

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 21.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.

WHOLE NO.—95 7.

Professional Cards.

Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY

INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this County. Dr. Hovey has made Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in this County. During the past few years he has had the advantage of receiving instruction from representative men in the various branches of the Art, and in several of its many systems. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and healing, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.

Residence, next door to the Baptist Church, Woodstock, July 18, 1866.

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.

Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher.

Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.

Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.

Dr. C. P. Connell,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales. Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.

NOTARY PUBLIC, INSURANCE AGENT, &c.

J. J. CHRISTIE,

Importer and Dealer in all kinds of Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boot Trees, Laces, &c., wholesale & retail.

42 1/2 King-st., St. John, N. B.

Wm. H. Knowles,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, &c.

ON HAND and made to order, Ladies and Gents' Trunks, Trunks, and Bonnet Trunks.

Water-Brick Building, a few doors north of Trinity Church, No. 49, GERRAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

C. L. RICHARDS,

Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant.

4, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. P. DONNELL,

IMPORTER OF French Brandy, Pure Wines, Hollands, Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter.

Tobacco, Segars, &c.

PHILLIPS HOUSE,

THE subscriber, residing at a house in East Florenceville, is prepared to accommodate the travelling public.

No pains will be spared to make parties comfortable who favor him with a call.

GEORGE C. HUNT, JR.,

DRUGS, Medicines and Chemicals, Paints, Oils, & Varnishes, Glass, Putty.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL USE.

Dye Woods and Dye Stuffs Generally.

Medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality. Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles it is impossible here to enumerate, and all sold at moderate prices.

Coldbrook Iron Works,

Warehouse, No. 9, North Market Wharf, St. John, New Brunswick.

ON HAND—A large stock of Cut NAILS of all sizes; CUT SPIKES from 4 to 10 inches long.

These Nails and Spikes are manufactured of BEST Refined Iron.

Consumers of Nails and Spikes will find it to their advantage to purchase those manufactured at the "Coldbrook Iron Works," as they are superior to those manufactured from English Iron.

Neptune's

Hair Dressing Saloon.

Office formerly occupied by Wm. Connell.

LADIES' HAIR BRAIDS, made by WM. NEPTUNE.

SHAVING, done by WM. NEPTUNE.

HAIR CUT and SHAMPOOED, by WM. NEPTUNE.

HAIR and WHISKERS DYED, by WM. NEPTUNE.

COLPITTS'

New Photographic Gallery,

Over the Post Office, KING STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to direct the attention of the public to the above GALLERY, which he has recently opened, and feels justified in assuring all wishing pictures, that he has every facility for procuring such.

Bestol

PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE—ST. JOHN.

H. FAIRWEATHER,

Proprietor.

This House is new, is pleasantly situated, furnished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a First-Class Hotel.

International Hotel,

ST. ANDREWS.

THE INTERNATIONAL is furnished and kept in such a way as to meet the wants, convenience and comfort of the travelling public.

It is pleasantly situated near the wharf, and is the most conveniently located of any House in St. Andrews.

Parties of one or more, calling either for a meal or for a lengthy stay, will find here all the comforts of a home and all the accommodations of a First-Class Hotel.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE—TORBUE.

Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point.

THOMPSON HOUSE,

Grand Falls, N. B.

THIS HOUSE is new, pleasantly situated, and fitted with all the modern appliances for the convenience and comfort of travellers. Terms reasonable.

W. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

PREBLE HOUSE,

(situated on Congress, corner of Preble street.)

PORTLAND, ME.

THIS is the largest HOTEL in the city, possessing all the modern improvements, and is first class in every appointment.

C. H. Adams, Proprietor.

Barnum's

EATING HOUSE,

IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.

Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished to Military and Fire Companies at short notice.

Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '65

AMERICAN HOUSE,

C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.

39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Good Stabling on the premises.

WAVERLY HOUSE,

73 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

THE WAVERLY HOUSE is situated in the most central well as most healthy part of the city; is furnished with all the modern improvements and conveniences, and affords every advantage to transient as well as permanent boarders.

It has for many years enjoyed the reputation of a first class Hotel. The present Proprietor, who has been connected with the establishment for several years, trusts that a share of the extensive patronage bestowed upon it during the lifetime of the late Joseph Scammon, Esq., may be extended to it under his management.

Attached to the Waверly is a commodious STABLE and a careful Hostler always in attendance.

Good Stabling at all hours, for conveyance to Steamer, Railway Station, &c.

JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor at John, Aug. 12, '66.

CUT NAILS CUT SPIKES,

WROUGHT SHIP SPIKES.

GALVANIZED SHEATHING NAILS.

NOW IN STOCK: 4000K EGGS NAILS and SPIKES, all sizes which, for quality of Iron and Finish are equal to the best American Nails.

W. H. SOOVL, Feb. 10, No. 9, North Wharf, St. John.

LEATHER! Leather! Leather!

THE undersigned has on hand, and intends continually keeping a full assortment of LEATHER, such as

Sole, Harness and Upper Leather, Splits, Calf Skins, &c. The quality will be found excellent, and prices as low as possible.

Highest Prices paid for hides and skins.

JAMES BAKER, Woodstock, April 5—If.

ROWE & SHERMAN,

Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,

Fredricton, N. B.

WE would respectfully inform the public generally that we are prepared to attend to all branches of the Shipping & Commission Business.

Having in process of erection a spacious Wharf, to be completed by the time that navigation opens, we feel confident in saying that our facilities for the prompt and safe forwarding of all kinds of Lumber, cannot be surpassed in the Province.

Consignments solicited.

ZEBULON ROWE, Fton, N. B., Mar. 8 1867 L. W. SHERMAN.

Western Insurance Company,

(Limited.)

FIRE AND MARINE.

LONDON.

CAPITAL—£1,000,000 Sterling.

INSURANCES against loss by Fire effected upon every description of property, at Premiums as low as compatible with safety to the assured.

Poetry.

Under the Violets.

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

The grey old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim—
That drink the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er the boughs the squirrels run,
And through the leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel of the Spring,
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any born of kinder blood,
Should ask what maiden lies below;
Say only this, "A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

Select Tale.

THE WOMAN IN BROWN.

(Concluded.)

The big bell of the City Hall was booming the first iron strokes of twelve, as Mr. Wilde stood once more in the vestibule, preparing to open his umbrella.

"Going to dinner, Martin?" he asked, as another luminary rattled down stairs.

"Well, I suppose it's about time to think of such a thing," returned Mr. Martin.

"They have some capital turtle soup round the corner," said Wilde. "Come round with me and try it, will you?"

Mr. Martin would, certainly; he was not in the habit of declining such invitations, and the two set forth in high spirits; while close behind them glided the woman in brown!

The waiter looked a little surprised as the shabby apparition crept in and took her seat at one end of the long table where Eustace Wilde and his friend, Mr. Martin, had snugly established themselves; but waiters in a down town restaurant soon ceased to be surprised at anything; and he came briskly forward to take her order. "Cup o' tea m'm. Dry toast and sandwich—right off, m'm."

Rather an abstemious meal compared with the dainty fare in which her neighbours were indulging—turtle soup, with flakes of unctuous green fat floating on the service, roasted woodcocks, garnished with rich amber jelly, a bottle of rose-red claret to finish off with, and a bottle of black Hamburg grapes, arranged with superb table peaches.

"Reg your pardon, m'm—you've got the wrong check—this is 'ere yours!" ejaculated the waiter, as the woman in brown took up the check stamped "\$0."

She laid it quietly down again; she had discovered all she wanted, and moved out of the restaurant as noiselessly as she had entered.

"It's very strange!" said Eustace Wilde thoughtfully.

"What's strange?" inquired his friend, detaching a black-purple berry from the bunch of grapes on his plate.

"That woman who has just gone out, in the faded cloak—did you observe what a delicate white hand she had?"

"She didn't look like one of the white-hand-kind," observed Martin, carelessly.

"No; and that's what struck me as being so singular."

And with that Mr. Wilde dismissed the subject from his mind.

Meanwhile the little brown phantom sped swiftly down the next street, fluttered up the long flight of marble stairs, and tapped softly at the door of Eustace Wilde's snug office.

"Come in."

Jenny Stokes was sitting on the corner of the table, cutting his initials neatly on the green morocco cover—an operation which he called "keeping office." He looked up rather disdainfully.

"Is—is Mr. Wilde in?"

"Gone to dinner," said Jenny, laconically.

"Be back in twenty minutes. Take care, m'am—your wet dress'll spoil Mr. Wilde's new office chair. Take the old 'un, if you please?"

"The old one?" was a handsome arm-chair, whose green leather cushions were scarcely defaced; the "new one" was a superb affair of black walnut and crimson rope, with a movable desk attached to the arm.

"Is that style of chair very expensive?" asked Maggie, meekly, motioning her head toward it.

"Geez so!" returned Mr. Stokes, with laudable pride. "Let me see; the bill's here somewhere; it only came this morning. Oh! here it is. Forty-five dollars that 'ere chair cost."

As the visitor made no comment, Jenny applied himself once more to the curl of the letter S on the morocco table-cover, secretly wondering what business that rustic female could have with the fashionable lawyer, his master, while the penetrating eyes under the veil, took in all the elegant little accessories of the luxurious office.

Click! click! came a pair of knuckles against the door. She started like a guilty thing, but it was only a half-grown boy, the very counterpart of Mr. James Stokes.

"Here's the books your boss ordered, and the bill."

"Jus' you leave 'em," said Jenny; "Mr. Wilde'll send the money round this afternoon. How much?"

"Twelve dollars fifty cents."

It was a handsome illustrated edition of a popular author, but the visitor dared not linger to look at it. Muttering something about "calling again," she withdrew, much to Jenny Stokes's relief. Nor was she too precipitate in her movements; for, as she turned into Broadway, her old cloak brushed against Eustace Wilde's broad-cloth garments.

She halted a passing stage with one finger of the little white hand, that was so incongruous to her rusty dress and mishapen bonnet.

"Quite enough for one day," said the phantom to herself, as she stood on tiptoe to pay the fare. "I'll have a little settlement with my lord to night, that shall astonish him, rather!"

And she laughed until the dimples danced over her cheeks, all alone by herself in the stage, and careless of drenched skirts, and driving rain.

She was sitting at her work-table, the brown hair shining like bands of satin, and the neat figure attired in a black silk dress, trimmed with glistening bugles, when Eustace came in that night. The table was set in the middle of the room, forming a pretty picture, with its gleaming damask and gilded china; and the urn steamed merrily on the tray.

This looks comfortable," said Eustace Wilde, throwing himself into an easy-chair; it's a dreary night outside."

"It is?" said Maggie, innocently.

"My dear, you haven't any idea how dreary," said Mr. Wilde. "That's one of your feminine advantages; we men are forced to battle with the world in all weathers."

Mrs. Wilde took her seat at the tea-table without remark, but her lips twitched a little at the corners.

"Eustace," she said, when her husband had lighted his evening cigar, and was just taking up an uncut Harper, "I am ready for you to look over my day's house-keeping accounts?"

"Ah, very right," said he, approvingly glancing his eye down the columns of petty items. "Bread—vegetables—starch—steaks—total one dollar sixty cents. Don't you think, my dear, that we might economize by Bridget's making our bread, instead of buying it?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Wilde, smiling.

"And now, Eustace, suppose we make a little estimate of your day's expenses."

Mr. Wilde started at his wife, as if he thought her slightly demented.

"What for?"

"Oh, just to compare our ideas of economy."

"Nonsense."

"No nonsense at all."

"But I don't remember—I couldn't tell."

"Perhaps I can assist your memory a little, Sir. For your share of the supper at D—'s, and the ride afterwards, you paid eight dollars—for a package of cigars, ten—a dinner of turtle soup, claret, etc. Six. Your new office chair—very splendid, certainly—was fifty-five—your illustrated edition of—'s' works, twelve dollars and fifty cents. Don't you think, my dear, you might economize a little?"

Eustace Wilde turned scarlet from his shirt collar to the roots of his hair. Had there been such a thing as a convenient chasm in the floor, he must certainly have sunk into it.

"Maggie are you a witch?"

"No, dear, I am only a woman."

"How the deuce did you know?"

"I found out," said Maggie, quietly. "I must confess that I had no idea how very expensive business was."

Eustace moved uneasily in his seat.

"I give it up, Maggie," he said; "I'll own you have me there. Be merciful, little woman, and don't abuse your victory. But I do wish I knew how you heard of it."

Maggie smiled. "If this is a specimen of every day's expenses, it's no wonder you can't spare any money for the Soldier's Fund or—"

"Don't Maggie!" he pleaded, hurriedly drawing out his purse, and placing it in her hands, "take what you wish, my dear."

"I'll be moderate," said Mrs. Wilde; "I suppose you would like to subscribe at least fifty dollars for the sick soldiers."

"Just whatever you please my dear," said Eustace, with a grimace.

And from that day to this, whenever Maggie Wilde wants any extra funds, she has but to hint at "daily expenses," and Eustace's pocket book flies open, as if by magic, although he has never yet discovered how she found it out.

The Committee was agreeably surprised at Mr. Wilde's liberality in the matter of the Soldier's Fund; but then the Committee was ignorant of the marvelous victory achieved by the Woman in Brown.

A good wife, according to Plutarch, should be as a looking glass to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant she should be merry; if he laughs she should smile; if he look sad she should participate in his sorrow and bear part with him; and so should they continue in mutual love ones toward another.

Men are not attracted by highly accomplished women so much as by truly natural and artless women—women sufficiently educated to be able to speak and write accurately, and sufficiently childish not to despise common things.

The lady who was bent upon having her own way has been straitened by circumstances.

Modern Oaths.

Punch gives the following substitute for profane swearing, adapted to various sorts and conditions of men:—Lawyer—Tax my bill. Doctor—Dash my draughts. Soldier—Snap my stock. Bricklayer—I'll be plastered. Bricklayers laborer—Chop my hod. Carpenter—Saw me. Plumber and Glazier—Soldier my pipes; smash my pans. Painter—I'm daunted. Engineer—Burst my boiler. Dramatic Author—Steal my French dictionary. Actor—I'll be hissed. Tailor—Cut me out; cook my goose. Linendraper—Soil my silks; sell me off. Grocer—Squash my figs; and my sugar; seize my scales. Baker—Knead my dough; scorch my muffins. Auctioneer—Knock me down; to which we add: Editor—Smash my paste-pot; blunt my scissors.

Many of our ailments, and those of a most fatal form, are taken in the house and not out of doors; taken by removing parts of clothing too soon after coming into the house, or lying down on a bed or sofa when in a tired or exhausted condition from having engaged too vigorously in domestic employment. Many a pie has cost an industrious man a hundred dollars.

A human life has many a time paid for an apple-dumpling. When our wives get to work they become so interested in it that they find themselves in an utterly exhausted condition; their ambition to complete a thing, to do some work well, sustains them until its completion, and the moment it is completed the mental and physical condition, is one of exhaustion, when a breath of air will be a cold to settle in the joints, to wake up next day with inflammatory rheumatism, and with a feeling of stiffness or soreness, as if they had been pounded in a bag, or a sore throat to worry and trouble them for months, or lung-fever to put them in the grave in less than a week.

Our wives should work by the day, if they work at all, and not by job; it is more economical in the end to know how little they can do in an hour, instead of how much. It is slow, steady, continuous labor which brings health and strength and a good digestion. Fitful labor is ruinous to all.—Hall's Journal of Health.

We shall not mention the name of the distinguished divine who has often told the following story, but it is genuine, and on his credibility we become responsible for its truth.

A good man, but ill-instructed Out West, had a call to preach. Being unable to read, he employed a friend to read the selection from the Scriptures. On one occasion the chapter was the twenty-second of Genesis, which contains the words—"These eight did Mithra bear to Nahor, Abraham's brother." From these words he proceeded to discourse as follows:

"Brethren and sisters, let us consider our blessings. We have all the comforts of life. We have flocks and herds, and our hearts are filled with food and gladness. Morning and evening our wives and daughters milk the cows, and our wants are all supplied. In the days of good old Abraham, the case was different; for then, as you have heard, it took eight to milk a bear, and they did not get much at that."

A GENT.—When you find a well disciplined character in the female form, what a noble one it is; the labor of the understanding, the education of self-control, have made her great. She is a whole host. Look at her influence in society; see the majesty of her deportment, the easy assurance of her countenance. How common men quail before her! What respect and attention she exacts from the titled prodigal and talented vicious! She is all that is exalted on earth. There is no beauty to compare with such beauty; no wealth to compare with such charms. She is the nicest workmanship of God; and in her dwells a soul that scatters blessings around her. The heart of her husband delighted in her, and he has no need of spoil.

An old-fashioned, wealthy fellow, who was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once, and that when he was going on a journey, had to purchase a new pair of boots. The coach left before daybreak, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots in the morning he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones—he hunted and hunted in vain. The coach was ready, and so he looked carefully round to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the water and told him the circumstances, giving him ten shillings for the owner of the boots when he called for them. The owner never called. The old man had bought his own boots!

SHARP.—A man in Connecticut obtained a winter's supply of excellent potatoes in the following manner. He gave out word he was desirous of obtaining a specimen of the best sort of potatoes, and would pay three dollars for a peck of such, himself to be judge. Potatoes poured into his cellar from all the country round, and when the avalanche had subsided, the man handed over his three dollars for the best peck, and the next spring sold potatoes enough to more than cover the original outlay, besides having had a first quality article for home use all the winter.

"My friend," said a doctor to his Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die one day."

"An' it's that vexes me," replied Pat. "If it wor more than one's, sure I'd be easy enough."

A wretched creature has been arrested for declaring that the kiss of a printer's devil would be very likely to prove a night-mare; that is, an Ink-bug. Did you ever?

Items Foreign & Local.

Milwaukee is to have a \$150,000 hotel. The Prince of Wales is said to be writing a book on his tour in the United States.

It is estimated that this year in Rome there have been 21,000 Americans, and 7,000 English. Minnesota