

## Judge Not.

(Verses by the New Zealand poet, Thomas Bracker.)  
(T. P.'s Weekly, London.)

Not understood. We move along assunder,  
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep  
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder  
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—  
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,  
And hug them closer as the years go by,  
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;  
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—  
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision  
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;  
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision  
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the  
age—  
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,  
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,  
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction  
We judge our neighbors, and they often go—  
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!  
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight  
Destroys years of friendship and estrange us,  
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—  
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching  
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,  
How many careless lowly hearts are breaking!  
How many noble spirits pass away—  
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,  
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;  
O God! that men would draw a little nearer  
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee—  
And understood.

## JOHNVILLE, N. B.

Carlton County Settlement—Sketches by a  
Loving Hand—Its Prosperity and  
Contentment.

(Boston Pilot.)

Deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
From one bright island flower  
Great is the land we tread, but yet  
Our hearts are with our own.  
And ere we leave the shanty small,  
While fades the autumn day  
We'll toast old Ireland, dear old Ireland,  
Ireland, boys! Hurrah!

—T. D. Sullivan.

I don't think there can be a wholesomer  
or more interesting place to live for a healthy-  
minded Irishman outside the dear old sod  
than Johnville. Let me tell you why.

Everybody in this province is familiar with  
the history of the settlement. The people of  
St. John, more so than others, for the late  
Bishop Sweeney and Monsignor Connolly got  
most of their settlers from there, and nearly  
every family in the parish at present has  
friends or relatives in the parent city.

It was all virgin soil when opened up. And  
the stories of the first comers, some of whom  
are still living, give one, first and last, the  
conviction that they were blessed at least  
with the possession of a tremendously clear  
grit, if with little else in their outfit. The  
whole land was practically "forest primeval."  
Now it is a succession of big, prosperous  
farms, even to the hilltops; reminding one in  
summer time of Ferguson's wonderful picture:  
"There is honey in the trees when her misty vales  
expand,  
And her forest-paths in summer are by falling  
waters fanned.  
There is dew at high noon-tide there, and Springs  
in the yellow sand,  
Of the fair Hills of Holy Ireland."

The country is full of rolling hills and deep-  
bosomed valleys, and everywhere there are  
babbling, brawling, pebbly brooks, as crystal-  
line and flashing, as clear and translucent as  
any in which beautiful Banba of the Streams  
sees her skies reflected.

They are full of trout, too, and without the  
frequent and hateful legend—relic of defunct  
feudalism, or moribund landlordism—"Tres-  
passers Notice." And the hunter is in his  
element. Moose, caribou and deer are plenti-  
ful in the "back settlements." Parties from  
Boston, New York and Philadelphia hunt  
successfully every fall in the woods of Canada.  
Smaller game is abundant. I have shot duck,  
rabbits and foxes on the farm, and as for  
partridge, any baseball player could knock  
them over with a stone if a doubtful close-  
season ordinance forbade his shooting them.

The winter time has its compensations.  
There is always plenty of snow, and as every  
boy and girl, man and woman can drive a  
horse or pair of them, the roads are almost  
always in capital order. Whenever a high  
drift occurs it is side tracked by the first comer  
whose simple expedient of throwing down a  
fence and making a bee line for anywhere he  
likes in the next is heartily commended in  
proportion to his mathematical success by his  
followers. This sort of thing, simple as  
it appears, strikes me as eminently calculated  
to keep alive a very desirable "pioneer spirit."  
As wood is plentiful enough to burn at  
\$3.00 a cord, we can afford to laugh at the  
mercury when it flirts around 20 degrees  
below, as it is doing those days. And instead  
of paralyzing social functions, it appears only  
to give them a livelier snap and spirit, for  
whist parties and dances are in full swing all  
the season.

But to my mind the chief attraction and  
charm of Johnville lies in the people. I wish  
I could enumerate one-half of the reasons  
why they appeal so strongly to all my moods,  
my predilections and my prejudices. Perhaps  
all is said when I say they are

"Kindly Irish of the Irish,  
Neither Saxon nor Italian."

They have all the best traits and character-  
istics of their blood and race, with no more  
than the natural and necessary admixture of  
the "ginger" which saves them at home and

abroad from being commonplace and Philist-  
ine, whatever else they may become. They  
are the souls of hospitality and loving kind-  
ness. With the older generation the sweet  
Gaelic tongue survives, and (Gelett?) Burgess  
or George Ade could profitably borrow  
epigram, aphorism or fable from their un-  
lettered lips.

To one out of touch with it for years, it  
comes like a new vision of "Tir-na-nog," a  
draught to the thirsty soul from the Foun-  
tain of Youth. He finds the almost forgotten  
by familiar phraseology instinct with the  
literary finish, compact with the intelligence  
and sharp as the fabled "Sword of Light,"  
which all tell so strikingly of a civilization  
and a genius that had reached its fullest  
bloom before ever a Saxon had set foot in  
Britain or a Frank had crossed the Rhine.

Among their other traits our people keep  
their traditional love of social enjoyment.  
They are very fond of dancing. It would do  
anyone's heart good, not a dyspeptic or a  
born pessimist, to see the amount of innocent  
enjoyment they can get out of the terpsi-  
chorean string. I have had the pleasure of  
witnessing such sights in San Francisco and  
Chicago, where they have the best Irish  
pipers in the world, but we of Johnville,  
with our one or two fiddlers and reed organ,  
can make the rafters ring as merrily as any  
cosmopolitan "Feis" of them all.

It is a pity, though, that the young people  
will not cultivate step-dancing more gener-  
ally. My friend, Dr. Henebry, the great  
Gaelic scholar, has given a description of the  
Irish reel, "surging and rising and falling,"  
"coaxing and cheering and calling," with the  
mixed tumult of a fair and battle field, that  
would "put a heart under the ribs of death."

And the poet, Waller, sings:  
"Now Felix McGee puts his pipe to his knee  
And with flourish so free sets each couple in mo-  
tion."

With a cheer and a bound the boys patter the  
ground,  
And the maids move around just like swans on  
the ocean.  
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's;  
Now coyly retreating, now boldly advancing,  
Search the world all round, from the sky to the  
ground,  
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dan-  
cing."

It is a pity, I say, that Irish dances are no  
longer "fashionable," not, understand, the  
epileptic pecking and contortions to  
which we are treated in most of our so-called  
Irish plays.

Yet another of our Johnville character-  
istics is this, with which I will conclude.  
We are pre-eminently Irish on Sundays.  
There is a literal illustration of Sullivan's  
song week after week in all weathers, and  
the procession of teams, single and double,  
is one of our "sights" every Sunday. Those  
people never miss Mass. There is not a  
Shaughraun among them. One is irresistibly  
reminded of the beautiful little ballad—

"And happy and bright are the groups that pass  
From their peaceful homes for miles,  
O'er fields and roads and hills to Mass  
When Sunday morning smiles,  
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel  
As low they kneel to pray:  
Ah! dear old Ireland, good old Ireland,  
Ireland, boys! Hurrah!"

Just to round out the picture and throw a  
bouquet to a friend, I might add that for all  
the years Father Chapman was here, and  
which they love to recall, the years of  
struggle with the wilderness, they had the  
typical "Soggarth Aroon" as their head, the  
man of their hearts, who could shoot, snow-  
shoe, skate, swing an axe or break a pair of  
horses with the best.

And they all marched faithfully to the polls  
on election day and deposited their unpur-  
chased ballots for the sacred cause of liberal-  
ism. It is whispered that the "resources of  
civilization" are not altogether so unknown  
and powerless nowadays. I refuse to believe  
it. We are bad enough, God knows, but we  
do not naturally buy or sell votes. The  
worst that can be said of us is that we are  
apt pupils.

And Davy Crockett's appeal, I think, as  
an election persuader, would do more than  
money in Johnville even to this day: "Ain't  
I the flower o' the forest? I'm all brimstone  
but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis.  
I've got the closest shootin' rifle, the best  
coon dog and the biggest bear-tickler and the  
ruffest rackin' horse in the district."  
(REV.) WILLIAM DOLLARD.

## The Kestrel and The Sparrows.

A young Owlet once saw a Kestrel being  
mobbed by a flock of Sparrows, who flew  
after him, chattering, scolding, swearing,  
and calling him every bad name in the orni-  
thological Dictionary.

"That Kestrel must be a very wicked Bird,  
Mamma," said the Owlet to her parent.  
"Do you hear all the bad things they're say-  
ing about him?"

"Nay, my child, they are not abusing him  
because he is wicked," answered the mother  
owl.

"Why, then, mamma?" demanded the in-  
quisitive Owlet.

"Oh, merely, my pet, because he has made  
himself a bird of mark in the forest, while  
they themselves remain unnoticed and obse-  
cure."

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ing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

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under Boston doctors' treatment for a  
long time without any relief. They  
tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I can-  
not sit down without great pain, and  
the soreness extends up my spine. I  
have bearing-down pains both back  
and front. My abdomen is swollen,  
and I have had flowing spells for three  
years. My appetite is not good. I can-  
not walk or be on my feet for any  
length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor  
given in your little book accurately  
describe my case, so I write to you for  
advice."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES,  
252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

## Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime  
ago I wrote to you describing my symp-  
toms and asked your advice. You re-  
plied, and I followed all your direc-  
tions carefully, and to-day I am a well  
woman."

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound entirely ex-  
pelled the tumor and strengthened my  
whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-  
table Compound is worth five dol-  
lars a drop. I advise all women who  
are afflicted with tumors or female  
trouble of any kind to give it a faithful  
trial."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES,  
252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.  
—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letters proving  
genuineness cannot be produced.

## Folled by His Own Card.

General Budde, Minister of Railways in  
Germany, is never more happy than when  
looking personally after the perfect fulfillment  
of all rules.

Some time ago he was travelling incognito  
to Hamburg. In his compartment a coun-  
tryman entered and at once proceeded to  
light an enormous and rank cigar. General  
Budde remarked to him that the rules of the  
road prohibited any one from smoking in a  
compartment without the consent of other  
occupants. The smoker did not seem to  
understand, and continued to exhume fumes  
like a small volcano. Upon finishing his  
cigar he immediately lit another. The gen-  
eral by this time thoroughly vexed, exclaim-  
ed: "I am well acquainted with the rules of  
the road because I am the Minister of Rail-  
ways!" At the same time he handed his  
card to the smoker. The latter condescend-  
ed to cast a glance at it and stuck it in his  
pocket, without ceasing for an instant to ex-  
hale enormous puffs of smoke.

When the train stopped the countryman  
silently got out. General Budde by this  
time was overcome with anger. Calling one  
of the station officials, he told him to go the  
countryman and learn his name, as he intend-  
ed to have him arrested. Asked his name,  
the smoker of the big rank cigars pulled from  
his pocket a card—that of General Budde—  
and handed it to his questioner, who, upon  
glancing at it, at once gave most respectfully  
the military salute. Afterward, returning  
to the general, he said: "I believe, my dear  
sir, that you would do well not to insist about  
that man breaking the rules of the road.  
You couldn't arrest him, anyhow, seeing as  
it is the Minister of Railways himself!"  
The general did not insist.

## Bad Judge of Birds.

An Irishman, taking home a goose for his  
Sunday's dinner, went into a public house  
for a drink, and, placing his goose upon the  
table, was proceeding to satisfy his thirst,  
when a seedy looking fellow, seizing the  
goose, made off with it. Pat at once started  
after him, and caught him by the neck.  
"What did you do that for?" "Sure," said the  
man, "I took it for a lark." "Did ye?" returned  
Pat; "an' faith, ye would make a bad  
judge for a bird show!"

A Scottish parish minister was one day  
talking to one of his parishioners, who ven-  
tured the opinion that ministers ought to be  
better paid.

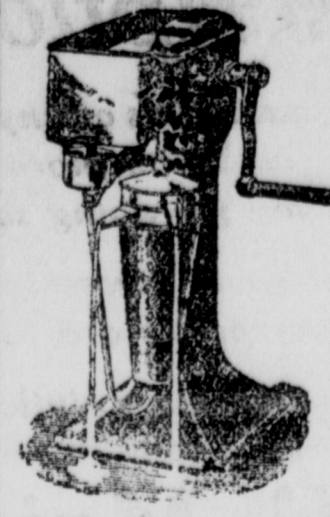
"I am glad to hear you say that," said the  
minister. "I am pleased that you think so  
much of the clergy. And so you think we  
should have bigger stipends?"

"Aye," said the old man; "ye see, we'd get  
a better class o' men."

A little girl, whose parents were members  
of the Presbyterian church, came home one  
day in a state of bewilderment because the  
teacher had told the class that Jesus was a  
Jew. "Well, my dear, so He was," said the  
mother. "But, mother," retorted the girl,  
"how can the son of God be a Jew, when God  
is a Presbyterian?"

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