

NEWS FROM THE COUNTY.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents must send their names with each week's contribution, or their matter will not be printed. The names will not be published, but The Dispatch must know who is accountable for everything that is inserted in its columns.

COLDSTREAM.

The many friends of Mrs. Clara Belyea, widow of James Belyea, learned with regret of her death, on the 21st inst., at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum where she had gone recently for treatment. The funeral service was at the home of her daughter Mrs. J. Craig, where the body was brought by request of deceased. Rev. John Perry conducted the service at the Free Baptist church, Coldstream.

Stephen Bubar and family are speedily making arrangements to move to Blaine. Their going out will be a loss to the community.

At the Baptist parsonage on the evening of the 21st, Addison Delmer Spinney, of South Knowlsville, was united in marriage to Miss Ida May Hemphill, of Knowlsville, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore.

A number of the young people of Hartland convened at the parsonage in this place and gave Albert Otty, eldest son of Rev. J. D. Wetmore a surprise on the evening of the 16th. At the close of evening Frank Aiton in behalf of the company read an address expressing regret at Albert's departure and well wishes for his future. He leaves on the 27th to take a course at Kerrs Business College, St. John.

Clark & Bros. are making a big run with their saw and shingle mill.

UNION CORNER.

Thomas Buckley, a respected resident of East Hodgdon Me., aged 77 years, died very suddenly on Sunday morning, Oct. 19th. He was leading a horse to water, became very weak and fell. His daughter, Mrs. Eaton, with difficulty, got him to the verandah platform, where he expired immediately. Mr. Buckley leaves three daughters and one son to mourn their loss. He was buried at White Settlement cemetery beside his wife who was buried about 9 months ago. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Ford, Baptist minister, of Houlton, Me., assisted by Rev. C. N. Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. Sypher returned to their home at New Castle Creek, Queens Co., after a very pleasant visit at their relatives and friends at Union Corner and Houlton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hoben, a newly married couple from Upper Gagetown, Queens Co., are visiting at their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chase, and Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Nevers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barton were down to Temple at the rededication of the first Canterbury Baptist church, on the 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. William McAtee are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Duff are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Richard Kennedy, post master at Green Road, an old and respected citizen, while plowing on Friday night fell dead, probably from heart failure. He was about sixty years old. He leaves a wife, two sons, Arthur and Murray, both at home, and three daughters, Mabel, Elizabeth and another. Mrs. Kennedy is a sister of Arthur Duff of Richmond Corner. The funeral took place on Monday morning. The remains were interred in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Richmond Corner.

BATH.

Fewer Bros. of this town, are putting in the water works at Bath. They commenced last Thursday with a crew of men. The stand pipe is now being built on Monquart hill about 75 feet above the town level.

Rupert Hutchinson is putting up a large warehouse 100x30 feet, on the Amos Giberson lot, in order to accommodate his increasing business.

H. E. Gray has his shop open Wednesdays and Saturdays for a few weeks as he is engaged in other business.

Thatcher Barker has returned to Bath and is at his old job in C. E. Gallagher's warehouse.

BRISTOL.

S. K. Farley has moved his family into the village. Estabrooks the photographer is doing business here now.

Mrs. I. N. Boyer has gone to Portsmouth, N. H., to spend the winter with her daughter. Thomas Lockhart has returned from Houlton, and is occupying Mrs. Boyer's house.

J. Hatfield, of Yarmouth Co., N. S., is spending a few weeks with friends in the village.

Miss Kate Vandine, Centreville, is visiting in Bristol, the guest of Mrs. M. A. Tompkins.

On Thursday evening, a number of friends met at the residence of Rev. L. A. Lockhart, and after spending a short time in social intercourse, refreshment, were served and Mr. D. V. Boyer on behalf of those present, presented Mr. Lockhart with a purse of about \$30.00.

More of our young men, started for the lumber regions on Monday, a crew going up Tobique for Ed. Waugh.

Charles Tinker spent a few days at Newburgh Junction last week.

Rev. J. H. Anderson had his regular service again in the Hall on Sunday evening.

CENTREVILLE.

Mrs. Geo. Davis, of Caribou, is visiting her sister Mrs. F. G. Burt.

Mrs. Haddon Burt is spending a few days in Woodstock, guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Burt.

The new post office is completed. We are glad to see Mr. Clarke back at the old stand. Mr. Ross, of Woodstock, preached for Mr. Turner on Sunday in the Methodist church here.

The ladies of the Baptist church have re-

organized their sewing circle, and will meet once a week.

Mr. J. Wall, of St. Stephen, spent Sunday in the village.

Charlie West, of Soquel, California, is visiting relatives and friends here at the old home, after an absence of eighteen years.

G. L. White is having the acetylene gas put in his stores which will make a great improvement.

Miss Bessie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Beckwith died on Monday morning. She was buried in the Baptist cemetery on Tuesday afternoon. The service was conducted by the Rev. B. S. Freeman.

KIRKLAND.

There was a knitting party and ploughing bee at the residence of James Bustard recently.

A young daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Graham, Eel River Lake, recently.

Mrs. Allan Whithead from Springfield, York Co., has been visiting her cousin, John Lyons, Esq., North Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carr have been visiting friends at Green Mountain.

Master Kinney, from North Lake, spent a few days in this place.

Mrs. Joseph Golding is spending the winter with her mother.

James McLuskey has built a new barn.

William Kennedy is attending business college in St. John.

SAVE THE BABY.

A Mother Tells How Many a Threatened Life May Be Preserved.

To the loving mother no expense is too great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little ones. Childish ills are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis. And in baby's illness every crisis is a critical one. "I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets would save many a dear little life," writes Mrs. P. B. Dickford, of Glen Sutton, Que. "I take pleasure in certifying to the merits of these Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion at teething time, and was cross and restless. The use of Baby's Own Tablets made a wonderful change, and I am glad to recommend them to others." Mothers who have used these Tablets never afterward resort to harsh purgatives that gripe and torture baby, nor to the so-called "soothing" preparations that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to take guaranteed to be harmless. Send 25 cents for a full-sized box to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., if your druggist does not sell them.

Exciting Fights on Railway Engines.

There is just now in course of investigation by the Railway Department of Victoria an affair which can hardly fail to cause uneasiness among habitual travellers in that Colony.

The allegation is that while a passenger train was running at full speed between Melbourne and Ballarat the guard left his van and, walking along the foot-plates, mounted the engine and attacked the driver.

Luckily the latter was the stronger man of the two, and succeeded in overpowering his assailant. What might have happened had it been the other way about is shown by an incident which occurred on February 1st, 1892, on the Oregon Short Railway. In this case it was the driver and his fireman who came to blows, and after a brief, fierce struggle the former threw the latter bodily off the engine.

Then the unhappy survivor, probably rendered suddenly insane at the thought of what he had done, pulled the lever to full speed ahead, and set to work to stoke the furnace for all he was worth. Fifteen minutes later the train was running at a speed approximating to one hundred miles an hour, stations at which it should have stopped were passed like a flash, and the terrified passengers were only able to keep their seats by clinging tightly with both hands to whatever projections offered.

Eventually, realizing that the choice lay between the death of one man and the destruction of a hundred or more, the brakeman and the conductor carefully crept along towards the engine from opposite sides of the train, and while one distracted the madman's attention by a feint attack the other sprang on him from behind and brained him with a coupling-pin.

The number of conceivable combinations of circumstances under which a fight within the cab of a locomotive running at full speed might be not only justifiable but even praiseworthy cannot be many; but one such did actually manifest itself not long ago on the Southern Pacific branch line which runs southward from Tucson, in Arizona, through the Mexican State of Sonora. Two desperadoes, of the approved American train-robbing type, "flagged" a passenger express at a lonely siding and, as soon as it slowed up sufficiently to enable them to do so, leaped on the engine and, without saying a word, shot the fireman dead. Then they covered the driver with their revolvers and ordered him to back the train slowly down the track to where a number of their accomplices were waiting to loot it.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, probably, would, under similar circumstances, have done as they were bidden. But this particular driver was built on other and sterner lines. Stepping towards the lever, as though in frightened compliance, he suddenly stooped and butted one of the ruffians

violently in the stomach, doubling him completely up and sending him flying through the air in a graceful trajectory the termination of which was a big and very thorny mesquite bush.

His companion fired twice in rapid succession and wounded his brave antagonist, although luckily not in a vital part. Before he could pull the trigger a third time the latter had got him down by the throat, and had compelled him to relinquish his weapon on threat of being thrust through the furnace door into the flaming inferno within.

As soon as he got possession of it he used it on the man he had butted off the engine—and who, having by that time recovered consciousness, was busily searching among the grass for his revolver—killing him on the spot; and then, putting on full steam, he ran the train—his other antagonist meanwhile crouching in a corner of the cab covered with the pistol—nineteen miles to the nearest station.

Such an instance is, of course, an exceptional one; and as a general rule it cannot be denied that, when an engine-driver wants to fight with anyone else, the best way is to stop the train. The older employees of a certain London and South Coast line, not over-notorious for its punctuality, cherish to this day the memory of a battle-royal which was fought to a finish under these circumstances nearly twenty years ago.

The men had some hot words before leaving London, and when the train had reached a secluded spot some fifteen miles from town it was stopped, the passengers alighted and formed a ring, and the two men, having divested themselves of superfluous clothing, proceeded to settle their little difference in the good old English fashion.

The New Song.

He used to sing of Belle Mahone;
Likewise of Nancy Lee;
Then Annie Laurie for a while
His darling seemed to be.

Fair Lillie Dale and Nancy Till
And gentle Kittie Clyde,
Each claimed his fancy for a spell
And then was thrust aside.

Sweet Alice charmed him for a while,
And next 'twan Nellie Gray,
Who reigned till Mollie Darling came
Along with Maggie May.

'Twas Annie Moore last summer that
He sang of day and night,
But she's forgot, his song is now
Of dear old Ann Thracite.

—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Let it go at That.

A lady who is a district visitor became much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish. Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building.

One day she said to Mrs. Curran: "Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you."

"They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.
"Do they ask you about it?"
"Indeed they do, ma'am."
"And do you tell them?"
"Faith, thin, an' Oi do not."
"What do you tell them?"
"Oi just tell them," was the calm reply,
"that you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."

The Youth's Companion in 1903.

During 1903 THE YOUTH'S COMPANION will publish in 52 weekly issues

6

serial stories, each a book in itself, reflecting American life in home, camp and field.

50

special articles contributed by famous men and women—travellers, essayists, soldiers, sailors, statesmen and men of affairs.

200

thoughtful and timely editorial articles on important public and domestic questions.

250

short stories by the best of living story writers—stories of character, stories of achievement, stories of humor.

1000

short notes on current events, and discoveries in the field of science and industry.

2000

bright and amusing anecdotes, items of strange and curious knowledge, poems and sketches.

This is what THE YOUTH'S COMPANION offers its readers during 1903. And the quality of it is fully equal to the quantity. It is edited for the entire family. The busiest people read it because it is condensed, accurate and helpful.

Its weekly summary of important news is complete and trustworthy. Its editorial comment on political and domestic questions is non-partisan; it aims to state facts in such a way that the reader can use them as the basis of an intelligent opinion. Its weekly article on hygiene is of the utmost value for preserving the health of the household. It reflects on every page the wholesome, industrious, home-loving, home-making side of American life—the life of noble aims and honorable ambitions.

A full Announcement of the new volume will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address on request. The new subscriber for 1903 who sends \$1.75 for the new volume at once will receive free all the remaining issues for 1902, including the Double Holiday Numbers; also THE COMPANION Calendar for 1903, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley Street, BOSTON, MASS.

NOTICE.

Please note that on and after **Saturday, 1st November**, the Chartered Banks doing business in Woodstock have decided to close their offices at twelve o'clock instead of one o'clock as heretofore.

For the convenience of customers the Banks will until further notice open for business on Saturdays at 9.30 a. m.

The new time will thus read as follows:

Office Hours, 10 to 3.

Saturdays, 9.30 to 12.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX, G. A. WHITE, Manager.
ROYAL BANK OF CANADA, R. V. DIMOCK, Manager.
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA, B. M. MACLEOD, Manager.

Oct. 22, 41

Jewel Triple Heater.



The largest, most economical and most powerful Wood Heater ever manufactured. Three heaters at the price of one.

This Heater has a beautiful finish, and is perfect in constitution. It rests on a separate leg base and is strictly up to date in all respects. Weight 508 lbs.

For sale at our stores

WOODSTOCK AND CENTREVILLE.

Write us for circulars.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.

Now It's Plows.

We have them in
ENDLESS VARIETY.

Sulky and Gang Plows, and a dozen different styles of Walking Plows, all equipped with Soft Centre Mould Boards and White Oak Handles. Our No. 12, A & B. are leaders in these lines. We also have in stock the celebrated Massey Harris Cylinder Root Pulpers—none others so good.

WM. McDONALD,
Woodstock, N. B.

I Don't Have to Sell
A Cheap Separator.

I'm just lucky enough to have the agency for the Best Cream Separator ever built and you know that's

The Sharples
Tubular.

Did you ever see one of them? Well, it's time you did. You can't afford to wait longer.

HERBERT HARPER, - Jacksonville,
Agent for Carleton County.

