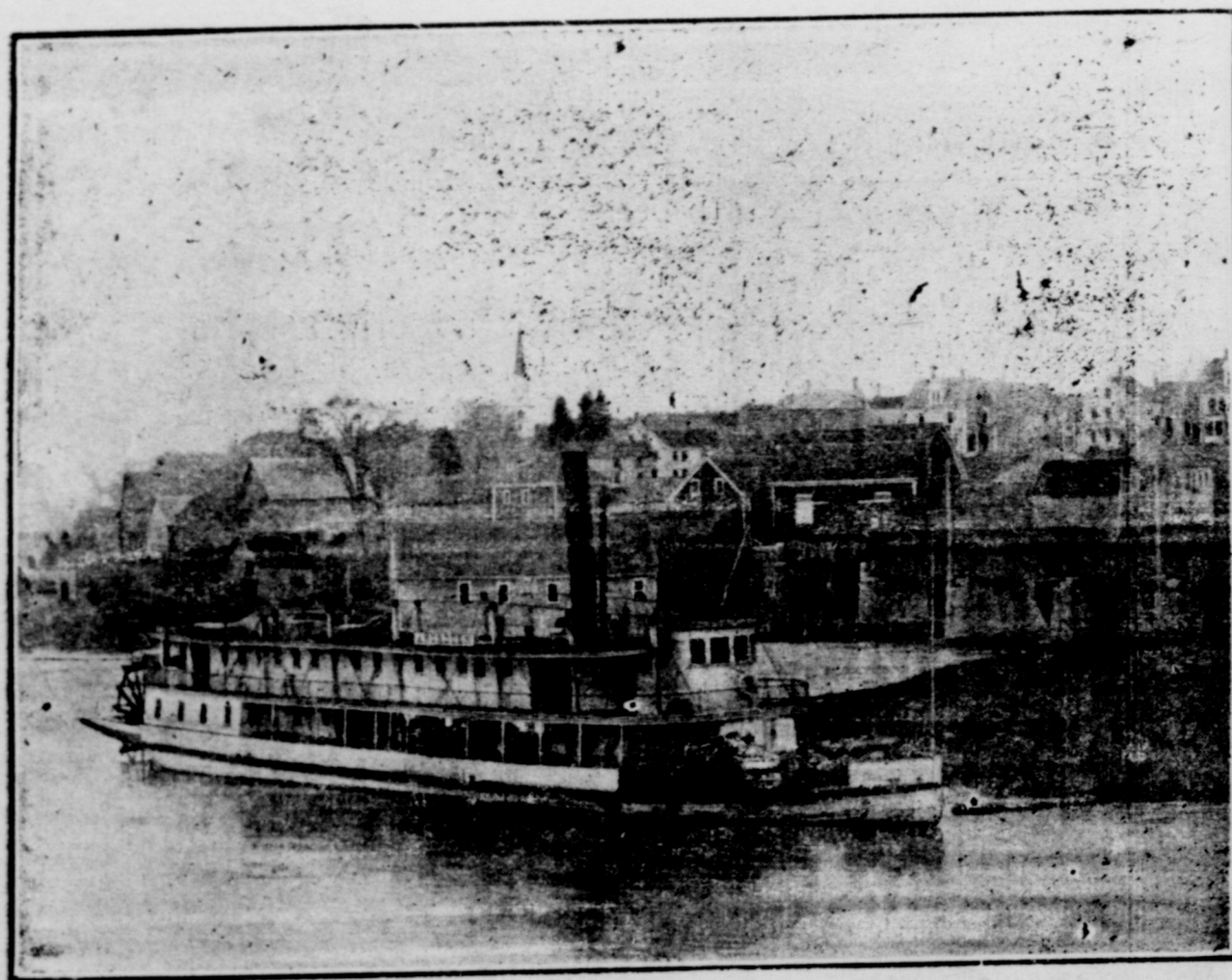


Steam Boating on the St. John



The publication in the Carleton Sentinel last week of a picture of the steamer Aberdeen tied up at the wharf near the old C. P. R. station, Woodstock, has been widely commented on by citizens who can remember the days when the Saint John river was the main artery of communication for central New Brunswick.

Steamboating on the Saint John probably reached its heyday in the early days of the present century. Those were the days when the Valley railway was little more than an ambitious dream, and the turning of the first sod on the right of way was still some years in the future. Most of the requirements of the farmers along the lower river at least had to be brought from Saint John or Fredericton by boat, and most of their heavy produce was taken to market in the same way.

Woodstock dropped out of the steamboat picture about 1904 when the Aberdeen was withdrawn from the Woodstock-Fredericton run. The sturdy old stern wheeler, however, plied the lower river and its tributaries for some years thereafter, until she was finally burned.

Many and varied were the steamers which made the run from Indian town to upriver destinations in those days. Most picturesque of all were the sidewheelers, and it was a stirring sight to see the Victoria, or the May Queen, or the David Weston or the Crystal Stream, the black smoke pouring from the funnel, walking beam swinging steadily back and forth, spray dashing from beneath the paddle boxes, and a white crested wave at the quarter, the bright sunshine sparkling on their gleaming white paint and flashing into rainbows as the paddles churned the blue of the river into white.

Scarcely less picturesque were the old stern wheelers, of which at least three were in service in the early part of the century. The Aberdeen, the Springfield and the Hampton. Screw-propelled craft there were in plenty, but these never quite succeeded in eliminating the older types which continued to be popular until the end of river steamboating as a major industry.

The river was a busy place in those days. In addition to the regular steamers the reaches and bays were dotted with scow hulled heavy sailed wood boats, their decks piled high with heavy cordwood and the cumbersome sails spread wing and wing before the light summer breezes.

Then there were always great rafts of logs being towed to the mills at Saint John, which in those days were numbered in dozens and gave employment to thousands of men. For this purpose a whole fleet of tugs was employed and old timers still remember the Lily Glasier, the Admiral, the Hope, the Flushing and the Springhill to mention only a few.

Then as now the white sails and

hulls of the Royal Kennebecsacht Club fleet provided gay dashes of contrast against the green of the fields and woods; motor boating was coming into its own, and small boats and canoes were considerably more numerous, than they are today.

Aristocrats of the river, however, were the passenger steamers. Of the old fleet of thirty-five years ago only one remains, that fine old veteran, the Majestic, whose tough steel hull was for many years the first to thrust its way against the freshest out of Indian town harbor, through the Narrows and among the floating ice pans in Grand Bay. The Majestic has sailed the Saint John or almost half a century and still seems to have years of service in its sturdy frame.

In the early years of the century the Star Line provided a daily service between Saint John and Fredericton, the Victoria, probably the most luxurious ship ever to ply the Saint John, alternating with the Majestic, up one day and down the next. Fire, always a scourge to river boats with the wooden fittings and inflammable cargoes, destroyed the Victoria many years ago.

On the Grand Lake were two fine old side wheelers, the May Queen and the David Weston. On the Belle Isle was the Crystal Stream, which about 1908 burned at her wharf at Coles' Island with the loss of four lives. She was succeeded by the Sincennes, which was also burned and was rebuilt as the D. J. Purdy, predecessor of the present day motor ship D. J. Purdy, which runs daily between Saint John and Fredericton. The Aberdeen plied the Washedemoak and the Hampton the Kennebecsacht. The "suburban" run out of Saint John was handled light and morning by the Elaine and the Springhill, while the Champlain served with the Aberdeen on the Washedemoak route. A suburban service between Gagetown and Fredericton was maintained by the Hampton.

All the old timers are now gone with the single exception of the Majestic. The David Weston took fire in the Long Reach and was beached at Public Landing, where she burned to the water's edge with the loss of several lives. The other side wheelers, the May Queen, Crystal Stream and Victoria also went up in flames at intervals of a few years, as did the stern wheelers, the Aberdeen and Springhill.

Equally unfortunate were the Elaine and the Champlain, both destroyed by fire during the world war years. The coming of the Valley Railway doomed steamboating on the Saint John as a big business.

The huge volume of passengers and freight carried by the river fleet is now handled quite comfortably by two steamers, the Majestic and the D. J. Purdy. The good old days of steamboating on the river have gone, never to return.

FUNERAL ORATION

Continued from Page 1

people. For more than thirty years he had ministered to you faithfully, cheerfully, and sacrificially. Some of you he brought into the world, others of you he brought back from the very gates of death; he restored loved ones to your waiting, anxious hearts; he healed you in sickness and eased you in pain; he comforted you in sorrow; and sought to bring you hope and courage in times of weakness and depression. He sat by your bedside and talked with you about your family affairs. He joked with you and tried to drive the gloom away and to replace it with a smile or a laugh. In other words, he ministered to you not only professionally as a doctor, but also sympathetically as a counsellor, a father, and a friend.

He did all this not for the sake of what he was to get out of it. Financial remuneration was a secondary consideration with Dr. Grant. He regarded his profession not simply as a means of advancing his selfish interests, but as a channel of service to God and to humanity. He had a big, tender heart that could not refuse any call for assistance. The poor of this whole country found in him a true friend. He would minister to their need, and in many cases never render a bill. Indeed, he sometimes paid their hospital bills. And not content with that he filled the cup of kindness to overflowing by remembering them with gifts at Christmas. The question on many lips today is, "What will we do without Dr. Grant?"

In fact he served beyond his strength. For a considerable time he had been subject to serious heart attacks, his work was his life and he kept going gamely to the end.

I might speak of the uprightness of his character both in public and of his interest in the well-being of the community, but these qualities of his life were well known to you all. I might also speak of the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow practitioners in the medical profession, and the admiration and affection with which he was regarded by the nursing staff of the hospital and the scores of nurses who have gone forth from that institution, who looked upon him as a father and a champion of their interests.

But perhaps he will stand longer in our memory as an outstanding example of that old-time, much loved character, the family doctor. He dignified and ennobled his profession, and has left behind him an inspiring example to others who will follow in his steps. Who will endeavour to fill the gap in the ranks and serve as he served?

The sincere sympathy of a great host of people goes out to the loved ones into whose lives there has come the grief of a great loss. We trust that the keenness of their grief may be alleviated by a sense of the Heavenly Father's presence and compassion, by the consolations of the gospel of Christ our Saviour, and by the fellow feeling of sorrow that is experienced by this whole community in the deep loss we have all sustained.

Dr. Grant died as he had expressed his wish to die—in the midst of his work. What better way is there for a man to die? To do his work, to serve his day and generation, and then, when the shadows of life's evening fall, to go quietly to sleep and to his eternal rest, surrounded by the admiration, the affection, and the gratitude of the multitude whom he has known and served—what better way is there for a man to die?

In a Western village there lived a doctor who was known far and wide and was loved by all. In the spirit of the Great Physician he went about doing good. He had his office upstairs above one of the village stores. At the foot of the stairway leading up to the office there was a sign bearing this simple announcement: "Doctor Jones—Office Upstairs." That sign was familiar to all. It was a landmark in that community. At last one day the kind doctor fell at his post of duty. He was buried in the village cemetery among the people he had served. A simple monument marked his final resting place, and upon it were inscribed these words: "Doctor Jones—Office Upstairs."

My friends, we believe there are values in human life too great to be destroyed by death. We believe that a human soul made in the image of God, imbued with the breath divine, that has endeavored to live unselfishly and sacrificially, is of too great value to perish like a beast of the field. "How much then," said our Lord, "is a man of more value than a sheep?" A man is of vastly greater value than a sheep. We do not live on the sheep level. We can never be satisfied to die like a sheep. And we are confident that death cannot rob God of His friends, that death cannot snatch God's children out of His hands. We are persuaded that

neither life nor death, neither things present; nor things to come can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. We believe, therefore, that this life has now been transferred to a higher sphere of service. We believe he has taken his "Office Upstairs."

A TRIBUTE

(Continued from Page one)

der read the burial service, a robin fluted his spring-time song, than which my friend had often said to me, there was no more homesome melody in all the world.

For many years, I think never a spring returned but with sparkling brown eyes my friend announced that he had heard the first robin. That "Cherry-up! Cherry-up!" of the red-breasted songster meant a rejuvenated earth; warm sunshine, grass and wild flowers springing from the brown sod, the trees robing themselves in new leaves. All of which my friend profoundly loved. It meant, too, little brooks lilted a melodious symphony to the big river, and the river making its majestic journey past island, interval and upland to the distant sea. And, ah, yes, only the other evening, seated with me beside our river, he asked me if this spring I had heard the honking chorus of the returning wild geese; and, as I answered no, he said, regretfully that neither had he; the first time in many years.

And spring too meant sheep and cattle grazing in green pastures, and that, a little later in the season, four of us would be making our annual rendezvous to the salmon waters of the Restigouche.

Favorite Poem.

I think my friend's favorite poem was Grey's Elegy. Many, many times, walking with him at eventide across a pasture-lot and hearing the tinkle of a cowbell in the distance, he would quote:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Then he would add, "I like that." He said he was no poet, and perhaps not a good judge of poetry. But he was a poet for all that, for he had the soul, the keen observation and the sensitiveness for beauty and the simple, homely things of life, that so many of us lack. He loved Carman. That line beginning: "Make me over, Mother April, when the sap begins to stir," found a ready echo in a soul that profoundly realized the necessity for spiritual rebirth.

The present war and all the consequent catastrophic upheaval affected him deeply. Often he wondered what the world would be like following the ultimate peace; but I know that with Tennyson he echoed:

"Oh let us hope that Somehow Good Will be the final goal of ill."

More Than Thirty Years.

For more than thirty years he tended the sick and the dying. He passionately loved his work. His very entry into a sick-room brought cheer and confidence. He loved children and the aged and they loved him. I remember that he always bent and kissed my mother whenever he entered her room. His smile was tender and comforting, and his brown eyes mirrored the gentle compassion of his understanding soul. Year after year he was the generous physician and staunch friend to scores of poor people, from whom he would accept no fee for his services. When, as I well know, one would apologize for bringing him out, he would answer, "Forget the money, and remember, when you're ill, call me even if it be the middle of the night." Every Christmas he bought turkeys and had his wife who was imbued with the same charitable spirit fill baskets with good things and had them sent to needy old people. Nor did he let the world know of his benefactions. Of such, I say, are the truly great of this world, and of Heaven.

As an Angler.

He loved to angle for salmon, but he loved best the informing quiet of a little river and all the wild life his quick eyes discerned upon its banks. Equally he loved the companionship of his angling friends, and said their comradeship meant more to him than the lordliest salmon that ever rose to a fly.

I remember one night, several years ago on the waters of the Miramichi, we arose at 2 o'clock, and going over in the canoe to the sandy bar flanking the Forks Pool, we gathered drift wood, and making a little "friendship fire," we sat beside it and talked of many things: Poetry and life, religion and the mystery of death, and suddenly, gazing above the spire-like spruces towards the constellation of Canis Major, we saw within it the dog star, or Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, like a great lamp let down by a beneficent deity

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2 " " " Wax Beans 25c

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H. D. DICKINSON

to herald the coming of the dawn.

Neither of us ever forgot that night. It returned again and again in after years in our conversations, and I think that those revealing hours before the dawn drew us even closer together in friendship and understanding.

Neither of us held much to church dogma, and all the minutiae of ritual, but in our talk that night mention was made of Blake's "A Fisherman's Creed", a copy of which I had given him, and we agreed that, "Of all man's duties to his neighbor, the most sacred is to achieve the sum of his attainable happiness and go glad in it; how otherwise shall he pay his debt in spreading abroad this communicable thing?" And then, pointing to the myriad stars and quoting Blake, "What a transcendent act of faith is needed to affirm that those are self-born and march unguided, through the void."

The Most Christian Man.

Yes, my friend was the most Christian man I ever met. Inherent in his makeup was a probity of character, a stubborn and unalterable faith in the ultimate rule of right that no world-upheaval could ever destroy. Right was right. Wrong was wrong. There was no compromise with one's conscience. He believed in dignity in living and in dying, and dominating his whole life was the spirit of his Scotch ancestors that demands freedom of the spirit and strict adherence to the principles of justice. And though he shrank from the outward show of what we term sentimentality, he had more of tender sympathy and kindly understanding for the troubles of his fellowman than any person I have ever known. I think, too, he was one of the most courageous. He didn't fear death, and met it bravely while in the service of humanity. I am sorry I never thought to bring to his notice Bryant's "Thanatopsis". Perhaps he knew it. For his theory of life and death is summed up by the poet in these lines:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, when each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

DR. NELSON GRANT

Continued from Page 1

out the residence with bowed heads to pay their last tribute of respect to one who had served them and their loved ones with such skill and kindness.

Rev. M. O. Brinton in his brief funeral oration spoke words of comfort to the sorrowing throng pointing to Dr. Grant's life of service as an example for all. Rev. H. J. Best read the prayers and pronounced the benediction. The choir of the Baptist Church sang "Abide With Me".

The graduate and student nurses of the Fisher Memorial Hospital, in uniform formed a guard of honor at the house and at the graveside. The Masons conducted the service at the cemetery.

The work which Dr. Grant accomplished during these more than thirty years in relieving suffering and restoring the disease stricken was most successful. Of outstanding personality, his very presence inspired confidence and made the patient feel better. He was a man of great brain power with the ability to con-

centrate that power on his work.

Although he chose to make his home in a small town his practice extended far beyond its bounds. He was held in high esteem by members of his profession not only in his native country but throughout the province and the State of Maine.

Dr. Grant loved the woods and the outdoors. For thirty years he was a salmon angler but he loved the beauty and quiet of a stream much more than the actual catching of fish. He was an ardent member of the Fish and Game Society. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge. A liberal in politics, a few years ago he ran for the local legislature.

In civic affairs in his own town he took a part and although the busiest of men any cause for the uplift of the community had his enthusiastic support.

Dr. Grant was born in Southampton, the son of the late Henry and Barbara Grant. He was educated in the country school and the Provincial Normal School. After teaching for two years he went to McGill University where he received his degree. He interned at the Royal Victoria Hospital and the next year was superintendent of the Saint John General Hospital. He then came to Woodstock where he has since practiced.

For many years he was a member of the medical staff of the Fisher Memorial Hospital. His ability was always used to the fullest in helping to build up the hospital to a high standard and his loss to that institution is a severe one. Patients from many outside points flocked to it because of his surgical skill.

Surviving are his wife, formerly Miss Julia Reynolds of Saint John, two daughters, Mrs. Armand Alivernini and Miss Marion Grant, Woodstock; a sister, Miss Lucy Grant Southampton; three brothers, Frank and Chipman, Southampton, and Harry of St. Louis.

Among the mourners at the funeral were: Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Armand Alivernini and Miss Marion Grant, Miss Lucy Grant, Frank Grant, Chipman Grant, Southampton, Miss Mary Grant, Saint John, Mrs. Stuart Busby, Milltown, Mr. and Mrs. William Kennedy, Debec, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Newcomb, Saint John, Hon. the Premier J. B. McNair, Hedy Forbes, Robert Tweedie, Dr. Arthur VanWart, Dr. Cecil Turner, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Wright, all of Fredericton, Hon. F. W. Pirie, Grand Falls, Dr. F. W. Mitchell, Houlton, Dr. Jewett, Millville, Dr. J. F. L. Brown, Dr. G. N. Belyea, Dr. E. F. Woolverton, Dr. M. H. MacKinnon, Dr. F. B. Wishart and Fred M. Grant, all of Woodstock.

The pall bearers were: Dr. G. F. Clarke, Charles W. Clark, Allan Poole, Frank Hanson, E. W. Malr and H. P. Boucher.

Burial was in the Methodist cemetery.

WILL BE OPEN

(Continued from Page one)

Carleton Sentinel

Dear Sir:

Woodstock has exceeded its Red Cross Campaign quota by 26 per cent. Cash contributions to June 10th amounted to \$3590.00 a creditable showing indeed.

The result of this campaign proves without doubt that Woodstock has generous, patriotic and loyal citizens. Once more they have shown the example to many far other communities.

On behalf of the Red Cross society I wish to thank all those who contributed, the canvassers, the press the clergy and all others who helped to make the appeal such a wonderful success.

Alfred Page,

Chairman of the town Committee.

South Newbridge

The Red Cross met at the home of Mrs. Nelson Hillman last Wednesday evening when six members answered the Roll Call. The evening was spent in knitting and several finished articles were handed in. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served by Mrs. Nelson Hillman and Mrs. Lloyd Greenlaw.

Miss Elsie Hillman, R. N., a member of the staff of the Montreal General Hospital, Montreal arrived this week to spend her holidays with her mother, Mrs. Nelson Hillman.

UPPER NORTHAMPTON
RED CROSS SOCIETY

Red Cross met at the home of Mrs. Cronkrite on Wednesday afternoon, June 3rd. Those present were Mrs. Guy Dow, Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Mrs. Henry Connell, Mrs. Wendell Bull, Mrs. Perley Gibson, Mrs. Cronkrite, Mrs. Kearney, Mrs. Allan Bull. Work was done on a top for a quilt as well as other sewing and knitting. The following is a list of the articles completed during the month of April:

Mrs. Robert Ralston—5 pr. pyjamas, 2 nightgowns, 2 child's coats.
Mrs. Wendell Bull—1 pr. pyjamas 1 pr. socks.
Mrs. Wm. Robinson—1 pr. pyjamas.
Mrs. Guy Dow—1 child's coat, 1 pr. socks, 1 pr. pyjamas.
Mrs. Fred Connell—1 pr. gloves.
Mrs. Perley Gibson—1 pr. socks, 12 napkins.
Mrs. Cronkrite—1 pr. socks.
Mrs. Allen Bull—1 pr. pyjamas, 1 nightgown.
Ten sheets were made by several of the members.
One afghan was donated by the Junior Red Cross.

RED CROSS DRIVE

As Chairman of the Red Cross drive for the Parish of Northampton, I wish to thank Mrs. Warren Hale who acted as Secretary, and all the canvassers who did such splendid work, and also every contributor for any amount large or small, which all together put our Parish over the top.

The allotment for the Parish was the substantial sum of four hundred dollars (\$400.00), and the following canvassers turned in the amount set opposite their names. A total of \$418.20. After listing and checking these amounts, I found they tallied to a cent. This amount I deposited in the Bank of Montreal.

This canvas was made at a time when farmers are at great expense to get their crops in the ground, gas is scarce, and time valuable, and I feel that the canvassers did a great job, and contributors deserve our thanks for their splendid showing.

Following are the collectors and the amounts received from them:
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ralston \$155.00
Mrs. Raymond Gray 29.00
Mrs. W. R. Phillips 67.15
Mrs. Clayton Stairs
Mrs. Fred Connell
Mrs. Henry Connell 54.00
Mrs. H. A. Bryant 36.50
Mrs. Harry Grant 27.65
Mrs. Leo Culbert
Mrs. Marie Briggs
Mrs. John Sibley 21.75
Mrs. Hugh Johnston 14.65
Mr. Hazen Tompkins 12.50
W. Herb Flemming.

Newburg

Mrs. Hugh Johnston, Newburg, and her daughters, Mary and Elizabeth and little son Phillip, visited last week at Harvey, Albert Co., the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip McCarron.

Rev. Father Carney, Lakeville celebrated Mass in Newburg on Sunday last, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cunningham, later at dinner. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Johnston and Mrs. James McGuire.

Mr. Clarence Johnston, teacher at South Johnville, spent the holiday with his parents in Newburg.

Mrs. Thomas McGuire spent the week-end in town with her daughter, Mrs. T. Griffin.

Help Canada's War Effort—Buy War Savings Stamps

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I. O. O. E. MEMBERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Secretary, reported that prizes for patriotic exercises had been presented to Miriam Aughterton, Elsie MacFarlane, Elizabeth Montgomery and Richard Martel, pupils in Grades 1 and 2 of the Woodstock schools, on Empire Day.

Mrs. Vernon Simms appealed to the members for donations of interesting books and magazines for the forces. Due to gas rationing collections could not be made but she asked the members to bring the magazines and books to her home or to leave them at the library. The sum of \$15 was voted for this important work.

Mrs. E. F. Woolverton, war saving convener, told of giving out many folders.

Mrs. G. F. Clarke gave a comprehensive survey of the workings of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. She urged the members to use their price ceiling record and to observe the rationing of tea sugar and coffee to the letter.

Miss Effie Strong was welcomed into the membership of the order.

Help Canada's war effort—Buy War Savings Stamps.

RED CROSS HOLD

(Continued from Page one)

W. G. Jones thanking the branch for socks sent to the C. O. T. C. She reported knitted from Red Cross Wool: 25 sweaters; 5 T. N. Sweaters; 124 prs. socks; 56 prs. seaman's socks; 19 prs. gloves; 4 helmets; 1 scarf; Total 233, 25 quilts; 101 ref. garments; 6 bathrobes; 195 sheets; 25 operating sheets; Total 352. Sent to Saint John. 23 quilts; 1 afghan; 448 Layette pieces (7 complete layettes); 87 Refugee garments (117 store ref. garments) 96 prs. seamen's socks; 21 sweaters; 2 scarves; 18 prs. gloves; 6 prs. mitts; 96 prs. socks; 195 sheets; 25 operating sheets; Total 1018.

Plans were made for serving tea to the blood donors and the tea committee were asked to make a list. Mrs. J. F. L. Brown and Mrs. Alfred Page were asked to make arrangements for the first clinic.

JACKSONVILLE

(Continued from Page 2.)

ing. A very pleasant evening was spent in games and music. Later delicious refreshments of cake and ice cream were served. Mrs. Fox was assisted by several of the young ladies.