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Letter From Rev. F. A. Currier.

NEEDLES, B. C., Oct. 22.

To the Editor of The Dispatch:

Dear Sir,—Permit me first of all to express my thanks to you for the courtesy of your paper which you have so kindly extended to me. Now that the excitement incident to my arrest on Sunday night, Aug. 29th, has had time to abate, and personal feelings have given place to more rational thinking, I feel that it is eminently fitting that I should proceed to lay before the people some facts of which they may at present be ignorant, and to clear my character of the calumnious aspersions which have been cast upon it.

I presume it is scarcely necessary for me to inform the public that I was arrested on Sunday night, Aug. 29, on my way home from church on a warrant issued by Wm. Everett, of Upper Woodstock, and that it is equally unnecessary that I should make public the charges upon which I was arrested. The public knows all about that. It seems to me that no pains were spared to make sure of that. One would almost think that certain parties had sent copies of the Woodstock papers to every newspaper in Canada, so as to be sure that there would not be even a village from one sea to the other where the story of my arrest was not known. Especially in cities where I have held pastorates and where I was well known does there seem to have been specially strenuous efforts put forth to widely proclaim this fact, until now I am doubtful if there be a person in Canada or the United States who knows me, who has not heard of my arrest. And not satisfied with newspaper publications, William Everett has written to a certain party or parties in Nova Scotia for what purpose I leave the reader to infer. Another Woodstock man has done the same thing in reference to Boston; but more of that later on. I am dealing with William Everett now. The purpose of this letter is purely defensive. There shall be no malice in it. There has been enough of that manifested already. My purpose is to clear my character of the charges made against it. I believe it can be done. I know it can be done, and I am going to do it. I have come to the Whatshan Valley at this time in order to get facts, and I am now writing writing from the Needles. I am getting facts at first hand, and there will be some startling revelations before I get to the end of the discussion. Before I plunge "in medias res" let me correct that baseless allegation of the "Sentinel" that I had been over to Nova Scotia, and had by my lucid descriptions of the Whatshan Valley succeeded in "taking in" parties there to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Isn't that wonderful? Surely no great discernment is required to know who started that base and infamous lie.

The only person in Nova Scotia to whom I sold a farm was Mr. Lemont Crowell, of Yarmouth. He bought a farm, too, and a good one it is. He paid me \$100.00 as first payment on the land which amount I was to carry to Winnipeg with me and give it to the company there. He also gave me \$30 to be expended in slashing the brush on his farm while I was in the valley. Upon my arrest I wrote him that I would not consent to take the responsibility of handling any money for any one, and that I wished to return the money to him. He wrote me that he had full confidence in me and that considering the trouble in which I then was, he would make me a present of the \$30 and if the other \$100 would be of any service to me I was welcome to it. There's a man for you. Needless to say, I returned him the \$130.00. These facts can be verified by writing to Mr. Crowell at Box 113, Yarmouth, N. S.

Many will ask why I did not fight it out in the courts, and I presume will say that I was afraid to do so. I am sorry I was born timid. I will tell why I did not fight it out. In the first place, a police court is no place for a minister, innocent or guilty. If he is guilty he should say so, if not he should do as I have done. In the second place I did not know what the third and fourth witnesses might swear to. When one witness under oath will swear that I said I discovered the Whatshan Valley while hunting for a place in which to build a church; and another under oath will swear that I said ten tons of potatoes in the Whatshan Valley to the acre was considered a poor crop, 16 and 17 tons a fair crop, and 19 tons to the acre a good crop; and that I said the wind never blew hard enough in the valley to blow out a lamp; and that I said that three crops of clover and two crops of timothy could be grown in one year, there was no reason, as far as I could see, why the third witness might not swear that I told him that the soil in the Whatshan Valley would assay \$50 a ton in free gold, or the fourth should swear that I said diamonds as large as hens' eggs grew on spruce bushes without any fertilizer. I felt there was no use trying to fight a combine like that.

Thirdly, an aged mother and—another. In the month of June, 1908, I resigned my church to Winnipeg and took a trip into B. C. to pick out a fruit farm for myself and some of my Winnipeg friends. After travelling through Idaho, Oregon and Washington States I came into B. C. via Spokane and after looking over some of the best fruit lands in B. C. I went up into the Whatshan Valley, and I liked the place. It appealed to me and it seemed to me to be destined to be one of the finest fruit growing districts in B. C. I thought so then and two subsequent journeys over this Province has only strengthened this conviction. I spent considerable time in the Valley; visiting fruit farms at Needles and in talking with the farmers in the vicinity the impressions of which visit have already been made known to readers of this paper. While here I purchased a farm for myself and also for some of my Winnipeg friends who, so far as I can

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

TO FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS.

Dr. Walker of Truro Starts the Campaign By an Interesting Afternoon Talk and Lecture in the Opera House. Officers Appointed.

Consumption is a disease that has always been dreaded in this country. Early history tells of its ravages among the original settlers. The weak, unable to resist its encroachments, fell victims, and the strong alone survived. Whole families were blotted out, first one member and then another succumbing. And, although more than a century has passed, the disease is still alarmingly prevalent, so much so that a movement has been set on foot in the way of a united "campaign" with a view of so educating the people that the growth, at least, of the disease may be checked. It was this that led the local society to fortunately secure the services of Dr. Smith Walker of Truro, N. S. to deliver a lecture on the subject on Thursday last. Dr. Walker has made a special study of tuberculosis, and, here, it is to be noted that consumption is that form of tuberculosis, that attacks the lung. Tuberculosis, generally, covers the disease in whatever form, or at whatever portion of the body it may make its appearance. In the afternoon of Thursday, Dr. Walker addressed an assemblage of business men and others in the Town Hall. Here he gave a most interesting talk as to the method of organization. It was his opinion, quite emphatically expressed, that so serious was this disease, and such a menace was it to the economical progress of the province that the machinery for fighting against it, should be provided by the representative governing bodies of the country, the legislature, the county and town councils, and that regular appropriations should be made in the general annual estimates of expenditures, for this purpose. That, he contended, was the object to have in view. In the meanwhile the local associations should begin work by the diffusion of such information as would educate the people so that they would know how to guard against the disease. A number of questions were put to the speaker, which he answered in a way that imparted much useful information.

In the evening, a large meeting was held in the Opera House, at which Col. F. H. J. Dibblee presided, several public men and clergymen being on the platform. The audience was not only a large but an appreciative one as well, and the closest attention was given to Dr. Walker as he went into his subject in a most exhaustive manner. It would be a difficult matter to intelligently epitomize what he had to say. Among other remarks which formed the keynotes of his lecture was that tuberculosis is a curable disease, particularly taken in its earlier stages. It is a disease, communicated from one person to another, by means of the tuberculosis bacillus, or microbe which enters into the system from outside. It is particularly contagious from the sputum or spittle of persons who have the disease. A person ill with tuberculosis may spit on the floor of a house, when the sputum dries and the dust is stirred up, say by sweeping, thousands of these bacilli float in the air, and are absorbed into the system of those breathing the air of the room. A weak system not strong enough to cast off the disease is infected, and thus it spreads.

The same would hold good of the street and sidewalk. He then urged that the filthy and dangerous habit of indiscriminate spitting on the sidewalks of the town should be prohibited and constituted an offense. To those afflicted with tuberculosis, the treatment is plenty of fresh air and plenty of sunlight. While it is true that the disease is contagious, it is to be remembered that it is not dangerous to live with a patient who suffers from it, if both the patient and those about him take the ordinary precautions, which are simple and easily followed. Mainly it consists in the immediate destruction of the sputum of the patient. With this attended to, there is practically no danger. It was a rather startling announcement made by the doctor that consumption or tuberculosis is not hereditary. This is proved by the fact that tubercular bacillus is never found in the body of a newly born infant. But the opinion so general that heredity accounted for much of the disease, is based on the fact that a child of tubercular infected parents was when born, although, then, free from the disease; at once projected into an atmosphere laden with the germs, and would at once absorb them into the system.

The speaker gave some figures showing the ravages that tuberculosis had made and is making in this province and Nova Scotia. He urged that the Health Readers in the schools, should teach health. As far as they went they were no doubt good, but what was

to be thought of a text book called a Health reader that told the pupil nothing as to how he was to conduct himself so as prevent the spread of a disease, which was accountable for more deaths in the nineteenth century than all the wars in that period.

Various other aspects of the subject were dealt with by the speaker and it is safe to say that the occasion in itself was a strong first lesson to the public on the care and cure of tuberculosis.

A vote of thanks was passed to the speaker on the motion of Judge Carleton seconded by Rev. D. D. Ireland. A committee composed of Sheriff Tompkins, H. T. Scholey (Centreville), A. J. Raymond, was named by chairman to nominate the officers of the County Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis and they reported as follows:—President, D. McLeod Vince; Vice President, F. Carvell, M. P.; D. Munro, M. P. P.; the Warden of the County; the Mayor of Woodstock; Dr. Rankin; F. B. Meagher, school inspector; Secretary, R. E. Estabrooks; Treasurer, J. S. Creighton.

After singing the National Anthem the meeting broke up. That the movement has such an auspicious start and promises to be satisfactorily conducted, is largely due to the energetic secretary of the local association formed last summer, Mr. Edgar W. Matr.

Hallowe'en Rowdiness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DISPATCH:

Woodstock's Annual Carnival of rowdiness has come and gone leaving in its wake abundant tokens of the spirit of wanton destruction and vicious rowdiness that yearly takes possession of the rougher juvenile element that roams our streets.

The peaceful Sabbath sun rose upon scenes of destruction that would warrant a stranger visiting our town in thinking that an invading army had swept across our borders ravaging and destroying whatever came in its way. How long is Woodstock going to endure this state of things? Every year with many complaints but no redress: people have to spend time and money repairing and replacing that which has been partially or altogether destroyed. Everything that can be dragged under cover is conveyed to some place of safety and the rest is left to the mercy of the youthful terrorists who have for the time full possession; the police being powerless to prevent this wanton destruction.

Neither age nor sex is spared and the perpetrators range in years from the tiny boy of five taking his first lesson in rowdiness to the youths verging on manhood, and black and white seem to be about equally represented. And the worst feature is that no effort seems to be made to put a stop to this outrageous state of things. One man, thinking that no reform can be carried out in Woodstock says, "It can't be stopped" and it may be that the "obedient parents" cannot restrain their young hopefuls, if so then the "city fathers" may have more power and it is up to them to try their hands. Surely this medieval rowdiness can be stopped in time. Possibly if not in one year in two or three. It is easy enough to get the names of some who were concerned and let them be punished and others may take warning. No one would object to harmless hallowe'en sports; anything within the bounds of lawlessness. Surely this wholesale destruction of property must be unlawful. Woodstock is very good, however, at making laws, but possibly a little remiss in enforcing them. There seems to be something lacking when it comes to putting them in force. A story is told of a good old colored brother in the South who had an extreme fondness for the youthful Plymouth Rock, but owing to physical disability and a high wall he was unable to help himself. Falling in with a younger man, at an auspicious hour, he invited his assistance, but the friend was unwilling. He feared detection. The old man urged and encouraged in vain but finally broke out with "Here's de man dar's de chickens but O Lord, whais de backbone."

A SUBSCRIBER.

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE

IS HER BABY'S WELFARE

The great desire of every mother is that her little ones shall be bright, good-natured and healthy. Every mother can keep her little ones in this condition if she gives them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, teething troubles, and other minor ailments. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff." Mrs. H. Irvine, North Portal, Sask., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets when our baby was teething, and for other little troubles, and have found them all you claim for them. I always keep them in the house. Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Brother H. Noble has felt since having recovered from typhoid fever, that he should engage in some outdoor business. He has decided to sell his grocery business and has accepted a position as a commercial traveller at a good salary. His route will be through Nova Scotia—King's Highway.