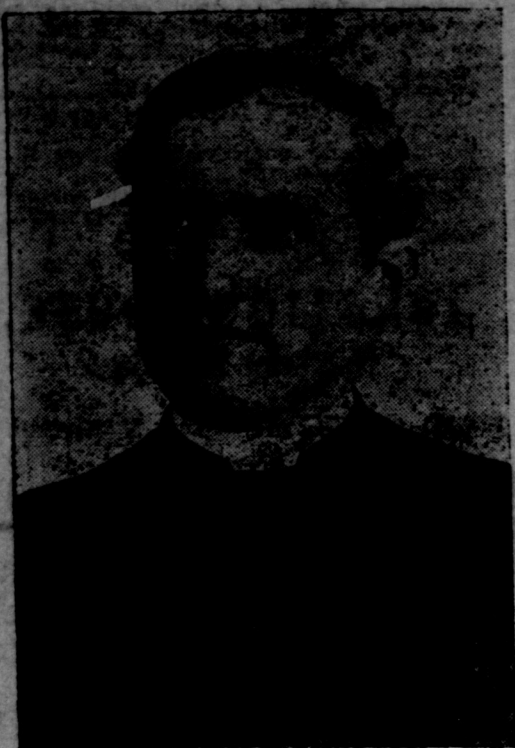


The Carleton Sentinel.

VOL. 55.—No. 35.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1903.

WHOLE No. 2953.



REMOVAL OF REV. W. F. CHAPMAN.

Rev. Father Chapman, who has been appointed by His Lordship Bishop Casey pastor of St. John the Baptist church, St. John, succeeding the late Rev. Mgr. Connolly, V. G., spoke very feelingly in St. Gertrude's church last Sunday morning, before reading the Gospel of the day, on his departure, and the congregation was visibly affected by the remarks. He said no doubt they expected to hear from him a confirmation of the report in the public press that he was to leave them. This report was true, every particular, and he would leave for his new pastorate on Friday evening. There was always a time in one's life that the fond good-bye must be uttered; sometimes it means for a short absence, then for a longer time, and finally the good-bye that death calls for. It was only human nature for him to feel badly over leaving them, and he grieved that it was so. He had been pastor of the Johnville and Woodstock churches for 27 years, 12 of which he had spent in this town—the best years of his life consequently were passed in this county. He had made friends here without distinction of class or creed, for his ambition always was to be neighborly to all, while remaining faithful to his own congregation and religion. The congregation evidently parted with him with regret, but they would not wish to detain him when they knew that his appointment meant a promotion, given to him by Bishop Casey as a recognition of the value of his past services in the work of the Master. His new congregation would be five times as large as the one in Woodstock, and this would necessarily mean more work. The duty of the pastor was to guide his congregation on the way to heaven. He trusted the people here would lead Christian lives, he would endeavor to do his duty in the new mission where he was appointed, and both pastor and congregation would finally meet in heaven there to part no more. He thanked the people of St. Gertrude's church, who had ever heartily responded to every call he made upon them, both spiritually and materially, and trusted any faults he might have been guilty of would be overlooked by them, now that he bade them good-bye.

Speaking of Father Chapman, *The New Freeman* contained the following:

The Rev. William F. Chapman was born at St. Stephen, N. B., on February 29th, 1847. His parents were John Chapman and Eliza Coen. When sixteen years of age he went to St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P. E. I. He made his theological course at the Grand Seminary in Montreal in 1867, and after teaching for nine months at St. Joseph's, Memramook, was in 1871, ordained to the priesthood at the cathedral, St. John, by the late Bishop Sweeney.

After spending five years at the cathedral here, part of which time he had charge of St. Peter's, Portland, then a dependency of the Cathedral, he was sent to Johnville in Carleton county.

That our young readers may be better informed what the pastoral charge of a place like Johnville meant when Father Chapman went there, we append the description of it given by John Francis Maguire in *The Irish in America*. Mr. Maguire visited the place in company with its founder, our late lamented Bishop Sweeney. When we remember that the visitor came from where the roads had history dating back almost, if not to the very days of the Caesars, and their surrounding country had seen centuries of cultivation, his story of this journey and the enthusiasm of his guest who had watched an enterprise whose cradle was the cruise's blaze, it will be found not wanting in humor.

"We set out at an early hour on

the following morning for Johnville, a distance of thirty five miles, not of rail or water, but of rough road; and about noon on Saturday we were entering the forest avenue which led to the uttermost boundary on the western side. The road over which we travelled had to me all the charms of novelty, and would have appeared picturesque and striking to any one from the old country, for it resembled rather a cutting through a vast and ancient wood than an ordinary highway. The Bishop was as I thought, unnecessarily enthusiastic in his praise of the new road, which, I must confess I thought altogether fatal to personal comfort, and in the last degree trying to the safety of the springs of our vehicle, though the carriage had been specially adapted to meet such trifling contingencies as deep ruts, profound hollows, occasional chasms with an abundant variety of water-courses roughly covered over with logs, not always matched with the nicest care. I appreciated the road from a European point of view, and as it affected my individual comfort; but the Bishop retained a vivid remembrance of the mere lumberman's track of three or four years previous and could estimate at its right value the facility which this new highway afforded to his settlers for the transit of their produce and provisions. As we proceeded through our couple of miles of dense forest—in which the dark green of the pine and the brighter verdure of the spruce contrasted with the prevailing sombre hue of the hard wood, occasionally relieved by the bright yellow leaves of the beech, and the gleaming crimson of the forest tinted maple—we were met by two or three of the country wagons, laden with grain, and driven by strapping young fellows, roughly but comfortably clad, their stout horses trotting briskly along the Bishop's model highway. These young men were delighted to see their good Pastor, whom they saluted with a mixture of respect and affection, and with whom they chatted with the most perfect freedom. They promised to spread far and wide the grateful intelligence that Mass would be celebrated at eight o'clock the following morning in the little chapel of the settlement.

"Joining over many an agreeable variety in the surface of the road, which the Bishop and I regarded with quite opposite feelings, we came to the end of our verdant avenue, and reached a little eminence crowned by a chapel of modest dimensions and unpretending architecture. From this vantage ground the first portion of the Irish settlement of Johnville opened out before us; and though, on that sharp October day, the sun but occasionally lit up the landscape with its cheerful beams, one could easily imagine how beautiful it must appear in summer, when the wide valley is filled with waving corn, varied with bright patches of potatoes, and the surrounding woods are clad in all the varied verdure of the living forest. Bounded on all sides by a wall of trees, which in one direction cover a range of mountains as beautiful in their outline as those that are mirrored in the sweet waters of Killarney, an undulating plain of cleared land extends about two miles in length by a mile in breadth, dotted over with the most striking evidences of man's presence and the progress of civilization,—comfortable dwellings, substantial and even spacious barns—horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry of all kinds, from the loud crowing 'rooster' to the piddle loving duck and the solemn goose. Even to the eye of an Irish farmer, the vast plain before us would have presented a rough and rather unpromising aspect, for not two acres of the many hundreds already 'cleared' were yet free from the stumps of the great trees whose lofty branches had waved and moaned in the storms of ages. The road, bounded by rude log fences and the limits of each holding marked out in the same primitive manner, and stumps a couple of feet high plentifully scattered over every field—this at the first glance would not favorably impress the Irish farmer, to say nothing of the English Yeoman or Scottish Lowlander; but were he to overcome his first impressions of the strangeness of all he saw, and enquire into its details, he would soon discover much to astonish and much to gratify him. The stumps, that impart so strange and rough an appearance to an early settlement, cannot be destroyed or eradicated for some year that to come; yet, from the first years the trees had been laid low by the settler's axe, abundant crops of grain and potatoes had been raised with comparatively little trouble; and large quantities of hay, priceless as winter



SHAMROCK III. AND RELIANCE RACING FOR THE CUP.

food, had likewise borne witness to the fertility of the soil on which a constant succession of leaves had fallen and rotted through countless ages."

The foregoing practically describes the Johnville to which Father Chapman went in 1876 as the pioneer resident priest. There he remained and labored with Apostolic zeal for fifteen years. During that time he saw the thirty five miles of carriage drive reduced to five by the building of the N. B. Railway along the bank of the river St. John; he saw the forest walled avenue become an open road with buildings on each side of it, and while it may not yet lay claim to the distinguishing macadamization of an old country road it is as good as its class of road on this side of the water; he saw the modest chapel give away to a good sized church ample for all its demands; a first class parsonage built and suitable surrounding grounds which enclose the melancholy but consoling God's Acre where the dead of the people's faith and kindred rest within the shadow of the cross; he saw the school house become the handmaid to lighten the toilers' labors, the frame building take the place of the log cabin; he saw the struggle for bare existence ripen into independence, indeed, in some instances into affluence; he saw that wall of trees that enclosed the 2x1 mile patch disappear before the sturdy blow of the woodsman and the Kerry like hills which they covered smile gratefully at the husbandman's careful watching or give pasture to his kine as far as the eye can reach in the direction of Cannan and Glassville; he saw the fields denuded of eye sore stumps; he saw the settlement extend beyond its original 38,000 acreage and the most optimistic views of the enthusiastic Bishop come to pass in the health and happiness of a sturdy, successful and influential peasantry. What he contributed to all this it is not necessary to tell to those who know what a faithful priesthood means. Sufficient it is to say that under his watchful care, for he was civil director as well as spiritual guide, the rudeness and crudeness of primitive conditions rapidly became things of the past, and moreover, he actually participated in their annihilation. Where the church property now is was forest land when he arrived but he literally took off his coat and contributed his share of physical work in reducing the wilderness to submission.

In 1891, at the request of Bishop Sweeney, he exchanged places with the late Father Murray, then of Woodstock, at which place he has since been stationed.

His promotion, for it is nothing else, is well deserved. His spurs have been won by hard, indefatigable, unceasing toil in the Master's vineyard, and we are convinced that this is Bishop Casey's recognition of his successful administration and fruitful ministry.

His new parishioners will receive him with joyful hospitality, and we wish him long years of active, energetic and gratifying pastorate at St. John the Baptist.

Father Chapman will arrive in the city to assume his duty next week.

It has been well said that no man over sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George MacDonald.

BOARD OF TRADE.

That energetic and useful body, the Woodstock Board of Trade, is continuing the good work of booming the town and county. At the meeting on Monday evening a letter was read from Sir Wilfrid Laurier acknowledging receipt of the board's resolution regarding the route of the new Transcontinental railway, and promising due consideration.

J. Frank Tilley was elected a member of the board. The chief business of the meeting was the report of the delegates who attended the Chamber of Commerce gathering in Montreal. President H. P. Baird gave an eloquent account of his trip. Men from every part of the Empire had assembled to discuss vital questions. Probably the most important topic was the trade policy. The intense loyalty of the colonial delegates was an eye-opener for the Old Country visitors. The great banquet at the Windsor Hotel on Thursday, to which he as president of the board was invited, was the grandest ever held in Canada. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. R. L. Borden, Lord Strathcona, Lord Brassey, Gen. Laurier, Lord Minto and other prominent gentlemen were present. Notwithstanding such a galaxy of talent, the speech of Canada's premier was easily the most graceful of the evening.

Mr Baird was the recipient of a handsome bronze medal, turned out by Henry Birks & Sons, to commemorate the meeting.

The other delegates, Messrs J. T. Garden and George E. Balmain gave short addresses telling of the pleasure they enjoyed while in Montreal. Although not so fortunate as the president in being dined and wined they had been royally treated.

The board decided to hold a public meeting in the near future to discuss the claims of the St. John Valley route. It is probable the meeting will be held about the time of the Exhibition.

J. Frank Tilley gave interesting statistics relating to the farm products of this county. It was resolved to place the information in the hands of the delegates who are touring the Maritime provinces. An effort will be made to get some of them to visit this section.

WEDDING BELLS.

SMITH-SHARPE.

A very pretty wedding took place on Thursday, August 20, at the residence of the bride's parents, Benton, N. B., the contracting parties being Mr. Martin Smith of Brainerd, Minn., and Miss Annie E. Sharpe, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sharpe. A select group of relatives and friends were present to witness the interesting event, the ceremony being performed by Rev. C. Flemington. After the wedding the company sat down to a sumptuous repast. In the evening a very large number of friends gathered at the station to give the happy couple a good send off. Amid showers of rice and with many hearty farewells, Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for their future home in Minnesota, followed by the good wishes of all.

Toast and water is made in this way:—Toast a slice of bread slowly, so that it is crisp and of a dark brown colour. Put it into a quart jug, and fill up with cold water. Let it stand for an hour or two and then strain it off.

VANCOUVER LETTER.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinese is peculiar. Sing was the manager and bookkeeper for Hop Lei, a general merchant at Cloverdale, B. C. The merchant being absent for some time on business, Sing was doing a little business for himself on the side; such as guiding Chinese across the line into the exclusive territory of Uncle Sam, etc. Sing's last trip across the line, however, turned out differently and he was captured quite easily, together with two or three of his countrymen by United States Immigration Inspector Weaver. The Orientals were tried and sentenced to be deported to China. The capture of the Chinamen was cleverly planned by Sing, as they were all anxious to return to the Flowery Kingdom, and consequently courted arrest to get a free trip home. Sing however, was more anxious to return than the others, for upon examination of the books of the firm, it was found that during the absence of his employer he had stolen over \$1500, which he sent home to China by various money orders. His plan to return home by free trip, and enjoy his gains for the remainder of his life is apparently working well.

There was an error in my last communication regarding the membership of the Maritime Provinces' Association which should have read 228 instead of 128. The M. P. A. had a grand excursion and picnic on the 6th inst. They chartered the Steamer Yosemite one of the best on the coast for excursions. The picnic was held at Buccanee Bay about 40 miles from Vancouver. The day was fine, and the sail delightful. We had a meeting of the Association going out on the steamer and increased our number by adding 40 new members. We left here about 9 a. m. and got back at 10 p. m. Everyone was greatly pleased and satisfied with the day's outing, all agreeing that it was the best picnic of the season.

Just to give you an idea of what farming is like in B. C., Mr. Tiffin, a farmer, on Lulu Island, in the delta of the Fraser, cut this season from 80 acres of ground three hundred and fifty tons of fine timothy hay, all of this hay has been bought by one wholesale flour and feed firm in Vancouver for twelve dollars per ton. Of course this is an exceptional yield.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the Rev. E. S. Ufford of Holyoke, Mass., author of the lovely song "Throw out the Life Line." He is a very fine speaker and an excellent singer. Anyone could hear his words as distinctly when he sang as when he was preaching. So different from many singers, whose words are as badly mangled as if they had been through a sausage grinder, Mr. Ufford is on a tour round the world. When in California he composed a companion piece, "Throwing out the Life Line all around the World." He is the author of both music and words.

I will give you the first verse:—
"Throwing out the life line, singing as I go,
Telling how I sought Him, found His grace so free,
Jesus in His mercy, threw the line to me."

CHORUS.
"Throwing out the life line all around the world,
Let the gospel banner ever be unfurled;
Someone may be drifting where the breakers flow
Let us throw the life line everywhere we go."

He is not only an able speaker and excellent singer but also a fine whistler, being able to imitate any bird of song that I ever heard.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hale arrived here on the 13th inst. They intend visiting Seattle and other cities before returning home.

RAMBLER.

A TRIP TO ST. LOUIS.

Everybody knows Master Frank Currie the bright local agent for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Everybody knows he is a hustler too. This week he wants to sell 300 copies in order to gain first place in a great contest having a free trip to the World's Fair as the prize. This contest is now going on, and will end the last of the month. Last week's bulletin showed Master Currie only two copies behind the leader.

There should be enough local interest taken in the contest to put Master Currie safely in the lead. Business men ought to buy half a dozen copies each to present to their customers.

Next week we expect to be able to announce that the young local agent of the *Post* will be the guest of the Curtis Publishing Co. at the great exposition.

The best advertising medium in the Northern Counties is *SENTINEL*.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.



BOB WRINGE, SHAMROCK III.'S CAPTAIN.



CAPTAIN CHATLEY BARR OF RELIANCE, AMERICA'S GREATEST SEA JOCKEY.

Sussex Exhibition Races.

The race committee of the Sussex exhibition has decided to put up \$1,200 in purses for the exhibition races this fall on Tuesday and Wednesday Sept. 29th and 30th. The classes will be: Tuesday 2.25 trot and 2.27 pace, purse \$300; 2.20 trot and 2.22 pace, purse \$300. Wednesday 2.30 trot and 2.33 pace, purse \$200; free-for-all trot or pace, purse \$400. Entries close on Sept. 9th, and should be addressed to J. T. Prescott, Sussex, N. B.

Forty Years Ago.

Taken from CARLETON SENTINEL, of August 29th 1863.

A heavy thunder and lightning storm destroyed the new residence of John Risteen at Jacksontown Corner, and Samuel Hemphill's barn at Oak Mountain.

Shoulder Arms. A call has been made by Lieut. Col. Baird for the assembling of those liable to militia duty. Penalty for refusing is \$20.

MARRIED.

At the Wesleyan church, by Rev. William Wilson, James Rudolph Hartley Esq., to Miss Lucy Grant Barnaby.

TONSTRINA.

Omnibus et lippis notum et tonsori-bus esse. Wm. Neptune has removed his shaving saloon to Raymond & Hay's new building.

The Mechanic's Institute has been nearly completed. It will be entirely ready for occupation in June.