

UPPER ST. JOHN.

Summer Drive Through Garden of New Brunswick.

A Visit to the Quiet Settlement of New Denmark, Where Farming Is a High Art.

Two Other Successful Colonies, Jacksonville and Johnville, the Latter Founded by the Late Bishop Politis and Ancient

July 15.—A drive into the country at this season shows the country at a scarcely understand tourist-traffic has been in this section of the country. It is a fact that the upper St. John valley is very little known. The reaches McAdam Junction has his mind made up and that "where" is self-evident. Time is bound to show. There is certainly a beautiful scenery to be found about Woodstock and all the grand St. John River as far as Edmundston. A brief description of some of the features of this country may not be uninteresting to readers of the Sun, and particularly to those who reside out of the province.

In time, seldom too soon, you leave McAdam bound for the upper St. John country and Arundel, Maine. You travel many miles with absolutely nothing but the way of fertile cultivation to attract the eye, passing here and there a village. Quite suddenly you emerge into a beautiful country. The provincial American was heard to say: "Well, people do live here after all." As the train hurries along you get a glimpse of the St. John River. You are drawing near Woodstock and entering what is known as the upper St. John valley country. The St. John River about here is unreliable. In the spring time, after the ice goes out, it is a mile wide. In the hot weather the St. John gets very low. Woodstock is much like any other busy hustling town of 3,000 souls. Particular interest attaches to it, in that it was founded by the loyalists, who came there after the general landing at St. John. Numbers of them settled along the river, and their descendants continue until this day. For several miles below town you journey through a country as strongly Church of England as Quebec is Roman Catholic, but this singular uniformity is only confined to those few miles immediately below the town. Twelve miles south of Woodstock is the historic village of Meductic. Here certain wild and ill-mannered Indians held captive in years gone by one John Giles, a white man, and John Giles left a narrative of his experiences which was not by any means all happy. In fact the said John passed through much tribulation, and no doubt when he came out of it all he believed that a good Indian is a dead Indian. A few years ago a state stone was set up in the village was unearthed near this village. It reached the hands of the antiquarian and after a careful deciphering it turned out that the stone was carved by a Jesuit priest and was of the spot where a chapel had been erected in the pre-white man days.

When the traveler leaves Woodstock for the north he has no such experience as when he left McAdam. All the way up to Edmundston he passes through a really beautiful country, most of the time running along the banks of the St. John. Anyone who knows anything of Canadian politics will remember that when the Intercolonial was in contemplation of building two routes were suggested, one of which the railway now follows, the other the St. John valley country. There were some very angry people along the St. John valley when it was decided that the North Shore should be the route, and a good many remain angry and anti-confederate until called, in due season, to that country where there is neither confederate nor anti-confederate, grit nor tory, nor anything else that defile. Now there is a through route from Woodstock to Riverview, the Temiscouata railway forming the connecting link between the C. P. R. and I. C. R. systems, but the through travelers are scarce. The utmost comity, it is said by ill-natured persons, does not exist between the three railway companies. Connections are uncertain, and that settles the matter for the travelling public. For fifty miles between Woodstock and Andover, which is the capital of Victoria county, you enter the depot of the great Tobique hunting country. Here the Tobique enters into the St. John.

You may go up Tobique, not Tobique, as you might imagine. There is a railway along that wild stream, where millions of lumber is cut every winter. Great stretches of forest exist, in places unbroken. The moose is cock of the roost until the close season is over, when he suffers severely at the hands of the hunters. Lately the hunters have become almost as numerous as the moose, though a license is demanded, and only one moose, and that of the male persuasion, can be taken by one hunter during the season. Also, the hunters have taken a good deal to shooting each other, which causes much grief to their families and amusement to the moose. Seriously, last season the number of men who were mistaken for moose, caribou, doe, partridge, quail, and other game, and shot, generally fatally, set the legislators to thinking if it would not be about as well to enact a law protecting the game hunters as well as the game itself. Rough and rugged is the Tobique country, and mining prospectors come

out every once in a while with tall stories and bits of rock with little yellow specks, but while it is urged that in time there will be a Tobique boom equal to the Klondike boom, the time is not yet. In the meanwhile there is good gold in the lumber, if not in the rocks, on Tobique.

Everyone knows of Grand Falls. Even those surfeited with Niagara find something unique in this narrow gorge through which rushes the St. John river, and Grand Falls, be it known, is in the Upper St. John Valley country.

Grand Falls experienced the mixed blessing of a purchased days not long last past. American senators and Canadian magnates were in league to buy up the falls and the surrounding area and conduct pulp mills and many other vast undertakings. Grand Falls saw itself a city of tens of thousands. But the usual hitch has occurred, if ever the proposals were serious, and the falls remain at it was in the beginning.

Not many miles from this town is an interesting settlement known as New Denmark. About twenty years ago a colony of Danes came from their fatherland and settled in the country. They have worked admirably, have now splendid farms, and form a respectable and respected community. They stick to their language in their homes at any rate. Wisely instead of continuing the Lutheran mission, they willingly merged into the Anglican communion. They have a church and a priest to look after them in their own tongue. A most thriving colony of New Denmark, at this phase of the Upper St. John valley, is a fact. It is a fact that the upper St. John valley is very little known. The reaches McAdam Junction has his mind made up and that "where" is self-evident. Time is bound to show. There is certainly a beautiful scenery to be found about Woodstock and all the grand St. John River as far as Edmundston. A brief description of some of the features of this country may not be uninteresting to readers of the Sun, and particularly to those who reside out of the province.

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Nearby is the county of Arundel, in Maine, the county where mighty potatoes are raised. It is potatoes from one end of Arundel to the other. A regular sight are the immense potato fields in the fall, and the shilling dollar or more per barrel makes the Arundel neighbor rejoice, while his Bluenose neighbor consoles himself with evil prophecies as to the effect on the land of this one crop business. Now he, too, has his good times, for hay is being bought up at profitable prices and shipped abroad via St. John. Perhaps the Arundel farmer might retort on his Bluenose neighbor, not without reason: "How about selling your hay which, according to the rules of good farming, should go into hay and other stock?"

Nor has the valley no historic incidents to boast of. When the Trent affair caused consternation, troops

Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease or from bad smells; yet how many women breathe daily the offensive steam from cooking soap made from rancid fats, and keep their hands for hours in such solutions, and the clothing from such soap suds is worn next the tender skin. No wonder disease and decay are prevalent! Users of Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—know the difference between that and the pure, healthful smell from the vegetable oils and pure edible fats in Sunlight Soap.

came in sleds from Fredericton to Woodstock, Charlevoix, that even the sleds were made in England. For several weeks the troops peacefully possessed Woodstock, and then they started on their long journey to Quebec. Edmundston, at this time "Little Falls," the Imperial government commenced the building of a highway, which extends to River du Loup. Well and thoroughly was the work done, and the new highway is a joy to the residents of the present time. Then was the celebrated Arundel road, when for several weeks Arundel, young blues were under arms, ready to march at a moment's notice. The road was built by the Yankee who might venture in arms across the boundary, not far away. Fort Fairfield, on the American side, was the cry of "Andover," suggests days when military men, at this time, as it is today, and when there was little talk indeed of an Anglo-American alliance. But strange to say, the road was built by the Yankee, under American territory, escaped the terrors of war of 1812, which caused such stirring events in Ontario.

Farming and lumbering are the main industries. A way up Tobique, near Peter Rock, a mill has been built, where a hundred or so of men are employed. There are mills all along. Of late farming has advanced with really rapid strides. The book farmer is no longer an object of scorn. Improved stock, improved dairying, improved farming of all kinds is noticeable. Unfortunately, as elsewhere, the young man here is apt to get the roving habit of the race and to look towards the city as the fitting place for youthful enterprise and energy. But there are signs that the cry of "back to the farm" is not without its effect. It is really profitable to farm, and necessary imports, make the young believe that to be a farmer does not mean to be a pauper. Agriculture in the Upper St. John valley, as everywhere else, will flourish.

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KILLED ON THE RAIL.

Robert Stevenson, of St. Stephen, Run Over Yesterday.

ST. ANDREWS, July 16.—The C.P.R. train in rounding a curve at Bar Road this morning struck and killed Robert Stevenson, of St. Stephen and his horse. Mr. Stevenson was on his way to Minster Island, and it is thought did not hear the train approaching.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., July 16.—This community heard with profound regret of the death of Robert Stevenson, near St. Andrews today, by collision with his team and a C.P.R. train.

Mr. Stevenson was born at St. Andrews sixty-two years ago, but has resided nearly all his life in St. Stephen, near St. Andrews. He was a member of the Methodist church, was captain of the local militia company for some years, and a member of the Masonic lodge. His wife died suddenly while visiting friends in Nova Scotia about twelve years ago. He is survived by two sons, Harry and Sydney, C. B., who married Miss Beatty of Carleton, and Alexander of Boston, who is now visiting here, also one daughter, Miss Jeanette, who is visiting friends in Nova Scotia. His remains will be interred here with Masonic honors.

KENT CO.

RICHMOND, July 16.—A large party went out to the fishing grounds at Kouchibouguac on Monday. The party included Wm. J. Emerson of Boston, J. D. Hazen and Jas. Doody of St. John, Wm. Humphrey, J. Harris, Geo. Trueman, Jas. Geary, R. H. Marc of Moncton and Frank Curran of Bathurst.

William McDougall, who deserted from the military school at Fredericton last winter, was arrested here a few days ago. Two red coats arrived from Fredericton yesterday and returned today with the convict.

Mrs. Campbell of Belfast, Ireland, is visiting at the home of her brother, H. H. James, barrister.

The average reign of English monarchs has been 23 years; of Russian only 14.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every case of piles, we have prepared a pamphlet, containing a full and complete description of the disease, and a full and complete description of the cure. It is a small book, and can be sent to you by mail, for the price of one cent. It is a small book, and can be sent to you by mail, for the price of one cent. It is a small book, and can be sent to you by mail, for the price of one cent.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

THE FARM.

The English Poultry Markets, Their Needs and How to Supply Them.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Ottawa, July 12.—Poultry farming in Canada is a business that can be substantially developed in several market branches:—(1) the selling of specially plump, well dressed chickens to Canadian city merchants, or to commission merchants in Great Britain; (2) the selling of live chickens to firms who export them to Great Britain; and (3) the selling of fresh winter eggs. These are the most profitable branches of poultry farming.

There are in Montreal produce merchants who will pay from ten to eleven cents a pound for fatted chickens. The quality of chicken they desire is a plump, full-breasted young chicken weighing about four pounds. A thin chicken can be transformed into one of these plump juicy chickens by three weeks' feeding in a confined space. The chicken must be starved for thirty-six hours before killing, and be killed either by dislocation of the neck, or by bleeding in the roof of the mouth. It must be dressed in the usual fashion, with the feathers on the upper part of the neck and head, around the neck joints, and on the small joint of the wing and it must be drawn.

One of these merchants stated that he would buy five hundred thousand pounds of these specially fatted chickens in Great Britain every year. Last year the price received in Great Britain for the chickens exported from the illustration stations was from six and a half pence to eight pence per pound. The cost of raising a chicken from real to Liverpool, haulage, and commission charges, amount to one cent per pound on a shipment of over two hundred chickens, or sixteen cents per pound in Liverpool, equals fifteen cents per pound in Montreal.

Canadian chickens are favorably received in Great Britain. The English produce merchants are desirous of a large increase in the Canadian chicken trade. A prominent Manchester merchant (England) wrote concerning a shipment of Canadian chickens to the "The Young Ontario" station: "The lot were nice young stuff, and I should be glad if Professor Robertson could recommend a few thousand more, packed in large crates, to arrive next December, January, February and March."

The trade returns to show that Canada exports to Great Britain only two per cent. of the value of the chickens imported. The Canadian chicken trade with Great Britain is a substantial business. It can be substantially developed. It is a profitable business.

The greatest demand in both Great Britain and Canada is for chickens weighing from four to five pounds each, dressed weight. The demand for large heavy chickens in Great Britain or Canada is limited. Two chickens four pounds each, or one chicken five pounds each, is a satisfactory lot for a large dinner, but a single chicken is not satisfactory for two ordinary dinners. However, it is advisable to fatten large framed chickens. In the first circle are all the letters up to and including M. A smaller circle contains the letters which follow up to V, while in the centre are the remaining four letters.

A few years ago Mr. McLean engraved the Lord's prayer upon a silver five-cent piece.

Bicycleists and all athletes depend on BENTLEY'S Liniment to keep their joints limber and muscles in trim.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Between fifty and sixty invited guests, including friends from St. John, N. B., assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cole, Linena, Maine, to celebrate their golden wedding July 14th.

After partaking of a most bountiful dinner, the afternoon was spent in the most enjoyable manner. The happy couple received many beautiful presents, including coin, both gold and silver; also gold nuggets from their son, who is in Dawson City.

An early hour the friends departed for their several homes, wishing their host and hostess might be spared to celebrate their diamond wedding.

Genuine Castoria always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a Child, she gave her Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DOG SINGS OPERA.

There is in Philadelphia a dog which possesses such a strong, inherent passion for music that under the careful direction of an indulgent master it has been taught to sing.

It is no ordinary dog that yowls and yelps and produces rhapsodic sounds that are generously called melody. This brute interpreter has mastered grand opera, and performs above all other selections "Nemore." Cito is a beautiful English setter, an years old, and his precocious musical gift dates back almost as far as his first birthday.

When a mere puppy, before his dog character was formed, Cito gave evidence of an intense interest in music. He tried hard to follow a tune played on the piano. At first there were frowns in his throat and his ideas of pitch were usually at odds with the correct view on the subject.

But Cito's quick sense of melody, and his courage that knew no setback, and was not long before he began to distinguish harmony, and he rapidly developed ability to "keep on the key," as musicians express it.

Mr. Cito's delirious sacred music. When one of the good, old-fashioned church tunes is played the dog evidences his displeasure by a series of discordant growls. He attempts to influence his mind in favor of religious music have failed.

Cito is quick to respond to different melodies, and he will sing through an entire key—Chicago Tribune.



SURPRISE SOAP

is

Pure Hard Soap.

HON. MR. BALFOUR.

His Address to His Supporters on Monday.

No Change in Policy—J. Austen Chamberlain Delivers His Father's Message.

LONDON, July 14.—King Edward received Mr. Balfour today and delivered to him the seals of office. The new premier made his first appearance in the house of commons today, and was greeted with great applause. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the liberal leader, made such a feeling personal reference to Mr. Balfour, and the applause of the commons was so genuine, that when the premier rose to reply his voice faltered and he was only able to declare that he was too overcome to find words for thanks.

Mr. Balfour, in addressing the first meeting of his followers at the foreign office Monday afternoon, said in part: "I have accepted a great task and a heavy responsibility, certainly from no overwhelming belief in my own capacity, but because I am sure, or at least have every reason to believe that in attempting to carry on this work I will have the most important qualification of a leader can have, namely, the regard for and confidence in those with whom he works. I have not had the opportunity before of consulting you, but I have, of course, consulted those with whom I have been working in the cabinet these many years and if the kindness you are prepared to extend to me is at all equal to the kindness you have extended to me, then indeed the task I have undertaken is no longer a task, but a duty. I have no doubt that the machine I am to operate is a machine of great power, and I am sure that the machine I am to operate is a machine of great power, and I am sure that the machine I am to operate is a machine of great power."

ALPHABET ON A PINHEAD.

Feat in Engraving Accomplished by William L. McLean.

UTICA, N. Y., July 12.—William L. McLean of Gouverneur has engraved in the head of an ordinary brass pin the entire alphabet in script capital letters. The work was done with an ordinary engraving tool with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. The alphabet is arranged in two circles around the pin, four letters in each circle, and the letters are so placed that they are all equally accessible. The work is a masterpiece of engraving, and is a credit to the skill of the engraver.

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MUNICIPAL.

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