

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—1064

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 25.

Business Cards.

Woodstock Marble Works

THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of HARVEY & ALMOND, will be continued in this place by the following:

IMPORTER OF MARBLE,

MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,

GRAVE STONES, &c.

FREE PIER TABLES & Mantels,

FINE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EX-

CUTTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Place of business—

MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Orders filled at the shortest notice and at the most reasonable rates. Patrons respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

B. W. HARVEY.

Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34.

C. L. RICHARDS,

WHOLESALE IMPORTER OF

TOBACCO, AND OTHER STAPLES.

ROBERTSON PLACE,

Near North Wharf.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Mr. Richards gives special attention to the importation of Tea and Tobacco, and his numerous patrons may rely upon finding at his Warehouse at all times the greatest variety and largest stock of the above Goods in the Province, and at the lowest prices. Large sales upon which he relies, prices will be strictly low.

at John May 12.

CARD.

WOODSTOCK STRAM PLANNING MILL

AND

CABINET FACTORY.

South side Bridge, Woodstock, N. B.

Planing, Turning, Sawing,

And every description of Machinery Work done with care and dispatch.

H. W. HOURS & CO.

March 24, 1869.

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, &c., promptly attended to.

S. E. BAKER.

N. B.—Sleighs manufactured from Hickory and Oak 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.

GILBERT & GILLMAN.

Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868—35.

Horses! Carriages!!

THE Subscribers beg to call public attention to their New and spacious

Livery Stable.

Globe by the WOODSTOCK HOTEL, where they can furnish a first rate set of horses, and excellent harness and carriages, at a moderate price. Persons wishing a cab for the Steamer or Cars leaving in the morning, should leave their orders at the office, the evening previous.

Grand Falls and Houlton Stages.

Extras furnished when required.

A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamer 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.

GILBERT & GILLMAN.

Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868—35.

HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

HAS constantly for sale and makes to order articles of Ladies' Dressing, Hair, Long Hair, Hair Dressing, Curling, and all 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.

at John July 27, 1867—43.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

49 GERRARD STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.

CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.

W. H. KINGSLEY.

St. John July 15, 1868—42.

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 possession a large quantity of goods, we are enabled to supply the public with goods at the lowest prices.

We are also prepared to receive consignments of goods for sale, and to ship them to any part of the world.

Consignments solicited.

J. B. SHERMAN.

Fredericton, N. B., Mar. 3, 1867.

Fire and Life Insurance Agency

THE Subscribers is agent for Woodstock and the up per St. John of the

NORTH BRITISH MARITIME INSURANCE CO.

of Edinburgh and London.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

CAPITAL, £2,000,000 sfg

Invested Funds, 1814, 2,304,512, 7s. 10.

AND OF THE

Standard Life Assurance Co.

OF EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1828.

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 as high a rate of interest. As such, I can confidently recommend them to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive applications from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.

JAMES GROVER.

Woodstock, Aug. 1868.

Auctioneer's Notice.

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Woodstock and Country, that he has taken Licence as an Auctioneer, and is prepared to sell at Auction, all kinds of real and personal property, on reasonable terms. Parties consigning Goods for sale will be promptly attended to.

There will be Auction Sales one or two evenings each week, of which due notice will be given.

SIMON McLEOD.

Woodstock, N. B.

Poetry.

(ORIGINAL.)

Lines in Memory of R. N. P.

One year ago—one year ago—

What tender memories this hour doth bring

Of the happy hours which then took wing

And left our home so drear;

Smitten and crushed our hearts, in grief and

Sorrow.

As star by star went out one year ago.

A requiem, tender, just

Inspired by Christian faith and love, to-day

We breathe for one so gently laid away

In silent, holy truth:

For one, so sadly from our gaze laid low

By loving hearts and hands, one year ago.

We weep, and it is well.

The loving words, the thousand artless ways—

The sparkling eye, lit up by love's sweet rays,

On those we love to dwell:

Oh! it is fitting that our tears should flow

Remembering all we lost, one year ago.

For the idol of our trust,

The child whose cherub form and angel voice

Had filled our hearts and homes with untold

joys.

We found but clay and dust;

And we, bereft of all most dear below,

Were written "childless," just one year ago.

But here the Master's voice

Breaks forth in tenderness and yearning love,

Bidding us lift the eye of faith above,

To look up in faith and love:

He is not dead, but gone, from scenes below,

By angels' hands, one year ago.

Though changed that form and face—

Though lost from earth, he lives; he still is ours;

That angel-child, with all his new-born powers,

He is not dead, but gone, from scenes below,

By angels' hands, one year ago.

Treasures laid up above

Are better far than pearls or golden dust.

And this we know, that we have one in truth,

Laid up in faith and love:

With this sweet hope, let thanks unceasing flow

For the treasure lent—but claimed—one year ago.

H. W. HOURS & CO.

March 24, 1869.

Select Calc.

MR. MAIN'S SUICIDE.

Mr. Alpheus Main had an extremely small

bump of self-esteem, and doubtless it is every

body's business to be modest, and not trust

himself forward too much under the impression

that he is a person of consequence, but really

it is about as bad to think too little of oneself

as it is to think too much.

"Respect yourself, or nobody will respect

you," says the old adage—and it is quite cor-

rect, as the world goes.

Alpheus labored constantly under the im-

pression; or rather the fact, that nobody cared

for him. He married the woman he loved, and

as she chose him from half a dozen other young

men who were suitors for her hand, he surely

ought to believe that she preferred him.

But he was full of doubts on the subject. If

at any time Annie was less talkative than com-

mon, or if she did not kiss him so many times

as usual on his return from business, or if she

forgot that his particular passion was not griddle

cakes and neglected to fry him a steak for the

morning meal—then Alpheus' heart grew cold

at once, and if he had been a woman he would

have spent the night in tears, but as he was

only a man, he spent it in sulking.

He found a sort of delight in self-torture—

just as some people who are ill like to make

themselves as bad as possible when they tell

over their diseases.

He used to lie awake nights long after Annie

was asleep, pondering over what he called the

change in her, and wondering how she would

feel if anything would happen to him—if he

should die, for instance.

Would the sight of his face—cold and white

and still in the shadow of the coffin, ring from

her a tear of affection—a kiss warm, with the

old love? Would she wish when she saw him

thus, that he had taken more pains to wear

blue, his favorite color, and that she had fried

him griddle cakes every morning.

Day by day he grew more morbid on the sub-

ject, until he was so unhappy that he hardly

could remember he lived or died.

It is curious how we are always distressing

ourselves with imaginary woes; and it is quite

certain that full half of our troubles are imagin-

ary. These afflictions which never come to

us are much worse than those which do

come.

At last matters reached such a pass that

Annie did not get up from her work to kiss Al-

pheus when he came into the house, and she

did not cry when he announced his intention of

going to New York for a couple of days on

business. She packed his shirts, and put in a

pair of stockings in case he should wet his feet

—she said—and Albert vowed to himself that

she was heartless if she could think of her wet

feet when he was to be away from her two

days!

He was wretched all the time he was gone

but tried to solace himself with the hope that

the warmth of her greeting on his return would

amplify atone for everything. Fallowish hope!

When he reached home old Miss Baker

with her knitting, and Annie only shook hands

and told him privately that there were cinders

in his ears and he had better wash before com-

ing to the table.

But Alpheus scorned to complain—he told

his sorrow to no one, and no one suspected

them. He "let concealment like a worm" in

the bud, etc.—you know the remainder of the

quotation too well to need I should write it out.

At length Alpheus reached a determination.

He would commit suicide!

He would be happier out of the world than

in it, and he felt sure his wife would love him

after he was dead—most widows did—and she

would have a long obituary after his name in

the *Banville Bulletin*, and a speaking inscrip-

tion on his tombstone. He went so far as to

fancy her going on sunny days to strew flowers

on his grave—and he was sure she would wear

deepest mourning, and would never, never

marry again.

And to a person of his disposition the

prospect was absolutely glowing. It fascinated

him so completely that he resolved to die; only

he could not help wishing that he could die

and be alive too, that he might see how Annie

"took it."

He thought over the different methods of self-

destruction most in style, and gave the pre-

ference to hanging. There was such a nice

place for the business in a little unfinished cham-

ber which joined his cabinet of shells and min-

erals—a large hook driven in a beam, and for

what purpose he never could imagine, but now

he knew.

He fixed upon Friday as the fatal day.

Everything was prepared. He wrote Annie a

pathetic note, telling her that as her love for

him had decayed, he no longer desired to dwell

in this cold vale of tears, and that he had de-

termined to end in twin the thread of existence,

and launch himself into the deep voids of eter-

nity.

He did not mention the exact method in

which he contemplated accomplishing the

laughing; he did not consider it necessary—

if Annie knew he had destroyed himself, of

course she would search every inch of ground

until he was discovered.

Friday came. Annie went to the next town

shopping, and there was no one at home but

the servant, and Sally Miller, Annie's cousin;

and as Walter Clare was coming up the walk

to join Sally, why there would be no danger of

her interfering. Verily the fates were propi-

tious.

Alpheus braced himself for the dread effort.

He fixed it round his arms and tried its strength

by various jumps and springs. Out came the

big hook, and over went Alpheus on his

back, splitting his best coat completely

across, and knocking the wind out of him won-

derfully.

"Blasphemous!" cried he, rubbing his

back. "I don't try that game again! It's

more than it's worth. I'll run away instead

of hanging myself. It will answer the same pur-

pose. The river is so near she'll think I drown-

ed myself! Fortunately I did not say in my

letter what method I would take to do the deed.

All I'll get a disguise to-morrow, and call at

our house to see how she feels."

So Alpheus made his escape from the pre-

mises he crawled home, as secretly as possible,

and crawling into the hay, in a neighbor's

stable, lay there till morning. Then he cut

across low to the house of an old friend of his,

whom he took into his confidence.

Said old friend gave him the clothes of one

of his female servants—dirty and shabby enough

too, yet were, and set him up in the plaster

of Paris image business.

The girl admitted him into the prior, and

there was his wife, gay and cheerful as he had

ever seen her; her hair profusely curled, a

scarlet ribbon at her throat, and the very white

dress that he admired above all her other dresses.

Sally Miller was present—so was Walter

Clare.