

# The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 32.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher &amp; Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—986.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1867.

## Professional Cards.

### Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY

INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this country. Dr. Hovey has made Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in this country. 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 uses. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and Medicine, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.

Residence, next below the Baptist Church, Woodstock, July 18, 1866. [30]

**STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.**  
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.  
Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.  
Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.  
Woodstock, April 12, 1865.

### Dr. C. J. Connelley

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.

Residence at Hon. Charles Connelley's.

C. F. H. Campbell, M. D.,

(Formerly of the Army.)

Surgeon, Physician and Accoucheur.

HAS settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession.

Residence—At the "Cable House." [1618]

Dr. REYNOLDS.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

CENTRAL OFFICE:

UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.

Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-

son-town Road. [22-47]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

INSURANCE AGENT, &c.

J—Gm. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. J. CHRISTIE,

Importer and Dealer in all kinds of

Leathers, such as Trimmings, Crimps, Boot

laces, Laces, &c. wholesale & retail.

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

C. L. RICHARDS,

Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,

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

[10]

PHILLIPS HOUSE.

THIS subscriber, having taken a house at

East Florenceville, is prepared to accom-

modate the travelling public.

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

JOSEPH A. C. PHILLIPS.

East Florenceville, Oct. 25, 1866—14.

Surveying.

THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends

and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed.

He would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as

he is now prepared, with enlarged experience and

greatly increased facilities to attend to the various

branches of his business, as a Surveyor of Land.

Parties entrusting him, he will endeavor to give them

upon his best attention, and to give them the most

accurate and reliable information, and to give them the

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## Poetry.

### IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb  
That is pretty much like this:  
That a man is half in heaven  
When he has a woman's kiss;  
But there's danger in delaying—  
And the sweetest may forsake it;  
So I tell you, my dear friend,  
If you want a kiss, why take it.  
Never let another fellow  
Steal a march on you in this;  
Never let a laughing maiden  
See you sporting for a kiss;  
There's a royal way to kissing—  
And the jolly ones who make it,  
Have a motto that is winning—  
If you want a kiss, why take it.  
Any fool may face a cannon,  
Anybody wear a crown,  
But a man must win a woman,  
If he'd have her for his own;  
Would you have the golden apple,  
You must first have the tree and shake it;  
If the thing is worth the having,  
And you want a kiss, why take it.  
Who would burn upon a desert,  
With a forest smiling by?  
Who would give his sunny summer  
For a bleak and wintry sky?  
Oh! I tell you there is magic  
And you cannot, cannot break it;  
For the sweetest part of loving  
Is to want a kiss and take it.

## Select Tale.

### THE TWO PARTINGS.

One winter evening, not many years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. Just then, a knock was heard, and she opened the door to admit a young man, who, with a look of anxiety, said to her: "Emma, I have a letter from Mr. B. He says he is coming to see you to-morrow night. Will you be ready?"

"Yes, I will be ready," she answered, with a smile. "But I have no time to get ready now. I must go to bed."

"Come, Emma," called her mother, at length. "I am afraid that you forget that Mr. B. is waiting for you."

No, Emma had not forgotten, as her flushed face testified. Her last thought, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass, had been, "This is the color which he likes; I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flash deepened at Mr. B.'s evident admiration, turned to her mother, saying, "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said the mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the brilliantly lighted room, many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; I'd give a good deal to be able to monopolize Miss Emma's smile."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length, toward its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B. was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the centre of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house, with a smile, offered him a glass of wine.

"No, thank you; I do not drink it," was his reply.

"Pshaw! what nonsense," she returned.

"No one has refused it this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first."

"Come, just one glass; it can't hurt any one."

"I cannot do it," he answered, gravely.

"For I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady.

"I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a little wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hand, and, with a smile which few could have resisted, said, "Come, James, you will take just this one glass?"

"No, Emma," he answered, with a painful effort.

"I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home to-night, Mr. B.," said Emma, with an angry flash of her dark eye; "now, take your choice."

"I must bid you good-bye, then, Emma; it comes to that," he said sorrowfully.

He would gladly do anything else for you, but that I cannot do. So saying he bowed and turned away.

"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened he had taken more than one glass.

"Let him go, the ill-mannered fellow who cares!"

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together.

More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B. was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma were almost forgotten.

One day, a man with whom he was slightly acquainted, came into his store and asked for employment.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employment who is intemperate."

"But I mean to stop all that, Mr. B.," said the man, earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."

"Well," said Mr. B., "partially relenting, 'I will try you. Come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work.'"

A brood was soon made up, with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B. sent to his residence to ask the reason.

"Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children."

Mr. B.'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and found the sick woman lying in a room bare of furniture, while the children sitting by the bed side, were crying for bread.

A few kind words and a promise for something to eat, soon dried tears; and, hastening to the grocery, he returned with an ample supply which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood smiling at the delight the mother burst into tears and exclaimed: "O, Mr. B., can't you forgive me?"

"Forgive you for what?"

"Don't you remember Emma? Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and you refused it? God knows I wish I could forget it, but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before Mr. B. could realize that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly," said Mr. B. "You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, in the country," she answered.

"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes, sir," she answered sadly, "but I have no means."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B. "as soon as you are sufficiently recovered, I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgment, "good bye."

This was the second parting.

Young ladies, who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now and ask yourselves the question, whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a drunkard's wife.

The Time to Harvest Grain.

Never has there been a better prospect of a bountiful harvest than now. As far as the eye can reach, the fields are covered with their rich mantling of green, and no seed that has fallen upon the earth but has sprung into life.

The past two years we have had poor crops, and many a "poor soil" has been driven to the necessity of doing without flour and living on corn bread till even corn has risen to an enormous price. With the high price of flour it behooves us to gather in the grain carefully that before it may be wasted. Let the grain be cut before it is "dead ripe." Farmers seldom begin the harvest till every head of grain is of a golden color, and the result is—how much shelled off? Hardly a head of wheat but loses many grains in the cutting, blotching or shelling.

If cut early and placed in shocks none is lost thus far, and when it comes to be gathered into the barn, that shelling off, which almost always occurs, and by which more is lost than in any other way is almost entirely avoided. If cut when "dead ripe," in hauling in, half a shock at least is lost out of every shock, each shock generally containing a bushel. In an acre of grain, producing thirty shocks, nearly two bushels of grain are lost, and in a field of fifteen acres thirty bushels, which at present prices, three dollars per bushel, would amount to ninety dollars, enough to pay for the harvesting and threshing. Let every farmer remember these facts, by planting early, by handling gracefully, and by reaping the field, which you now do so quickly, he need not lose two bushels of wheat off each acre or less six dollars out of his pocket.

A Tough Story.

We overheard the following a day or two since, which was considered by the listeners to be "tough," especially when it is known that the hero could not be tempted to fight.

One gentleman was telling of a bear's nest that he constructed with a "trap-door" in the bottom, which the weight of an egg would open. This being placed on a barrel, "the biddle," after having one looks after it and finding nothing, laid another, and so continued to do for several hours.

"Oh, that is nothing," said one friend from "down east." "My father made a nest of that kind and placed it with the hen upon it, over a hoghead, and she laid it full of eggs. The next day he set a dead hen upon the nest, and hatched every egg in two weeks."

"And every egg hatched two chickens," said a bystander, thinking to add a good deal to the story.

"No they didn't," said Jonathan; "you needn't try to make me lie, for you can't."

A DUTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A RAINY NIGHT.

"Well, last night vash de vorst as never vash. I thought to go down de hill to mine house; but no sooner did I vash den de vaster I stand still, for de darkness was so tick dat I coud not stir it mit mine boots, and de rain—dunder and blixin! in more den two minute mine skin vas vet tro to mine clo's."

But after von leetle vash stopped quito! to rain something; so keefed inl of minself all de vash long; and ven I comes to mine own house to vash in, vat you tink? It belong to somebody else!"

## Woman's Grave.

I can pass by the tomb of a man with some what of calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman, I associate ever soft, tender and delicate affection.

I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world; and preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend.

O, there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is fanned to tenderness and humanizing mankind, to soothe his woes and strewn his path with flowers.

In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bewail his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellences of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as I not feel for her—Mortimer.

The world has been accustomed to see theory and practice following two different routes, unknown to each other, or at least never meeting. When doctrines, when general ideas have wished to intermeddle in affairs, to influence the world, they have only been able to effect this under the appearance and by the aid of fanaticism. Up to the present time the government of human societies, the direction of their affairs, have been divided by two sorts of influences: on the one side theorists, men who would rule all according to abstract notions; enthusiasts; on the other, men ignorant of all rational principles—experimentalists, whose only guide is expediency. This state of things is now over. The world will no longer agitate for the sake of some abstract principle, some fanciful theory, some Utopian government which only can live in the imagination of an enthusiast; nor will it put up with practical abuses and oppressions, however favored by prescription and expediency, when they are opposed to the just principles and the legitimate ends of government. To ensure respect, to obtain confidence, governing powers must know and acknowledge the influence of both; they must regard both truth and necessity—must shun, on one hand, the blind pride of the fanatic theorist, and on the other, the no less blind pride of the libertine politician. To this better state of things we have been brought by the progress of the human mind and the progress of society.—Globe's History Civilization.

Bad Mexicans.—The human memory is a proverbially a leaky vessel, and sometimes, like a filter, it retains the refuse of the matter committed to its keeping, and suffers the more valuable portion to escape. These are specialties in forgetfulness which are exceedingly annoying, and make the parties afflicted by them look like fools in society. Yet these unfortunate peculiarities do not necessarily imply mental weakness. Persons of extraordinary intelligence have been known to forget their own names, and there are others who are as oblivious of dates as if they had never seen a number.

A memory, that clings like an air's pet to whatever it embraces, is truly a great gift; and yet the faculty may belong to a simpleton incapable of usefully applying anything that it remembers.

Young man pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't keep loafing; don't hang about loafing places. Better work than rest, around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets. Better far, your own health—better for your own prospects. Baste about, if you want to have anything to bustle about for.

Many a poor physician has obtained a great patient by telling an imaginary one. A curio of blank paper, filled with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the tendency to him that hath shall be given. Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances.

A SCOTSMAN VIEW OF ADAM.—There must have been some curious specimens of Scottish humor brought out at the examinations or catechisms by ministers of the flock before the administration of the communion. Thus, with reference to human nature, before the Lord, a man asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?"