

The Carleton Sentinel

General News.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick own together 1,739 vessels, value \$22,064,822; Ontario and Quebec only 9,337, value \$12,055,000; being a difference of two millions of dollars in favor of the former Province. The *Telegraph* refers to the fact that in the Year Book for 1865 it is—

"Stated that the population of the smaller Provinces in 1865 is estimated at 678,461, and of the two larger 3,201,424; that is Ontario and Quebec have nearly five times the population of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. But how does the great volume of trade, as represented by the Imports and Exports of the Provinces, compare? From the same Year Book we learn that the Imports and Exports of the smaller Provinces in 1865 amounted in value to over \$10,000,000. If those of the larger Provinces were as great per head, they would represent a value of \$200,000,000; while in fact the trade of these Provinces amounted to \$102,000,000. That is to say, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia showed a far less volume of trade as much per head as Ontario and Quebec.

DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS OF MEXICO.—USUAL CRIME OF REIGN.—Our exchanges from Mexico are filled with accounts of robbery, rapine and murder, almost without parallel in the history of that lost and abandoned people. The *Brownsville Herald* writes of a man being hanged with disgusting details of the outrages by that semi-barbarous race. But the worst feature of all is that Americans everywhere in the bloody Republic appear to be the objective point of Mexican hatred. In plain truth, the condition of Mexico now, is far more appalling than at any former period in her history. Miserably as that is, but a few days since we read of a band of desperadoes penetrating the heart of the city of Puebla and carrying off one of the wealthiest merchants of that mercantile city, who was the owner of a large estate, and who was worth \$150,000. This merchant was held for ransom, but not receiving the \$150,000 demanded, they tortured their victim and finally killed him. Heretofore occurrences of this kind were rare, but now they have become more than fairly common. Even the walls in the city of Puebla had to yield to invasion. Around the gates of nearly all the cities of Mexico, constantly hovers a horde of thieves, who allow no trader to pass without paying the petty loan of a few dollars. Refusal to pay the petty loan of a few dollars is followed by a scouring of pockets and the taking of twice the sum originally demanded. Resistance to being searched is the knocking down and possible death of the traveller. But the most notable feature of this state of affairs is that the Mexican Government tolerates these proscruptions, and openly admits its incapacity to break them up. A Mexican general was recently asked why he tolerated such a state of things, and he replied that it was a choice between evils. It was to bring about this state of affairs that our Government determined to destroy the Government of Mexico, and to establish a Republic, was a Government which it hated.—*Hayden*, *Times*, Sept. 17.

IMPORTANT TO RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.—The following "Rules of the Road" are based upon American legal decisions and ought to be universally made known.—The courts have decided that the passenger is bound to pay the fare, and is ejected if they do not offer the exact amount of their fare. Conductors are not bound to make change. All railroad tickets are good until used, and are not subject to forfeiture or otherwise limiting time of use, unless they are so provided. Passengers who lose their tickets can be ejected from the cars, unless they purchase a second ticket. Passengers who are observed to be drunk in the cars, and are obliged to comply with all reasonable demands to show their tickets. Standing on the platform, or otherwise violating the rules of the road, renders a person liable to be put off the train. No one has a right to monopolize seats unless he has paid for any article left in a seat while the train is running, and he is entitled to his seat on his return.

WAR PREPARATIONS IN THE PRINCIPALITY OF SERBIA.—The *Berliner Correspondent* of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing on the 5th, says:—"Three days ago the first batch of needle-guns (about 15,000) sent from Prussia to Modavia via Russia, and the first batch of cartridges (about 15,000) sent from Prussia to Modavia via Russia, were landed at the port of Varna. The Russian Government is preparing for a desperate conflict. There are now in the arsenal 60,000 rifles, Belgian and Prussian rifle-cannon, and 400,000 rounds of ammunition. The material of every kind; yet the authorities are making extraordinary exertions to increase their stock of military stores. Horses are being purchased in great numbers, and are still coming in. Horses have been added to each regiment, and thirty battalions of militia have been called out. Though the insurgents who attempted to cross the Danube into Bulgaria last year, were still considered as a serious danger, the committee under whose orders they acted, pursue their labors here unimpeded. New bands are now being formed by these committees, who are amply supplied with officers and money from Russia.

SINCE 1815 Great Britain has spent on her military and naval establishments, and the interest of the national debt (for past wars), £25,000,000. In the present year, the cost of the army and the navy is over \$25 millions, the interest of the national debt is 25 millions, and the outlay for fortifications over half a million, making a total of \$50 millions (exclusive of the cost of the army in India). The total annual expenditure is nearly 70 millions; so that 24d. out of every shilling suffices for the civil expenses of the country, including the salaries of the administration of justice, and the salaries of Ministers, &c. spent for past wars or providing against them.

AN OLD FREEMASON.—A late member of the San Francisco *Bulletin* speaks of a Mr. David Stiles who is 102 years old, and has been a Mason 71 years of that time. Mr. Stiles' history is alike interesting and honorable to him. He was a Mason 71 years, and is no doubt the oldest Mason on this continent. He was made a Master at Toronto, C. W. December 28, 1797, when William Jarvis was Grand Master of Canada. The Lodge at Toronto was No. 16 of that jurisdiction. He has assisted in forming many Lodges, and has been a member of Hazel Green Lodge No. 43 of Illinois.

THE HEALTH OF THE QUEEN.—We are in a position to state that since her sojourn in Switzerland the Queen greatly improved in health. The untoward symptoms which cost Her Majesty and her subjects so much uneasiness have yielded to the fresh mountain air and the changes of scene in the most romantic of European countries. The benefit, indeed, has been so marked, that the nation may look forward hopefully to Her Majesty's resuming (at least partially) those public duties from which she has been so long and so unhappily estranged.—*Lancet*.

A TIGHT FOG STORY.—A very heavy fog once visited New York, and a man was taken from the fog. A young man was sent out to a meadow to nail a few courses of shingles on a barn, the roof of which was nearly finished. As the day continued to clear, the man who is responsible for the story, "the fellow comes up and says, 'That's a mighty long barn of yours.' 'Not very long, sez I.' 'Well, sez he, 'I've been to work all this forenoon, and haven't got one course laid yet.' 'Well, sez I, 'you're a duffer; that's all I've got to say.' So after dinner I went down to see what he had been doing, and he said, 'I had a long time, but I hadn't shingled out more than a hundred feet right on the fog!'"

The Germans are a people of strange customs. In New York on Monday morning a company of seventy men of that race paraded, all with long beards—the shortest growth being not less than a foot in length. One man attended to his knees. Eight open carriages followed, containing young ladies with long curls and long hair. A fleet of 515 vessels is now on its way from the Black Sea with grain for Western Europe, most of which will be discharged in England. The quantity is estimated at not less than 1,000,000 bushels, and will be landed within the first half of September.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—1030

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

VOL. XX.—NO. 43.

Business Cards.

Horses! Carriages!!

THE Subscribers beg to call public attention to their New and spacious
Livery, able,
Close by the "WOODSTOCK HOTEL," where they can furnish a first rate lot of having excellent horses, Harness and Carriages, at a Minutes notice.
This is the Woodstock depot for the Fredericton, Grand Falls and Houlton Stages.
Extras furnished when Required.
A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamers and Cars, for the convenience of passengers. Persons wishing a call for the Steamer or Car leaving in the morning, should leave their orders at the office, the evening previous.
GLIDDEN & GILLMAN.
Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868—25.

LONG'S HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

THOS. W. SMITH, Proprietor.

First Class Accommodation for

TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Good Stabling, and a Careful Hostler always in attendance.
Fredericton, July 1, 1868—27.

Barnum's

EATING HOUSE,

IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.

Portland, Me.

Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished. Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct. 1, 68.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.

W. H. KNOWLES.

Shop in rear of "Cable House."

Woodstock, April 12, 1868—16.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

49 Gorman Street, St. John, N. B.

Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.

CANVASS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.
W. H. KNOWLES.
St. John, July 8, 1868—12-28.

PATRICK GILLIN,

Importer and dealer in

Wines & Liquors of various brands,

Carefully Selected.

GROCERIES, ALE, PORTER, &c.,

Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

JOSEPH HORNCastle,

SURVEYOR OF LUMBER,

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,

For sale of Lumber and all descriptions of Country Produce.
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Jan. 1868—6m-52.

WILLIAM SKILLEN,

COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANT

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

JOHN J. MUNROES

Market for all kinds of

VALISES AND TRUNKS.

65 PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALL ready for trade in Trunks and Valises. The attention of all Wholesale buyers for the Town and Country trade is called to my various styles.
JOHN J. MUNROES.
65 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

EVERY VARIETY OF TRUNKS.

Call and see for yourselves at

JOHN J. MUNROES, 65 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

ROWE & SHERMAN,

Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,

Fredericton, 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 connection a spacious wharf, completed by the time that navigation opens, feel confident in saying that our facilities for forwarding and shipping all kinds of Lumber, cannot be surpassed in the Province.
Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps.
Fulton, N. B., Mar. 8 1867.
ZEBULON ROWE, L. W. SHERMAN.
ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers,

(CRYSTAL BLOCK.)

283, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

As constantly for sale and made to order, Hair, Head Dresses, Crapes Curled and Plain, Frizzles, Ringlets, Braids, Switches, Hair, Curled and Plain, &c.

Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Scalps.
Hair Cutting and the various branches of his profession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satisfaction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made up in any style, at moderate terms.
At John July 25, 1867—10-1.

E. D. WATTS,

FANCY AND STABLE FUR GOODS

Wholesale and Retail.

Corner of King Street and Market Square

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A choice assortment of New Goods, bought since the decline in price, and offered very low. The most careful attention given to orders from the country.
No. 1, King Street.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE—TOBACCO

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

Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

Immediately on the running of the Steamer, this Company will have faithful messengers and safe on board each boat.

The public may rest assured that all goods, money, packages, &c., entrusted to their charge will be safely and promptly delivered, and at reasonable rates.

We hold ourselves responsible for all goods entrusted to our care.

G. W. VANWAT, Agent Woodstock.

Woodstock, May 3, 1868.

Poetry.

Maiden's Leap Year Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in idle jangle,

"Marriage is an empty dream!"

For the girl is dead that's single,

And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

Single blessedness—a fib!

"Man thou art to man returned!"

Has been spoken of the rib.

"Life is long, and youth is fleeting,"

And our hearts, though light and gay,

Still, like pleasant dreams are beating,

Wedding marches on the way.

Lives of married folk remind us

We can live our lives as well,

And departing, leave behind us,

Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples that another,

Wasting time in idle sport,

A forlorn, unmarried brother,

Seeing, shall take heart and court.

What's the matter now, uncle?"

"Matter enough, you rascal! You are

courting the wrong lady. Mary Ann Dobbs is

the one I want you to marry."

"And Sarah Ann Hobbs is the one I want

to marry."

"You want to get me into a passion—that's

what you want. But you won't do it. No;

aggravate me as you will, I'll keep my temper,

sir."

And, to prove how perfectly cool and collected

he was, Christopher Bangs, Esq., kicked

the footstool across the room, and then, resuming

his seat, glared at his nephew in a manner

that would have been absolutely horrifying to a

person with weak nerves, or unaccustomed to

this amiable individual's pleasant method of

expressing his feelings when things didn't suit him.

"How anybody could see anything to admire

in that insignificant, doll-faced Sarah Ann

Hobbs, is beyond my comprehension."

"And how anybody can see anything attractive

in that bold brazen-faced Mary Ann Dobbs, is an equal mystery to me."

"Mary Ann Dobbs is worth fifty thousand

dollars in her own right."

"And Sarah Ann Hobbs is worth a fortune

in herself!"

"Oh, very well, very well, young man?—

Go on, go on! Marry your 'fortune in herself,'

by all means, and then see what comes of it.

Ah, now I understand! Your old uncle

isn't quite so blind but that he can see what's

placed directly before his nose. Now that I've

made my will, you are very independent. But

you forget that he can be altered very easily.—

And I'll do it; yes, as sure as I see you again

whispering soft nonsense into the ear of that

deceitful mix, Sarah Ann Hobbs, I'll cut you

off with a shilling. But the day that sees Mary

Ann Dobbs your wife, I'll settle Grassmoss on

you, that you admire so much, together with

enough to keep it up in good style. So there

are two paths before you, and you can take

which you choose."

Philip Bangs made no reply to this, but there

was a look of quiet determination on his face,

as he walked out of his uncle's room, very different

from its usual expression of careless good nature.

One morning, a few days after the above conversation,

Mr. Bangs sat at his solitary breakfast

table, looking over his mail with a dissatisfied

air, for he missed his nephew, who usually

enlivened that meal with his cheerful good humor.

"Where is Mr. Philip?" he inquired of the

servant, who brought in some fresh rolls.

"Don't know, sir. He had his breakfast

more'n an hour ago."

"Humph! I wonder what's up now," muttered

the old man, as he broke the seal of the

only letter that came.

It was from his sister-in-law, Philip's mother,

who was on a visit to New York, announcing

her speedy return.

Near the close was the following paragraph:

"I was glad to hear of the arrival of Miss

Hobbs, and her cousin, Miss Dobbs. Miss

Hobbs is quite an heiress. She is called very

odd. I am told that she frequently introduces

her cousin as the heiress, for the purpose of

testing, I suppose, the disinterestedness of her

numerous suitors."

Mr. Bangs sprang to his feet, treading on the

tail of Ponto who was lying under the table,

and who set up a dismal howl, and upset the

cream jug into his own bosom, all at once and

the same time.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, "it isn't

Dobbs but Hobbs!"

He rang the bell furiously. And then, without

giving the servant time to answer it, he

posted off to his nephew's room.

There was no one there but James, who was

engaged in packing a trunk, and whose face

had a frightened look, as he caught a glimpse

of the excited old man.

"Where's your master?"

He's gone to town, sir," replied James, dropping

in his trepidation, the coat he was fold-

ing.

"Gone to town, hey?" repeated Mr. Bangs,

looking suspiciously around the room. "Did

he go alone?"

"I believe not," was the stammering

reply. "That is, he—"

"He, he? I'll be, he? you rascal, if you

don't answer my question!" thundered

Mr. Bangs, who was now in one of his tower-

ing rages. "Tell me this instant who went

with him?"

"Really, sir, 'pon my word, I don't remember

the young lady's name. It was Hobbs or

Dobbs."

"Hobbs or Dobbs!" repeated Mr. Bangs.

"Ha! what's that?" he asked, as his eye

fell upon a letter directed to "Christopher

Bangs, Esq."

"Please, sir," said James, with a deprecating

air, "Mr. Philip said I wasn't to give it to

you until evening."

Seizing it, Mr. Bangs tore it open. It contained

only these words:

"DEAR UNCLE: I have gone to town to get

married. Your dutiful nephew,

"PHILIP BANGS."

Mr. Bangs turned the letter over and over in

his hand. The perspiration started out upon

his face.

"Gone to be married!" he repeated in dismay;

"and not a word to tell whether it is

Hobbs or Dobbs. Bring the carriage to the

door instantly!"

This was done with all possible dispatch,

though Mr. Bangs roared so that every one

engaged in executing his order "was as

slow as a snail," and that he would discharge

every living rascal of 'em.

Into the carriage Mr. Bangs scrambled, and

off to town he posted, beguiling the tediousness

of the way by alternately swearing at the coach-

man for not driving faster, and re-reading his

nephew's letter, for the purpose of getting some

satisfactory answer to the query that was up-

permost in his mind, whether it was Hobbs or

Dobbs.

The carriage was stopped at the door of Rev.