

Fox Bros. MID-SUMMER SALE.

Men's All-Wool Suits	Regular Price \$10 00	Now \$ 5 00
" " " "	15 00	10 00
" " " "	18 00	13 00
" " " "	20 00	14 00
" " " "	25 00	18 00

This is your chance of a lifetime.

FOX BROS'
Aroostook's Greatest Clothiers,
Hatters and Furnishers,
HOULTON, MAINE.

ACROSS SIBERIA BY RAIL.

Scenes After the War.

At Vladivostok it seems that at last one had reached the most desolate spot in the civilized world—the extreme eastern corner of the great Russian Empire; to use the words of the late Lord Salisbury, "the most powerful empire in the world." One had come to the point of the great Trans-Siberian Railway, which stretches out like a red tape across the map of Europe and Asia. Only a few hours before we stepped foot on Russian soil we were basking in the spring sunshine of Japan, where nothing but green fields and masses of cherry blossoms met the eye. The moment we came in sight of the so-called Golden Horn the scene changed. Everything was cold, deserted and miserable. I looked out of the double windows of an hotel and watched Russian soldiers wading through mud. I saw droskies being driven furiously along the cobbled roads, and I shivered in a thick overcoat, because there was no fire or steam heater in the room. Vladivostok is a place of desolation and dirt, and the people one sees fit it, especially the Manchus, with their shaggy sheepskin caps.

In order to pass the time I strolled through the principal thoroughfares and looked in at a cinematograph entertainment en route. The hall was crowded with Russians, who watched the story of the Cross and the Crucifixion. The pictures were most realistic and reminded one of the play at Oberammergau. Later I looked into the shop windows. Vladivostok reminded me of a second-hand clothes store with no buyers. Not a single man, woman or child was well dressed, and not a face smiled. One might have been in a city in the last days of a siege. The restaurants were empty, the places of amusement closed, the droskies waited in vain for hire. How the people live there is a mystery. Only the officials thrive, and the place is full of them. Every other man you meet is an officer or a soldier.

The one thing necessary here is a passport. Without one you are lost, and heaven knows what would become of you. At the Customs House the officials opened every trunk and handbag and even the rug straps. Not a package was missed, one's writing case was inspected, and each book was examined. The Customs officials smoked cigarettes while their attendants did all the work—typical of Russian rule. Before leaving the ship—one of the volunteer fleet—my passport passed through a dozen hands, and in my hotel while I wrote some notes it was taken away to the police station. I quite expected some intelligence agent would burst in upon me as I wrote and examined my despatch box and censor my private letters.

In the harbor the four-funneled Askold was flying the cross of St. Andrew and making signals to her smaller sisters lying under the Golden Horn. The Askold escaped capture by the Japanese during the war and fled with bullet holes in her sides and on her deck into the neutral port of Shanghai, where she lay "interned" for months. Strange to relate, a few yards from my window the Japanese flag fluttered in the breeze—from the mast-head of the Consulate. It reminded one of terrific struggles—scenes of war and also of peace, for only a day or two ago one watched the Rising Sun over the inland sea where lies the wealth of beauty at Miyajima.

The majority of passengers joined the train at Harbin, but those who journeyed from Japan had to suffer in the so-called hotel, waiting for the moments to pass until the train started. Why the Wagon Lits Com-

pany have not built some place of rest I know not, but everyone who travels across Siberia has to wait. In the summer time it may be better, but at this date it is trying to a degree. Amongst my fellow-passengers are several Australians, a man who has lived for five years amongst coconut palms on some tropical island and some Americans from Manila. They all sat and shivered. A Chinaman, who looked more like a chimpanzee than a human being, carried my baggage on his back to the station, wading through mud for half a mile. He was thankful to receive twelve cents for his work.

With many whistles and much excitement over luggage on the part of the travellers, the train at last started, and we found ourselves installed in a most comfortable way as we ran through the envious to the open country. Everywhere there are soldiers. On the train there is a guard of five men, who stand with fixed bayonets at the doors. At intervals they were relieved. I am told that the officials were afraid of being held up by Hunguses, or red bandits, in Manchuria. At Harbin one saw the Manchu and the Muscovite, the ruled and the ruler. There was no question about Russia's hold on that part of the Far East. One saw the type of men who fought at the Yalu—the Cossacks—one had heard so much about from the days of one's youth—the worst class of men in the Czar's army. One saw them all along the line to Irkutsk. A sentry at every post at every mile or two, and every house seemed a barracks. Whenever we stopped the only people on the platform were officials.

Trainloads of convicts were waiting in the sidings as we passed—pale-faced men and women peeping from behind the bars. But even their expressions were not as pitiful as those of the immigrants. We must have passed fifty or sixty trainloads of families sent out by the Government to Siberia. How they existed during the days and nights of travel seemed a marvel. The carriages were cattle trucks, with only small windows—and forty souls were inside many. They were going to the promised land—yes, a wonderful land! As we passed the prairie was bathed in sunshine—above was the blue sky. It was as warm as June in Canada. What a bread-basket—but now empty! What waste! There are thousands of acres lying waiting to be sown—and what are these immigrants going to do? Not a single improved plough did we see. One might have been looking on a scene a hundred years before the invention of the present machinery. What a chance if only the Russian Government would allow some enterprising people to settle there!

But one must go on with the train at twenty miles an hour. On, on for days, until we reached the shore of Lake Baikal, stretching for miles in the middle of the Russian Empire. We skirted the southern edge under the mountains, and saw the huge icebreakers at Baikal Station. The lake was still covered with ice, and the country bound white with snow. Yet it was not cold—even at Irkutsk, where we changed trains, it was warm. Not until we reached Moscow, we

ten days, did we feel the icy winds—Moscow with its palace of the Czars, the Romanoffs, and the Ruriks; the Gothic and modern buildings, the wonderful wealth therein, the ikons, and the cannon captured from Napoleon side by side.

What a medley of contradictions is here—a thief praying that he may be successful at his work; a young man kissing the brass feet of a saint, and then outside cursing his father and mother. At every corner round the palace there is an ikon, and at one every one takes of his hat, even the cab drivers as they pass. One would think Moscow the most religious city in the world. What about the home for foundlings, where tens of thousands of illegitimate children are cared for and nursed? Formerly any child brought there was taken in. No one asked the name of the father or the mother. It was a custom. One drives along the streets of Moscow. The weather is arctic; one is shaken to bits, for the roads are ploughed fields of cobbles. One comes to one of the four great arches, the Arc de Triomphe, with its practicing bronze horses, and one thinks of the time when Napoleon watched the city burning. The hotels are expensive—everything is expensive. Life here is fast, but the food is food, especially the caviare. One is thankful to be in civilization after days and nights on the train, where one waited and waited for meals, and sometime got very little to eat at all. Why did we not take with us cakes and biscuits, and soap and towels, and the little comforts? Next time one will know better, of course.

But we are here within ten minutes of the Kremlin and the spot where the Grand Duke Sergius was killed by a bomb not many months ago. My passport has gone to the police station. A soldier is walking outside my room. I can hear his heavy tread. I must end and seal this up, lest it, too, follows the passport, which has to take me to the frontier.

Moscow, June 15.

Care of Aged Animals.

Stationers assure us that the mean duration of life in man has increased by fully seven years in the last half-century. Whether our domestic animals share in this advance is a point not easily ascertainable; though they must certainly benefit from the greater care generally bestowed upon them, and from the increased efforts made to understand and supply their wants.

Of all aged animals the horse and the dog appeal most nearly to human sympathies. It is not merely that they have been our faithful servants and friends, but there is a gravity, and almost a dignity, in their bearing which is very touching. Many agencies are now at work for teaching the policy as well as the duty of kindness to animals; and of these, the sight of an old servitor loyally bestowed in paddock or kennel is not the least instructive. Nor need a charge of this kind be without profit. The care of our four-footed friends in their declining years may furnish many valuable hints for the treatment of their still serviceable fellows.—St. James Gazette.



Notice.

A vote of the ratepayers and of the property holding ratepayers of the Town of Woodstock, N. B., will be taken at the Town Council Chamber in the Town Hall at the said Town of Woodstock on Monday the Second day of August next, beginning at 10 a. m. and closing at 4 p. m. of the same day on the following proposition:—

The guaranteeing by the said Town of the bonds of Messrs. J. D. Dickinson & Sons to an amount equal to fifty per cent of the Tannery Plant to be erected by them in said Town and in no case shall such guarantee exceed the sum of (\$10,000) Ten Thousand Dollars. The bonds to bear interest at 4 1/2 p. c. per annum payable semi-annually and to be retired by J. D. Dickinson & Sons in five years as follows: \$2500 00 in two years from date of guarantee, and \$2500 00 per year thereafter until the whole issue be retired. The bonds to be a first lien on plant until retired by payment. All interest accruing on said bonds is to be paid by said J. D. Dickinson & Sons as same becomes due.

If a majority shall vote in favor of the Town guaranteeing bonds then legislation will be asked at next session of the Provincial Legislature for authority for the said Town to so guarantee said bonds.

All ratepayers will be entitled to vote who would be entitled to vote if the vote were taken under Chapter 93 of Acts of Assembly 7 Edward VII and the vote will be taken in the same manner as therein provided.

Dated this 17th day of July, A. D., 1909.

By order of Town Council.
J. C. HARTLEY,
Town Clerk.

Building Materials.

WE CARRY IN STOCK:

- Vulcan Portland Cement,
- Purdy & Green Lime,
- Calcine Plaster,
- Rock Wall Plaster,
- Plastering Hair,
- Brandram's English Mixed Paints,
- Brandram's White Lead,
- Elephant White Lead,
- Full stock of Nails, etc., etc.

We sell all Building Materials at St. John wholesale prices, freight added. When you are in need it will be money in your pocket to get our prices before buying elsewhere.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

LOOK HERE!

These lines of goods must be cleared out at some price. Now is your chance.

Men's and Boys' overcoats. Also Suits made from the celebrated Hewson tweeds.

Ladies Underclothing, Skirts, Jackets and Neck Furs.

A full line of Hosiery for cold weather. A few lines of Trimmed Hats, also all Fancy Goods.

HARTLAND FARMERS' EXCHANGE.

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR, Prop.

Notice of Sale.

To the Heirs at Law, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of Charles Holmes late of the Parish of Simonds in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Deceased, to Lizzie Holmes, his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Twentieth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety one, recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book "N" No. 3 on page 407, 408 and 409 as number 38041 and made between Charles Holmes of the Parish of Simonds in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Lizzie Holmes his wife of the one part; and Elizabeth Raymond of the same place, of the other part. There will be for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, to be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis E. Young in the Town of Woodstock on Wednesday the Twenty-eighth day of July next at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, all the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—All that certain farm or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Simonds County and Province aforesaid, situate on the Western bank of the River St. John and known and described as the Eastern half of the Lower Half of Lot Number sixty-nine (69) in a Grant from the Crown to William Turner, Esq., and others and bounded as follows:—On the East by the River St. John; on the North by the upper half of said Lot Number sixty-nine formerly owned by Newman Raymond; on the West by the Road leading to Thomas Flanagan's running through and dividing said lot number sixty-nine, the Easterly half of which is hereby conveyed; and on the South by land owned by Miles Birmingham and containing fifty acres more or less and being the Eastern half of said Lot deeded by the late Newman Raymond to the said Charles Holmes and dated the Eighteenth day of November A. D. 1854. Also all that other piece or parcel of land adjoining on the south side of the aforesaid Lot and being the Eastern part of the Farm of Land now owned by Miles Birmingham and containing twenty acres more or less and more particularly described in a Deed from John Birmingham to Charles Brown and recorded in Carleton County Records as by reference to said Records will more fully appear.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging. Dated this Twenty-first day of June A. D. 1909. (Sgd) FRED. N. HOLMES, Assignee of Mortgagee.

(Sgd) LOUIS E. YOUNG, Solicitor for Assignee of Mortgagee.

THE DISPATCH AND FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR For BOTH \$1.50

Deeds, Mortgages, Bills of Sale Capias, Summons and Execution Blanks for sale at the Dispatch Office

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service from Woodstock, Effective June 6th.

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

7.10 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jct., M. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jct. to Boston, Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jct. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to Truro.

11.52 A EXPRESS—For all points North, M. St. Stephen, Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle.

1.50 A MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster M. Rock, and intermediate points.

5.00 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.45 M (St. Andrews after July 1st), Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.

5.45 P. M. Train will run daily during July.

ARRIVALS.

11.31 A. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.

11.52 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.

12.22 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.

5.45 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Rivere du Loup.

10.10 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

11.45 A. M. Train runs daily during July.

W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. Ry., St. John, N. B.

Special Offer.

Arrangements have been made with the publishers of the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, enabling us to offer this bright, up-to-the-minute periodical along with THE DISPATCH one year for \$2.00

The regular subscription price of the Magazine alone is \$2.00.

BUSY MAN'S reproduces the cream of the world's periodical press by culling the live, interesting and instructive articles. Each issue also contains original Canadian articles of interest to every Canadian. Busy Man's is the kind of Magazine which arouses the reader's interest in the first page and keeps it up until the back cover is reached. All those wishing to keep posted on the live questions of the day should not hesitate to take advantage of our offer.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.