

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 8. NO. 23.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., NOVEMBER 6, 1901.

PRICE TWO CENTS



Our Nobby Sack Suits.

You don't see any Suits about town that look like our Nobby Sacks and Varsity Styles. Fact is, most clothes look ordinary beside these splendid examples of fine tailoring.

The Neckwear, Shirts and Furnishings you buy here have a style and character of their own.

It will be for your interest to see this Merchandise before buying your Fall and Winter Outfit.

SAUNDERS BROS.,
Main Street, Woodstock.

CANADA'S LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Has the most attractive Policies issued.

Assets,..... \$ 4,000,000
Income,..... 1,000,000
Insurance in Force, 26,000,000
Surplus,..... 500,000

A. D. HOLYOKE,

District Manager for Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska.

OFFICES:

QUEEN ST., WOODSTOCK.

Manufacturers and Temperance and General Life Assurance Company.

Statement as at Dec. 31st, 1900.

Assets, - - - - -	\$3,204,358.00	The first six months of
Income, - - - - -	975,255.00	1901 gave us applications for
Insurance in force, - - - - -	26,000,000.00	\$3,019,309.00 new insurance.

T. A. LINDSAY,

The E. R. MACHUM, CO. Lt'd.

Special Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

Mgrs. Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money on good real estate mortgage security, on reasonable rates of interest, may be obtained at application to the undersigned at his office opposite the Carlisle Hotel.
LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

THE IMP.

Whatever we may say of the effete monarchies of Europe, however we may sneer at the proneness of King-ridden men to fall down and worship earthly majesty, we must admit that in the old world they do many things much better than we do. English newspapers, for example, express themselves with such a calmness, in language so chaste, as to put to shame us Americans who rush at everything in such a hop-step-and-jump sort of way. Just to illustrate; an esteemed contemporary euphoniously named the Weakly Snicker contains the following item:—Deacon Pond needn't think that he can take up the collection in the Union church of Billville on Sunday and go over to the city on Monday and get a stinking jag on without incurring the righteous wrath of our best people. We don't pose as total abstinence fanatics; we agree that the moderate use of good whiskey is a legitimate thing, but we don't like to see a fellow citizen get rotten drunk. Now we always claimed that if, after a man had taken, say, a dozen highballs, the ground flew up and struck him, yet if he could hold on to the grass he was not a jag. But if a man drinks so deeply of the cup that he can't hold on to the grass, then he is loaded to a limit that we don't approve. Deacon Pond must mend his ways or hand the collection over to a more moderate man." How vulgar is all this when we place it beside a recent editorial in the London Times, in which the editor speaks of "an undue amount of whiskey introduced into a particular organism at a particular time," and again he uses the expression "excessive temporary saturation." We have much to learn from the effete monarchies before they become one with Nineva and Tyre.

I met a young man yesterday, whom, in vulgar parlance we call a hobo, but who is pleased to dignify himself by the name of "A gentleman of the road." He told me he had been down in Boston and had beaten his way East on a limited express. He said that now he was here he was rather sorry he had not beaten West, it was an easier trip and the "doin's is better in the West." I asked him how he expected to put in the winter and he said it was clearly up to him to go to the lumber woods or go to jail. "I have looked over that new edifice your county is erecting and I think it will be a first class house. Jail is a long sight easier than the woods. I think I will just touch this town up for one evening's entertainment, Owen will promptly rush me to the cooler, I will get sent up to the new jail for six moons and come out next May fat and happy." He said he knew Woodstock pretty well, but he did not know exactly the schedule of punishments. He didn't know just how much fuss it took to get six months and he did not want to overdo it and get landed for a sentence that would carry him into July and then again he didn't want to do the thing too lightly and be turned out on a cruel world in January. "However," said the gentleman, "all professions have their uncertainties, and I must take my chances. I do wish the committee would rush that jail along because we are going to have a cold snap this week and I don't want to be sent to the court house."

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

Benson-CConnell.

Miss Mary Connell, daughter of the late Mr. George Connell, of Woodstock, and Mr. John J. Benson, formerly of Chatham, but now of Montreal, were united in marriage in St. Luke's church Chatham, Thursday morning last. As the bridal party entered the church, the choir sang The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden, Miss Susie Nicol presiding at the organ. The bride wore a navy blue Venetian cloth dress and blue and white hat. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Marion Colter, of St. John, was dressed in fawn cloth with fawn hat and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The maids of honor, Miss Alice and Miss Lillian, wore red dresses and hats and carried bouquets of red and white roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Stewart Benson. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Benson drove to the station, where they took the train for Boston. They will reside in Montreal.

The Agony of Sleeplessness

Did you ever pass a single night in wakeful misery, tossing and rolling in bed, trying in vain to sleep and longing for morning to come? Can you imagine the torture of spending night after night in this way, each succeeding night growing worse and worse? This is the most dreadful symptom of Nervous Exhaustion and Debility. You can be gradually and thoroughly cured of Sleeplessness by the uplifting influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It cures in nature's way, by creating new nerve cells and restoring lost vitality.

Death of Mrs. G. W. Macdonald.

We are sorry to have to record the sudden death, after a short illness, of Mrs. Matilda Jane, wife of Rev. G. W. Macdonald, of Hartland, and present editor of the HIGHWAY. It seems that Sister Macdonald, who has been spending most of the summer and autumn at Beulah, was about to shut up the cottage for the winter and leave the Grounds; when, on getting some water Monday afternoon, Oct. 21st, while her son Harry, who has been with her most of the time, was absent in St. John, suddenly fainted, and lay for some hours. At last recovering consciousness, she crept part way to the Hotel; and calling for help was heard and helped to the Hotel, where Harry found her on his return. She seemed to recover, yet complained of a stiff neck. She remained at Belyea Hotel for a week; and retired cheerfully to rest on Wednesday evening, 23rd. Mrs. Belyea, who slept with her, awoke early Thursday morning, and hearing her breathe heavily, spoke to her, but receiving no answer found she was dead—probably through organic heart trouble, as she had at times years previously, complained of weakness of the heart. The family was at once notified, and they hastened to find that mother was gone. Her remains were brought to St. John and then to Fredericton, where, on Friday, Nov. 1st, a service was held at the home of her sister, Mrs. Cyrus Burt, at which Rev. Joseph McLeod, D. D. officiated, assisted by Rev. J. H. Macdonald, Baptist; Rev. G. B. Trafton, Reformed Baptist; and Rev. F. Hartley, Free Baptist. On Saturday the remains were brought to Woodstock, where they were met at the Gibson train by a large number of friends, and accompanied to the cemetery, where the burial services were held, Rev. W. B. Wiggins officiating, assisted by Revs. H. C. Archer and B. Colpitts.

Sister Macdonald was in her 56th year and was a daughter of the late Stephen Carman of Fredericton. She was converted at Peniac under the labors of Rev. G. A. Hartley, D. D., Free Baptist, 1865 and endeavoured to live a Christian life. She was married about 33 years ago to Bro. Macdonald and had a family of 3 sons and 3 daughters, but only two sons H. H. Macdonald of St. John and Rev. G. B. Macdonald, Reformed Baptist Evangelist, and one daughter, Gertrude E., official stenographer of St. John, survive her. As also 5 sisters Mrs. Cyrus Burt and Mrs. F. B. Cooper, of Fredericton, Mrs. Chas. Shields, of Upper Maugerville, Mrs. G. W. Palmer, of Douglas Harbour, Grand Lake and Mrs. W. A. Smythe, of Oakland, California, and one brother, Hewlett Carman, Merchant of Boston. Mrs. Macdonald will be much missed by her many friends as they have often experienced her kindness. But especially will she be missed by her relatives and family to whom we tender our sincere sympathy.—The King's Highway.

What Is Life to You?

If you are a victim of piles, as one person in every four is, you suffer keenly from one of the most torturing ailments known to man, and may well wonder if life is really worth living. Certain relief and ultimate cure is awaiting you by means of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never failed to cure piles. Painlessly and naturally it allays the inflammation, heals the ulcers and thoroughly cures this wretched disease.

Wiley-Tweedie.

A pretty function took place at the residence of Mrs Rankin McLardy, on Wednesday afternoon last, when her sister, Miss Katherine E. Tweedie, was united in marriage to Mr. John H. Wiley, of Monticello, Me. The bride, who was prettily arrayed in white silk, was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Tweedie, while Mr. A. Ross Currie supported the groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. K. Bearisto, of Glassville, assisted by the Rev. G. D. Ireland. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. After the ceremony a lunch was served at the house, and later, Mr. and Mrs Wiley proceeded to their home at Monticello, followed by the good wishes of a host of friends.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Death of Mrs. Solomon Good.

At her home, Good Corner, Oct. 23rd, Mrs. Solomon Good, in her seventieth year, leaving a husband, four sons and one daughter, one sister and two brothers to mourn their loss. Mrs. Good was one of the first settlers of that place having lived there for forty-nine years and by hard toil had helped to make herself a comfortable home. She was a great sufferer having been stricken down with paralysis some eight years ago and confined to her bed for nearly two years. By her request her four sons acted as pall-bearers.

HIDING NEXT TO HIS HIDE

Was the Overcoat He Stole from Frank Bixby—Conductor Jerry Holt Handles a Braggart Without Gloves.

On the express coming north last Thursday was Frank Bixby, who represents Baird & Peters, of St. John. He had a handsome silk lined overcoat which he laid on a seat in the smoker and left for a time. When he returned the coat had disappeared and he immediately informed the conductor, Jerry Holt, of his loss. The train was searched but no coat could be found. Suspicion rested on a stalwart man who seemed to have increased in size in the last half hour, and Jerry approached him in a most courteous manner with a view to ascertaining if he were really the thief. "Let me see your hat check," said Jerry. "I ain't got none," said the suspect. "You must have one, and I must see it," said Jerry. "I ain't got one, and I can lick any blankety blank ——— on this train," said the suspect. "I don't know anything about that," said Jerry, "but in the meantime let us look for the check. I wonder if it would be in here," and quick as a flash he ripped open the man's coat and shirts and exposed a fine black overcoat next to his hide. "What is this?" asked Jerry. "It's none of your ——— business," said the wrathful man, "and I can lick any man who wants to know." Jerry lost no time, he took the profane appropriator of other people's chattels by the throat, slammed him on the floor, and stood on his breast bone. In a subdued and repentant mood the man peeled off to the bare pelt and handed the coat to Mr. Bixby. "Is this your coat?" said he. "It is," said Mr. Bixby. "Well, you can have it," said the thief, and he proceeded to cover his nakedness with his own clothes.

It was intended to carry the sneak thief to Woodstock and have him placed under arrest, but the train slowed up at a siding and he made his escape. Mr. Holt has given a good description of him to the police and he will probably be gathered in and prosecuted.

Christmas Presents.

It is just forty-nine days to Christmas and the women are already counting heads, figuring on presents and manufacturing all manner of funny things to give to their brothers who won't generally know what they are for. However, the brothers will appreciate the spirit in which they are given and will make believe they know all about it. But, no matter how much a woman manufactures with her own hands she must buy many things for Christmas and a man must buy all of his presents.

This being so, it is opportune at this moment to say that people need not send to Montreal, Toronto, St. John, or smuggle in from the other side of the line a single piece of goods. The stores of Carleton County are getting in their Christmas goods and in a few days they will be gorgeous in their array of attractive things for Christmas presents. We can't urge too strongly nor too often on our readers the fact that the truest test of a man's loyalty is, where he spends his money. Today one can buy in Carleton County anything from a needle to a piano at as good advantage as he can buy somewhere else and the sooner we learn this the better off we will be.

The Drive.

The drive passed Woodstock on Monday and is now probably five miles below town today. It is expected to get into the boom at Fredericton in a couple of weeks. From the time it left Muniac two weeks and a half ago the progress has been very slow, at first the men had to work five days at one point; just now however, they are getting along at the rate of three miles a day. They have not got all the high lumber and move more rapidly. Two weeks ago a drive was worked in from Bear Island and that cleans up the lower end of the work pretty well. Men are getting from \$1.75 to \$2.00 a day.

Estey-McCain.

On Wednesday afternoon last at the residence of the bride's father, Florenceville, Miss Helen, only daughter of Ferguson McCain was united in marriage to Hollon M. Estey, second son of D. N. Estey. The bride was attended by her cousin Miss Mary McCain and S. R. Estey, of New York, brother of the groom acted as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. H. Hayward. After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served. After which Mr. and Mrs. Estey drove to their home. The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 1st 1901.

MR. T. A. LINDSAY,— Will you please convey to the "Manufacturers and Temperance and General Life Assurance Co.," my sincere thanks for their prompt and satisfactory settlement of claim as per policy held by my late husband (Rev. J. W. Clark.) In less than a week after my claim was forwarded your Co. I received a cheque for the full amount.
(Sgd.) MRS. J. W. CLARKE.