POOR COPY

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor. | Our Queen and Constitution. | JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor

VOL. XXI.—NO. 44. | WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869. | WHOLE NO.—1085

Professional Cards.

DOCTOR SMITH
Has Removed his Drug Shop to
QUINN'S NEW BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
Two doors South of B. Lynch's New Store,
WHERE his stock of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, HORSE MEDICINES, STATIONERY, BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS, will be found equal in quality and as low in price as any in the market.
Woodstock, Feb 5, 1869

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

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
Has removed his residence, to his new Building, two doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
OFFICE—In Quinn's New Building, Main Street.
Woodstock, April 29 1865.

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

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, - - WOODSTOCK.
RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksontown Road. [22-tf.]

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

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY,
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE—In Allen's Brick Building, (up stairs).
WOODSTOCK, N. B
[43]

W. A. BALLOCH,
DENTAL SURGEON!
OFFICE:—At the rooms of Dr. Connell, Brick Building,
Queen Street,
Opposite "Cable House."
Woodstock, July 2, 1868.—27.

QUEEN HOTEL.
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.,
OPENED JUNE, 1869.
JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Proprietor.
THIS House is new, the largest in the Province, pleasantly situated near the Steamboat Wharf furnished in a superior style, and will be kept as a
First Class Hotel.
Fredericton, June 16 1869.

Home Division, No. 206, S. of T.,
Meets every Saturday Evening,
IN BEVERIDGE'S HALL,
Tobique, Victoria County.
—25

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

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

RUSSELL HOUSE,
—ON—
SPARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, *Proprietor.*
March 18, 1868—13.

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

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.

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 fit out, 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 cab for the Steamer or Cars leaving in the morning, should leave their orders at the office, the evening previous.
GLIDDEN & GILLMAN.
Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868—35.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry!
THE subscriber has for sale a large and varied Stock, consisting of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
SILVER & PLATED WARE,
FANCY GOODS, &C.
Particular attention given to **Watch Repairing**; and all work warranted.
JOHN BABBITT,
1 door below Thomas' Dry Good Store, Queen Street.
Fredericton, July 1, 1869—6m-27

W. H. OLIVE,
General Insurance, Custom House, Forwarding, and COMMISSION AGENT,
Office--No 82 Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.
Hon. A. M'L. Seely. Messrs. Jardine & Co.,
Hon. Thos. R. Jones. Messrs. Daniel & Boyd
Messrs. I. & F. Burpee & Co. W. O. Smith, Esq.

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

Business Cards.

CABLE HOUSE,
Woodstock, N. B.
WE, the undersigned, having this day entered into a Co-partnership under the style and name of HARRISON & CAMPBELL, have bought from Mr. A. H. Parks his interest in the above named establishment, and intend running it in as good style as heretofore. We will spare no pains to make the public comfortable.
The House is centrally situated on the Main Street, immediately in front of the Steamboat Landing, and and will be open for Travellers at all hours, day and night.
In connection with the House is a **First-Class LIVERY STABLE,** where horses can be procured at shortest notice and on liberal terms.
Extras furnished for all parts of the Province.
W. H. HARRISON,
COLIN CAMPBELL.
Woodstock, Oct 4, 1869—tf-41

JAMES SIMMONDS,
AT HIS SHOP,
Corner of Main & Queen Streets,
Attends to the several branches of the
TONSORIAL ART.
Shaving, Shampooing, Hair Dressing, &c.,
DONE IN THE BEST STYLE.
Ayer's Hair Vigor for sale.
Woodstock, Sep 25, 1869—38

Summer Arrangement.
Clark & Davis' Express,
WILL, until further notice, leave Richmond and Woodstock Stations every TUESDAY at 7 p. m.
Leaves Boston every Monday Wednesday and Friday morning at 7½ o'clock.
Leaves Railroad Wharf, Portland, every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 5 o'clock, p. m.
☞ Money and Freight of every description forwarded with despatch and promptly delivered.
Principal Offices:
57 Kilby Street, corner Water.....Boston
Eastern Express Company.....Portland
Gould's Block.....Houlton
Legal Referee—S. B. Appleby.
G. W. VANWART & CO., Agents.
Woodstock, June 5, 1869

Woodstock Marble Works
THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of HARVEY & ALMOND, will in future be conducted in this place by the subscriber, as an
IMPORTER OF MARBLE,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,
GRAVE STONES, &C.,
Centre, Pier Tables & Mantles,
FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Place of business,—
MAIN STREET,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
☞ Orders filled at the shortest notice and cheapest possible rates. Patronage respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
B. W. HARVEY.
Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34.

C. L. RICHARDS,
WHOLESALE IMPORTER OF
Teas, Tobacco, and other Staples,
ROBERTSON PLACE,
Near North Wharf.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Mr. Richards gives special attention to the importation of Teas and Tobaccos, and his numerous patrons may rely upon finding in his Warehouse at all times the greatest variety and largest stock of the above Goods in the Province. In order to insure frequent and large sales upon which he relies, prices will be decidely low. st john may 12.

S. E. BAKER'S
Coach and Sleigh Factory,
QUEEN STREET,
Between the Gibson House and R. Caldwell's Hotel.
ALL orders for Carriages, Sleighs, Blacksmithing, Woodwork, Repairing, Painting, Trimming, &c., promptly attended to.
S. E. BAKER.
N. B.—Sleighs manufactured from Hickory and Oak. Persons intending to buy will do well to call and examine style, enquire price, &c.
S. E. B.
Woodstock, Nov. 6. 1868.

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, Craps Curled and Plain, Frizettes, Ringlets, Braid, Switches, Waterfalls, 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, on moderate terms.
st john july 27, 1867—tf 31

49. **FIRST PRIZE** 49.
For Domestic Manuactvre of
TRUNKS, VALICES, CARPET BAGS, ETC, ETC.,
AWARDED TO
W. H. Knowles. 49 Germain street
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Ladies' and Gents Trunks, Saratoga, Eugenie, California and Sole leather Trunks. Common Dress and Children's Trunks.
Together with Ladies' Bonnet Trunks, valices of all kinds, pelicer Bags, Carpet Bags, letter carriers, hat boxes &c.
Zinc Trunks, and all kinds of Trunks, Valices Carpet bags, Canvass Covering, &c. made to order, and Repairs neatly done.
Union Trunk Depot, St. John, N. B.

Fire and Life Insurance Agency
THE Subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the upper St. John of the
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co
of Edinburgh and London.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 stg
Invested Funds, 1864, £2,304,512, 7s., 10.
AND OF THE
Standard Life Assurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1825.
Accumulated and Invested Funds over £3,500,000.
These Companies are of the most reliable class in Great Britain, and do business on the most reasonable terms, consistent with safety to the insured. As such, I can confidently recommend them to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive application from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.
JAMES GROVER.
Woodstock, Au 1866.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
E. CRAM & CO., Proprietors.
WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB

Hallett, Davis & Co's., Pianoforte Factory.
CONSTANTLY on hand at his PIANOFORTE WAREROOMS, No. 5 Sheffield House, Market Square, an assortment of the above celebrated make of
Pianofortes,
which are universally acknowledged the best PIANOFORTES manufactured by the first Musical Talent of Boston and elsewhere.
☞ An inspection respectfully solicited.
st john aug. 31 A. LAURILLIARD,

IMPROVED
Threshing Machines!
AT
SMALL & FISHER BRO.'S.

Valuable Family Medicine.
PENDLETON'S
Vegetable Panacea.
This valuable preparation has already been extensively circulated, and wherever it has been used it has met with entire approbation, and been enstalled as the Family Medicine. None should be without it, for so sure and speedy a relief as it affords in all cases of violent pains, cramps, colic, coughs and colds, cannot elsewhere be found. Especially as a cure for
Rheumatism
it has proved, when faithfully applied, intallible. Being purely vegetable, no deleterious effects need be feared. Try it, for a single bottle will do more to establish its character than a hundred testmonials; but if any doubt its value, certificates from many prominent citizens of St. John and other towns may be seen in the manufacture's possession who will gladly exhibit them. Retail price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by E. W. Pendleton, General Agent and Manufacturer for the Provinces, Portland, St John N. B., by Druggists generally and at village stores.
H E Mavo, Travelling Agent may21

Fire Insurance Companies.
Capital and Cash Assets, - - $17,000,000
Deposited at Ottawa, - - - - 400,000
ROBERT MARSHALL,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

"IMPERIAL," of London,	Established 1803.
"HOME," of New Haven,	Established 1859.
"ÆTNA," of Hartford,	Established 1819.
"HARTFORD," of Hartford,	Established 1810.

Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid. Dwelling Houses Insured on specially favorable terms.
JOHN T. ALLAN, Agent.
Woodstock, July, 1869,

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, since commencing business in Woodstrck; 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 Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair Dyeing. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style. Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.
☞ Razors carefully set.
Shop on Corner Main and King Streets.
GEORGE STAPLES
49 is a White Barber.

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 new prepared, with enlarged experience and greatly increased facilities to attend to the various branches of his business, as a Surveyor of Lumber.
Parties entrusting Lumber, &c., to his care may rely upon his best attention being given to further their interests. He will also receive and make advances on *LUMBER* at SPRING HILL, when desired.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
18—lypd Indian Town, St. John.

GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR
The best remedy in use for the following complaints:

Rheumatism,	Neuralgia,	Spinal Complaints
Felon or Whitlow,	Abscess,	Broken Breasts,
Sores,	Erysipelas,	Salt Rheum,
Wounds	Bruises,	Sprains,
Burns	Scalds,	Frost Bites,
Hives,	Diptheria,	Influenza,
Asthma or Phthsic,	Coughs, Pain in the Ches or Back	
Colds,	Earache,	&c. &c.

It quickly and effectually reduces INFLAMATION and eradicates PAIN and HUMOR.
It is equally efficacious on Horses and Cattle.
PREPARED BY T. GRAHAM & SON.,
St. John, N. B.
☞ PRICE 25 cents. Sold by Druggists generally.

ÆTNA
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF
HARTFORD, CONN.
ENTIRELY MUTUAL.
Entire Profit divided among Share Holders

Assets, Jan. 1, 1869.....	$10,350,512.93
Income, " "	6,000,227.21
Surplus above all Liabilities,	2,675,992.48

All Policies strictly Non-Forfeitable.
1008 Policies issued in Canada in 1868, being more than double the amount issued by any other Company.
TAKING into consideration the rates per cent. of losses and expenses to receipts, care in selection Lives, economy in management, amount of business, the ratio of assets to liabilities and ability to make and pay future dividens to the insured, the
Ætna is surpassed by no Company
Already paid to Widows and Orphans, in Canada, nearly $100,000.
$100,000 Gold Deposited at Ottawa.
HEAD OFFICES AT ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.
Every information will be given by applying to
WM. M. CONNELL, Esq.,
Local Agent at Woodstock.
HUTCHINGS BROTHERS,
General Agents for N. B. and N. S.
June 23, 1869—26.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS
AND
CARPETS
CHEAP, AT H. HAY'S.
Woodstock, Jan. 22, 1869.—tf-4.

See Here! See Here!!
THE SUBSCRIBER having had a long experience in the business, has opened a
TIN SHOP,
Where he will be pleased to see and supply customers.
Having on hand at all times, all kinds of work in
TIN AND SHEET IRON,
He cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Poetry.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean, sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the mighty billows; laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors, anchored yet, within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them, as they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley, as the multitudes go by;—
You can chant, in happy measure, as they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song.

If you cannot, in the conflict, prove yourself a warrior true;
If, when fire and smoke are thickest, there's no work for you to do;—
When the battle-field is silent, you can go—with gentle tread,
You can bear away the wounded, you can cover up the dead.

If you cannot, in the harvest, garner up the richest sheaves;
Many a grain, both ripe and golden, which the careless reaper leaves,
You can glean among the briers, growing rank against the wall,
And—it may be—that the shadows hide the heaviest wheat of all.

If you have not gold and silver ever ready at command,
If you cannot, toward the needy, reach an ever helping hand,
You can visit the afflicted; o'er the erring you can weep;—
You can be a true disciple—sitting at the Saviour's feet.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting for some noble work to do:
For your Heavenly Father's glory—ever ready, ever true,
Go and toil in any vineyard—work, in patience and in prayer:—
If you want a field of labor, you can find it anywhere.

Select Tale.

MARY MOORE.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY.

All my life I had known Mary Moore; and all my life I had loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates, and first cousins. My first recollections are of a boy in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. The boy was myself—Harry Church; that baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the old school-house, drawing my little chaise up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name; sweetly her blue eyes looked at me; how gaily rang out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips. I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb upon my knee, and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in grey hairs, I am following the music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This to me was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things after all.

I left college in all the flush of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore it was to imagine how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful mental attainments; and never thinking she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust that I may be believed when I say that self conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding-school at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered a sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate and then called myself a "man" again.

In a year, I thought as the vehicle whirled away from our door—in a year, or three years at the most—I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps, I may marry her.

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport, but as for loving me, I should perhaps have found myself mistaken. India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in nature, and had made me a better man. When at the end of

themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I picked up many a token from the land of romance and gold for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I had selected with beating heart; it was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and her's engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that wears it. But not to me—how much was embodied there—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

Tall, bearded, and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor window, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company was assembled here. I hoped that sister Lizzie would come to the door, that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking carelessly on.

But no, a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long-absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this ran through my mind as I heard the sound from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before making myself known, or asking for any of the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me; from behind the servant peered out a golden head, a tiny delicate form, a sweet childish face with blue eyes so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty? I asked while the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

She lifted up her hands to shade her face. I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice:

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester my boyish rival who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last and had won her away from me. This was the child—his and Mary's

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor and called my sister out to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely. I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying.

"Did you wish to see my father sir?

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment and then stilling the tempest of my heart, by a mighty effort I opened my arms and said.

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast, and wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush, and a cry of joy and then my father and mother sprang toward me, and welcomed me home with heart-felt tears. Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn traveller. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost; and although another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in the dear sanctuary of home.

There were four other inmates of the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child I had already seen, and who stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor. When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home my boy!" he said, with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter about that, your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away; but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart which changes him. He is my boy still."

"Aye, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart, and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked into his handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes— thank you for the compliment,' he answered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife? Could I hear that name and keep

is no such other in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered

"Hallo?" cried Frank, with a suddeness which made me start violently, "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and her used to be playmates in your younger days yes, Harry," and he slapped me on the back—"for the sake of old times, and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you lieve to kiss her once, but mind old fellow you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come, here she is for I want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing towards me. A gleam of light and hope almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought, "Not Mary."

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said; even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent; I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore!" I said in a low, eager tone, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned, and laid her hand in mine, and said hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words, and yet how blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up that moment for an Emperor's crown. For there was the happy group and dear home fire-side, with sweet Mary Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of day and night were falling beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy is fast turning grey. I am now grown to be an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a light furrow upon it is still the Mary of other days To me she can never grow old or changed. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Not even then, for love still lives above.

THE CLOVE.—This tree, singular as it may seem, belongs to the same family as the pomegranite and guava; the trunk of a full grown one is from eight to twelve inches, and sometimes much more, in circumference. The highest branches are usually from forty to fifty feet above the ground, but there are many trees not higher than a cherry tree, and laden all over with fruit. It commences bearing in its seventh or eighth year, but remains fertile seventy-five to one hundred and fifty years. The clove is the bud, and appears in clusters at the end of the branches. When the buds are young they are almost white; but this changes gradually into a grey, and then into a bright red, which is the signal of plucking and gathering them. This is done by hands, or by bamboo canes, while mats are spread on the ground around the tree, on which the buds fall down. They are dried in the sun, and thus are marketable at once. The drying changes the red color into brown, under which they are known to us. There are two crops every year—one in June and one in December. The whole crop of the islands of Ambonia, Haruen, Saparau and Fusaut, the only islands where the clove tree is under cultivation, amounts to three hundred and fifty thousand Dutch pounds on an average. The annual production of a good tree amounts to four and a half pounds. Besides the bud, and leaves, the bark and the new branch are also possessed of a peculiar aroma.

FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Oh! we can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers which spring up in our pathway reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize her children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more than beauty; and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY.—It is among the commonest of human experiences that "our own way," which, with more or less energy, we all desire, proves when gained, to be but a painful, thorny way—a way plentifully strewn with sharp stones, and leading to quite other issues than such as we anticipated when, in spite of dumb opposition from facts, we entered so eagerly upon it, mainly because it was "our own way." In truth we see clearly the beginning of the pathway; but the end whither it conducts us is hidden. There comes a turn in the road, and, behold! we are no longer in "our own way," but in some far different way, which nathless we must follow to the end.

A GOOD SHOT (AMERICAN).—"That's a good gun of yours, stranger, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it."—"Ah! how far will it kill a hawk with No. 6 shot?"—"I don't use shot or ball either," answered Uncle Dave."—"Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?"—"I shoot salt altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun that without salt the game would spile before I could get it."

☞ "Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor within ear shot of a witty young lady of the

Items Foreign & Local.

"Going it blind" is the name of a game recently played at a religious fair in the west. A fowl is suspended to a rope attached between two posts, ten or twelve feet apart, and at a height a little over a man's head. The competitors are blindfolded at a short distance from the fowl, and after being turned around several times are alowed to go one at a time, sword in hand, in the direction they think the prize is suspended, to cut it down if they can. Not one in a hundred went anywhere near the fowl.

The Toronto *Globe* says that Mr. Fleming has directed a portion of the Intercolonial advertised for contract to be raised three feet because of the rising water during the late gale, in Nova Scotia.

The various temperance societies of the United States are said to have a total membership of 2,400,000. Of these the Father Mathew Societies have the largest number—800,000—and the Good Samaritans and Good Templars each number about half a million members. The Sons of Temperance number about 400,000, and the Church Temperance Societies about the same number, Temple of Honor, 300,000, and the Cadets of Temperance about 200,000.

Messrs. Duff and Thomson have been retained on behalf of those who contend that they have been illegally called upon to pay stock into the Western Extension Railway Company, St. John.

G. F. Hill, Esq., has been appointed official Assignee under the Bankruptcy Act by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Stephen.

Mrs. Dickson, of Toronto, a lady moving in the best circles in that city, was poisoned the other day by taking an overdose of morphine.

Lucy Stone wants to argue that a woman should not be made a soldier when she votes, simply because she "perils her life when a soldier is born." That is a risk Lucy never run.

A Cincinnati bookseller saved a stranger from bankruptcy some forty years ago by a small loan, and now appears as legator of some two millions at the death of the man he benefitted.

The heir of the Huntingdon estates in England, value £40,000,000, has turned up in New Jersey, and intends immediately to wrest his ancestral possessions from the hands of base pretenders.

It is believed that the corn crop of the United States will be 150,000,000 bushels short of the average, which is not far from 800,000,000 bushels; but other food crops more than make up for the failure in corn.

An interesting historical discovery has just been made by two reverend gentlemen of the Quebec Seminary, at an old residence. They found a tomb and the remains of Father Massey, one of the first Jesuit Missionaries in Canada.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

Tom Thumb is disconsolate in California. He has found a fellow four inches shorter.

Oberlin, O., is so moral that a recent attempted ball only drew three a couples.

Forty-five young Americans are pupils of the College St. Barbe, in Paris.

The Crown Prince of Prussia has invented a vinegar machine.

The Cassagnacs, father and son, have fought 110 duels within the past 25 years.

The Iowa Quakers have entered the reform field against tobacco.

An English clergyman is taking subscriptions for a monument to Adam.

Negro constables in Florida do a lively business shooting white men.

Nilsson gets $40,000 and expenses for singing two months in England.

A wrought-iron beam 70 feet long is on exhibition at the Buffalo fair, rolled at a single heat

E. R. Burpee informs a Houlton paper that a short piece of Western Extension, east of the St. Andrews road, has sunk in a bog over which it passed. This will look very much like a confirmation of the charges made by Mr. Hibbard against the mode of construction adopted on portions of the road.

A fellow in Chicago, under arrest as a vagrant, was put through the usual course of questions, which he answered satisfactorily, until it came to the point, "are you married or single?" Being on his oath, the poor fellow couldn't really tell.

Dr. Hall has a borealis theory which is a roarer, truly. He thinks the Northern Lights are the reflected rays of the sun, thrown back and forth by the ice and snow of the Arctic regions and the clounds surrounding the pole.

They have a Fat Man's Association in New York, the main rule of which is that no member shall weigh less than 200 lbs.

The New York Times says that the ladies of that city get very drunk on "bitters."

Wm. Vail, a brother of the girl supposed to have been murdered at Loch Lomond, escaped from the Lunatic Asylum the other day, and was picked up by the Portland Police, evidently under the influence of liquor as well as insane. The poor fellow made no mention of the calamity that had befallen his family.—*Globe.*

Mr. Bonner offers $100,000 for a horse that can equal Dexter's recent trot. In writing to a man who asked him if he had any reservation as to the age, soundness, etc., Bonner says:—Of course I should prefer a young and sound horse like Dexter, but I shall not make it a barrier against any horse undertaking to perform the feat whether he is young or old, sound or unsound, lame or free from lameness; whether he have one spavin or two, three ringbones or four; be blind of one eye or both, broken-winded or foundered, so long as he performs the feat of starting as Dexter started from my stable in Twenty-seventh street, near Ninth-avenue, at one o'clock, p. m., and trotted during the same afternoon on Prospect Park, as Dexter trotted, a mile in 2.21¾, to a road waggon and driver weighing together 318 pounds. There must be no running or jumping—every inch of the mile must be trotted as Dexter trotted it, without a single skip or jump; and I must have the privilege of witnessing and timing the trial, and taking one or two friends with me. The owner of the horse can also have one or two friends present; and, adds Bonner, there must be no fee of admission charged. Here now is a chance for some of our men with fast horses.

PEACE IN EUROPE.—In a recent speech of Lord Clarendon, at Waterford, England, that gentleman ended an address on current topics in the following terms:—"Before I sit down, I ask your leave to break your rules. I ask your leave to be an exception to that prohibition of alluding to political matters, but at the same time I promise you it shall produce no dissent, and not call for any reply, because the word I wish to say is not upon domestic, but upon foreign politics. In the office I have the honor to hold I am not only enabled, but compelled, to know much of what passes in foreign countries and in the councils of foreign countries. I have been for some time on the continent, and I returned last week. I had there the opportunity of collecting opinions, and I have seen some persons who exercise no little influence on the destinies of Europe, and although I have not the gift of prophecy—though I do not pretend to see further into futurity than other men—yet I can-

General News.

MR. CARDWELL ON THE NEW COLONIAL POLICY.—Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of War, Great Britain, made a long speech to his constituents at Oxford, on the 29th ult., a brief extract from which has already been given to the public. We quote the following:—

"Gentlemen, with regard to the army, you have an army of which you may well be proud. A French marshal has been quoted as having said that the Prussian infantry were the finest in the world, but, happily, that is for their opponents, there are few of them. If there are very few that leads to the conclusion that you are to have them maintained in the highest state of efficiency, both as to men and material. You are entitled also to have them as much as may be concentrated in this country, and placed, in regard to reserved forces, in the most close combination, so that they may be so far welded and consolidated together as the nature of those different forces demands. We never had anything systematic, perhaps, in this country. All our forces are voluntary. It is our proud place that we almost alone enlist our regular army by a voluntary enlistment, and we have in all our reserve forces proofs of voluntary enthusiasm which are equally honorable to the country, and a source of permanent strength and power.—(Cheers.) But these forces require to be concentrated, and an effort to accomplish this object has engaged the attention of the present Government from the first moment of its formation. But in doing this, the very first step naturally was to recall and bring home a portion of the forces; and some people have told you this is an indication of a new policy towards the Colonies—a policy of indifference which may tend ultimately to dissociate the Colonies from us and enfeeble the general strength of the country. If it were so really that would be a very serious objection. England is not only a great nation in herself, but it is our boast that she is a mother of nations, which are already growing to be strong and powerful nations like herself. Well, towards those colonies there are two policies. The first policy, which not many years ago was abandoned, was the policy of patronage. We sat to conduct their government in London—to do, as they say on the other side of the Atlantic, their thinking for them; but they very naturally preferred to arrange their own government and do their own thinking for themselves, and they were quite in the right.—(Hear, hear.) They said what one of our own poets has put into our mouths,—

"We must be free or die,
Who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke,
The faith and morals hold that Milton held."

(Cheers.) Well, then, the policy of governing from home was a total and entire failure, and it deserved to be. (Hear, hear.) We had substituted for it the policy of doing whatever lies in us to encourage them in the development of their own power, in the increase of their own resources, in the continual engendering and stimulating among them of that spirit of self-reliance which is that prerogative of Englishmen and the cause of their success. Well, that naturally implies that the apparatus of government in ordinary times should also be furnished by themselves. The one is corollary of the other. Look, for instance, to the great Dominion of Canada. Within the last few years an Act of Parliament has been passed, by which all the Colonies of British North America may, if they think fit, be consolidated into one Dominion. Already that Dominion extends to Newfoundland, on the east, to the Rocky Mountains, on the west, and in the Act of Parliament which it lies with them to give effect to, they are empowered to extend it from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. They have already an army which is counted by tens of thousands, and they have such a merchant navy that if they choose to adopt the Act of Parliament which has been passed for that purpose they may become, under the flag of our common Sovereign, one of the first maritime Powers in the world. (Cheers.) This, I contend, is the true policy, not only for their benefit, but for ours. If we had adhered to the former policy they would have been very much like what branch railways have unfortunately been to the parent trunk. (Hear, hear.) They would be suckers, not feeders. (Laughter.)—But adopting the latter policy, they are sources of strength and of honor—they are gems in the diadem of our common monarch, and whenever the time com