

# The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher &amp; Proprietor.

WHOLE NO.—1065

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1869.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 26.

## Business Cards.

### 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, MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES, GRAVE STONES, &c., Centre, Pier Tables & Mantels, 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 at reasonable rates. Patrons 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 Tobacco, and his numerous patrons may rely upon finding in his Warehouse all the 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 decidedly low. at John's 15.

## CARD.

### WOODSTOCK STRAIN PLANTING MILL

### CABINET FACTORY

South side Bridge, Woodstock, N. B.

### Planting, Turning, Sawing,

And every description of MACHINE WORK done with care and despatch.

H. W. BOURNE & CO. March 24, 1869.

### S. E. BAKER'S

Between the Gibson House and R. Caldwell's Hotel.

ALL orders for Carriages, Sleighs, Blacksmithing, Woodwork, Repainting, Painting, Trimming, &c., promptly attended to.

S. E. BAKER, Oak. Persons intending to buy will do well to call and examine style, engraving, price, &c. B. S. B. Woodstock, Nov. 6, 1868.

### Coach and Sleigh Factory,

QUEEN STREET,

Between the Gibson House and R. Caldwell's Hotel.

ALL orders for Carriages, Sleighs, Blacksmithing, Woodwork, Repainting, Painting, Trimming, &c., promptly attended to.

S. E. BAKER, Oak. Persons intending to buy will do well to call and examine style, engraving, price, &c. B. S. B. Woodstock, Nov. 6, 1868.

### Horses! Carriages!!

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

Livery table.

CLOSE by the "WOODSTOCK HOTEL," where they have a first rate stable, having excellent horses, harness and carriages, at a moderate price. This is the Woodstock place for the Fredericton, Grand Falls and Station Stages.

Extra furnished when Required.

A Coach from these stables will attend the business and carry the passengers to the station, and leave a cab for the Steamer or Car leaving in the morning, should leave their orders at the office, the evening previous.

GLIDDELL & GILLMAN, Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868—35.

### HENRY CONROY,

Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,

Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

AS constantly for sale and make to order articles of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long and Short, Dressing Caps, Curled and Plain, Frizzles, Ringlets, Braids, Switches, Waterfalls, Curls and Pins, &c.

Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Hair.

Hair Cutting and the various branches of his profession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satisfaction. Ladies requiring their own hair can have it made up in any style, or moderate terms.

St. John July 27, 1868—43-1.

### TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

43 German Street, St. John, N. B.

Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

TRUNKS, VALISES, GAITHER BAGS, &c.

CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.

W. H. KNOWLES, St. John July 18, 1868—42-28.

### ROWE & SHERMAN,

Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,

Fredricton, N. B.

WE would respectfully inform the public generally that we are prepared to attend to all branches of the Shipping and Commission Business.

Having in process of erection a spacious Wharf, completed by the time that our friends open, confident in saying that our facilities for

Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber, cannot be surpassed in the Province.

Consignments solicited.

From, N. B., Mar. 9, 1867.

### Fire and Life Insurance Agency

THE subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the up

per St. John of the

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co.

of Edinburgh and London.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

Invested Funds, 1864, \$2,304,512, 75, 10.

AND OF THE

Standard Life Insurance Co.

ESTABLISHED, 1825.

Accumulated and Invested Funds over \$5,500,000.

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 desiring to insure their property or lives.

JAMES GROVER, Woodstock, Au. 1868.

### Auctioneer's Notice.

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Woodstock and Country, that he has taken

possession of the premises lately occupied by Mr. DOMINION HALL, Goods of every description at reasonable terms. Parties consigning goods for sale will be promptly attended to.

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

EMON MCLEOD, Auctioneer, Woodstock, J. 1869.

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

ROBERT MARSHALL, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Fire, Life and Marine Insurance effected at lowest rates.

First Class Insurance, American and Canadian Companies represented.

OFFICES—Corner of Prince Wm. Street and Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Apply to John T. Allen, Agent, Woodstock.

—ly.

## Poetry.

### A DIALOGUE.

Said JONATHAN to JOHN, "Down your marrowbones upon, Confess that you've no honor and no honesty—no none!" Yield your purse without a fuss—And cede Canada to us—And I'll think about forgiving you for all you haven't done."

Said JOHN to JONATHAN, "It never was my plan To truckle to a braggart, or to tremble at a threat. I shan't give up my gold, And Canada I'll hold, And for what I haven't done I never have asked pardon yet."

Said JONATHAN to JOHN, "You'll repeat of this anon, How dare you use such language to a chap as big as me?" For I'll whip you all, that's flat—Knock you into a cocked hat, And my navy shall go forth and sweep your commerce from the sea!"

Said JOHN to JONATHAN, "All very well, my man, But reflect before indulging in such mighty threats as these, That all your men-of-war Were not sufficient for The sweeping of the little *Alabama* from the seas!"

### Select Tale.

#### THE SILVER TOKEN.

NOW IT MADE TWO SILLY YOUNG PEOPLE HAPPY.

"There, Tina,"

Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly held up two semi-circles of silver in the air, so that they might be sure to make a sufficient impression on Ernestine Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the exultant satisfaction of one who feels that he has accomplished his mission.

He was a bright, earnest-looking young fellow, with gray-brown eyes, and a square, firm mouth—not handsome, but very manly; and as he sat there on the green woodland bank, with the hair thrown back from his broad forehead, and the sunshine mirrored in his eyes, you felt instinctively that he was one who would make his way in the world, no matter what obstacles might intervene.

Ernestine Cady stood leaning against the gnarled, mossy trunk of an immense chestnut tree, with her little feet buried in plumes of nodding ferns—a rural picture in blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons. She was very pretty, with the delicate freshness of a flower—a flower that winds and frosts have never touched.

"Didn't I tell you I should do it, Tina?"

Ernestine took up the little file that lay on the bank.

Nothing is impossible, continued Bruce, sententiously, as he passed a bit of blue ribbon through a hole in the broken piece of silver.

"Will you let me tie it around your neck, Tina?"

"What for?"

But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke and let him tie the knot behind a slender of pale gold curls.

"And I shall ever wear the other next to my heart. They are amulets, Tina—charms, if you choose so to frame it; that silver piece carries my allegiance with it. Tina, if ever any cloud comes between us—if ever we are separated—"

"Bruce!"

"Such things have happened, dearest; but, nevertheless, in any event, this broken coin shall be a token and a summons to me, wherever I may be—whatever fate may have in store. Don't look so grave my little bluebird. Is it so very wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our everyday life? Where are your flowers? It is time we were returning."

Through the green shifting shadows of the woods, with blood-red streams of sunset light rippling along at their feet, and delicious odors of moss and fern and hidden flowers rising up around the two lovers walked homeward—Bruce Medway never forgot that drowsy August afternoon.

"She will come, I am sure she will."

The dew lay like a rain of diamonds on the grass and shrubs, as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round red shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. And then he looked at his watch.

"The train will be due in nine minutes; sure Tina will not let me leave her without one recommending word! If we could but live the last week over again! Hush! that must be her footstep on the moss."

He stepped forward with a glad, flushed face, and then the chill whiteness of despair, blanched every feature, as the bright-eyed little squirrel whose tiny tread over the leaves and acorns he had followed, glided swiftly across the belt of sunshine into the emerald shadow. Bruce Medway stood an instant with his brow contracted and his arms folded on his breast. Was he bidding farewell to the bright summer that was passing?

The shrill of the coming train sounded through the blue purity of the air, and the last little faint sparkle of hope in the lover's breast died out.

Tina had not come—she had forgotten him! Well, so let it be.

And what was Tina Cady doing in the fresh morning brightness?

She was very rosy and pretty in her trim calico dress, with pink ribbons at her throat, and a pink veronica hanging low in her golden coils of hair—very picturesque as she reached

up her hand to break off a spray of spiny honeysuckle.

"I wonder if Mr. Bruce Medway has come to his senses yet?" thought she, with a toss of the head. "I shan't measure my actions by the rule and plummet of his lordly will. I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Hartney I shall do it."

"So you're up, eh, Tina? And as fresh as a rose, I declare!"

Tina put up her lips to kiss the bluff face of her father in an abstracted sort of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there.

"Oh, by the way, Tina I forgot to give you this note last night. It was left by the hotel porter. Really, I believe my memory isn't quite as good as it used to be."

Tina caught the note from her father's hand, and broke it open with fevered haste.

"The train leaves at seven!"

"What part of seven is that which produces such a harvest of cranberries?"

"Datesville, I believe, near the Ottawa River," and then the conversation branched off into some different channel. Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that occasion.

"A token and a summons to him wherever he might be!" Bruce remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness.

"Cranberries?—yes—I remember 'em," said old Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pipe. Crop was uncommon good this fall. Old Cady's daughter brought 'em here to sell by the peck."

"Where do they live—Mr. Cady's family I mean?"

"See that 'ar old blasted pine down in the hollow? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cady's. Won't stop a little longer? Well, good evening,quire."

Bruce Medway walked down through the orange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to the light in the far-off window—walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart.

Through the uncertain light he could see the tiny room all bright and ruddy with cheery fire-light; the slender drooping figure sitting all alone on the hearth-stone with the golden shine of its hair and the thoughtful bend of its neck.

"Tina!"

She put back her hair with both hands, looked at him as if she fancied herself under the delusion of some spell.

"You summoned me and I have come. Tina, my love, shall the old times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other again?"

It was full nine o'clock by the silver studied time-piece of the stars before Bruce Medway rose to take his departure.

But tell me one thing, Bruce," said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his arm, as he stood protracting their love-like adieu on the door-stone, in the frigid moonlight, "what did you mean when you said I summoned you?"

He drew a little box from his breast-pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of silver.

"And I wear its mate close to my heart, Tina!"

"Bruce—surely that is not my half of the coin!"

"It was your half, Tina."

"And where did you find it?"

"One of those very I will tell you, dear; it was not in a very romantic juxta-position, however. You remember what I said to you when we divided the silver piece between us?"

"The iron hand of time has swept away all these tokens of long yore now. Mr. Medway is a middle-aged, bald-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed in the golden brightness of her braids; and she keeps the worn bit of silver and its sweet associations still, and believes most firmly in true love and romance."

"TERRIFIC!"

"Was night; the stars were shrouded by a veil of mist; a cloudy canopy overhung the earth; the lightning flashed and shook their fiery tresses in the face of heaven; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in fearful commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hailstones fell like a shower of shot; the large undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore; torrents leaped from the mountain tops; in short, it was a night awful beyond imagination to conceive—when Dutch Bill stamped from his couch with dire vengeance upon his brow, murder in his heart, and the instrument of death in his handing!"

The storm increased; and the lightning flashed with a brighter glow; the thunder growled with a deeper energy; the wind whistled with wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passion which raged in his bosom; he clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp; a demonic smile glared on his lips; his hair stood on end; he grunted his teeth, raised his arm, sprang with a fearless yell of triumph on his victim, and relentlessly murdered a well-fed peasant!"

A Slight Mistake.

In a New Hampshire town there lived an ignorant irreligious, worthless fellow, Ransom by name, no member of which had been inside of a church within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The village pastor, after years of failure, had at length "almost persuaded" two of the younger sons to promise attendance for one Sabbath; but the fear that they would be the subject of some personal remarks, still deterred them. They were in great terror lest they should be publicly upbraided for their

Bruce was idly striking his fork into the little crimson circles, quite unconscious of what he was eating.

"Yes, they are very nice," he said, mechanically. And then he bent down to see what extraneous white element was glimmering through the ruby translucency.

Only a broken silver coin!

He took it out and looked at it,—the familiar date and die,—all unconscious of the buzz of voices and the ring of idle laughter all around him, looked at it with a vague, superstitious thrill stealing all over his nature—and he could almost hear his pulse beat under the soft pressure of the other half of this silver piece. For he still wore it next his heart!

"From Iowa, did you say, Mrs. Lyman?"

"From my uncle, Esquire Signet, who lives in the far West."

"What part of Iowa is that which produces such a harvest of cranberries?"

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misdoings, and called to account for their wickedness.

After much exertion, their fears were quieted, and on the following Sunday, the eyes of the good pastor's congregation were astonished at the unlooked presence of the forsaid Ransom. All went well, until the reading of the second hymn, which was the familiar "Blow ye the trumpet, blow, &c." imagine the effect, when at the end of the line "Return ye ransomed sinners home," the elder of our heroes seized his hat, and, with long strides toward the door, shouted, "Come along home, Bill; I knew they'd be flung at us if we came here!"—N. H. Paper.

HOMER PLUTERUS—Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your hat—your very best—and by accident tread on you, profuse you are with—your mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all. If a husband does it he gets it, when at the end of the line "Return ye ransomed sinners home," the elder of our heroes seized his hat, and, with long strides toward the door, shouted, "Come along home, Bill; I knew they'd be flung at us if we came here!"—N. H. Paper.

The population of the United States at present, as estimated by the Revenue officials in their returns to the Bureau of Statistics, amounts to 38,229,995.

The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Conference in session at Newburg, N. Y., has adopted a resolution that no person be admitted into the Conference, either on trial or into full connection, who uses tobacco in any shape.

Duluth, Minnesota, is having a marvellous growth. It is thought that three hundred and fifty buildings will be put up there this year.

"An old resident" has sold an undivided half of fifty acres of land for \$20,000, and good buildings are coming already from \$750 to \$1000. All the means of access to the place are thought very important.

A clerk in the bank of Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smith, of London, has absconded with £17,000.

The gas which leaks from London mains is estimated to be worth three-quarters of a million dollars a year.

Three thousand dollars worth of strawberries were sold in Boston last Monday by one dealer.

The United States debt was reduced \$8,000,000 last month.

The Prince of Wales has invited the French Emperor to visit him.