

THE DISPATCH.

VOL. XI.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., FEBRUARY 1, 1905.

NO. 34.

TAKE YOUR PICK!

NOW

Before You Get Shut Out.

OUR CLEARANCE SALE

Includes all our Newest and Best Suits and Overcoats we have left. Suits and Overcoats that were Excellent Values at prices marked, and when 20 PER CT. IS TAKEN OFF ARE VERITABLE BARGAINS.

BETTER GET IN WHILE THERE IS A CHANCE.

John McLauchlan,
The Leading Boys' and Men's Clothier.

This is Soap Week.

and the Lowest Prices in the Best Toilet and Medicinal Soaps Prevail This Week at our store.

PEOPLE'S PHARMACY,

OPPOSITE GARLISLE HOTEL.

I. EDWARD SHEASCREEN, PROPRIETOR.

CHEAP SALE.

As we have a lot of Broken Lines in WOMEN'S FELT SLIPPERS which we wish to clear out, we offer them at BARGAIN PRICES. Call and see them.

WALLACE GIBSON,

Corner Main and Queen Streets, Woodstock, N. B.

INCREASING BY MILLIONS.

The record of The Manufacturers' Life places it amongst the BEST life companies in Canada.

The applications received for new insurances in each of the last four years amount to the following sums:

1900	\$4,894,874
1901	5,502,069
1902	6,542,569
1903	7,764,542

Such increases prove once more that "Nothing succeeds like Success." The Company has still good openings for energetic men. Apply to

The E. R. MACHUM, CO. Lt'd.
Mgrs. Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.

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

A Bad Roast.

I went to a butcher shop last Wednesday and asked the gentleman who kept it if he had a good roast of beef. "Lovely" said he, "beautiful," and he picked up a piece of meat which he declared was as luscious a piece of beef as a man ever sunk a tooth in. He had told me fairy stories of this sort about roasts and steak many times before and I had learned that either his opinion or his word was no good. However I resolved to give the meat merchant one more chance so I paid him my hard earned coin and asked him to convey the toothsome morsel to my residence.

Weary and hungry, at six o'clock I faced my purchase at the dinner table. I put a beautiful edge on the knife and started in. The knife is in the scrap heap now. That roast gazed at me in a pitying way as if to say "Sir, you never touched me." After carefully examining that so called roast in the light of day I am convinced that it was taken from a 100 year old mule and was cut from the neck, not far from the ears.

How to dispose of the merchandise was my next problem. I knew it wouldn't burn and I did not like to leave it lying about for fear some of the well bred dogs in town would find it and kill themselves in a vain endeavour to break into it. At length I decided to bury it deep in the snow behind the barn and have it hauled away in the spring and buried in a field. I did bury it in the snow, but my precaution availed nothing, for the best fox terrier on the street found it and the result is a sad one to tell. He was a sporty little chap of large experience and he knew all the different things that a fox terrier can tear to pieces, from a tender and succulent piece of rubber hose wound with steel wire, to a bar of pig-iron. But the dog knew naught of jack-ass roast. He spent a lively half day with it and he lived so fast in that time, that, as the shades of evening fell, he crawled into the cedar hedge and died of old age. His teeth, ground into fragments, strewn the snow. The roast did not show a scar.

The next day I found some men digging up the street to cure a frozen water pipe and I buried the roast by the side of the pipe, six feet under ground.

Does any one blame me for hesitating to believe anything that butcher ever tells me again? Do you wonder I have grave doubts about his sausage.

Hockey.

A large crowd witnessed the hockey game in the ice rink on Friday evening between the Woodstock and St. Stephen teams. The score at the finish of the time limit stood 2 and 2. The St. Stephen team were not disposed to play until a decision was reached, but when they were told that they would not get their money guarantee they consented to go again on the ice and finish the game. After a short play they scored a goal thus winning the game by a score of 3 to 2. The teams are pretty evenly matched and put up an exciting game. The second goal the visitors shot for the Woodstock net was cleanly blocked by McKendrick who played a splendid game, but he did not have support at the right time and the puck was forced into the net.

Golden Wedding.

A number of the friends of A. Thornton of Hartland gathered at their home on the afternoon of the 25th instant to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The rooms were tastefully decorated with evergreen and gold, everything was appropriate to the occasion, and an excellent time was enjoyed by all present. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton received many valuable gifts including several gold coins. Of a family of eleven children ten are still living.

Woodstock Market.

Hay, per ton	\$7.50.
Oats, per bus.	.38.
Potatoes, per bbl.	.90
Turnips, per bbl.	.50.
Carrots, per bbl.	.60 to .75.
Beets, per bbl.	.75.
Beef, per cwt.	\$5.00 to \$6.00.
Pork, heavy, per cwt.	\$6.00.
Pork, light, per cwt.	\$6.50.
Chickens, per pound.	.12.
Turkeys, per lb.	.18 to .20.
Geese, each.	\$1.00
Lambs, each.	\$2.50 to \$3.00.
Buckwheat Meal, per cwt.	\$1.75.
Beans, yellow eye, per bus.	\$3.00.
Squash, per cwt.	\$2.00.
Cabbages, per doz.	.60.
Butter, per lb.	.18.
Eggs, per doz.	.22 to .25.
Dry Hard Wood, per cord.	\$4.00.

Love also laughs at marriage certificates and divorce courts.

Fixing Prices.

The unfair advantage given by the tariff is shown by a recent report of a meeting of shoe manufacturers. The meeting was held in the Board of Trade Building, Toronto, and after discussing trade prospects, and the general outlook, it was decided to advance prices ten per cent. The reason or excuse put forward was that the tanners had increased the price of hides, and that the increase decided by the shoe men would restore the loss.

This incident serves to illustrate the difference between the position of the manufacturer and that of the farmer under the existing tariff arrangement. We cannot conceive of a number of representative farmers meeting in the Board of Trade Building, and deciding on a ten per cent. advance in wheat. They could say that the cost of all their supplies, the machinery that is their raw material, the cost of farm labor, and the cost of clothing have advanced during recent years. They could make out an excellent case in favor of an increase in prices. But the farmers have held no meeting to decide what advance they will make in prices. They have not called a conference with the leading dealers to discuss the question of prices. It is not that the farmers are indifferent to prices, for they watch the quotations from week to week with keen interest. But they know that they have absolutely no power to determine prices. They must sell at the rate fixed by the open competition of the whole world. The home manufacturer has absolute authority over prices within the limits of the advantage conferred by the tariff, which protects him against foreign competition. They can make a 10 per cent. advance, and purchasers must submit. They can make advances up to the level of the fair price with the duty added. Above that level they cannot control prices, as they will feel the effect of foreign competition. The farmer is always exposed to competition, because his surplus products must go to the British market, which is open to all the world. This surplus determines the price of his entire crop. While the farmer is forced to accept competitive prices, he is also forced to submit to such advances as the manufacturers choose to demand.

Depends On Point Of View.

New York Outlook: The evolution of a New York labor union that recently went into business for itself presents significant sociological results. The experiment in question was the result of labor trouble, of the usual character, between Polishers' Union No. 113 and the Eastman Kodak Company, in June, 1902. The manager, Mr. Frank A. Brownell, refused to grant the union's demands. As a last resort, he suggested that the dissatisfied workmen start a shop of their own. He agreed to give them his work at current prices. He also agreed to lease them his plant. The offer was accepted, and a stock company formed. There were thirty-four equal stockholders. They formed the working force, and, besides receiving standard wages, shared in the profits. Two years and a half after the start the original thirty-four shares are owned by five of the original stockholders. Several of the organizers are working at day wages for the five who gradually obtained all the capital stock. The present owners, instead of running a union shop, refuse to treat with the local union, and conduct an open shop. When the union insisted upon enforcement of some of its rules concerning hours and other details, the new proprietors announced that they would close the shop first. The five union men, by the evolution of business and time, are now in the same relation to their employes that the Eastman Kodak Company is, and was when Mr. Brownell refused the union's demands. The once co-operative company is really no more than any partnership concern, and is in the open field of competition, animated by the same personal ambition as any private company or corporation. This experiment, while it has made non union men out of five of the experimenters, has doubtless more than ever convinced the other twenty-nine of the necessity and benefits of union organization. It shows also that human nature is much the same, in unions, and that men will always look closely after their own interests.

Hospital Fund.

Friend	\$6.80
L. & A. J. Raymond	5.00
John Gartley	1.00
Hazel Murphy, Kathleen Wolverton, Cassie Hay	1.00

Cheer Up.

Scowling and growling will make a man old; Money and fame at the best are beguiling; Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold, try smiling. Happiness stands like a maid at your gate; Why should you think you will find her by roving. Never was greater mistake than to hate, try loving!

Hathaway-Baird.

One of the most notable social events of the season took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Paxton Baird, St. John street, on Wednesday afternoon, January 25th, when their daughter, Miss Ethel H. S. Baird, was united in marriage to Dr. Joseph H. Hathaway, of Rochester, N. Y.

Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas Marshall, of St. John, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. G. A. Ross, pastor of the Methodist church, Woodstock.

The bride looked charming in a magnificent gown of tamine silk covered with chiffon and pearl trimmings. She wore a bridal veil and carried a bouquet of roses and white carnations. Her sister, Miss Katie, acted as bridesmaid, and was attired in a very becoming costume of cream silk. The bride's mother wore pearl gray satin trimmed with Irish point lace.

The groom was supported by Mr. Herbert Baird.

During the ceremony Mendelssohn's Wedding March was beautifully rendered by Miss Lena Baird, of Andover. After the conclusion of the wedding luncheon was served in the dining room which was beautifully decorated with smilax and carnations.

The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents from her relatives and from many other friends. An interesting thing about the gifts was the widely separated points from which they came, including India, Japan, Bermuda, Newfoundland and Winnipeg.

The guests from outside places included Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Marshall, of St. John; Mrs. (Dr.) Ayer, Petitediac; Senator, Mrs. Miss and Mr. Herbert Baird and Miss Sedler, Andover; Dr. and Mrs. Mann and Miss Bruce, of Houlton. Owing to the illness of the groom's mother his parents were unable to be present.

The happy couple left on the evening express for a tour of the larger American cities. At the depot a large party of friends and acquaintances gathered to bid Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway farewell and to extend hearty good wishes for the future.

The bride was one of the most popular young ladies in Woodstock. Dr. Hathaway during his visits here made many friends. THE DISPATCH extends hearty felicitations to the happy bride and groom.

A Wretched Banking System.

It seems incredible, but it is the fact, that in 1904 there were 40 bank failures in Iowa, 8 of the officials of which banks committed suicide from remorse, or other causes. By these failures the depositors lost \$12,000,000. A banking system which has such results in a year of exceptional prosperity is a woful exhibit. As a rule, the American is of all men the least depressed by failure. If he has had anything like a clean record in business he is soon on his legs again, as the public in the States rather sympathize with men who fail and do not put them under a ban as is the usual case in the old country. We fear that these Iowa bankers had alienated public good-will by a reprehensible misuse of deposits. One of these "bankers," so called, for they are hardly worthy of the name, is very badly involved in the Chadwick case. Before assuming charge of a bank in the States the manager should take a course of instruction under a Canadian banker. Since banking was established in Canada the total failures have not been as many as the monthly average in the United States.

A Wretch.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

Justice—What's the charge against this prisoner?

Officer—Yes Honor, he's a public nuisance. He's been goin' around in th' dead of night, wakin' up nigh watchmen an' then runnin' away!

In talking to some of his political friends the other day, William Hepburn Russell, who is known as the Sunny Jim of politics, emitted a statement that should put him in the Solomon class of wisdom. "Good advice," said he, "is one of those injuries which a man ought, if possible, to forgive, but at all events to forget at once."

The young women of Menominee, Michigan, have organized a "Silk Stocking Club," for the purpose of advertising the town. The members of the club bind themselves to wear only black silk stockings and Oxford shoes. Round the ankle of the stockings is to be this inscription, worked in white silk, "Menominee is a Good Town."—Advertising News, London.

O'Rourke, who is being lowered down a well—"Hold on, O, want to come up again." Finnegan—"An' what phor?" O'Rourke—"None av your bizzness. If you don't stop littin' me down O, I eat th' rope."