

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. 10. NO. 39.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., FEBRUARY 24, 1904.

PRICE TWO CENTS

SPRING GOODS

are already arriving, but before we say much about them we want to sell a few more **Fur Coats, Raglans, Over Coats, Ulsters, Reefers, Suits, Etc.**, and will make it profitable for the purchasers. Our Bargain Sale is drawing to a close. Improve the few days still left in this month.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN,

The Leading Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.
Sole agent for The Campbell Clothing.



Misty Vision

Comes with advancing years, but can be cleared by properly fitted glasses. Spectacles are our speciality. Guard your sight, for he who has lost his sight best knows its value. Hundreds suffer in this way, when timely attention might have prevented it. When we fit glasses they give satisfaction. Examination Free

H. V. DALLING,

Blue Front Jewelry Store.

The Royal Bank of Canada

INCORPORATED 1868

Savings Bank Department

Capital and Reserves

\$6,192,705

Total Assets

\$25,100,000

General Business Transacted

Drafts and Letters of Credit Issued

Correspondence solicited

Nothing succeeds like success.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE CO.

IN 1902.

New business written,	\$6,082,336.00
Increase over 1901,	1,058,935.00
Income,	1,240,890.00
Increase over 1901,	177,249.00
Assets as at December 31, 1902,	4,406,329.00
Increase over 1901,	633,852.00
Insurance in force,	30,152,883.00
Increase over 1902,	3,013,952.00

Interest Income Alone Exceeded Death Claims by Nearly \$26,000.00.

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

T. A. LINDSAY,
Inspector, Woodstock, N.B.

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

Buy

Imperial Bread.

R. E. HOLYOKE.

A Letter From the West.

R. L. Douglass, formerly of Woodstock, and who is now living at Port Arthur, Ont., writes THE DISPATCH an interesting letter. Among other things he says:—Port Arthur is a thousand miles west of Toronto and about two hundred east of Winnipeg. The winter here has been very cold averaging about 20 to 25 degrees below zero all the time. We have very little snow here, just enough for sleighing. Unlike New Brunswick the weather is very steady, no soft spells or rain. This accounts for there not being much snow. All the snow we have came the last of November, since then it has been steady cold. The Lake has been frozen over for some time which has the effect of taking the damp coldness out of the wind.

The is no farming to speak of here, in fact very little at all. The country is not fit to farm, as it is barren and very rocky, yet I believe Port Arthur will be one of the largest towns in Canada in the near future. This is the point from which all western freights and grain will be handled. They are just finishing another large elevator and several more will be commenced during the coming summer.

I have an excellent situation here at a good salary, but I would as soon work for less and live in New Brunswick. This is a very expensive place to live in, nearly everything is about 50% higher than down east. There are no coppers (cents) in circulation here at all, you do see them once and a while at the post office only. Houses are very scarce here and rents are out of sight, and the houses are without modern improvements as there is no water nor sewerage system in the town as yet. They are installing a water system here now which will not be completed until next fall. So you see we miss lots of comforts that are enjoyed by the people of Woodstock. Nothing like New Brunswick after all.

I am in charge of the store of A. Ross & Company, who do a very large jewellery business here and carry an immense stock. Max Shannon, who was in charge of Mr. Jewett's store in Woodstock before I went there, is here in the employ of this firm and is doing excellent work. Max is a good workman and all right. He has plenty of friends here.

I have met several men from the east, mostly all railroad men who used to run on the I. C. R. I met a Woodstock boy here a few days ago, James H. Mitchell. Although I had never met him before, I knew he must be from Woodstock as he came in here inquiring for a marriage license. The jewellers in this country don't sell them. When I mentioned Woodstock imagine my surprise to find that he was from "God's country" too. We had quite a long talk. I also saw his wife who came here from Andover. They were married here. He is station agent at Banning a station about forty miles from here on the Canadian Northern Railway.

Our Fiftieth Anniversary.

There is nothing like getting started in time.

In 1906 Woodstock will have been an incorporated town just 50 years, and the citizens should see that we have a summer carnival worthy of the 50th anniversary of such an important event as our incorporation.

We have had some experience in organizing carnivals, and the men who have done the work on committees and the other equally important work in this connection do it well. After further experience gained in 1894 and in 1895 we should be able to have a celebration in 1906 that would be remembered for 50 years to come. Let us keep the celebration of our 50 anniversary in mind.

Senator Wark.

On Friday last Senator Wark of Fredericton was 100 years of age.

He was presented on the occasion with complimentary addresses by the Corporation of Fredericton, the University of New Brunswick, the Session and Board of Trustees of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, and received congratulatory messages from a large number of people from King Edward VII down.

Senator Wark's career as a legislator has been a long and honourable one and Canada would be the better for more men of his integrity in public life.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75cts. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An Active Fakir.

A young man by the name of Wood Albright whose home is at Little River in Sunbury County, and who has been living at Monticello, Me., for some time, has been sort of cuttin up lately.

He started the racket in Houlton by buying a horse from Mr. Berry the livery stable keeper and giving his note for it, signing his name as Harry Albright.

He came to Woodstock to perform his next operation and at this port he bought a peach of a pung from Chesley Estey, giving his note again, but this time signing his name as Frederick Dunn.

Apparently he thought Woodstock a big enough town to stand at least two operations, so he called at Balmain Bros. establishment and invested in one of their good fur coats. His ability to sign had not played out, neither had his list of names, for in this case he gave a note signed Frederick Shea, Bloomfield, Carleton County.

Some suspicion rose in the minds of the men who had been deceived and on taking Sheriff Foster into their confidence it became clear that the man who purchased so freely and who gave his promissory notes so lavishly, was a fakir and ought to be put in jail.

The sheriff started due south, armed with hope and a few other things. He traced the criminal to Little River, Sunbury County. The criminal had sold the horse and sleigh to his brother for \$125 and had gone to the United States for his health, taking the coat with him. The horse and sleigh have been returned to their owners, and if Mr. Albright comes this way again he will be sent to his own place.

A War Despatch.

(Special to The Skyscraper.)

Paris, Feb. 28.—A despatch from Timbuctoo, via Zanzibar, states that St. Petersburg is in flames; that fifteen Japanese torpedo boats are attacking Moscow, that the Tsar has been captured by Napoleon and is being conveyed to St. Helena via the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. It is also stated that the Russians have retreated from Port Arthur and Fort William, and are now strongly entrenched near Tikutak; that a force of 100,000 Japanese are in possession of Tobolsk; and that they have freed the Siberian prisoners, who are now ravaging the country with great ferocity. It is stated that Admiral Alexeievitch, in charge of the Russian squadron at Vladivostok has determined that if the Japanese advance in his direction he will execute a brilliant strategic movement via the North Pole, drawing his battleships after him over the ice, and following this action will fall back upon Archangel. On the other hand, it is said, the Japanese are about to place in commission a new type of cruiser which can progress on either land, water or ice at marvelous speed, and that with these vessels in pursuit, Alexeievitch can have little hope of safety. On all hands it is admitted that the Russians are on their last legs, and that if the Japanese Port Arthur fleet can effect a junction with the flying squadron at Black Rock, and the coaling vessels now in the Crow's Nest Pass, the war is as good as finished.

The Hired Man.

One of the most important characters of old-time New England farm life was the "hired man." It was Hiram or Nathan who taught Johnny to catch his first fish and to trap his first muskrat. He washed the buggy for the girls and brought wood for mother on baking-day and water on washday. He was the general all-round, handy man of the family.

The hired man of those days was commonly a member of some neighboring family, who was working for wages until he could get a start for himself. No one thought of him as a servant. He ate with the family, sat with them in the evening, and in all the ordinary relations of life was one of them. Not infrequently the daughter of his employer was the girl whom he chose for a wife.

Hiram and Nathan are no more. Their like is not found today, either in New England or in the rest of the country, and everywhere is heard the lament, "We can't get help on the farms. We need men."

What is the trouble? Many things, no doubt. First, the character of farming has changed. It has become more systematic and businesslike in the regions where it is most successful; in other places it has fallen into such a decline that a "hired man" is a luxury. Then the fascinations of the city, with its wide opportunities for amusement and the short and stipulated hours of work, have tempted the young men away from the farm.

The growth of the great farms of the West, and the businesslike way in which they are conducted, has created a demand for another kind of help, and there are "hired men" out there who are getting salaries of five thousand dollars a year. Perhaps Hiram is among them.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Progress of the Campaign.

The Russians are putting fighting men in the front now. Just as at the outbreak of the Boer War the British "society" officers were speedily retired, so Starck and Von Stackelburg, the Admirals who have made such a mess of naval affairs, are to be recalled, and Makaroff and Jessen—the latter by his name a Finn—are on the way to command the remains of the Czar's fleet in eastern waters. They go too late. The Russians cannot hope to do more than save the ships now uninjured by keeping them in port, under the guns of Port Arthur and Vladivostok. The wild rumor circulated on the Paris Bourse yesterday that Port Arthur had fallen into Japanese hands was, of course, a stock-jobbing trick, but if the Russians, as appears likely, are going to abandon Southern Manchuria temporarily and leave Port Arthur to care for itself while they gather a great army in the north, the fall of Port Arthur will assuredly take place very shortly after it is fully invested. The Russians fight magnificently in trenches, but if the 25,000 men in Port Arthur have to be spread over the large area occupied by the forts and defensive works, the lines will of necessity be so thin that the Japanese must eventually pierce them. Japan would gladly give the lives of 10,000 men to reduce Port Arthur before the great cloud from the North comes rolling down upon Corea in the spring. The statement that Russia will concentrate half a million men before seriously assuming the offensive means that the Russian movement will not begin till April or May, and that Japan will have at least two months in which to consolidate her position in Corea, invest Port Arthur, destroy if she think fit the southern end of the Manchurian railway and put herself generally in a position to meet the Russian advance. All this shows that this will be a long and bitterly fought war, as indeed it must necessarily be, for Japan, mistress of the sea as she is, will have to be very badly beaten on land before honors are even and a reasonable treaty can be made.

A significant official announcement comes from Russia to the effect that the government has abolished the censorship upon all news and other telegrams going abroad. This regulation has existed for generations, and its lifting now is due indirectly to the war, and the desire to check the anti-Russian campaign of sections of the foreign press, for which, in a measure, the censorship has been responsible. The Russian government is unquestionably anxious regarding the attitude of the foreign press at this time, and no doubt hopes by this action to gain some friends where enemies now exist.—Toronto Globe.

Ideal Housewives.

Dorothea von Schlegel, the clever wife of a great husband and the daughter of a great man, was often urged to lay down her knitting-needles and take up her pen. She replied, "There are far too many books in the world and far too few stockings." Mrs. Louise J. Mills, in "Woollings and Weddings of Many Climes," says that this remark illustrates the point of view of many German women.

With most German women housekeeping is both a science and an art. The woman who is daily and hourly engaged in science and art is not a woman of stagnant mentality. Her kitchen is her laboratory. Her linen-room is her studio.

The average German housewife does as much work as any, but she makes far less fuss about it than most. She does no dirty work. There is never any dirty work for her to do, for dirt is only matter out of place. The good German house-keeper never displaces anything, never allows anything to displace itself. It is a fine lesson in good breeding to see a German woman make a cake or brew a cup.

In the early seventies, in Chicago, I knew a German family. From the breaking of their bread to the seeing of their bread baked, from the dining-room to the kitchen was an easy step for the child stranger within those simple German gates. And I had my first and greatest lesson in elegance and the grand manner when I watched Frau von Ritter pickle peaches.

It was a sermon on high thinking and right living. She was so cool, so dainty, so unflashed, so self-possessed, so cheery, but so dignified, so everything that I had supposed it impossible to be in a kitchen. Although I was only a little girl, I realized that this simple German housewife had in both her mind and her manner many fine and high traits, which were often sadly lacking in the mothers of others of my playmates. Most of them were women of lavish wealth, but not one of them could ever hope to wear her diamonds with half the distinction with which this German woman wore her spotless cooking apron.

The under dog gets a lot of sympathy but he is usually too busy to get much comfort from it.

A correspondent wants to know "What a feller should get for a novel of 70,000 words." Well, we are going to say ten years, but we really think he ought to get twenty.

For a First-Class Quality of Tea or Coffee try us, NOBLE & TRAFTON.