

# SPRING TIME IS CHURN TIME



There is no churn on the market that has so many satisfied users as the DAISY.

The barrel of the DAISY is made of seasoned oak, will not chip or break, keeps sweet and clean, runs on steel ball-bearings, fitted with cream breakers and easily detachable. The frame is steel, securely braced, and has combination and foot drive.

The DAISY CHURN is sold only by  
**W. F. Dibblee & Son.**  
Wholesale and Retail.

**DOMINION EXHIBITION**  
**ST. JOHN, N.B.**  
**SEPT. 5<sup>TH</sup> TO 15<sup>TH</sup>**

**WATCH FOR THE GRAND OPENING**  
**BIGGEST, BEST, MOST IMPORTANT FAIR**  
**EVER HELD IN EASTERN CANADA**

Agricultural and Live stock entries close August 1st.  
NEW BUILDINGS, NEW ARRANGEMENTS

If Intending Exhibitor or Concessionaire,  
Write for Complete Prize List

Excursions and low Rates from Everywhere.

## The Bargain List : at MacDougall's Auction and Commission Room FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS

- I am instructed to sell the following goods at very low prices, viz:
- 2 High Grade Pianos  
Retail Price \$300.00  
to be sold for 225.00
  - 2 New Raymond Sewing Machines  
Retail Price 35.00  
to be sold for 25.00
  - 1 Large Gramophone  
Retail Price 35.00  
to be sold for 30.00
  - 1 Phonograph  
Retail Price 30.00  
to be sold for 20.00
  - 1 Gasoline Engine 45.00
  - 1 Sterioptican Outfit  
Retail Price 80.00  
will sell for 40.00
- and lots of Good Bargains in Second Hand Goods

It is up to you to call early if you are looking for bargains Don't forget the Place

**JOHN MacDOUGALL**  
Auction and Commission Agent  
Opera House Block.  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

### Notice of Sale.

To Hedley V. Mooers of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Harness Maker and Emma E. Mooers his wife, Wendell P. Jones of the Town of Woodstock aforesaid, and to the Heirs at Law, Executors and Administrators of Josiah R. Murphy late of the Town of Woodstock aforesaid, Deceased, and all others whom it may in any in any-wise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of Powers of Sale contained in two certain Indentures of Mortgage one bearing date the twenty-eighth day of May A. D. 1895 made between Hedley V. Mooers and Emma E. Mooers his wife of the one part; and Thomas Todd of the Town of Woodstock aforesaid, of the other part, and the other of said Mortgages bearing date the Twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1898 and made between the said Hedley V. Mooers and Emma E. Mooers his wife of the one part; and the said Thomas Todd of the other part, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for the County of Carleton, the first of said Mortgages in Book "C" No. 3 on pages 152, 153 and 154, and the second of said mortgages in Book "Z" No. 3 on pages 204, 205, 206 and 207, which said Mortgages were subsequently assigned to the undersigned Frederick S. Todd.

There will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indentures of Mortgage, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis R. Young on Main Street in the Town of Woodstock on Saturday the Thirtieth day of July next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the lands and premises described in the said Indentures of Mortgage as follows:— All that certain lot or parcel of land and premises, situate lying and being in the Town of Woodstock in the County and Province aforesaid on the Northern side of Chapel Street and fronting thereon. Commencing at the south-westerly corner of Lot Number Twenty (20) formerly conveyed to the Wesleyan Church on Chapel Street; thence running along the Westerly line of Lot number Twenty (20) one hundred feet; thence Westerly forty feet; thence Southerly one hundred feet or to Chapel Street; thence Easterly forty feet along Chapel Street or to the place of beginning, known as Lot Number Twenty-two (22) surveyed by Deputy H. M. G. Garden in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty (1860) and being the same lot of land and premises conveyed to one John W. Garrity by the late deceased Richard Maxted and Mary H. Maxted his wife and deceased to said Hedley V. Mooers by Hugh Montgomery and wife by Deed recorded in Book "N" No. 3 of Records in pages 601 and 602 the Fourth day of June A. D. 1891. TOGETHER with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging. Dated the 28th day of June, A. D. 1910.

FREDERICK S. TODD,  
Assignee of Mortgagee.

LOUIS E. YOUNG,  
Solicitor for Assignee of Mortgagee.  
The above sale is postponed until Saturday the 13th day of August next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon  
Dated this 30th day of July 1910.

FREDERICK S. TODD  
Assignee of Mortgagee

### VETERINARY SURGEON.

**Dr H B F JERVIS, V. S.**  
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College  
Post Graduate Royal Veterinary College,  
London, England.  
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you get the best that money can buy, and its price is moderate. It costs only a cent a cup.

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**CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.**

### An Army with Banners.

(Edwin H. Slosson, in the "Independent," New York.)

Ten thousand women marching three miles are mathematically equivalent to one woman marching thirty thousand miles. But sociology leniently governed by the rules of mathematics consequently the suffrage procession marching from Trafalgar Square to Albert Hall, produces a greater impression than any previous demonstration of the kind from the realization of the numbers who took part in it and who promoted it. More important than its numbers is its scope. It is a polychromatic procession. The strident yellow is mingled with purple, white, green and many other symbolic colors in banners and bouquets, for all the suffrage groups unite in this demonstration, except the old original society, which adheres strictly to the staid methods which it has so patiently and unsuccessfully pursued for forty years.

It is a peaceable procession, passing by the House of Parliament without attempting to force an entrance, with the London police protecting their late assailants. The militant sisterhood have laid aside their weapons "for the present." A compromise suffrage bill has been duly introduced into the House of Commons, and the Prime Minister has consented to receive delegations of the women. The political truce that now prevails in England commands the respect even of the outwaded sex. What may happen if the representatives of the people again violate their personal pledges and smother the bill cannot be foretold, but probably this marks the end of the period of violence, and the movement, if it must continue, will change as the temperance movement has changed, from the Women's Crusade of its early days, with its bottle-smashing and saloon prayer meetings, to an orderly and reputable cause.

This is a triumphal procession. The women though they have not yet gained their end, have won a respectful hearing. There are 20 jeers and chafing from the three miles of densely packed humanity as the women march through. No one challenges their right to the banners they bear. The motto 'Taxation without representation is tyranny,' which lost America, has become an axiom on both sides of the sea. To the motto of England, 'Dieu et mon droit,' they have also a moral if not a legal claim. The big banner of the Tax Resistance League bears very properly the portrait of John Hampton, with the ship and coin. The arms and legends of ancient cities, borne by the provincial delegations, receive a new significance from their use here. The Irish girls in green bearing the banner of the harp and Gaelic mottoes are received with cheers by their London compatriots; so are the Welsh and Scotch lassies in their racial costumes. There are also delegations of women voters from Norway, Finland, Australia, New Zealand and the United States, looking nevertheless quite as womanly as any of their unfranchised sex on street or sidewalk.

'Now look for the freaks and fumps and the frights,' I heard a feminine voice behind me say as the procession approached, manifestly the voice of an anti. But the voice was soon silenced. Not but what these classes of women are represented in the procession; all the others are also. The days have passed when unconventionality of opinion is necessarily associated with unconventionality of attire. Short skirts and long march side by side, lace and lawn. Occasionally high heels catch in trains or slip on the unspeakably filthy London streets. Old women go by leaning upon the arm of a grandson or granddaughter; crippled women propelling themselves by hand in wheel chairs. There are women in widow's weeds and women with babes in arms or followed by three or four children. Some of the women are worn out with the early rising and long standing; others cannot keep their feet from dancing as the parade is halted to let the cross traffic through. There are forty bands, playing for the most part 'Votes for Women,' a new march written for the occasion, or the 'Marseillaise,' which has not yet to be abandoned, for it enfranchised only half of humanity. The organization and discipline are admirable. 'Step back, please,' said a lady marshal walking on the right flank of the column. 'Hit's beginning' bal-

ready, hey-t' it' remarks the man at my elbow, as he steps back.

A new emblem heads the procession, the 'broad arrow,' once the shameful badge of the convict, now converted into a conquering sign. Each of these 617 women robed in white has gone to prison as a proof of her devotion to the cause, and bears a wand tipped with a silvered broad arrow. A woman in convict garb is seated in a car, surrounded and followed by a troop of young girls—buds their totem—a silent threat to the opposition that a question is never settled till it is settled right. The band of young athletes, in creamy sweaters, marching under the banner of Diana suggests that man may not always keep the only kind of superiority to which he now has an undisputed claim. Certainly these stout-limbed and free-bodied damsels would be more than a match for the pale-faced, stoop-shouldered and sullen-caped voters who watch them from the sidewalk, and perhaps even for the supercilious and top-hatted gentlemen who look down upon them from the balconies of a Pall Mall clubhouse, blacked without by coal smoke and within by tobacco smoke.

The sweated women workers need no motto. They are their own appeal. The teachers and other Government employees have but to state their case to have its justice acknowledged by every fair minded person. So, too, with these Cambridge and Oxford graduates who have beaten male students on their own ground, but are refused their ward.

One group of professional women have won public approval, those who march under the banner of Hygeia. The doctors and nurses are received with applause all along the line, yet most of us can remember when masculine prejudice denied them an opportunity for training. The writers, artists and actresses hold aloft pennants inscribed with the illustrious names of the women of their guild and the early champion of women's rights.

This is very unlike other political parades that have passed through these ancient streets. It has in it more of poetry, of art, of idealism. It is a pageant of the future, not of historical scenes galvanized into momentary life. It is herald of the day to come when the power of the human race shall be doubled; when women shall be neither play things nor slaves; when civilization in all its phases shall feel the feminine influence. We see the glow of inspiration upon many of these faces, and we feel that we are in the presence of a mighty spiritual force eager for direction in social helpfulness. The hope of the year, young eyes is a strangely moving thing to see, and we stand before it with reverence. This army of women with banners means more than a pretty spectacle; it touches the heart and stirs the imagination. There is a great reservoir of unusual force in that young exaltation, a storage battery of unknown potentiality, ready to be of use to the people.

These seven hundred banners are not of the ordinary party kind. Many of them are artistically embroidered, patiently and piously wrought as any altar cloth. And the march under these new banners through London in the same spirit as they marched through Rome following a picture of the Holy Mother, as they marched through Athens carrying the peplos to the Parthenon.

'Unfeminine' is the most inappropriate adjective to be applied to this suffragette movement. We men may not like it. We may call it undignified. We may think it unwise. But we cannot deny that in both its pleasing and unpleasing features it has been essentially womanly. Martyrdom and nagging have been the most effective weapons of women throughout the ages. They were forced to use them, for they were all they had. Now the women ask for other ways of having their way, quieter, more effective. If their demands are acceded to they will doubtless abandon their primitive weapons, at least in public warfare, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Liege is the Birmingham of Belgium, and is famous for its foundries, engine works, and gun factories.

### Gun Cotton

Many and odd are the materials entering into the manufacture of modern explosives, but perhaps the most interesting of all these elements of destruction as well as the simplest is gun cotton. The gun cotton manufacturing industry is large, as enormous quantities are used in the charging of torpedoes and for similar purposes.

The base of gun cotton is pure raw cotton or even cotton waste, such as is used to clean machinery. This is steeped in a solution of one part of nitric acid and three parts of sulphuric acid. It is the former ingredient that renders the mass explosive, the sulphuric acid being used merely to absorb moisture, thus permitting the nitric acid to combine more readily with the cellulose of the cotton.

After being soaked for several hours in the solution described the cotton is passed between rollers to expel all non-absorbed acid, a process carried to completion by washing the cotton in clear water. This washing process is a long one, requiring machinery which reduces the cotton to a mass resembling paper pulp. Should any non-absorbed acid be allowed to remain it would decompose the cotton.

If the explosive is to be used after the manner of gunpowder it is still further pulverized and then thoroughly dried, but if intended for torpedoes it is pressed into cakes of various shapes and sizes—disc shaped, cylindrical, flat squares and cubes. When not compressed gun cotton is very light as light as ordinary batting.

A peculiar characteristic of this terrible explosive is that a brick of it when wet may be placed on a bed of hot coals, and as the moisture dries out the cotton will flake and burn quietly. If dry originally, however, the gun cotton will explode with terrific force at about 320 degrees of heat.

### Who Likes Rain.

'I said the duck, I call it fun,  
For I have my little red rubber on;  
They make a cunning three-toed track  
In the soft, cool mud, Quack! Quack!

'I said the dandelion, 'I  
My roots are sturdy, my buds are dry.'  
And she lifted her little yellow head  
Out of her green and grassy bed.

'I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!  
Croaked the tree toad at his gray bark door;  
'For, with a broad leaf for a roof,  
I am perfectly weather proof.'

Sang the brook, I laugh at every drop,  
And wish they never need to stop  
Till a big river I grow to be,  
And could find my way to the sea.'

—Zion's Herald.

### A Tame Seal

All visitors to St. B. O. Island make the acquaintance of Ben, the big seal, who is constantly seen in the waters of the harbor swimming on the surface or under the water in the shallows. This huge animal is as playful as a kitten and just about as tame although he is not in any sense a captive, as he has the whole pacific ocean to range in. Ben is always on the lookout for a fish dinner, and when a visitor attracts his attention by throwing a big stone into the water he will come barking with delight and dive for it. As he takes his disappointments good naturedly, he is usually rewarded with a real fish.—The Comrade.

In general it is the custom to explode gun cotton by detonation or an intense shock instead of by heat. In a torpedo the explosive charge is wet, this wet cotton being exploded by means of dry cotton in a tube, this having been fired by a cap of fulminate of mercury, the cap itself having been fired by the impact of the torpedo against the target.