great success in our road making until we adopt modern methods.

Women as a Moral Force.
(Philadelphia Times.)

In a recent public address Archbishop Ireland said that the chief lack in our national make up he thinks is seriousness. We are not as serious as we used to be, because we are going faster in a material way. Thought and reflection are given to business. Any time that remains must be spent in relaxation, and that relaxation must take some light form. When we converse we converse about nothing, and when we read we often read about nothing because of sheer mental fatigue. This habit is the curse of our literature, our journalism and our social life. The silly book, the flighty newspaper and the inane, if not really scandalous, talk of the drawing-room comes from intellectual exhaustion. Business absorption is the bane of our politics. The boss works and thrives, because the great body of men have no time to look after public matters or even to form useful opinions in regard to them.

Archbishop Ireland would put the women into the breach. He believes in intellectual women, and so we all do. There never were more of these than there are today. Never before have we had so many colleges for women nor such good ones. In no country have women so many opportunities and liberties as in this free land. They are the absolute queens in society and in many walks of serious life. Upon their shoulders rest many branches of educational and charitable work. They have the freedom of the great republic of letters to make a place for themselves in influencing and directing the currents of writing and thought.

It is true that women cannot vote except in a few of the western states, but she will do this, too, as soon as she qualifies for the responsibility and promises to serve us better than man. Her influence today, the archbishop says, is widespread. It is, indeed, widespread and permeating. If it is for good, it is a powerful force in the improvement of our social life. Let the young women who are coming out of our schools and colleges look to it that they make themselves this kind of force. The archbishop's advice should be heeded, and it is a timely word well spoken to those who have it in their power to confer upon the nation great and lasting moral benefits.

When a man or a woman asks for a candid opinion, it may safely be taken for granted that "candid" is meant.—Smart Set.

What sounds so sweet as the human voice—to the one who is doing the talking?

Easy to Make a Typographical Error.

Newspaper men frequently have their attention called to typographical errors which sometimes creep into publications, says the Medaryville, Ind., Advertiser. If newspaper men only understood their business, these errors can tell you much. In an ordinary column there are about 12,000 pieces of type; an average newspaper man sets from seven to ten columns a week, which makes 150,000 pieces to be picked right side up with care. These must be replaced in the case, which necessitates the handling of 240,000 pieces of type each week. Now, if in the first place the editor gets correct information, and makes his copy legible to the compositor, and if the galley boy knows enough to take a decent proof, and the copy holder is sober, and if the proof reader marks the errors, and if the make-up gets them into the right form and if the press don't smash any letter—why it is easily seen how unnecessary are typographical errors, and how easy it is to run a newspaper.

Finding Distant Thunderstorms.

An instrument to which considerable interest attaches has been devised and described by M. T. Tommasina. Its object is to detect distant thunderstorms. The apparatus consists essentially of a self decohering carbon coherer placed in circuit with a dry cell and an ordinary telephone receiver. The grains of carbon are hermetically sealed in a glass tube attached to a telephone magnet so as to lie horizontally when the receiver is placed to the ear. The impression produced upon the observer is that of being transported into the neighborhood of the thunderstorm, which might yet be hidden below the horizon. To strengthen the effect the author used three copper "antennae," each 30 m. long. In this manner it was found possible to observe the development of a violent thunderstorm at a distance of 12 hours before it broke loose at the observing station, which was situated on the Lago Maggiore. A distant rain is indicated by a rattling sound before a cloud is visible.—London Engineer.

A Stimulus in Reserve.

A young lady had a train to catch, and chartered a cab, which unfortunately was drawn by a very wretched horse. Having told cabby that she had to reach the station in twenty minutes, away the vehicle dashed at five miles an hour.

They had barely got fifty yards, however, before the lady put her head out of the window and requested the driver to whip the horse, as she would otherwise miss the train. He accordingly did so.

A little further on she asked him to administer the whip once more, as the cab was only just moving. Cabby again complied. Soon after she said:

"Can't you hit him on the head so as to wake him up a bit?"

Looking at the young lady, the cabby exclaimed:

"Well, miss, I've 'it the hanimal all over 'is bloomin' body except 'is left ear, and I'm savin' that for the last 'ill.—London Answers.

His Sweetheart's Epitaph.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

"Speaking of poetry reminds me of a poem written by a man I once heard of," said the porter in a downtown office recently. "This poet was engaged to be married to a young woman, but she died. He felt badly and went to a friend for consolation.

"Come out in the fields with me, and you'll forget about your troubles," said the friend. Accordingly they both went out into a field and seated themselves on a mound.

"I'm going to write some poetry," said the afflicted man.

"I'm going to sleep," responded his friend.

"A long silence ensued, and then the friend was rudely awakened by the sorrowing lover.

"You've got to listen to this poetry," said the poet.

"Go on, I'm listening," responded his friend.

"This is the poetry the melancholy poet had written:

"The wedding day appointed was,
And the wedding dress provided.
But has I made that girl my wife?
No, she sickened and she died did."

Water Drinking in Summer.

(From the London "Times.")

Many years ago I knew the manager of a copper works. It was his habit in hot weather to provide pots of water with some oatmeal in it (said to be less dangerous for heated men than plain water), and from these pots the furnacemen helped themselves to as much as they would.

The manager arranged with one of the workmen to test the utility of this drinking. The man was weighed before beginning work and one or two other men were weighed; they all had their usual meals, but the one man had not any intermediate oatmeal drink. At the end of the days work there was a re-weighing; the men who had drunk had not lost weight; the man who had abstained had lost many pounds. The men who had drunk were not exhausted, the man who had not drunk was dead beat, and some days had passed before he fully regained his strength.

It is generally easy to find fault, but you will find no fault in Red Rose Tea.

For Different Reasons.

A good old story has been recently revived, and, as told in its new dress, it is certainly amusing. The scene is laid at night in South Africa, and the dramatic personae are two members of the Imperial Yeomanry, who are laying themselves down to rest. Says one in a sleepy tone to the other, "Jack, why did you volunteer for this confounded business?" "Why?" replied the other. "Because I have no wife or kiddies to care a brass farthing about me; besides, I like war." "Well," rejoined the first speaker, "that is certainly curious; for I came out just because I have a wife, and I like peace!" The conversation stopped here.—Liverpool Post.

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—OF THE—

Hartland Bridge,

will take place on

THURSDAY, JULY 4.

There will be a Grand Celebration as befitting this auspicious event.

Premier Tweedie and the Government Members will be present, and deliver addresses. A long procession will be formed and will drive across the bridge and over surrounding country.

The ladies of the Baptist church will provide meals all day.

Bridge will be free this day.

Tickets on Railway at one fare at Stations Bath to Beiton, inclusive, good to return following day.

No money making scheme will be allowed except by arrangement.

Everybody will be welcome. Come to Hartland on the fourth.

.....THE.....
GLORIOUS 12TH, 1901

To be celebrated at

EAST FLORENCEVILLE,

Under the auspices of the

North Carleton County Lodge

The celebration will be held on the Flat of Gordon Tompkins, near the Orange Hall.

The committee are preparing to entertain all who come. Sports will consist of a Base Ball Game, Running, Jumping, Putting the Shot, Slow Bicycle Race. Pond's Merry-Go-Round to be on the grounds. Dinner and Supper furnished in the Orange Hall.

A. P. DAVIS, Chairman Sports Com.
E. W. SAUNDERS, } Grounds Com.
JAMES BANKS, }

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JEWETT'S CORNER, WOODSTOCK.

MARRIED.

DENTON-SMITH.—At Upper Wicklow, June 19th, by Pastor S. Greenlaw, Mr. Beverly Denton, of Caribou, Me., and Miss Josephine Smith, of Upper Wicklow, Carleton County, N. B.

CRONKHITE-PATTERSON.—At Middle Southampton, York County, on the 25th inst, at the residence of the bride's father Mr. Stephen Patterson, by the Rev. J. J. Barnes, Mr. Wooster B. CronkHITE and Miss HERSA L. Patterson, all of Middle Southampton, York County.

NOBLE-SNOW.—At the residence of Mr. C. B. Snow, father of the bride, on the 26th of June, by Rev. J. W. Clarke and Rev. J. Noble, Harry Gordon Noble to Miss Sarah M. Snow, both of Woodstock, N. B.

DICKINSON-DICKINSON.—At Woodstock, on June 27th, by Rev. J. W. Clark, A. Glasier Dickinson to Miss Sissie G. Dickinson, both of Lower Brighton, Car. Co.

LONG-YOUNG.—At the residence of Charles Dow, Broadway, Woodstock, N. B., June 26th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Rupert J. Long, of East Florenceville, to Ruth A., third daughter of the Rev. J. W. S. Young, of Southampton, York Co., N. B.

WANTED!

COAT AND VEST MAKERS.

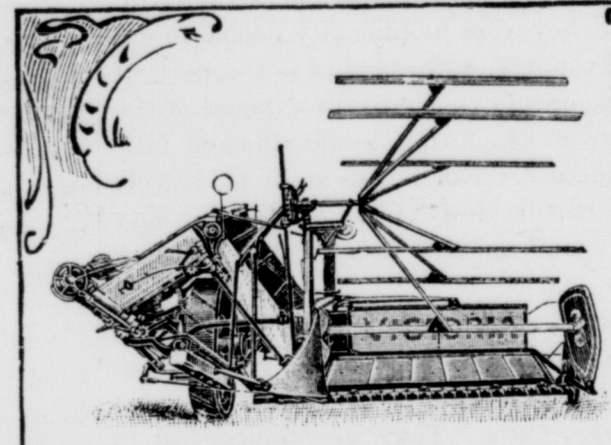
AT ONCE.

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

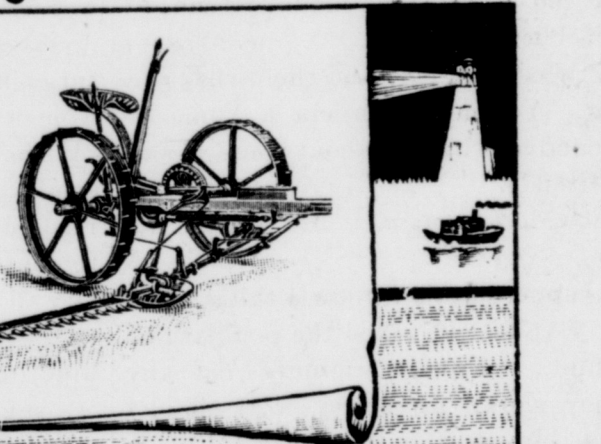
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NOTICE TO FARMERS.

Farmers having wheat to grind, who live a long distance from this mill, can take advantage of our Special Freight Rate. They will find the cost by Special Rate less than sending team a long distance. We take all grists to and from station FREE OF CHARGE. Take your grist to nearest station and ask the agent for Special Rate (pre pay) to Woodstock.

Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hoping to merit a continuance of the same,

I remain yours,

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Limited number of Pupils. Course begins June.

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