

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

WHOLE NO.—1029

VOL. XX.—NO. 42.

Professional Cards.
W. J. BILLOCH,
DENTAL SURGEON.
Office:—At the rooms of Dr. Connell, Brick Building,
Queen Street,
Opposite "Cable House."
Woodstock, July 2, 1868.—27.

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office:—In Brick Building, near the Hay Stables.
—Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher.
Has removed his residence, to his new Building, two
doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office:—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door
to the Post Office.
Woodstock, July 2, 1868.—27.

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L. ENGLAND.)
Office and Residence, — GIBSON HOUSE.
D. COLTER has held public appointments in
Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital,
London. Consultation as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868.—3m-jd-7

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, — WOODSTOCK.
Residence:—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-
sontown Road. [22-24]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
1—6m

C. L. RICHARDS,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
1, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
[19]

A FIRST CLASS
HAIR DRESSING,
SHAVING AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON!
NOW OPEN.

THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends
and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed,
and also commencing business in Woodstock; he would
likewise acknowledge such favors, as he is now
equipped with enlarged experience and greatly in-
creased facilities, to attend the various branches of
his business, as Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing,
and Hair Dressing. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style.
Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.
Have carefully examined the new style of
Saloon over the Hon. Charles Connell's Store, Queen
Street. Closed on Sunday.
GEORGE STABLES
is a White Barber.

CABLE HOUSE,
Woodstock, N. B.
THE undersigned having assumed the Proprietor-
ship of the "Cable House," begs to assure his
friends and the travelling public generally, that he is
determined to spare no efforts to maintain the charac-
ter of this house as a first class hotel.
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated.
Terms reasonable. A. H. PARKS.
Woodstock, April 20, 1868.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
ROBERT DONALDSON, Proprietor.
PLEASANTLY and centrally situated on the bank of the river,
immediately at the steamboat landing, and con-
venient to the public offices.
Woodstock, March 25, 1868.—1y-13

GIBSON HOUSE,
OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

WATSON HOUSE.
THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. STE-
PHEN, N. B., is now in complete
running order. The House is new, as
is the furniture and fittings connected
with it, and all the arrangements have been made
with a view to most comfortable and promote the com-
fort of travellers.
The situation is most desirable, close by the Rail-
road Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and over-
looking the "Cable House."
HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE—ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER,
Proprietor.

THIS House is new, pleasantly situated, fur-
nished in a superior manner, and will be kept as a
First-Class Hotel. [24]

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
NEW ARRANGEMENT.
COACH FARE PAID!
IN future the Coach Fare of all Travellers from
the Railway Station and Steamboat Landing in
this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, will be
made their day one day or overnight, will be paid by
the Proprietor.

FARE AT THE HOTEL:
One Day, ————— \$1.00
One Week, ————— \$5.00
PERMANENT.
Per Week, ————— \$3.25 to \$4.50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business street
in the city, and nearly opposite the WATSON. It is
handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate
some fifty persons very comfortably.
D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.
St. John, Nov. 1, 1867.—45-1y

RUSSELL HOUSE,
—OR—
SPARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, Proprietor.
March 16, 1868.—12.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.
N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest
notice for any point.

EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.
Immediately on the running of the Steamers, this
Company will have faithful messengers and sales 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.

Business Cards.

Horses & Carriages!!

THE Subscribers beg to call public attention to their
New and spacious
Livery Stable,
Close by the "WOODSTOCK HOTEL," where they
can furnish a first rate set of harness, and also a
first class horse and carriage, at a moderate price.
This is the Woodstock depot for the Fredericton,
Grand Falls and Horton Stages.
Extras furnished when Required.
A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamers
and Cars, for the convenience of passengers. Persons
wishing a cab, 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 at-
tendance.
Fredericton, July 2, 1868.—27.

Barnum's

EATING HOUSE.

IN GRAND TRUCK DEPOT.

Meals at all hours, Suppers and Collations fur-
nished. Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '68

CARRIAGE FACTORY.

CONNELL STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

WAGGONS AND SLEIGHS of every description
made to order at the shortest notice, and on 1y
terms.
PAINTING done in the best style by J. W. Boyer.
REPAIRING done with skill and neatness and on 1y
second growth Ash wanted.
Shop in rear of "Cable House."
Woodstock, April 12, 1868.—16

TRUNK MANUFACTORY

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

Manufacturer and Wholesale Retail Dealer in

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.

CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.

W. H. KNOWLES.
St. John July 8, 1868.—14-23

PATRICK GILLIN,

Importer and dealer in

Wines & Liquors of various brands,

Carefully Selected.

GROCERIES, ALD, PORTER, &c.,

Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

JOSEPH HORNCASTLE,

SURVEYOR OF LUMBER,

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT.

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

WILLIAM SKILLEN,

COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANT

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

JOHN J. MUNRO'S

Market for all kinds of

VALISES AND TRUNKS!

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

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

EVERY VARIETY OF TRUNKS.

Call and see for yourselves at

JOHN J. MUNRO'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

of the shipping & Commission Business.

Having in process of re-creation a new and im-
proved facility, and by the time that navigation opens,
feel confident in saying that our facilities for
Wharfing and shipping all kinds of Lumber,
cannot be surpassed in the Province.
Consignments solicited.
Fton, N. B., Mar. 8, 1867 ZEBULON ROWE,
J. W. SHERMAN.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers,

(CRYSTAL BLOCK),

283, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

J. H. DOTTRELL. E. H. BETHBELL.

Hudson Bay Furs, Snowshoes, Moccasins, Indian

Carvings, Wholesale and Retail.

HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

LL constantly for sale and makes to order all

styles of Ladies' Unusual Hair, Long Hair, Head

Dresses, Carved and Plain, Earrings, Rings, &c.

Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Suits.
Hair Cutting and the various branches of his pro-
fession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect
satisfaction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it
made up in any style, on moderate terms.
St. John July 12, 1867.—47-31

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 at the
lowest price, and offered very low. The most
careful attention given to orders from the country.
No. 1, King Street.

Poetry.

Anticipations of the Twentieth Century.

Tell John to put the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell Cook to dress those humming birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll be un peu drop dead.

I'll try that wine, too, a la rose,
Just brought from Isphah;
How could those Gods of other times
Endure that vile champagne?

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoiled my new balloon.

For, steering through the Milky Way,
He ran against a star,
And turning round again, so soon
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below
The breakfast table;
If he's so clumsy, he should go
By any way but the Bear.

My steam is surely up by now,
Put the high pressure on;
Give me the "Breath Bag" for the way,
All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone.

Select Tale.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS,

OR HOW WE GOT MARRIED.

"Don't fret, Jennie, lass; you shall have
the ear-rings, and something over for a frilled
tucker, or whatever you may fancy. Come,
take your choice, girl."

Jennie came slowly forward and rested her
hand on her father's shoulder as she glanced
listlessly over the wares which the pedlar spread
before her.

"Humph! it's not the ear-rings nor the
tucker that she's worrying about," observed the
mother, glancing up sharply from her inspection
of a gay chintz. "She's talking on about that
lad, Frank Duncan, who, neighbor Burwell
told us, is to leave the day after to-morrow to
seek his fortune, as he says."

"And I hope he'll find it," said the farmer,
gravely. "He's a good enough lad, and I'd
have nothing to say against him if he'd give
less time to book and more to work, so's to
make money enough for a wife to live on."

"When young Duncan comes back with five hun-
dred dollars in hand, Jennie, I'll think better
of him; but no daughter of mine shall marry a
peevish man."

As the farmer spoke, he was slowly and
carefully untying a well-worn leather wallet,
which he had taken from the drawer of an old-
fashioned bureau with brass handles, which stood
in the corner of the large kitchen. From a
goodly-sized bundle of notes he selected one of
ten dollars, which he handed to the pedlar.

"I've no change," he replied to some re-
marks of his wife. "They're tens and twen-
ties—one hundred and twenty-five dollars in
all," he added, in a tone of satisfaction.

"Jekyle's done a good job," the cattle this
year, and if the crop turns out as well, you
will have something better than that chintz,
Hetty, for Christmas-time, and you, too, Jen-
nie, lass."

The pedlar's small, keen black eye glanced
furtively at the notes as the farmer smoothed
them out upon his knee and replaced them in
his wallet.

"Here's one hundred clear for the bank,"
he observed, as he held the wallet securely with
its red tape string. "I'll take it down to Lo-
ganville, on Thursday. Meantime, Hetty put
it in the little box there."

Mrs. Hallet deposited the wallet carefully in a
tin box and replaced the box in the bureau
drawer, which she locked, hanging the key on a
nail which was driven in the back of the bu-
reau itself.

Jennie, having selected her ear-rings and a
piece of lace for a "tucker," sat down to sew
the latter on the neck of her best blue delaine
dress. There was to be a "tee" that evening,
and a dance after; and though in no dancing
mood she would go, for she knew that Frank
Duncan was to be there, and this would be
their last meeting before he departed to "seek
his fortune" in the city.

Poor girl! it was her first sorrow, and we
all know how hard are such to the young, with
their helplessness, their inexperience, and their
ignorance of life. As she sat on the side of
her little bed sewing the lace on the blue dress,
she looked and felt very sad. Much as she
loved her parents, she could not help thinking
that she could never, never be happy with-
out him. He was so clever, so handsome, so
good—and yet they objected to him because he
was poor! As if she, or Frank either, minded
poverty! Oh, if he had only that five hundred
dollars her father had spoken of! But five
hundred dollars! how in this world could Frank
ever make that enormous sum?

Her mother's voice calling her to supper
aroused her. With courtesy hospitality, the
good dame had added some extra dishes to the
evening's meal, and she looked a little
disappointed at the pedlar's non-appreciation of
the good things set before him. He seemed
absent and restless, and declining the proffered
night's lodging, said he must go right on to Lo-
ganville that night, in order to meet a friend
whom he expected there. So, after joining in
with a fervent "amen" to the host's after-grace,
and thanking them in a pious strain for their
hospitality, he shouldered his pack and resumed
his journey. From the window, Jennie, look-

ing listlessly out, saw his tall form disappear
at a bend of the road about a mile distant, and
dreamily heard her father's remark:

"I don't fancy that stranger. Somehow he
don't look to me like a genuine pedlar—not
sharp enough at bargaining, not interested
enough in his business. And then I noticed
he never looks you right in the eye—always a
bad sign."

"Well," observed his little thrifty wife, "I
can't say as I liked him the less for his easy
bargains. He don't make much profit by 'em,
though, I guess, judging from that old camel
coat of his with its patched elbows and old-
fashioned long tails flapping about his heels
I can remember my grandfather had just such
another. But Jennie, girl, if you going to the
'tee,' it's high time to bestir yourself—
Why, it's nigh six o'clock already."

It was a still, moonlight summer night, as
Jennie Hallet walked lingeringly along the
meadow path, homeward from farmer Burwell's.
Lingeringly—for her hand was clasped in that
of Frank Duncan, and he was talking to her
earnestly, as they passed under the shadow of
the water-willows, or paused for a moment on
the rustic bridge that spanned the meadow
brook.

"I'll do it, Jennie! Here I swear—"

"Oh, Frank, don't swear!"

"No, I promise—yes, here I promise not
to rest, day or night, until I have five hundred
dollars to show to your father."

"But how can you get it, Frank?"

"I don't know yet, but I'll find out a way."

"Only, Jennie dear, I fear it will be a long
time."

"I wish I were rich!" burst forth Duncan
passionately. "I never cared for it before, but
I do now, for your sake—and mine, Jennie.
If I had only one thousand dollars!"

"A thousand dollars, Frank?"

To her idea, he might as well have wished
for the wealth of Mount Christ.

"It is not a large sum, Jennie. Yet five
hundred dollars would purchase that pretty lit-
tle place near the old church that you admire so
much, and with another five hundred to stock
it and begin with! Oh Jennie, only think how
happy a little money could make us!"

"It's no use thinking," said the girl, sadly.
"And Frank you are so given to thinking
and dreaming; that's—she looked up with a
tender, half-smile—"I'm afraid I'll never
see you work hard enough to make even five
hundred!"

"I'll try, Jennie. Never fear for that."

They had now reached the bottom of farmer
Hallet's garden, and here they paused awhile,
exchanging a few last sentences. Then with a
sad lingering adieu, they parted.

It was eleven o'clock. Jennie heard the
old kitchen clock strike as she passed slowly
up the garden walk. She paused at the gate
and looked back toward the meadow with a
strange yearning and desolation at her heart.

He was gone, and the world seemed very
dreary to her. She feared it would never be
bright again. So the young always think in
their first disappointment.

Turning at length to open the gate, her foot
struck upon something soft and yielding. She
looked down and saw some dark object on the
ground, nearly hidden beneath the low lilac
bushes. Taking it up, she saw that it was a
coat—her father's! she fancied and with a
momentary wonder at how it should have come
there, she went slowly in the house, bearing
the garment with her. As she stole up stairs
to her own little room, she fancied she heard a
slight sound below, in the kitchen adjoining
her parent's bedroom. She heard it again as
she was retiring, and then a step on the
little back porch; and as she looked out of her
window, fancied that she saw a figure dis-
appear through the garden gate. She wondered
what it could be. Was it some one looking for
that coat? And turning to where she had me-
chanically dropped it on a chair, she examined it
by the candle light. It was not her father's.
It was a patched and faded long-skirted coat,
let out—the coat which she had seen worn
by the pedlar that evening.

"He will come back for it perhaps," thought
the girl; and she hung it carefully on a nail
in the upper entry closet.

But the pedlar never came back for the lost
garment. And it was understood why, when,
on Thursday, Farmer Hallet opening the
bureau to take out his hundred dollars for
deposit in the Loganville bank, found the tin
box and wallet safe but the money all gone.

Search was made for the pedlar, but in vain.
No one had seen a person at all answering his
description, unless it had passed hurriedly through
Loganville on a journey to the west, as mis-
sionary to the Indians; and to suspect him
would be a shame!

Yet some time after, neighbor Burwell read-
ing in the city paper a description of a noted
burglar who had broken out of prison and for
some weeks past baffled the detectives, remark-
ed that he and the pedlar must be either the
same or twin brothers, so exactly did the de-
scription tally with the appearance of the
pedlar.

"Jennie," said she, "I wish you would
take that old scarecrow away from here. I
cannot abide the sight of it."

"What shall I do with it mother?"

"Whatever you like. It's your's! I sup-
pose; as you found it, no body will ever claim
it."

"It's too good to throw away," said Jennie.
Suppose that I take the long skirts and make
a petticoat for old Peggy Burns? It is lined

with woollen, and will make her a warm garment
for winter."

So Jenny took the coat to her room, and sat
down in the October sunshine to rip up and
re-fashion the garment.

She thought of Frank—he was always think-
ing of him now—and wondered whether he
would ever make the five hundred dollars!—
how it ran in her head always.

"Rip! rip!" Something opposed the pro-
gress of the scissors in the thick wadding of the
old coat. Tearing open she drew out what
looked like a soiled greenish rag. It was
paper, however, and as she unfolded it she saw
to her surprise, that it was a bank-bill—a fifty
dollar bill! Another and another followed.
Through all the body of the old garment were
carefully pasted the precious bits of paper;
and Jennie Hallet, sitting in her little room,
counted them all out upon her lap—
fifteen hundred dollars!

She kept her secret—at least from her
family. But some days after, she rode into
Loganville on horseback, alone, as she was
accustomed to; and at the express office she de-
posited a little package addressed to "Francis
Duncan, Esq." And by return mail came
an anonymous letter to farmer Hallet, enclos-
ing one hundred dollars, to replace the money
unlawfully taken from him, which incident
set all the neighbors discussing upon the power
of conscience. And before Christmas, Frank
Duncan himself made his appearance, and
boldly asked farmer Hallet for the hand of his
daughter Jennie; mentioning, in answer to her
father's inquiries, that he had "more than five
hundred dollars in hand." And the next thing
was that Mr. Duncan purchased the pretty place
by the old church, and thither in
the spring took his young bride, where they
were as happy as new married people gener-
ally are.

Jennie said that she and Frank had only
"borrowed" the money, and that it should