

**A MESSAGE TO GARCIA:**

Being a Preachment by Elbert Hubbard.  
This homily, first printed in The Philistine Magazine for March 1899, caused the edition to be exhausted within three days after its publication.

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In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgent. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!  
Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Gorreggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

- Who was he?
- Which encyclopedia?
- Where is the encyclopedia?
- Was I hired for that?
- Don't you mean Bismark?
- What's the matter with Charlie doing it?
- Is he dead?
- Is there any hurry?
- Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first-mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply, can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

**Apoplexy.**—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is effective in apoplectic symptoms. If you have unpleasant dizziness, lightness or sudden rush of blood to the head, take precautions against a recurrence. This great remedy will remove the cause. The press of the land has daily a list of sudden deaths which would not be chronicled if Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart were used.—147 Sold by Garden Bros.

"You see that book-keeper," said the forman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at a four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often goes many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself."

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his thread-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire-brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumbering I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for days' wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no commendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

**Rheumatic Warped Limbs**

Mrs. H. Wills, Chesley, Ont., says:—"My boy was all crippled up with rheumatism. Although we doctored, he was in this way for about one year, and the pain was terrible. Reading of many cases where Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills had cured rheumatism, we got a box. Before they were half gone he began to improve, and is now quite well. I am very glad to recommend them to others." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

**Where He Was Deficient.**

"Well," said the western lady who was visiting her cousin in Boston and wishes to establish friendly relations with the infant son of her hostess, "I hope oo is a dood 'little boy. What did oo det for Tismas? Tum, tell Tuzzin Fannie all about it."

"Madam," replied the child, "if you will be good enough to talk English, it may be possible for me to catch the drift of your meaning. I am conversant with Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Hebrew and modern Italian, but I have not as yet had time to take up the study of Choctaw."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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**FALLEN HEROES.**

Their Graves in South Africa to be Identified and Decorated.—An Appeal for Contributions for this Purpose.

In March of last year the Executive of the Daughters of the Empire determined upon assuming the care of the graves of our Soldiers in South Africa. Three reasons seemed to press this work upon us. The first was that by constitution, the Federation is pledged to "cherish the last resting places of our Heroes and Heroines specially such as are in distant solitary places." The second reason was that we, as Canadian women seemed to be especially called upon to interest ourselves in this peculiarly womanly office, when so many of our own sons and brothers are laid to rest in the distant and lonely Veldt of South Africa. If a third reason were necessary, it was that as Canada was not the only colony whose sons were glad for Queen and Country, to go forth to fill these graves, the opportunity seemed a sacred one to draw the women of the Colonies more closely together, through bonds of common sorrow and of a common cause precious to us all.

With this object in view we wrote to the ladies of Cape Town, asking them to co-operate with us in our efforts, first, to locate the graves and then take them under our permanent care. To this request our sisters in South Africa responded with true patriotic affections, by organizing committees throughout the colony in the vicinity of the battlefield.

As soon as this was achieved, through the patriotic affection of the Cape Town Guild of Loyal Women, we put ourselves into communication with the Imperial War Office, for whose additional assistance and consideration we are most grateful, and we are now in a position to state that the graves are being located and that some of them received their first fresh flowers on Christmas eve, when many women and children performed this touching tribute of patriotic love and gratitude. The same affectionate womanly office will be performed on Easter eve, and photographs will be taken for sorrowing ones at home.

The permanent care of these graves has thus fallen to us as part of our work, and we have accepted it as a sacred duty and privilege. We now ask assistance from our Canadian people. We require a fund for the purpose, and we have much pleasure in announcing that the Canadian press has been most generous in coming to our aid.

Her Excellency the Countess of Minto has given the fund her special patronage, and has consented to act as honorary treasurer. The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. the Minister of Militia have also given our object their special patronage. Donations may be sent direct and at once to Her Excellency, Government House, Ottawa, and should be marked South African Graves.

Mrs. (Rev.) G. M. Campbell, Fredericton, treasurer of the provincial branch of the Daughters of the Empire, will act as treasurer for New Brunswick of the fund for the Decoration of our South African Graves. All subscriptions to this fund received by Mrs. Campbell will be promptly forwarded to the Countess of Minto, and acknowledged through the provincial press. The children of Canada are especially invited to join in this beautiful idea. If every school boy and girl would send five cents we would have all the money required.

Margaret Polson Murray, Sec. of Executive, Montreal.  
Mrs. John Black, Provincial President, Fredericton.

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