

The Carleton Sentinel

General News.

FREDERICTON, August 28, 1868.

By direction of the Lieutenant Governor, the following Sections of Chapter 42 of the Statutes of Canada, 1867, are published for general information.

"12. No person shall sell, barter, exchange or give to any Indian man, woman or child in Canada, any kind of spirituous liquors, in any manner or form, or cause or procure the same to be done for any purpose whatsoever; and if any person so sells, barter, exchange or gives any such spirituous liquors to any Indian man, woman or child as aforesaid, or causes the same to be done, he shall on conviction thereof, before any Justice of the Peace upon the evidence of one credible witness, other than the informer or prosecutor, be fined not exceeding twenty dollars for each such offence, one moiety to go to the informer or prosecutor, and the other moiety to Her Majesty to form part of the fund for the benefit of the tribe, band or body of Indians with respect to one or more members of which the offence was committed; but no such penalty shall be incurred by furnishing to any Indian in case of sickness, any spirituous liquors, either by a medical man or under the direction of a medical man or clergyman."

"13. No pawn taken of any Indian for any spirituous liquors shall be received by the person to whom such pawn is delivered, but the thing so pawned may be used and recovered, with costs of suit, by the Indian who has deposited the same, before any Court of competent jurisdiction."

A MAD WOLF.—A most fearful and appalling circumstance transpired at Fort Larned, Kansas, on the 24th inst. The story, as told by the children of a ladies' and gentlemen were sitting in front of the quarters of Col. Ed. Wynkoop, as brave, gallant, and courteous a gentleman as West can boast, and who is now Indian Superintendent or Agent of several warlike tribes, the entire party almost involuntarily commented a beautiful song.

While the melody was ringing in the night air, a monstrous, shaggy, and rabid wolf dashed madly in the midst of the party, first attacking Lieut. Thompson, and then, in a moment, he was tearing at his limbs in a most frightful manner.

The monster then broke away, pursued by Col. Wynkoop, and his chief scout, and after some time, he was shot and killed. The monster was a large, shaggy, and rabid wolf, and was the cause of much alarm and excitement.

MURDERERS CAN BE HIRED FOR TWO CENTS IN NAPLES. Two cargoes of Grand Laks have recently arrived at the port of the Calais Gas Light Co. This coal is said to be particularly adapted to the production of gas.

The commercial failure of Mr. Bartlett Lingley, a very extensive manufacturer and shipper of lumber, has caused a considerable depression in commercial circles and will entail heavy losses on several New Brunswick firms, as well as a number of small losses on persons who have advanced loans to him.

The London Times last year cleared \$500,000. Murderers can be hired for two cents in Naples. Two cargoes of Grand Laks have recently arrived at the port of the Calais Gas Light Co.

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JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—1023

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

Our Queen and Constitution.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XX.—NO. 36.

Business Cards.

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 2, 1868—27.

CARRIAGE FACTORY.

SAMUEL T. BAKER,

CONNELL STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

WAGGONS AND SLEIGHS of every description

made to order at the shortest notice, and on low terms.

PAINTING done in the best style by J. W. Boyer.

REPAIRING done with neatness and despatch.

Second growth Ash wanted.

Shop in rear of "Cable House."

Woodstock, April 12, 1868—16

W. P. DONNELL,

—IMPORTER OF—

French Brandy, Pure Wines, Hollands

Geneva, English Ale and Irish Porter.

Tobacco, Segars, &c.

Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.

43-17

Mr. E. BAKER, Jr.,

CARRIAGE & SLEIGH MAKER,

SOUTH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.

SHOP next door to Doak's Blacksmith Shop. Re-

pairing done with neatness and promptness.

Good Hardwood Lumber taken in exchange for

work. Woodstock, Dec 10, 1867—40

PATRICK GILLIN,

—Importer and dealer in—

Wines & Liquors of various brands,

Carefully Selected.

GROCERIES, ALE, PORTER, &c.,

Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

JOSEPH HORNCastle,

SURVYOR 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. MUNROE'S

Market for all kinds of

VALUABLE JUNK AND TRUNKS:

65 PRINCE 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. MUNROE,

65 Prince Street, St. John, N. B.

Manufacturer's Depot for Ladies and Gents Trunks

of every grade.

Saville Trunks, Ladies Dress Trunks, Jenny Lind

Trunks, Imitation Trunks, California

Trunks, Packing Trunks,

EVERY VARIETY OF TRUNKS.

Call and see for yourselves at

JOHN J. MUNROE'S,

sept 21—40 65 Prince Street, St. John, N. B.

ROWE & SHERMAN,

Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,

Fredericton, N. B.

WE would respectfully inform the public generally

that we have prepared to attend to all branches

of the Shipping & Commission Business.

Having in process of erection a spacious wharf,

he completed by the time that navigation opens,

we are confident in saying that our facilities for

Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber, can-

not be surpassed in the Province.

Consignments collected.

ZEVLON ROWE,

L. W. SHERMAN.

Fton, N. B., Mar. 6 1867

EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

Immediately on the running of the Steamers, this

Company will have faithful messengers and mules 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. VANWART,

Agent Woodstock.

Woodstock, May 1, 1868.

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers,

(CRYSTAL BLOCK).

283, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

J. H. BOTTRELL.

E. H. BOTTRELL.

Hudson Bay Furs, Snowshoes, Moccasins, Indian

Curiosities, Wholesale and Retail.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

PORTLAND, Me.,

N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

HAS constantly for sale and makes to order articles

of Ladies Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Head

Dresses, Gaps Curled and Plain, Frizzles, Ringlets,

Braids, Switches, Waterfalls, Curled and Plain, &c.

Also, Gentlemen's Wigs and Sideburns.

Hair Cutting and the various branches of his pro-

fession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satis-

faction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it

made up in any style, on moderate terms.

at July 27, 1867—41-31

E. D. WATTS,

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY 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.

Poetry.

THE HARVEST.

BY E. H. COX.

Brown o'er the wide, extended fields
The heavy harvest waves;
His treasure to the reaper yields
You may be the ponderous sheaves.

The peasant plies his utmost skill,
The mighty boon to gain,
And labours with a double will
To save the loaded grain.

The gleaners pick the straggling corn
The hungry house to feed;
The farmer's spare them all they get.
Impell'd by utmost need.

So shall the infant sav'd from want,
The fostering hand caress;
So shall the mother, while she smiles,
Your generous pity bless.

The loaded stack and precious barn
Receive the grateful store;
The blessing of the coming year,
The riches of the sower.

Now grateful for the bounty given,
Let constant thanks arise.
For every bliss that falls from Heaven—
Each hope beyond the skies.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

I stand on the shores of the swift, blue water,
And watch the winds and the waves at play
And still as I watch, the waves for ever
Slip from my gaze and glide away.

Stop, soft wind, and stand, fair river,
And leave me never, thou perfect day.
And still as I ask, the hours forever
Slip from my grasp and glide away.

The waves go by till my eyes are weary,
They will not tarry nor turn again;
'Life, new life,' is their chorus cheery,
'That strange new life in the vast blue main.'

My days go by till I stand despairing,
For those were evil and these were vain:
Yet hope, my heart, for the time is nearing
When I may try my life again.

Select Tale.

UNCLE BUNCE.

within me did not instantly turn sour, as it had done in Uncle Bunce's dairy, with the sad effect I have described. He had gone straight to Charley upon the information received, and said: "Did you go down to Epsom Downs, sir, and bet fifty pounds to ten pounds against a racehorse? Answer me, 'Yes,' or 'No.'"

And Charley—for the boy could not have told a lie if he had tried—had answered: "Yes, Uncle"; and there the matter had ended.

So, now, being well convinced that Uncle Bunce was as inflexible as the iron in which we dealt, in his resolve to make no further inquiry into the matter, I determined to make it myself for both their sakes. I was not very hopeful as to the result of the investigation, but still I thought there might be some mitigating circumstances—for the fact as it stood looked blacker, it seemed to me, than it ought to, from what I knew of the young fellow. He was not the sort of lad to leave his duties (he was a clerk in a government office) for a scene which he knew was especially distasteful to his uncle and guardian, and there risk upon a single even-

ing that was equal to a third of his whole income. Uncle Bunce and I, it was true, perilled a great deal more than that proportion of our property in "operations" in iron, but that was all in the way of business, and it was upon business habits that the old gentleman prided himself, and for which he looked, first of all, in others. That Charley should have shirked his work at the Sword and Gun Office for a day's pleasure was a sin of itself almost inexplicable in his uncle's eyes; but that he should have spent that day on a racecourse, and there betted fifty pounds—the more I looked at the whole matter, in fact, the worse it appeared for my young friend and client, the less did I wonder at the lines upon Uncle Bunce's forehead as he sat in his cucumber chair, but by no means as cool as a cucumber, and snapped the clerks up so sharp that they trembled to approach his den.

When he left the office for the day, as he was accustomed to do an hour or so before me, his junior, I did venture to remark: "Come, Bunce, you will at least not be in a hurry about this matter of poor Charley; perhaps it may have to tell you something about it to-morrow which may cause you to think differently of him."

"You mean well, Coe," I said, "and I thank you," said he, gravely. "But I shall see my lawyer to-night, and give him such instructions as will, at all events, prevent my property falling, after I should have to alter your will."

"Mind your own business, sir, and leave me to manage mine," was the prompt and severe rejoinder.

"Your business is mine, Nicholas," continued I, quietly; "since we are partners. We have been friends, boy and man, for these forty years, and I am not going to permit you to quarrel with me."

"Who wants to quarrel?" said Uncle Bunce, peevishly.

"Well I don't; but I would rather even that should happen, than that my old friend should do himself such an injustice as to condemn a young fellow, who has no other relation in the world, unheard: your own sister's son, George! I am ashamed of you!"

"Unheard? Paek of nonsense," spluttered the old fellow. "The thing's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Thank you," said I. "However, you may say as offensive things as you please about my nose, only don't be unjust to Charley."

"I am not unjust. The facts are these. I had adopted that boy, and meant to treat him as my own son. He has disgraced himself by betting on a public racecourse: a son he had no honest means of paying if he lost,—a gambler, and a cheat, that's what he's proved himself, and I'll have nothing more to do with him."

"You had better inquire into the matter a little further, Mr. Bunce," said I, with some distinctness of manner; for I liked Charley upon his own account, as well as because he was the only relative of my friend and partner, one of the most sound-headed and grossly prejudiced men within a mile of the Royal Exchange.

"There is nothing to be inquired about, Mr. Coe. Even if my late nephew" (it was just like him to use the phrase; just like his "infernal obstinacy," I say)—"yes, sir, even if my late nephew had had fifty pounds to pay, which I am sure he had not, I would disinherit him for betting it; and even if he didn't bet, he was on the racecourse, and that is a place no nephew of mine should show his face and remain in his heir.—There is a letter from our Vienna correspondent which requires your immediate attention, Mr. Coe." And with that, Uncle Bunce withdrew himself into his office, and slammed the door behind him.

Our firm was Bunce and Coe, and there had been no other member of it, save us two, for five-and-twenty years. We were no relatives (though perhaps not less fast friends upon that account), but I called him Uncle Bunce because Charley did, who, until that unlucky day, had been as great a favorite of his as of mine; and here were the young fellow's prospects blighted, and the old man's affections left without any human trolly-work to cling to, all because some ill-natured busybody, who knew Nicholas Bunce's hatred of the turf, had told him that Charley Thornton had bet fifty pounds to ten against *Palmyra* for the Derby, on Epsom Downs.

I had no greater love for Racing, nor perhaps for Charley, than Nicholas had, but I could make a little more allowance for the follies of youth; and when I found myself crossed, or even disobeyed, all the milk of human kindness

if it's no secret, may I ask what did you give for it a dozen?"

"Fifty pounds. Fifty pounds to ten against *Palmyra*," muttered the old man. Then: "It's all a lie, Coe," cried he suddenly. "How dare you talk to me about the government sending—"

"Mr. Bunce," interrupted I firmly, "I will not endure such language. You may be as brutal and unjust as you please to your own flesh and blood, but you shall not bully me. I am not in the habit of telling lies. The fact is this (if you really wish to hear the fact, and not merely to flatter your own preconceived opinions), Charley Thornton could not have avoided—But stop; first answer me one thing. If Messrs. Bar and Ballion had offered you a holiday on the Derby day, when you were a clerk in their office, upon the condition that you would go and see the race, would you have accepted it, or would you not?"

"Well, I suppose I should," said Uncle Bunce, reluctantly.

"No, you don't; you are sure you would; you'd have gone like a shot. Well, that being granted, you and your nephew are in the same boat. The Government gave a holiday on the Derby day to the clerks in the Sword and Gun Office, upon the condition I have mentioned, and all those who availed themselves of it offered their words to use the opportunity as it was intended to be used. If Charley, having obtained his day's leave, had not gone to Epsom Downs, he would have behaved unlike a gentleman. That's clear I hope."

The Government ought to be ashamed of themselves!" observed Uncle Bunce.

"Very likely; but your nephew is not the Government; and although I hear from the chief of his department a most excellent account of the young fellow, it is not likely he ever will. Thus, you see, to begin with, so far from shirking his duties to go to the Derby, Charley only obeyed orders,—and I have no doubt with great cheerfulness. This is certainly excellent wine."

"Did the Government make him bet fifty pounds to ten pounds against *Palmyra*?" inquired the old gentleman grimly, after a long silence.

"The Government didn't bet the office did," said I, "in this way. There was a Derby sweep got up among the Sword and Gun clerks, as is always the