

## A REASON FOR SUCCESS.

Only a little ad,  
Written in catchy style,  
When trade was very bad,  
Customers to beguile,  
Only a little space,  
Bought in the local press,  
Meeting the reader's face—  
Scoring a quick success!

Only a crowded store  
As a result the next day,  
Where silence reigned before,  
Now business has full sway!  
Only a rapid sale,  
Yielding a profit large,  
Changing the merchant's tale  
At a very trifling charge.

Only a merchant glad,  
Customers satisfied,  
All through a little ad,  
Most opportunely tried,  
Go, then, and do likewise.  
If you would boom your trade,  
Skillfully advertise,  
And you've a success made!

—Printer's Ink.

## OUT OF BONDAGE.

Strange Story of Some White Slaves.

By ERNEST FELLOW.

It was high noon on the Wandesforde plantation, and the toiling slaves were permitted to rest awhile from their labors.

When one speaks of slavery among the Virginian tobacco fields, the picture naturally presents itself of a number of negroes, more or less dusky, and more or less well-treated. But the Wandesforde plantation in this year of grace 1660, had within its marches not a single negro slave.

Without exception all its bondmen were whites mostly-criminals, but not a few political prisoners thus exiled and enslaved. For, as yet, Virginia was one of England's penal colonies.

Among those who sat in the shadow of the warehouse was one whose fine presence and appearance of great physical strength would have attracted attention anywhere, despite the wretched garments in which he was arrayed.

By his side, sharing his niggardly dinner, reclined a boy—a mere child, yet so like his giant companion, that no one could have failed to proclaim the twin father and son. As a matter of fact they were entered thus in the black book of Charlestown port:

"3065—formerly known as Maurice O'Carney, colonel commanding a foot-regiment of ye county Kilmore against his grace ye lord protector. Sent to be sold in ye Virginias. N. B.—A dangerous malignant, with great influence among ye Irish."

"Also, his son Philip, not a slave."

The motley horde sitting around the log house clearly looked upon slave number 3065 as a superior, in spite of the fact that he alone of them all wore gyves upon his ankles. In point of fact, fully a score of them were his own kindred, members of the clan O'Carney, and exiled by Cromwell, together with their chief.

Just now some topic of extraordinary interest seemed to absorb the attention of the slaves. Even the little Philip Carney was listening eagerly, while his father read from a closely written manuscript, which he held in his hand.

The document was nothing less than one of the news letters common those days; and it contained the stirring intelligence that the protectorate had ended in England, and that Charles II sat upon the throne of him ancestors.

Any change in the government meant hope for the slaves, while Col. O'Carney and his followers felt that Charles Stuart could not forget the faithful people who had suffered slavery and the whip for his father's sake.

But days grew into weeks, weeks, spread to months, and months became years, without any tidings of release coming to the slaves on Wandesforde plantation. Col. Maurice O'Carney had resigned all hope of liberty.

But young Philip O'Carney waxed strong. In the 13th year the chief overseer picked him out as a likely lad to wait on table and the like; whereby it came about that although not legally a slave, Philip was forced to toil without pay, as did his father and the other exiles.

One day, as Col O'Carney was breaking bread under the warehouse, his son came to him with the light of a great purpose in his eye. "Father," he said, "I am going to set you free."

Sitting down beside his father on the log, he whispered to him long and earnestly—whispered to such good account that ere he had half done the old soldier had begun to hold himself erect, and to reflect the hopeful radiance of his son's glance.

Early next morning, while the blue fays were hardly awake, and the mocking bird had but begun his martin melody, a caravan of heavily laden wagons jolted from Wandesforde plantation along the pike road to Charlestown. After a year of patient service he had secured the boon of a trip to Charlestown with the wagons.

Several days were spent on that trip to the port; but at length Phil's eyes were gladdened by a sight of the sea.

He questioned many skippers and sea-men along the waterside; and finally discovered that the good ship Mary Bishopp of Bristol. Capt Jenkyn Bulpett, needed a cabin boy.

The captain, a stout, good humored man picked him out from a baker's dozen of other lads; and having boxed both his ears soundly by way of initiation into the mysteries of cabinboyship, sent him all a-tingle to help cook dinner.

It was a rough voyage, that of Phil O'Carney to Bristol. Capt Bulpett, thronged of pleasant habit, could not but be hard and did it often, while the mate and most of the sailors had decided liking for cuffing cabin boys, who happened to get in their way.

As the Mary Bishopp entered the Bristol channel, Phil stepped timidly to the rude cabin occupied by the captain, and begged to say a few words to that worthy.

"Want your money already, do ye, ye young lubber?" roared the captain.

"No—no, sir," stammered Phil—"I want to tell you something." And at first with many hesitations, but gradually more clearly, he told his whole history, and his object in coming to England to Capt Jenkyn Bulpett.

The honest captain was dumfounded by this relation, and for a long time could not say a word. At length, slapping Phil on the back with such force as he sent him sprawling, he bellowed: "Sink me if I don't give ye a tow line. I'm a daddy myself, but I had sons like ye."

Capt Bulpett kept his word. At Bristol Phil was housed in the Bulpett residence and furnished with decent clothing belonging to sundry male Bulpetts of about his age. Then, with a bright guinea in his pocket, he went in the brig *Pride of the West*, "from Bristol to London under the care of Capt Bulpett's oldest son, the skipper of that little craft."

In London he lodged at the "Three Marines in Wapping. In the morning, before even Polly, the chambermaid, had arisen, Phil left his couch for a short ramble in the streets.

But our young adventurer had reckoned without his London. When he decided to go back for breakfast, he took a false turning, and after a lengthy promenade, was forced admit himself lost.

The sun was high in the heavens, when, faint and footsore, he found himself in a street wider, and apparently richer than his fellows, and saw before him a great gateway, above which several human skulls grinned dismally.

Groups of splendidly attired gentlemen sauntered by, not deigning a glance at the little wanderer, who stared at these glittering creatures in mute admiration. In turning to watch a particularly gaudy lop, poor Phil managed to stumble into a party conversing under the trees, and to tread on the toes of one of the number.

Next moment a lithe cane was laid across his shoulders, and a voice exclaimed. "How, now, young Jackanapes! This is too much." Every member in the group was starting angrily at Phil—every one but the very person whose foot he had stepped on.

This worthy a swart, middle sized man, with a merry face, laughed heartily while he seized the cane of his avenger just as it was about to descend on Phil once more.

"Nay, my lord," he said, "the lad looked not whither he went. Like our brother of York, he was walking backwards. . . . Who are you, my young sea-log, and what wind blows you to the wall?"

"My name is Philip O'Carney, sir," answered Phil, gravely, "and I have come from America to see King Charles."

At this all the fine gentlemen burst out laughing—all save he who had last spoken, and who this time remained grave amid his companions' merriment. "Young traveler, your desire is gratified. We—that is, I am the king."

Off came Phil's cap, and down he went on one knee with a simplicity that was gracefulness itself.

Then he plucked from his bosom a roll of paper, guarded for many weeks—the personal petition of Maurice O'Carney, late colonel of foot, and now slave in the Virginias, to his majesty, King Charles II.

Charles glanced at the superscription, and his somewhat flippant manner gave way forthwith to deep interest.

"Odds bodkins!" cried the king at length "this is the strangest, saddest story! My lord duke, you are our index of Ireland. Did you ever hear of a Col Maurice O'Carney?"

"Yes, sire, he commanded a regiment for your sainted father. No one knows what became of him, and his estates belong to one Langrishe, a private soldier under Cromwell."

"So it is true, then!" said the king. "My lords, this worthy colonel is now a slave on a Virginia plantation, with a score of his clan; and this—this young man here is his son, who has come all alone across the Atlantic to ask our clemency. He should have said our gratitude."

Let him come before the council tomorrow. This grievous wrong shall be set right."

When Phillip O'Carney went back to Virginia he carried with him the title deeds to the broad lands of his ancestors, together with a free pardon for "Col Maurice O'Carney, created Sir Maurice O'Carney, baronet of Castle Carney, and all of the O'Carney blood that are in bondage with him."

It was a happy homeward voyage that the freed slaves made from Charlestown; and the ship they sailed aboard was the saucy "Mary Bishopp," Jenkyn Bulpett master.

## A NATURAL BEAUTIFIER.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Sold by Garden Bros.

On Good Friday twenty-one poor widows were admitted into the churchyard of St. Bartholemew the Great, in Smithfield, and directed to a particular flat tombstone, from which each one picked up a sixpence. On leaving they were presented with a bun and two shillings apiece. No one seems to know the origin of the custom; but a few years ago a parishioner left money enough to the church to make sure that it should be kept up.

A belated romance has just come to an end in Paris. A girl of seventeen wrote a love letter directed to whoever should find it, put it in a blue satin bag, and shut it in the secret drawer of a writing desk. The writing desk was bought at an auction by a Colonel on the retired list, who found the letter and spent some time in hunting up the writer. He found at last that she was a Grey sister and was now over seventy years of age, but induced her to leave the order and marry him.

The towers of the Cathedral of Cologne are 511 feet high.

Blessedness is a whole eternity, older than damnation.—Richter.

Man only blames himself in order that he may be praised.—Rochefoucauld.

So sweet the blush of bashfulness, even pity scarce can wish it less.—Byron.

## THAT ACHING HEAD.

What Causes It and How Overcome.

How often the remark, "Oh, my head aches," and there are so many varieties of aches and pains the head is subject to all along the line from the dull and heavy and oppressed feeling over the eyes to the persistent, racking and torturing misery of Sick Headache. The cause is in most cases the same, the overflow of poisonous uric acid is not extracted from the blood by the Kidneys, and accumulating in the blood, causes high and irregular pulse, headaches, mental depression and nausea. Chase's K. & L. Pills tone and restore the Kidneys, excrete poisonous matter from the blood, sending it on its way pure and health-giving, curing Headache, and removing all the attending symptoms from its wake. Mrs. G. Bird, Harriston, Ont., while attending the 1894 Fall Exhibition at Toronto, was taken very ill with Sick Headache and dizziness. She was subject to these attacks for years, compelling her to take to her bed. In this case by using Chase's Pills relief was immediately obtained, and the usual days of misery and prostration avoided. Thousands of such cases can be referred to where Chase's Pills have cured Sick Headache and its attendant symptoms. 25 cents a box, of all dealers, or by addressing Edmanson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard St., Toronto.

I have Just Received from  
Wm. Ewing & Co., Seed Merchants, Montreal:

Yellow Aberdeen Turnip,  
Champion Swede "  
Intermediate Carrot,  
Long Green Cucumber,  
White Spine "  
Squash and Pumpkin,  
Beans, Peas, &c.

SEEDS

Which I will be pleased to forward to any address, postage prepaid, upon receipt of retail prices. I also have the following commission seeds, viz.

Dunlap's Vegetable and Flower Seeds, D. M. Ferry's Seeds, Fisher's Seeds, Steele, Briggs & Maroon's Seeds, in 5 cent packages. All of the above are new, fresh and reliable.

Wm. E. Thistle,  
DRUGGIST.  
Hartland Drug Store, April 18.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post Office at Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the 16th day of July next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott of, in, to, out of or upon the following described lands and premises, viz.

All that tract or tract situate in the parish of Wilmot, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the eastern side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26) granted to Adolphus Estey in Tier six Williams-town Settlement, thence running by the magnet south eighty-seven degrees east twenty-five (25) chains to another post, thence south three degrees west forty chains and fifty links to a cedar tree standing on the northern side of another reserved road thence along the same north eighty-seven degrees west twenty-five chains to the eastern side of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same north three degrees east forty chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as the western parts of lots number twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Williams-town Settlement.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick at the suit of John Fisher against the said David Elliott.

W. D. BALLOCH,  
Sheriff Carleton County.  
Sheriff's office Woodstock Dec. 30, 1895.

Men's Long Boots,

" Heavy Boots,

" Light Boots,

" Heavy Shoes,

" Slippers.

Ladies' Button Boots,

" Laced Boots,

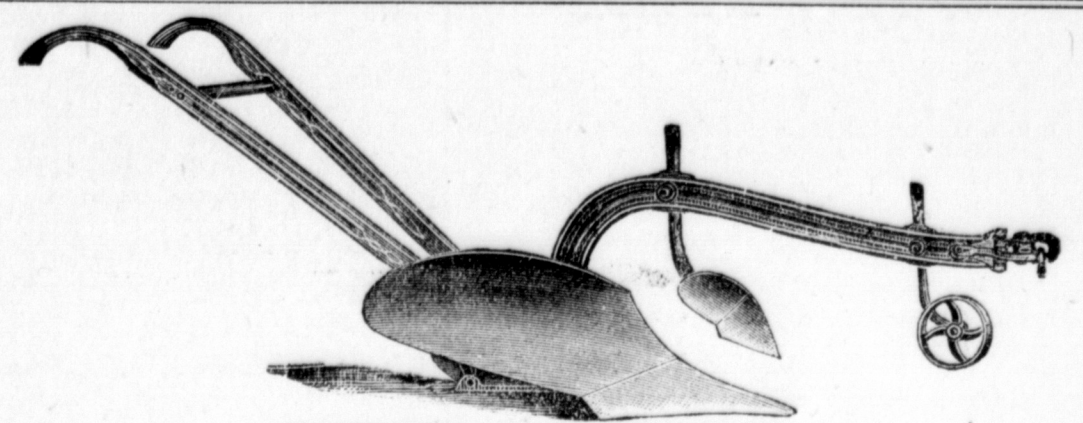
Children's Boots &amp; Shoes.

All Sizes, Qualities and Styles of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

BAILEY BROS.

Silver Creek, 1,392 feet high, is at the greatest altitude of any place in Ohio.

"Indiana is called the 'Hoosier State.' The origin of the word hoosier is veiled in obscurity, but the most reasonable conjecture is that it was derived from the word 'husher' formerly used in the Western States to indicate an overbearing person or bully.



SYRACUSE

## STEEL : PLOW,

The Best in the Market.

We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are pronounced by everybody the BEST PLOW ever used in the County.

We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of

## Chilled Plows,

Including our Celebrated No. 1; also,

## SPRING TOOTH HARROWS

Wood and Steel Frames and with Lever Attachment for Raising and Lowering the Teeth.

## Horse Hoes

With either Cast Iron or Steel Wings.

## CULTIVATORS

&amp;C., &amp;C.

## Prices Low to Suit the Times.

Give us a call before placing your orders.

## Connell Bros.,

Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

## HARD WEAR SUITS FOR \$2.75.

Greatest Wonder of the Age.

We have been trying to get a suit for the working man that costs but a trifle and will stand the every day

## Wear and Tear

We have succeeded.

Come and see it.

—ALSO—

Men's All Wool Suits, From \$5.00 up.

Waterproof Cape Coats, \$5.00 up, warranted Rain Proof.

R. B. JONES, MANCHESTER HOUSE

## HARNESS

Made &amp; Repaired

GREAT VARIETY OF

HARNESS FITTINGS

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

H. V. MOOERS, Main Street, WOODSTOCK.

DO YOU WANT  
Tinware,  
Stove Pipe,  
Hot Air Furnaces,

Or anything of that kind. If so call on  
C. B. Churchill

You will find him in WOODSTOCK at  
21 KING STREET,

—AND AT HIS—

New Store  
HARTLAND  
WANTED.

Birch, Ash, Pine,  
Butternut and Spruce  
Planks and Boards.

I will pay cash.

JAMES HAYDEN, Woodstock.