W. D. CAMBER,
Surgeon Dentist.

Office, Corner Main and King Streets,
WOODSTOCK,
Lately occupied by Dr. ELLINWOOD.

DR. CAMBER has been in our Dental Office for three years past, and we have much pleasure in recommending him to the public as a competent, skilful, careful operator, and thoroughly informed in all the late improvements in surgical and mechanical Dentistry.
DOW & ELLIS.
Fredericton, April 18, 1871.—47

Dr. A. M. TUPPER,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office,—Brown's Building—Up Stairs.
6] RESIDENCE,—COLONEL TUPPER'S.

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 and Residence, next to Honorable 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 at H. R. Baird's Drug Store. Residence, near the Methodist Chapel.
DR. COLTER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Consultation as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-pd-7

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

James Edgar,
BARRISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE,—Brown's Brick Building, opposite Cable House, Woodstock, N. B.
January 27, 1870—5

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
[34]

SAMUEL J. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
ANDOVER, Victoria County, N. B.
(Mouth of Tobique River.)
RESIDENCE—At Newcomb's Hotel.
[9]

Donaldson House,
Late Caldwell or International Hotel.
THIS HOUSE is New, pleasantly situated, near the Steamboat Wharf, furnished in Good Style and will be kept as a
First-Class Hotel.
ROBERT DONALDSON, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, N. B., April 1870—15

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
RE-OPENED.
BEING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders. This House being condcted on strictly *TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES*, the subscriber hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage. There is attached to this House a Good Stable and attentive hostler. Charges moderate.
J. MARSHALL, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 13, 1870.—20

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE.
☞ Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point. [3

Russell House;
ON
PARK 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]

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

TRUNK FACTORY!
49 GERMAIN STREET.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THE subscriber has now on hand a superior lot of
Domestic Trunks & Valises!
In all the varied styles and finish, viz:—Leather, Cloth, Composition, Zinc, Canvass, &c., made of best material, by experienced workmen. For sale at lowest market rates.
☞ Orders from the country attended to with promptness.
st john june 15 W. H. KNOWLES.

BARKER HOUSE,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
THE attention of travellers is called to this old and favorite first class Hotel.
No pains spared to make visitors at home and comfortable.
ROBINSON & COLBY,
Proprietors.
Fredericton, Dec. 9, 1870.—1y-50

THE
QUEEN'S HOTEL,
TORONTO, ONT.,
OFFERS every inducement to persons visiting Toronto to make it their stopping place.
It is situated upon the very margin of the Bay, and convenient to the business centres of the city.
Omnibusses carry its patrons free to and from the several Steamboats and Railways trains.
$2.50 (Gold) per day.
THOS, McGAW, Manager. THOS. DICK, Proprietor.
—6m-pd-33

VICTORIA HOTEL,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE new and completely and elegantly furnished VICTORIA HOTEL, just erected in Saint John, N. B.
☞ Special prices made for families desiring a Summer Residence. Terms for transient customers, TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF PER DAY.
St. John, Nov. 17 B. T. CREGAN.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,] *Our Queen and Constitution.* [Editors & Proprietors.

VOL. XXIV.—NO. 12. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872. WHOLE NO.—1210.

EXPRESS NOTICE.
The Eastern Express Company
WILL FORWARD DAILY,
IN charge of their Special Messenger, via N. B. & C. and E. & N. A. Railway,
Money, Veluables, Packages and Freight,
To and from Woodstock, Fredericton, St. John, Calais, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and intermediate places. No Packages or Freight received at the Office after 8 o'clock, a. m.
G. W. VANWART, Agent.
Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1872.—5

Harness Shop!
2 Doors Below Baker & McCormac's Shoe Shop,
ON MAIN STREET.
HAVING REMOVED from my old stand, in front of American House, I take this opportunity to thank my customers, one and all, for their past patronage, and solicit a continuance of the same. Having an enlarged Shop and Stock I feel confident I shall be able to accomodate at short notice. Constantly on hand: Harnesses of all kinds, Harness Mountings, Whips, Bells, Horse Blankets, Curry Combs, Cards, Interfering Rolls and Straps, and everything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop.
☞ Please give me a call.
R. CLUFF, Harness Maker.
Woodstock Nov. 10 1861.—45

LIGHTNING OIL!
At H. R. BAIRD'S.

Co-Partnersnip Notice.
STARRETT & BURTT.
WE have this day entered into Partnership for the purpose of carrying on HARNESS MAKING, in Shop directly over McLeod's Tailor Store, and we hope by strict attention to business to merit as large a share of trade as was bestowed on the late firm of Emery & Starrett.
ROBERT S. STARRETT.
SAMUEL O. BURTT.
Woodstock, Aug. 25, 1871.—34

2,000 Acres of Land for Sale.
2000 ACRES of Land, and several Mill Privileges, in the County of Victoria.
Apply to
S. J. BAKER, Attorney-at-Law,
Tobique, N. B
Tobique, Dec 10, 1870—tf-51

New Albion House,
McGILL STREET,
Montreal, Canada.
THE "NEW ALBION HOTEL," the largest Hotel in Montreal, has just been opened under the most favorable auspices.
Whilst the "*Old Albion*" has been long noted for the strict attention paid to its numerous guests, the "New Albion" takes its position as a first class Hotel, and is really, first class in every respect, except the charges, which better suit the ideas and requirements of the majority of travellers, than many of the so called, "first class Houses;" which deserve the title more through the amount of their charges than aught else.
Already the crowded state of the "New Albion" promises well for its future career; everything associated with its construction has been carried out with artistic taste and systematic correctness.
The large Hall, commodious office, spacious Reading room, convenient Dining, Coffee, Wash Room, etc, etc., on the ground floor; and the Reception Room and Suits of Splendidly Furnished and Thoroughly Ventilated Ladies' Parlors, on the second floor, will form no small luxury during the hot summer season. And, what is an exception to the general Rule in Hotels, the Bedrooms are all well ventilated and lighted, there is not being a dark room in the House.
Being situated on the widest and healthiest Street in Montreal, commanding a Magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence and the Victoria Bridge on the left, and a full view of the Victoria Square with its numerous "*Jet. d' Eau*" and Mount Royal on the right, it cannot fail to commend itself to the travelling public.
From its situation on McGill Street, the great thoroughfare and commercial centre of the City, it cannot fail to be, as the "Old Albion" has always been a strong favorite with the Merchants of Canada.
Notwithstanding the very large outlay in building and furnishing the house, the old price of $1.50 per day will not be departed from.
We, therefore, bespeak for ourselves a continuance of the patronage so liberally accorded to us during the past twelve years.
DECKER & CO.
Montreal May 1st, 1869.—16

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 Woodstock; 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 Dying. 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
is a White Barber.
—49

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 and 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.

W. H. OLIVE,
Insurance, Custom House, Forwarding, Commission
AND TICKET AGENT.
TICKETS SOLD
For California and all Points West, via Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.
For all Points in Canada, via Vermont Central Railroad.
For New York and all Points South, via Fall River, Stonington and Norwich Line.
Office--Head of International S. S. Coy's. Landing, Reed's Point.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.
Hon. S. L. Tilley, C. B., Hon. P. Mitchell.
Hon. A. M. L. Seely. Messrs. Jardine & Co.,
Hon. Thos. R. Jones. Messrs. Daniel & Boyd
Messrs. I. & F. Burpee & Co. W. O. Smith, Esq
St. John, June 8.—3mos-24.

FOR SALE!
A LARGE quantity of SALT, Coarse & Fine; Codfish, Herring, bbls. & hlf. bbls;
Also Flour & Meal, Sugars;
Molasses & Teas;
Cotton Warps, White & Blue;
Nails, Wrought and Cut, Horse Nails;
Files of all descriptions, Grind Stones;
White Lead, Paint Oils, Boiled & Raw;
Glass & Putty, Carpenter's Tools;
Locks & Hinges, Cross Cut Saws.
And a great variety of Goods constantly required, which are selling very low.
J. JORDAN.
Woodstock, July 29, 1870—tf-31

TO THE FARMERS OF
CARLETON COUNTY.
GENTLEMEN,—
I intend paying CASH for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, this Winter, and have on hand and intend keeping, the very best quality of all kinds of FISH, in connection with a good stock of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c. I am buying HAY, and pay the highest price for it.
☞ Please give me a call.
Yours Respectfully,
F. A. STEVENSON.
Woodstock, October 6, 1871.—x0

New Styles of ROOM PAPER
VERY CHEAP, AT
HUGH HAY'S.

READY MADE CLOTHING!
CHEAP AT
HUGH HAY'S.
Woodstock, April 15, 1870.

COTTON WARP.
THE COTTON YARN,
Manufactured at the
New Brunswick Cotton Mills
HAS the name of the mills and our name on a printed label on the end of the bundle.
White, Red and Orange Yarn is put up in Blue Paper.
Blue Yarn is put up in Buff Paper.
☞ All Yarn made by us is warranted of best quality, full weight, and correctly numbered.
N. B. Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.,
September 1, 1871.—1y-35

CARDS
IN returning thanks to the inhabitants of Woodstock and surrounding country, for their patronage while doing business in Woodstock, the undersigned would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to Waddell's Building, Water Street, St. Stephen, known as VICTORIA HOUSE, where will be found a full assortment of Staple Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c.
☞ Please observe he Address.
—43 F. G. RAY.

NOTICE.
L. W. SHERMAN will continue the business of the late firm of SHERMAN & ROBINSON, at the old stand, in his own name and on his own account.
L. W. SHERMAN.
Fredericton, Oct. 1, 1870

GENUINE
WARREN'S BILIOUS BITTERS,
Atwood's Jaundice Bitters.
At SMITH'S DRUG SHOP,
Medical Hall, Main Street.
Woodstock, April 24, 1871.

Livery Stable!
THE Subscribers, in addition to their New and Large STABLES near the "Woodstock Hotel," have leased the
New Stable on Connell treet
And are now prepared, with large additions of Horses and carriages of the best descriptions, to meet the request of their customers.
Horses Boarded on Reasonable Terms.
They have 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, at either place, the evening previous.
GLIDDEN & GILLMAN.
Woodstock, June 3, 1868—23.

NEW BRUNSWICK
Paper Manufacturing Company
PRINTING PAPER.
WE are now manufacturing **PRINTING PAPER**, and the greatest care has been taken to procure the most approved machinery and experienced mechanics from the old country. We can recommend the same as being a good article. We are prepared to execute orders for the above in all weights and sizes.
In Store—A good assortment of Wrapping and Straw Papers.
Orders for the above are most respectfully solicited.
Warehouse and Office, — Paradice Row, St. John, N. B.
Post Office Box 267.
M. W. FRANCIS, Treasurer.
N. B.—The highest price paid for Erery Description of Paper Stock, viz:—Cotton and Hemp Canvass, Hemp and Manilla Ropes, Shakings, Nets, Rags, Waste Paper, etc.
st john aug 25

Dominion Steam Washer!
SAVE LABOUR and Save your Clothes by buying the DOMINION STEAM WASHER which will wash without labor.
The undersigned having the right to manufacture and sell in Carleton and Victoria Counties.
F. W. BULL.
CERTIFICATE.
We have used the Dominion Steam Washer for some time, and the more we use it the better we like it, my wife could not do without it, she thinks the clothes are whiter than with ordinary washing, we believe it will pay for itself in a year, by not causing any wear on the clothes, besides the immense saving in the labor.
PETER RYAN.
P. S.—For sale at Hamilton's Tin Shop at $6.50.
F. W. B.
Woodstock, May 12, 1871.—19

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.
"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,

Fire & Life Insuance 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, August, 16.

Poetry.

THE THREE CHIMES.

A CAROL.

By Richard Atkinson.

The bells are ringing across the snow—
Across the snow in the Christmas Eve;
Now wild and sweet, now faint and low,
This song the voices weave.

We sing a requiem, sad and slow,
To the sainted rest of days of yore;
For men must come and men must go,
In the quick years evermore.

We ring a chime—and a happy chime—
To the troubled hearts of men that be;
As came a voice of olden time,
On the shore of Galilee.

But best of all is the last sweet chime—
We ring of the years and years to be
Ere cometh the golden harvest time
Of immortality!

—*Once a week.*

Select Tale.

Aunt Mary's Story.

"So you want to know why I always keep a light in the window looking out on the sea-shore?" Thus spoke one stormy night our silver-haired relative, "Aunt Mary," as she placed a candle in the only window facing the long, low line of coast whence came together, this night, the solemn beat of the sea, and the feathery flakes of the rising snow storm.

We were four cousins, and Aunt Mary our common aunt, with whom the Christmas holidays were to be passed—Hetty Marsh, Lillie More, Rachel Herbet, and myself, Pauline Brett.

Our hostess had been a widow for several years, and on several occasions we had tried to get her to tell us the story of her life, for we felt sure it would prove of more than common interest.

This night, then, as I said, we were all gathered around the huge old-fashioned fire blazing on the hearth, alternately listening to the crackle of the hungry flame as it licked the wood which fed its heat, to the irregular rattle of loose windows in the story above, or to the low roar of the sea as its waves lashed the beach beneath the force of the gale.

Feeling in good humor for stories, and feeling, too, that this would be a fair chance to get Aunt Mary's history, we had with common consent urged her to tell us why the light made its appearance in her window on nights like the present one.

As she returned to the little circle about the cheerful hearth-rug, after finishing her task, a new light shone in her dear old eyes, and the voice, usually so well contained, faltered a little as the words recorded above fell from her lips.

Placing herself, then, near the little round table on which lay a well-thumbed Bible and her old-fashioned, silver-bowed spectacles, she began her simple old story ever and anon casting a glance from Hatty Marsh to the white-curtained window, and with attentive ear seeming to listen for some sound which her words might drown, and then the story would go on again, rendered more effective by the steady roar of the wind and the dull boom of the angry sea.

"Forty years ago, my dears, I was no older than the youngest of you, and my heart was as light as any before me.

"Of course I was not left long without an admirer, and my seventeenth birthday had scarcely passed ere John Bruce had won my hand and with it my heart, and I had referred him to mother for a final answer: my dear, good father had been dead a long time.

"The interview with my mother must have been a pleasant one, for when he came out to me afterwards, he fairly beamed with delight, and as he kissed me he whispered, "My darling, we will be ever so happy.' Ever was his favorite word and I got to know that when he said he loved me 'ever so much,' his heart was full and I need fear nothing.

"Well, one soft, warm day in May, John and I were married from the little moss-covered church where I had been baptized, amid the smiles of nature and quite a crowd of friends who had gathered beneath the old, time-honored roof to wish me well. All felt, or seemed to feel in the best of spirits, except poor mother, who took it hard and cried bitterly, for I was the only child, and doubtless she felt that once settled in my new home, even though it was but a few miles away, she would see but little of me; and so it proved, as I will tell you.

"After the wedding a substantial breakfast was eaten, and the same evening John and I rode away in the gathering twilight to our new home, a trim, neat little cottage, as you know, within hearing of the sea, for he was a sea-faring man, and ten or fifteen miles from mother's.

"I found the house well-fitted up for me; a pantry ready for my dainty fingers and a press filled to the brim with linen and fine clothing from the fingers of John's mother and sisters; he had two.

"The summer passed away as all summers do, rapidly, alas! too rapidly, but on the whole, very pleasantly. During the warm weather John was at home most of the time, his duties taking him away but little until winter. Then, when the snow and cutting sleet was piling down on our winter coast we looked for frequent and perhaps long separations.

"So it turned out that we grew more fond of each other, and when it dawned upon us that God, in his mercy, was going to confide a precious soul to my keeping, my heart grew thankful each day, and I blessed heaven that my lines were cast in such pleasant places. My cup of happiness seemed filled to the brim. Little did I know of the bitterness of sorrow in store for me a few short weeks ahead.

"As I have already told you, my dears, my John was a sea-faring man, a pilot, so he went away many times, early in the morning, and would not get back sometimes until far into the night.

"Our house, as you can see, being close beside the ocean, was often and again so shut in by the fog as it came drifting in from seaward, that he could hardly find the path leading to the door, and besides that, there were two roads passing near, so I used to keep a light burning in the window as a guide to which road to take. A single candle, with a clear flame, will often pierce one of our fogs, when a mountain would be invisible. Of course John was much pleased to see me pay my attention to him in this way, and used to call me his light-house keeper.

"Well, the time went on, and the snows of winter began piling down, and before, we knew it, almost, December was upon us. With cold weather John's duties grew more arduous and exacting, and our love seemed to grow stronger with each day, and my needle grew busier as the time drew on for the appearance of the little stranger, and each night that I was alone the twinkling light shone in the window.

"One day, the saddest of all my life, John said he would not be home until midnight, as he expected a big East Indiaman in that afternoon, and as she would have to lay off and on until the tide served right, she could not be brought up to her anchorage until after dark. Our Channel was a very intricate one, and John was the only pilot of the port who could bring a ship in after night-fall.

"The snow fell in clouds, while the winds, rising and dying away in sudden gusts, gave promise of a fearful night, and as he stepped out I thought a slight quiver ran through him, and I told him it would be better for him to have the large comforter given him by mother to wear. —Laughing, and coming back a few steps to kiss me good-bye over again, he said, 'No, he did not need it,'

"For some unaccountable reason I felt angered and nettled at his refusal of my suggestion, so drawing back, and motioning him away as he drew near me said: 'One good-bye is quite enough for one day.' Ere I had hardly closed the door I felt sorry for my words, and as his steps slowly passed beyond hearing in the soft snow, I longed to call him back for just one more kiss; but I did not, and by the time I got to the window, his broad figure was just dissappearing from view in the haze and snow.

"His head was bowed, as I thought in sorrow, but it may have been to keep his face from the wind. With a tearful swelling in my throat I could only say to myself, "Oh, John, come back," and then fell to crying.

"I soon dried my tears, however, and began my daily routine of duty, but in spite of the occupation and cares about the house, the lonely figure striding away through the snow would come back, and as my mind dwelt on the bowed head as I saw it dimly, it seemed to reproach me at every turn.

"Toward night my thoughts took a tragic turn, and I began to imagine all sorts of evils: that he would never come back, that he hated me when he went away, and all such fancies, until at length my courage failed me utterly, and I sat down for a good cry, after which I felt refreshed, and prayed God to send John back safe and sound. From that moment I took a resolution never again to let anger find a place in my heart; and girls," glancing from one to the other of us, I have kept that resolution from that terrible day.

"As the day drew to its close I felt coming over me a sensation of sadness almost amounting to grief, which I could not account for. Alas! I can account for it now."

"My lonely situation, with the wind howling as it can only howl on the bleak sea shore, and the thick sheet of snow slowly blotting out the landscape, and blinding everything from view, crept over me in a strangely chilling way. As the evening crept on, and the struggling twilight deepened into night, the wind increased until it almost blew a hurricane, whirling the snow already fallen into great clouds of white, and I knew, drifting the roads almost to impassability;

But I knew nothing would keep my husband from me, and I hoped that the bad state of the weather might deter him from putting off: I might have known John better than that.

"So, after dark I prepared to place the light in its usual place, in the window facing the sea, just as you see it tonight, girls. My dismay can hardly be told when I discovered the can of oil upset, and its contents spread over the floor of my little closet. From the appearance it must have been overturned the day before, and every particle of the precious fluid was gone.

"Looking for candles next, I recollected that John had taken the last one with him, as he said he might need it in the tiny cuddy of his pilot boat; so here I was without the means of keeping my lamp burning until he came back. A little oil in the lamp would burn, perhaps, for an hour or two, but John did not expect to be back untill past midnight, and what was I to do? I determined to keep the lamp burning as long as it would, and then sit up, if need be, all night, with the fire kept as bright as possible, and wait for the coming of my husband.

There was no sound in my ears save the ceaseless beat of the snow against the windows, and without a glimpse possible into the driving gale, I lighted the lamp, and turning it as low as possible, and yet gave a bright ray toward the roads, and I sat down to watch and wait, my mind so filled with anxiety and forebodings of the gloomiest sort that my work fell unheeded by my side, and my gaze wandered away through the darkness and storm, to my brave John, battling with the wind and sea, but as I hoped, with my kiss on his lips.

"Hour after hour flew past unheeded save with an increasing dread as each stroke of the clock in the corner told that midnight drew on, and my hope that some stroke of good fortune might send him home sooner than he expected, grew less and less, until at last, a few minutes before the dismal strokes that told of the last hour of day, my lamp, which had been burning dimmer for the last half hour, suddenly flared up for a moment, gave one gleam, and went out, leaving me in darkness and with a fresh fear added to my previous distress.

"In furtherance of my design of the early part of the evening, I brightened up the fire as much as I could, and drawing back the curtains peered out into the thick darkness, but I could see nothing, so I sat down again, and resumed my weary watching. The wind had not relaxed one tittle of its power, and pattering against the glass, I could hear hail mingled with the snow. I sat thus for a long time, as I thought, and a great fear began to fill my heart that John would never come back.

"Midnight had long since passed, when, as if borne on the wings of a fiercer blast than ever, there came a weird, shrill cry sounding far above the roar of the tempest, now seemingly bent on the destruction of my poor shelter. As the winds lulled for an instant, as though gathering fresh force to outdo their last effort, that cry of agony again smote upon my ears, and to my terror, I seemed to hear my name mingled with the sound. The picture of John struggling through the snow, blinded and beaten down by the now fast falling hail, rose before me with a terrifying distinctness.

"For the third time that fearful cry filled the air. This time nearer and more plainly than before, and to my shuddering senses came the words, 'Mary, for God's sake, help!' Staggering to the door, I determined to brave the storm and find John, who I knew could not be far away, but dying in the storm.

"To my almost palsied hands the door refused to open, probably frozen in its place, and as the certainty of my powerlessness to save my husband came over me, my limbs tottered under me, and I had barely reached the sitting-room—this room, girls—when my senses left me and I remembered nothing more for many weary days, and many weeks more passed before the story of that terrible night was told me. When at last kind lips faltered out the tale of my bereavement to me, I felt that my light was altogether gone out, lost forever.

"This is what I knew afterwards of the events of that night and the following day: The morning after the storm, some neighbors, surprised at the absence of smoke from our chimney, surmised that something had gone wrong, so had come through the deep snow to find me in a dead faint, the fire gone out, and the empty lamp on the window-sill near where I had fallen. Going for assistance from one of my own sex, for they plainly saw that my dire necessity had come upon me, they had stumbled over the stiffened, frozen body of my John, covered by a little mound of snow, and lying with arms outstretched towards the house as though supplicating that help which never came. One of the men had stayed by the dead until his comrade returned with his wife, and then they brought it into the house and prepared it for the grave.

"Before the darkness of another night had passed away my babe was born, but lived scarcely long enough to die, and was buried beside its dead father. The kind woman who attended me in my sorrow vainly attempted to rouse me from the stupor into which I had fallen. But a single thought filled my mind for days after the sad occurrence just related, and that was a yearning for death, that I might join my John and baby where no sorrow or parting could come."

A few tears, like pearls, were rolling down the poor, patient, wrinkled cheeks of Aunt Mary, amid a silence unbroken save by the heavy sough of the wind as it swept past, told how deeply the remembrance of her vanished happiness saddened her. Not one of us about her ventured a single word; then taking up the thread of her painful story, we learned in a few more words all that there was to learn.

"But as you see, my dears, I recovered, and from that day to this I have listened to the roar of the sea, and the rush of the wind, with an ear longing for the call that shall give me permission to join my treasures in heaven.

"On that terrible night John had evidently come along as usual until he had reached the place whence he should have seen a light, and then, seeing but darkness around him, and probably worn out from fatigue, had wandered on until utterly exhausted, and finally falling for the last time had uttered the cry which bereft me of sense, and which proved, probably, to be his last words on earth.

"Long, lonely years have flown away with youth, beauty and hope almost, but as the night settles down upon the coast, through the weary months of more than forty years, the little twinkling light in the window has looked out through storm and gale, and will continue to do so until I go hence to seek my own."

Aunt Mary finished, and as her last words faded into silence, her head fell back among the cushions of her chair, and while we all gazed at her faded face and whitened locks her lips moved gently as though in silent prayer. Her eyes slowly opened again, and as they rested on each one of the little circle in turn, I felt that so brave and constant for so many, many years placed her too high among women for me to venture even a thought of the deep love which animated the poor old face as we gazed.

"Good night, my dears, and may God in his mercy give you happier lots than mine has been. Never, girls, on any account, let your husbands, if you ever have any, leave you without a kiss and a smile."

So we were dismissed to bed, and as each in turn gave and received the fond "good-night" of our brave relative, I am sure a firm resolve to heed the words just spoken took up its place in each heart there.

Looking through the frosted panes of my little window I could see the whirling snow piling in drifts on the level ground and as the deep roar of the distant surf boomed through the storm I could not repress a shiver, and I seemed to see Aunt Mary's husband stumbling through the cruel snow to death, on just such a night as this. As sleep came to my weary eyelids, I saw, in dreamland, the tiny twinkle from the window below, flashing out over the frozen waste, the beacon light of a brave and constant love.—*Washington Capitol.*

HOW TO STOP A RUNAWAY TEAM.—When you see a team which has become tired of standing in the street, while the owner is trading, begin to move slowly off, it is your duty to stop it—not to go quietly up and seizing the reins; that's a vulgar and common-sense proceeding, and you would not attract attention at all.—You must rush frantically at the horses, taking off your hat and swinging it in their faces, shouting at the top of your voice. The horses will most probably break into a run. You must then redouble your shouts, throw your hat after them and give chase. Most horses are so unreasonable as to increase their speed when people are doing all they can to induce them to stop, by waving their arms, swinging their hats and shouting "whoa!" in a voice like a locomotive. It therefore becomes the duty of every bystander to exert himself by hallooing, waving his arms, and if convenient, throwing a stick, or a piece of board, or a brickbat, at the fugitives. There is nothing soothes an excited horse like this style of performance, and when twenty or thirty men, with a sprinkling of boys, yelling, cavorting and gesticulating like demons, beset the path of a runaway team, it ought to stop. If it doesn't, it's the fault of the horses.—*Charleston (Mississippi) Courier.*

The hotel bill of the Grand Duke and *suite* at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, amounted to $11,000.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

The following report of some of the speeches made on the motion of Want of Confidence we take from the *Reporter*:—

Mr. Willis moved and Mr. Otty seconded his Want of Confidence motion. Mr. Willis felt physically and morally incompetent to discharge the task assigned to him as he could have desired. He remembered the remark of Mr. Beckwith in regard to burly, manly proportions, but when he also remembered that some of the greatest achievements of the age had been accomplished by men of spare form and haggard mien, he was encouraged to persevere. He had supported the government last year believing the School Law was safest in their hands, but that having become the law of the land he was now prepared to give good reasons for joining hands with the opposition. He then charged the government, in general terms, with dilatoriness in arranging for the School Law, and explaining its provisions to the County. They had rather contented themselves with disturbing the country, and that too, in a disgraceful manner. There were complaints from all parts of the country, and in St. John thus far its success had not been a tythe of what it might and should have been, while the expenses were proportionately increased. He charged them with bungling in the appointment of the Chief Superintendent. If change was determined upon it should have been effected months before. At the same time complimented the present incumbent in highest terms for diligence and efficiency, no was his esteem weakened by the fact that he was procured from a neighboring province. He charged them with dilatoriness in procuring the necessary series of Books required in the public schools, and for sending to Nova Scotia for printing which could have been executed as well in New Brunswick. This he thought a hardship upon the operatives of the country. He charged the government with neglect in not seeking to popularize the law; not even in York, proverbially favorable to the Bill. Neither had they done so in Westmorland, otherwise his friends would have advised him of the fact. (Hon. Attorney General—"Your friends have become rather scarce in Westmorland.") He next preferred the charge of inefficiency in conducting the various delegations during the present season, one province after another having given them the cold shoulder. The very leggotype of the Better Terms delegation showed the magna charta of our rights held in the hands of Mr. Wedderburn, to whom was left the financial conduct of that mission, instead of the Hon. Prov. Secretary, the paid financial minister of the country. He charged them with incompetency in the management of the Crown Land Office. They had simply contented themselves with sacrificing Mr. Lindsay. (A voice—And you sanctioned it.) Referring again to the School Law he charged them with dishonesty in introducing a bill which made no stipulation for non-sectarian schools, in fact their assurances to certain persons in St. John clearly proved that they had no intention of introducing that very clause for which they now claimed so much credit. He claimed credit for forcing it on the attention of the government, and related a conversation with the Attorney General on the subject. (Atty. General rose in his place and assured the House that no such conversation had ever occurred.) The resolution moved by Dr. Palmer had been submitted by him, and as it covered all that he required he commended it strongly to the Hon. Surveyor General in a conversation at his desk on the subject. (Surveyor General had no recollection whatever of any such conversation.) Mr. Willis regretted that the memory of his hon. friend was so unreliable. He charged them again with duplicity to the Roman Catholic Clergy in promising what they never fulfilled and that the whole religious aspect of the bill, however acceptable it might be, showed only deception and dishonesty on the part of the government

While they excluded the Christian Brothers they tolerated a clergyman of another denomination, who was now teaching in the City of St. John. He charged them with calling an avowed enemy of the School Law, Mr. Moore, to the Executive Council; and with jeopardizing the law itself by raising a false issue in Westmorland. Nothing could be more false and absurd, under all these circumstances, than for a government, born in deception and nursed in infamy, to arrogate to themselves the title of custodians of the School Law. He was actually informed that the Hon. Atty. General had requested Dr. Palmer to withdraw the non-sectarian resolution, and certainly his pledges to the Roman Catholic Clergy of St. John looked very much like a confirmation of the story. The opposition, he assured the House, were prepared to accept the Law as it is and to administer it faithfully, especially as there were members of that very opposition who had shown from first to last, that they were more anxious concerning the important phases of the Bill, than the Executive themselves. He then alluded briefly to the Botsford case,—to the rumor that it was the intention of the government to pension Mr. Wetmore, Clerk of the House, and appoint Mr. Bliss in his stead, and this principle of pensions was one to which the country would never give its assent. He also accused them of paying two Clerks in the Legislative Council where one was all sufficient. Lastly he considered the concluding paragraph of the speech, referring to the manner in which they would conduct their deliberations, as an insult to the Legislature, and concluded by announcing that he had now made "a pretty considerable spread."

Hon. Surveyor General replied briefly.

There was nothing in the attack of Mr. Willis beyond general charges, which it was impossible for this or for any other government to answer specifically. The country, he believed, had little interest in the debate, and for that reason he would not impose upon their attention another lengthy harangue.—It was a very easy matter to charge, him, with lack of improvements in the Crown Land system of the Province, but Mr. Willis knew it was a question hedged about by difficulties, and he. Mr. Willis, was as responsible as the Surveyor General in the matter of altering or amending the existing law, and while he held himself responsible for duly carrying out the regulations now existing, hon. members would admit that it was much easier to bring charges against the present management than to point to a remedy. If Mr. Willis had given more attention to matters of really public importance, and acquainted himself more fully with the details and present operation of the School Law, which he professed to understand so thoroughly, he, Mr. Willis, would not have made such a sorry exhibition of himself in the face of the whole country. The charge of dilatoriness in arranging for the carrying out of the School Law, was simply false.—They had done everything in their power to inaugurate it satisfactorily to the people.—The Chief Superintendent had summoned the Inspectors to Fredericton, and they were here fourteen days engaged in their very arduous duties. There had been no unnecessary delays in the appointment of the Trustees, and even as a journalist Mr. Willis should have known that the Trustees for St. John were appointed on the 6th Sept., as soon as ever they were nominated, and that the delay in St. Stephen and Woodstock was occasioned because the people had not come under the law in time to make the appointments until the next meeting of Council. Mr. Willis knew, or ought to know, all about these circumstances himself. Some of the Trustees had resigned; that also helped to aggregate the difficulties. Mr. Willis had charged the government with not putting the issue of free non-sectarian schools before their constituents, but he would speak for himself, and assure that gentleman that at the election in Charlotte he had put that very issue fairly and squarely before his constituents. Mr. Willis avowed himself a friend of these non-sectarian schools, but his practice condem