

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 9. NO. 15.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SEPTEMBER 10, 1902.

PRICE TWO CENTS

Look Before You Leap!

Yes, before you buy yourself or your boy

A FALL SUIT

Look at ours. Appearance, Style and Wear, are
Conspicuous Features in our Clothing.

John McLauchlan,

Boys' and Men's Leading Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

THE GREAT BARGAIN SALE.

Special Sale of

Gents' Hats,

All Newest Colors, Shapes and Styles.

STRAW HATS AT HALF PRICE.

Boys' Summer Suits,
Blouses and Waists,

VERY CHEAP.

SAUNDERS BROS. MAIN ST.

For the Finest Class of

HOUSE FINISH

Give us a call.

Doors and Sashes, Stair Work, Turnings, Verandah Stock,
Church Fittings, School Desks, Sheathing and Flooring, Etc.

Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

The WOODSTOCK WOOD-WORKING COMPANY

Cor. Green and Elm Streets. Near Small & Fisher's Foundry.

AMALGAMATION A GREAT SUCCESS.

**The MANUFACTURERS
and TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

Has had a Record Year during 1901.

Applications received for nearly.....\$ 6,000,000
Increase over 1900 almost..... 1,000,000
Total business in force over..... 27,000,000

Nothing succeeds like success.

The E. R. MACHUM, CO. Ltd.

T. A. LINDSAY, Mgrs. Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.
Special Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

FOR SALE.

My house and grounds about 2½ miles above
Woodstock, containing about 27 acres and adjoining
the York and Carleton Iron Works and one of
the most beautiful situations on the St. John
River. JAMES T. SMITH, Upper Woodstock.

House And Lot For Sale.

A house and lot conveniently situated near the
business portion of the Town of Woodstock, for
sale, on reasonable terms. Apply to the under-
signed, LOUIS E. YOUNG, Solicitor.
Woodstock, N. B., Aug., 11th 1902, 1 mo.

HOMESICK.

I want to go back to the orchard—
The orchard that used to be mine;
The apples are reddening, and filling
The air with their wine.
I want to wake up in the morning
To the chirp of the birds in the eaves;
I want the west wind through the corn-field—
The rustle of leaves.
I want the old song of the river,
The little, low laugh of the rills;
I want the warm blue of September
Again on the hill.
I want to lie down in the woodland,
Where the feathery clematis shines,
God's blue sky above, and about me
The peace of the pines.
I want to run on through the pasture
And let down the dusty old bars,
I want to find you there still waiting,
Your eyes like twin stars.
O nights, you are weary and dreary,
And, days, there is something you lack,
To the farm in the little, old valley,
I want to go back.

Choate's Counsel.

It seems always to have lain within the
power of the distinguished lawyer and
humorist, Rufus Choate, to lead a choleric
client from ways of anger into the paths of
peace.

Just before the war a Southern gentleman
was dining with a friend in one of the best
hotels of Boston. He was of French creole
extraction, and his name was Delacour.

The waiter was a colored man, and the
Southerner gave his orders in a very domi-
neering fashion, finding fault freely with what
was put before him and the way in which it
was served. Finally the waiter became in-
censed and told Mr. Delacour to go to a place,
warm and remote. The latter sprang furiously
to his feet and would have shot the offend-
er dead if he had not been restrained by his
wiser friend, who said:

"You can't do that sort of thing here. You
will have to remember where you are."

"Do you suppose that I am going to put
up with such insolence and not be revenged?"
said the enraged man.

"Certainly not. But do it by process of
law."

The landlord was first interviewed and the
waiter discharged. That was not sufficient
to satisfy the wounded feelings of Mr. Dela-
cour. He asked who was the best lawyer in
the city, and was told it was Rufus Choate.
Making his way to his office, he said:

"Mr. Choate, I want to engage you in a
case. What will your retaining fee be?"

"About fifty dollars."

The check was made out and handed over.

"Now," said the lawyer, "what are the
facts of the case?"

He was told. Said Mr. Choate thought-
fully:

"I know the United States law on the sub-
ject well, and I know the law of the Com-
monwealth of Massachusetts, and I can as-
sure you, sir, that there is no power on earth
strong enough to force you to go to that
place if you don't want to go. And if I were
you I wouldn't."

"Well," said the Southerner, accepting the
situation, "I think I'll take your advice,"
and they parted good friends.—Harriet Boy-
er, in September Lippincott's.

Why Not Plant Trees as Monuments?

Springfield Republican: If the world goes
on producing great men in war and peace,
and if monuments for all have to be provided
in the course of time, how will the earth
look 100,000 years from now? The thought
which is neither startling nor especially ori-
ginal happens to be suggested by the state-
ment of a Louisiana paper that the South
owes the late Gen. Beauregard a monument.
We seem to be passing through a sort of
monumenting period just now. The last one
or two Congresses have signalized themselves
by the introduction of bills providing for
monuments in honor of all sorts of worthies,
and many of them have been favorably re-
ported and passed. And the monuments
that Congress does not authorize State and
local pride will look out for. The prospect
is excellent that no other country on earth
will have so many monuments to the square
mile, 100 years from now, as the United
States. If this thing goes on 100,000 years,
and there is no reason why the production of
great men should not continue that length of
time, a monument or statue will seem as
common to our descendants as a middle name
and it may be necessary to pass laws curtailing
the output in order to give the trees a
chance to grow.

Money-Making At Home.

The October Delineator offers many valu-
able suggestions to women who would make
employment at home and notes several
instances in which a competence has been
acquired by women who have followed such
unusual lines of work as marking linen, sew-
ing on skirt braids, making plum pudding,
Saratoga chips, paper dolls, favors for wed-
ding, etc.

Camp Sussex.

On Monday evening the 67th, Regt. Band
escorted Capt. Bull and his company to the
station on their way to attend the annual
training at Sussex. A number of officers,
Nun. Com. officers and men came down on
the train from points North, and the Band
played a selection in their honour as the
train arrived.

The Camp at Sussex this year differs very
materially from those that have been held in
the past, and this is principally due to the
change that has been made in the method of
training Infantry.

If the war in South Africa has taught us
a lesson it is that the system of drill for In-
fantry as it has been in the past is not at all
up to the standard it should be. There is now
to be less ceremonial, and more practical
work. The soldier is now to be taught to
act as an intelligent being and not as a mere
machine without any mind of his own. He
must know how to use a rifle and be able to
shoot, and at the same time know how to
best protect himself.

The camp at Sussex this year consists of
two Brigades of Infantry from New Bruns-
wick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Is-
land, with the 8th Hussars, and No. 4, R. C.
I. Only one officer, six non-comm. officers
and three men per company, were selected
to go with the Colonel, Major and Adjutant
for staff officers.

Through the resignation of Adjutant Capt.
Raymond, the 67th Regiment loses one of
the best officers it ever had. Capt. Perkins
of No. 8 company, takes his place, and his
company has been disbanded.

Col. Boyer says that this is to be his last
camp, and there probably will be a big
change in the staff of the regiment before an-
other year.

Death of Matthew F. Boyer.

Matthew F. Boyer, died at the Victoria
Hotel, Woodstock, on Wednesday evening
last at the age of thirty-two years and
six months. Mr. Boyer was born in Hart-
land, where his father conducted a hotel, and
he came to Woodstock when his father pur-
chased the Victoria here. Mat, as he was
familiarly called by his friends, spent his life
in the hotel business and he acquired a
knowledge of the work that enabled him, as
head clerk, to keep the Victoria up to the
highest standard. He was most popular
with the travelling public as well as with
the young men in Woodstock. He leaves a father
T. J. Boyer, a step-mother, two brothers,
Charles, in Colorado, and George in Michi-
gan, and three sisters, Mrs. Charles Burpee,
of St. John, and Miss Ada Boyer and Miss
Carrie Boyer at home.

The remains were interred at Hartland,
beside those of his mother, on Saturday after-
noon. There was a service at the house in
Woodstock, and one at the grave in Hart-
land, conducted by the Rev. A. H. Hayward.
The pall bearers were Dr. G. B. Manzer,
James Gibson, James H. Wilbur and John
Lindow. Among those from a distance who
attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Burpee, St. John, Mr. and Mrs.
Samuel McCain, Florenceville, Mrs. Alonzo
Stephenson, Presque Isle, and Mrs. Andrew
McKay, Florenceville.

The Great Musical Event.

Oct. 10th, is the date of the most interest-
ing musical event in the history of Wood-
stock, as on the evening of this date Jessie
Niven MacLachlan the greatest living scottish
singer will make her first appearance in
Woodstock under the auspices of the hospital
board. Many in town are aware of the
wonderful popularity of this great singer
having heard her in St. John and other places,
during her last two annual tours. Miss
MacLachlan will be accompanied by Harry
McClasky the wonderful young tenor whose
success in New York is fast making him
famous, and doubtless he will make splendid
impressions with us on the above date.

Tit For Tat.

A Missouri farmer whose hog had been
killed by a train and who imagined himself
to be something of a poet wrote these lines to
the company's claim agent for a settlement:
My razorback strolled down your track
A week ago today;
Your 29 came down the line
And snuffed his light away.
You can't blame me; the hog, you see,
Slipped through a cattle gate;
So kindly pen a check for ten,
The debt to liquidate.

He was rather surprised a few days later
to receive the following:—

Old 29 came down the line
And killed your hog, we know,
But razorbacks on railroad tracks
Quite often meet with woe.
Therefore, my friend, we cannot send
The check for which you pine.
Just plant the dead; place o'er his head,
"Here lies a foolish swine."

RIFLE MATCH.

Sgt. Robt. Jones Again wins the Cup.

The shooting on the range last Thursday
was to a certain extent a failure on account
of the heavy rain and a consequent small at-
tendance. Never before here has the weather
been any more unfavourable for making
scores. There was a strong unsteady wind
blowing and at times a heavy mist and rain.
Sgt. Jones, Capt. Carvell and Major J. R.
Kirkpatrick tied for first place with a score
of 78 and in shooting off Jones took first
place. Last year he won it in shooting off
with Capt. Perkins and should it be his good
luck to win it again next year the cup will be
his to keep as the regulation is that it is to
go to the man winning it three consecutive
years.

Following are the scores made:—

Sgt. Robt. Jones, cup and \$5.00.....	78
Capt. P. B. Carvell, \$4.00.....	78
Major J. R. Kirkpatrick, \$3.50.....	78
Dr. E. Saunders, \$3.00.....	77
Lt. E. S. Kirkpatrick, \$3.00.....	76
Capt. W. W. Ross, \$2.50.....	71
Pte. Ben Crandlemeire, \$2.50.....	70
Capt. Perkins, \$2.00.....	69
Gunner Chas. Peabody, \$2.00.....	67
Mr. Harley Hannah, \$1.50.....	67
Lieut. Fred McLean, \$1.50.....	63
Capt. H. Carvell, \$1.00.....	61
Sgt. Porter, \$1.00.....	60
Mr. D. Johnson, .50.....	59

In the Nursery Match open to those who
have never before won an individual prize of
\$2.00 or over the scores were:—

Dr. E. Saunders, \$2.00.....	77
Lieut. Fred McLean, \$1.50.....	63
Mr. D. Johnson, \$1.00.....	59
Lieut. C. Wetmore, \$1.00.....	58
Dr. Hugh Peppers, \$1.00.....	48
Lieut. Adams, \$1.00.....	27
Major W. Good, .50.....	25
Mr. Wilson, .50.....	18

The Company Team Cup to be competed
for by teams of five from any company of the
militia was not shot for and another match
will be held in October when it is hoped to
have a number of teams enter and a special
prize list will be prepared.

What is the Matter with the Band?

Some people are asking this question and
wonder why the band should be so quiet
after the good start they made. They gave
two concerts on the street and have not been
heard since.

The only trouble is that they are unable to
secure a leader. Mr. Dixon who made a
most efficient leader has been compelled to
resign on account of his work for the C. P.
Ry. keeping him on duty at night.

The only solution of the band question is
that if the town is to have a first class band
and one to be proud of a capable leader
should be hired, a man whose first business
will be to instruct the band and bring it up
to the standard it should reach.

The people of the town blame the band
for not being up to the mark when if there is
a fault at all it lies with the people. We
praised the Presque Isle band when they
were here for their fine music and handsome
uniforms and they deserved praise but more
credit was due the people of their town for
their enterprise in supplying them with the
means of keeping the band up. Their leader
gets a big salary and the people pay it and
are proud to do so.

We have the material in our town for one
of the finest bands to be found in the coun-
try and when the people realize that they
must take a practical interest in them we will
have a band second to none in this part of
the county.

The members are doing all in their power
to secure a first class man and are trying to
devise ways and means to pay him for his
services. They will give their time gladly
and freely but are not able to give more
and it should not be requested of them.

If the means should be furnished to get a
competent man for a year and to buy neces-
sary additional instruments and other essen-
tial things there would then be talent enough
in the band not to require an outside man
and its future success would be assured.—
Com.

The commercial kings who combine
to control her centers of manufacture
and her lines of distribution, and who
by placing prices on nature's commod-
ity purely for profit, without reference
to cost, are becoming a mighty menace
to the nation's peace. They are mak-
ing the people as dangerously poor
as they are themselves becoming
dangerously rich. This abnormal
starving of the many for the more
abnormal stuffing of the few must be
regulated soon, either by ballots or
bullets, wisdom or war.

Home—The father's kingdom, the
mother's world, and the children's
paradise.

Home—The place where we grum-
ble the most, and are treated the best.

Buy your FRUIT JARS. We have them in Pints, Quarts and Half Gallons.
NOBLE & TRAFTON.