

# The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 11.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—947.

## Hotels.

### PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE—ST. JOHN.

H. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.

This House is new, pleasantly situated, furnished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a first-class hotel.

### CABLE HOUSE.

THE subscriber has re-opened the House formerly known as the "Blanchard House," under the title of the "CABLE HOUSE." The premises have been thoroughly renovated and furnished throughout with new and elegant furniture, bedding, &c., and the House will be conducted in every respect becoming the character of a first-class hotel, and the wants and conveniences of the travelling public.

A Livery Stable attached to the premises.

Woodstock, Sept. 27, 1866—39.

### CENTRAL HOUSE.

KING ST.—MCCOY'S BRICK BUILDING.

Next door to Vanwart's Store.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to accommodate Travellers, and a good Hotel in attendance.

Is a strictly Temperance Hotel.

B. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1867—34-45.

### International Hotel,

ST. ANDREWS.

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

It is pleasantly situated near the head of the Steamboat Wharf, and is the most conveniently located of any Hotel in St. Andrews.

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

EDWIN HATCH, Proprietor.

### WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE—TORQUE.

Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point.

189.

### 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 Probate Street.)

PORTLAND, ME.

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

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. EBBY, Proprietor.

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

Good Stabling on the premises.

### PHILLIPS HOUSE.

THE subscriber, having a house at East Florenceville, is prepared to accommodate 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—44.

### WAVERLY HOUSE,

73 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

THE WAVERLY HOUSE is situated in the most central as well as most healthy part of the city, and is fitted 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 Seaman, Esq., may be extended to it under his management.

JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor.

St. John, Aug. 12, '66.

### CENTRAL HOUSE,

HOUSTON, MAINE.

THE above house, centrally located in Main Street, has recently been fitted up for the accommodation of the travelling public. Strangers and others visiting this section either on business or pleasure, will find good accommodations at this House.

A stable is attached, and a faithful hostler always in attendance. Stages leave here for all the principal routes of travel.

JAS. MARTIN, Proprietor.

Houston, Me., Aug. 12, '64.

### CUT NAILS CUT SPIKES.

WROUGHT SPIKE SPIKES.

GALVANIZED SHEATHING NAILS.

NOW IN STORE.

4000K NAILS AND SPIKES, all sizes which, for quality of Iron and Finish are equal to the best American Nails.

W. H. SCOVILL.

Feb. 10. No. 9, North Wharf, St. John.

### Leather! Leather!

THE undersigned has on hand, and intends continuing 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—47.

## 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 large hospitals.

Residence, next below the Baptist Church.

Woodstock, July 18, 1866 [39]

### 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 29, 1865.

### D. P. WOLHAUTER, M. D.,

SURGEON & PHYSICIAN.

Residence—in the "Cable House."

Office—in Haymarket Brick Building.

Woodstock, Nov. 25, 1864.

### Dr. C. J. Connell,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office—in Brick Building, near the Hay Stables.

Residence at Lion, Charles Connell's.

### WILLIAM M. CONNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, COMMISSIONER.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

INSURANCE AGENT, &c.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

### C. W. TILL,

BOOK BINDER,

Opposite N. Leav's Mill.

MAGAZINES Bound, Papers Bound, School Books Bound and Repaired, at the lowest possible rates and shortest notice.

Woodstock, July 1, 1865.

### J. J. CHRISTIE,

Importer and Dealer in all kinds of

Leather and Shoe Trimmings, Crimps, Boot

Trunks, Laces, &c., wholesale & retail.

41 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' Travelling and Bonnet Trunks.

Wholesale Brick Building, a few doors north of Trinity Church.

No. 40, GERRAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

15—129

### G. L. RICHARDS,

Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,

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

### W. P. DONNELL,

—IMPORTER OF—

French Brandy, Pure Wines, Holland

Genever, English Ale and Irish Porter.

Tobacco, Segars, &c.

43—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 Land, &c., to his care may rely upon his best attention being given to further their interests.

He will also endeavor to make advances on LEASE at various times, when desired.

STEPHEN E. STEVENS.

Indian Town, St. John.

### GEORGE C. HUNT, JR.,

DEALER IN

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, and our prices as low as moderate prices.

Wm. H. Knowles, Brick Building, Queen Street, FREDERICTON, N. B.

### 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 8 inches long; Wrought Ship Spikes; Railroad Spikes; and all other kinds of Iron and Spikes are manufactured at the Coldbrook Iron Works.

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

W. H. SCOVILL.

St. John, May 1.

### Neptune's

Hair Dressing Saloon,

Office formerly occupied by Wm. Connell.

LADIES' HAIR BRAIDS, made by

SHAVING, done by

HAIR OIL AND SHAMPOOED, by

HAIR AND WHISKERS DIED BY

WOODSTOCK, FEB. 1

### NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

LINDSAY'S BUILDING,

South Side Malheurak Bridge.

BARKER & HOLBROOK have just opened the largest lot of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

ever imported into this market, comprising—

LADIES' BOOTS of every description;

MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES of all kinds.

Country dealers by calling on the subscribers will find that they can purchase all articles at their time as cheap as in other parts of the Province.

BARKER & HOLBROOK.

Woodstock, Jan. 8, 1867—34.

### Boots and Shoes.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he is now carrying on the

BOOT and SHOE BUSINESS

at his Shop, in the town of Woodstock, directly opposite the

North Office, where he will be pleased to wait upon all who favor him with a call.

E. R. PARSONS.

Woodstock, May 4, '66.

CASH paid for CALF SKINS.

## Select Tale.

### THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

I am an engineer. Ever since—road was laid, I've travelled over it every day, or nearly every day, of my life.

For a good while I've had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, if I may say it, as the best.

It was a South-western road, running, we will say, from A to Z. At A, my good old mother lived; at Z, I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and baby; and I always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. I was an old kind of a man. Being shut up with the engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, inside and out, don't make a man talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Jo. Some people called me unsober, and couldn't understand how a man could feel friendly without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few friends—dear ones, too—I did not have so many acquaintances as most people, and did not care to have. The house which held my wife and baby was the dearest spot on earth to me, except the old house that held my mother, up at A.

I never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way, and never should, if it hadn't been for Granby. You see Granby was one of the shareholders, a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk to him, and we were friends. He often rode from Z to A, and back again, with me, and once he said:

"You ought to belong to the Scientific Club, Guelden."

"I never heard of it," said I.

"I am a member," said he. "We meet once a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We have some among us now. I'll propose you, if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But then an engineer don't have nights or days to himself, and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Jo. I said:

"I'll ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask whom?" said he.

"Jo," said I.

"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said 'Can't spare you, my dear,' and we should have had no club at all," said Granby.

But I made no answer. At home I told Jo, she said:

"I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and then if Granby belongs to it, they must be superior men."

"No doubt," said I.

"It isn't everybody who could be made a member," said Jo. "Why, of course, you must say yes."

So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. There was some men with brains, there was some without. The real business of the evening was the supper, and so was every evening.

I'd always been a temperate man. I actually did not know what effect wine would have upon me, but coming to drink more of it than I ever had before at the club table, I found it put steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk; after so many more I did.

I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My little ideas came and I was listened to. I made sharp hits; I indulged in repartee; I told stories; I even came to puns. I heard somebody say to Granby: "By George, that's a man worth knowing. I thought him dull at first." Y. I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Guelden with his ten words an hour, than the wine man I was.

I was sure of it when, three months after, I climbed up stairs to find Jo waiting for me with her baby on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Jo. "I suspected it, but I wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a bar-room."

"Which means I do," said I, weaving in the middle of the room, like a signal flag at a station, and seeing two Jo's.

"And look like one," said Jo; and she went and locked herself and the baby in the spare bedroom.

One club night as I was dressed to go, Jo stood before me.

"Ned said she," I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving, always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you are to go on in this way. Don't ask me what I mean. You know."

"Jo," said I, "it's only on club night."

"It will grow," said she.

Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so much like bottled up and strapped down demon as steam is, fit to put into the hands of a drunkenman? And some day mark my words, the time will come when not only Thursday night but all the days of the week will be the same. I've often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand, a clear head, have been your blessings all these years. Don't throw them away, Ned. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself."

My little Jo. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid, child. I'll never pain you again."

And I meant it, but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Jo. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa and leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain throbbing as it never had before. In an hour I was in a kind of a stupor.

It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My head seemed really to burst; my hand trembled; I looked at my watch; I had only just five minutes to reach the depot!

Jo's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The San Francisco glittered in the morning sun. The cars were filling up rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking, bidding each other good-bye, promising to write and come again. Amongst them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye, Kitty—good-bye, Lue," I heard him say; "don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer. I wouldn't be afraid to trust every mortal I love in a batch with their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said I'll get through it somehow, and Jo shall never talk to me again. After all, it was easy enough. I roared as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

Five hours from L. to D.; five hours back. On the last I should be myself again, I knew now. I saw a red flutter, and never guessed what it was until we were past the down train at the wrong place. Two minutes more and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me. I heard him say respectfully:

"Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know what you are about."

Then I was alone and wondering whether I should go slower or faster. I did something and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard some question how many miles an hour we were making?

I don't know.

"Rattle, rattle, rattle!" I was trying now to slacken the speed of the San Francisco. I could not remember what I should do—was it this or that? Faster—on faster. I was playing with the engine like a child.

Suddenly there was a terrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and there gazed at my work.

The engine was in fragments, the car in splinters; dead and dying, and wounded were strewn around—men, women and children—old age and tender youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the mangled bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear whispering murder!

The news had gone back to A, and people came thronging down to find their friends. The dead were stretched on the grass. I went with some of the distracted to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter I came to a place under the trees, and five bodies lying there in all their ghastly horror—an old woman, a young one, and two tiny children.

It was fancy—it was pure fancy, born of my anguish—they looked like—oh! great Heaven! they were my old mother, my wife, my children; all cold and dead.

How did they come there on that train? What chance has brought this about? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands. I tore my hair. I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer. They never could—never would be. And as I comprehended this, onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eye glared on me. I flung my self before it; I felt it crush me to atoms!

"His head is extremely hot," said somebody. I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" said she; "a little better?"

I was so rejoiced and so astonished at the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, "for the train went over me; but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," said my wife. "Why, Ned?"