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, skillful, 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.

THE undersigned has removed to the premises formerly occupied by him, on King Street. Having secured the entire upper flats of the building, he is prepared to furnish FIRST-RATE accommodation to all who may call upon him.
☞ The TRAVELLER'S every want will be attended to.
ROBERT DONALDSON, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 3, 1872.

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

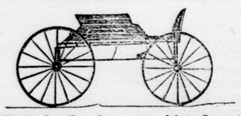
LONG'S HOTEL,
MOST PLEASANTLY SITUATED,
Corner of King and York Streets,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
This is a Strictly Temperance House.
GEORGE HUME, PROPRIETOR,
☞ Superior Stabling and a careful hostler.
—15

G. W. VANWART,
EXCHANGE BROKER,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.,
ISSUES DRAFTS on St. John, Boston, and New York.
Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in St. John.
Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.
Woodstock, March 9, 1872.—19

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXIV.—NO. 21. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872. WHOLE NO.—1210.

NEW CARRIAGE SHOP.

THE subscribers have entered into Co-partnership and are now prepared, at their Shop, in rear of "GIBSON HOUSE," (formerly occupied by S. E. BAKER), to turn out all kinds of
Caraiage & Sleigh Work
In the best style and of thorough workmanship and stock.
Their long experience in making and painting work of this description justifies the belief that they can give every satisfaction to parties patronizing them.
REPAIRING promptly and carefully attended to. Prices moderate.
J. W. BOYER,
C. F. KIRK.]
Woodstock, Dec. 12, 1871.—3m-3

LAURILLIARD & SON.,
DEALERS IN
Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs,
SHEET MUSIC, AND
Musical Instruments.
VIOLINS, FLUTES, CONCERTINAS, VIOLIN STRINGS, GUITAR STRINGS, BANJO STRINGS, &c. All of which will be sold at a slight advance on cost.
A. LAURILLIARD,
H. LAURILLIARD.
St. John, Jan. 17, 1872.—3

Carriage Manufactory.

LOANE BROS.
Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.
CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, PUNGS, SIDE-SPRING BUGGIES, END-SPRING BUGGIES, SINGLE and DOUBLE SEAT CONCORD WAGONS, SULKIES, EXPRESS WAGONS; in fact Wagons of every description made, and made to order.
PAINTING & REPAIRING punctually attended to.
A first-class Trimmer and Blacksmith always on hand.
☞ Nothing but the best Western Timber used, none but first-class Mechanics employed, and consequently *All Work done at this Establishment Warranted.*
Parties in want of any of the above description of Wagons or Buggies, would do well to call and examine for themselves, when they cannot fail to be suited.
Having in their employ a first-class Horseshoer they are prepared to do work of this description in a workman-like manner.
Cash paid for second growth Ash and Basswood.
JOHN LOANE.
ROBERT LOANE.
Woodstock, Jan. 26, 1872.—tf-3

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

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 1881.—45

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

A FIRST CLASS
HAIR DRESING,
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

DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,
Dentist.
(Of Penn. College of Dental Surgery) late of St. John, N. B.,
RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of Woodstock and vicinity, that he has opened an office for the practice of his profession, in Brown's Building, corner of Main and Connell Streets, Woodstock.
Special attention given to Filling and Preserving the Natural Teeth.
Artificial Teeth inserted in the best manner, so as to give the most perfectly natural appearance, and on the most reasonable terms.
☞ *Teeth extracted without pain*, by the careful use of Anesthetics, when desired.
January 19, 1872—3

Co-Partnersnip Notice.
ST.IRRETT & 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

JOHN C. WINSLOW,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER,
AGENT FOR FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH & AMERICAN
Insurance Companies,
FULL DEPOSITS AT OTTAWA.
ALSO,
Estate Agent,
OFFICE,—Hon. Chas. Connell's Brick Building, Queen Street.
Woodstock, Feb. 16, 1872.

Surveying.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN,
Office in Hamm's Building.
THE subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous patrons for past favors, begs to remind them and the public that he is still prepared with greatly increased accomodations, to prosecute his business as SURVEYOR OF LUMBER.
Parties entrusting Lumber to his care may be assured that his best and personal attention will be given to further their interests.
Lumber will be received, and advances made thereon, at SPRING HILL, when desired.
1y-18

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, Valuables, 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, 1672.—5

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.
WM. PARKS & SON.
N. B. Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.,
September 1, 1871.—1y-35

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

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 Every Description of Paper Stock, viz:—Cotton and Hemp Canvass, Hemp and Manilla Ropes, Shakings, Nets, Rags, Waste Paper, etc.
st john aug 25

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 INURANCE 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.

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.

Poetry.

The Everlasting Memorial.

BY REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

Up and away; like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won—
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away; like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes; like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are faded and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed; if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn move silently on,)
The bloom and the fruit and the seed of its season,
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed; if another succeed me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown,
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying—
So let my name be unblazoned, unknown—
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall yet be remembered,
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

Select Tale.

THE OLD MILL.

"Oh, the grind, grind, grind of that horrible old mill! Esther, Esther—do for Heaven's sake shut the window toward the mill, and see if it won't shut out that hateful sound." "Why, Aunt Ruby!" said Esther, as she appeared in answer to the call, "I thought you'd like to hear the river run, and the mill wheels go round and round."

"You did, well, I don't. I just hate the sound of them both. I think I shall be glad when I hear them no more."

"What do you mean, Aunt Ruby?" with a white terror in her face. "Do you mean you're going to die?"

"Yes, Esther, I mean just that. But dont look so white, child. *I'm* not scared I'm glad of it! I'm sick, and old, and worn out, Esther, and there never was any one so glad to die as I,"—with a weary sigh.

"Old, worn out"? What do you mean, Aunty? How old are you?"

"A hundred, it seems to me: but really I shall be thirty-two in September, or should be if I live, but I shall be gone before that time. Thank God for that!"

"Oh, auntie, you scare me! What makes you talk so? What makes you want to die?"

"Because I've lived long enough, and there's nothing left for me to live for.—Esther you know you are not my niece?"

"Yes, auntie, I know it."

"But your mother, Ruth Warner, was dearer to me than any of my sisters were. I think sometimes"—looking away through the open door to the distant hills,—"that it was all a mistake my being born in the family where I was born, and maybe it was a mistake my being born at all,—"speaking more to herself than to the girl—"I didn't seem to belong where I was put, anyhow. I had brothers and sisters, but we never got on well together. We always quarrelled, and father and mother always thought it was me at the bottom of it all. They said I was queer,"—with a childish quiver of the lip,—"and I suppose I was.

Poor father and mother! They're both dead now, and when I get where they are I hope they will know me better and love me a little, for"—with a sob—"I've never had much of it here."

"Oh, auntie!" sobbed the young girl, "*don't*! you'll break my heart if you talk so." "You think so?" with a ghost of a smile on her mouth. "People don't die so easy, child, I know for I've tried it. I've hoped, and cried, and prayed to die sometimes, but I don't die, you see. I'm here yet. But oh!" clasping her thin hands, "I hope before the June roses blow that I shall be colder than last Winter's snow drifts. It seems to me I shall laugh, to feel myself dead, and to know I can suffer no more. To know I'm beyond his reach—that he cannot so much as lay a finger on me, though he should hack my body in pieces. Oh, Esther, is'nt it grand, glorious to think," and her pale face lit up with a sudden light, "that the soul, the real me, can so escape him—so baffle him?"

"*Him!* Who do you mean, Aunt Ruby? Not Uncle David, do you?"

"I mean him, Esther, and no other. But, of course, you don't understand it: you have been here just a week. You have not had a chance to know him, and maybe you won't, for he's sly and careful before folks. And," after a pause, "he's a good deal better than he used to be: but it don't make any difference to me now. It's too late. But you want to hear my story, do you?"

"Yes, auntie tell me all about it. I know I'm young, only seventeen—"

"*Only seventeen*," broke forth the sick woman. "Why, bless your heart, child, I was a mother at seventeen! Johnny was born in August, and I was seventeen in September."

"That was dreadful, Aunt Ruby to be married so young. Why it seems to me I'm a little girl yet."

"May the good Lord keep you so," prayed aunt Ruby. "Raise me up, Esther, and put the pillows behind me. I feel as if I could talk better sitting up. There, that is all right. Now go to the north door and see if the mill is a-going, speaking to herself. "I don't want *him* to come in before I've told her the whole story."

"Yes, Aunt Ruby, the mill is going, and there are three or four teams waiting for grist."

"There's no danger of his coming in then. He'd stay until the last kernel was ground, if he dropped down in his tracks with faintness. I don't believe," she went on bitterly, "that he'd stop if you should go down there and tell him I was drawing my last breath. Perhaps he would stop to attend my funeral, because people might talk if he didn't. He's *had* to stop once, twice, thrice to bury the children, but he went right on next day grind, grind, grind! Oh, God! he's ground my heart to powder!" and she bent her forehead into her hands and shook with a sudden tempest of grief. It passed like a sudden Summer shower, and wiping her eyes with her handkerchief she sat up and began her story,

"I was only fifteen, when I went to live with your mother, and you were a baby only eight months old. It was strange, too, the way I happened to go there" twisting her handkerchief absently.

"How was it, auntie?" questioned Esther, to recall her.

"We lived on a farm," she continued, about a mile from the village, and your father kept a store in the village, and lived in some rooms over the store. One day I went there to buy some calico, tea, and saleratus, and your father was very busy with two or three old ladies, so he called your mother to come down and wait upon me. She came, and I fell in love with her in a minute. Maybe child, you don't believe that women fall in love with each other?" questioning Esther with a look.

"Yes I do, for I fell in love with you."

"So you did, darling. Come here and let me kiss you. You are all the world to me, and my only regret will be in leaving you.

"Well I fell in love with your mother, and stood gazing at her as though she were an angel, when a fall and a sharp scream from up stairs made her drop the tea she was tying up, and fly up stairs. I followed her, and found her with you in her arms, limpsy as a rag, and the blood running down your face in a stream. Your mother was pale as ashes, and I thought she would faint, but she didn't; she sat down with you in her lap, and asked me to bring her some water. She put some in your face, and you gasped, and opened your eyes wide, and bright as ever, for you was not badly hurt. You had only fallen from the cradle and hit your head on the rocker, and cut a small gash."

"Oh, Aunt Ruby, just look," cried Esther, lifting her hair," here is the scar yet."

"So 'tis. Well, as I said, you was not much hurt, but soon your father came tearing up as if he were shot out of a gun and stood whirling round just like a top in the middle of the floor crying,—she's dead she's dead! Send for the doctor, quick! Your mother put you into my lap, and going up to him, very quietly pushed him into a chair, and drenched him well with cold water; then handed him a towel to wipe his face and hair. By the time he was dried a little, his scattered wits came back to him, and he saw for himself that you was not hurt, but he insisted you must not be allowed to go to sleep, and asked me if I couldn't stay and help take care of you. I said yes, but I must go home first and take the tea and saleratus.

"No, no," said he, "I'll send them by Mr. Twist, with a line to your folks. Will that do?"

"Yes, I said. So the line was sent, and so I staid to take care of you *one* afternoon and I never went home to live a day after that. Your mother and father both *wanted* me; and my father and mother didn't want me; so it was settled.

"Your mother or I, used to stay in the store when your father had to go the city to get a new supply of goods, and 'twas in the store I first met David Brewser. I'd heard enough about him, though, for every body considered him a model young man. I had heard my father say that the miller, Mr. Tobey, said he was the best miller he ever had,—as honest and faithful as the day was long and that the girl who got him might consider herself well off. He was rather a small fellow with closely curling black hair,—at least it used to look black, but I know now, 'twas brown, and made to look so glossy and black by pomades and hair oils. His cheeks were red, and he wore neat clothes, and always looked as if he had just jumped out of a band box."

And her lip curled into a sneer.

"Of course all the girls were dead in love with him, but he passed them all by and fell in love with me; or," she added, under her breath, "I was fool enough to think he did; and I loved him, or thought I did. The fact is I never thought of it at all. He asked me to marry him; and I wasn't very happy at home, and everybody said it was *such* a good chance for me—how did everybody know, I wonder! —and your father and mother urged me to accept him, and so I did."

A shiver of disgust shook her as she said this.

"I was sixteen—a pretty time in life for a girl to marry, wasn't it? I ought to have been in my playhouse, with my broken dishes and dolls,—but I married, and at seventeen Johnny was born. Where is Johnny, did you ask? I don't know where he is; he ran away when he was twelve years old.

"Ran away," Aunt Ruby?

"Well, yes; he ran away from his father for *he* didn't know he was going, but I did, I helped him off. I thought he was going to his Uncle John's, but after he started he fell in with a boy who was going off on a whaling voyage, and so he went with him off to sea. He sent word back to me, by Billy Conner,—told him not to tell his father, and he don't know to this day where he went."

"What made him run away, auntie?"

"Because he hated his father! I don't wonder he did, either, for I did before he was born!"

"Hated your husband, Aunt Ruby! How could you?"

"How could I help it, you'll say, before I'm done. I was nothing but a little girl when I married him, and he was twenty-seven. Of course I wanted to have my mates to come to see me. He forbade it. He said,—he wasn't going to have a parcel of romping girls in his house, raising Ned!"

"Was it this house, auntie"

"No, it wasn't this house; none of 'em ever wanted to come to this dreary castle. Johnny was three years old, and Hattie was a baby when we moved here."

"Hattie! did you have a baby named Hattie, Aunt Ruby?"

"Yes; and one after her named Ruth. They're both buried up in the village. Hattie was drowned in the mill race, and Ruthie died of diptheria. He"—nodding her head toward the mill—"never cared anything about them. He never wanted them—he only wanted Johnny, for an heir, to board, and scrape, and grind for. I was raving mad when Hattie was drowned, but I got over it, and since then I haven't cared for anything, but to die, and be done with all,"—turning her head away, as if she wished the end would come within the hour

She lay with closed eyes for a little space then she cried out:

"Esther, Esther! I saw Johnny just now in a dream. I don't believe he is dead. But she added bitterly, "I'd rather he would be, then to come back after I'm dead, and grow up to be such a man as his father is! How strange she said presently, as if she talked to herself: "I can see Johnny now just as he looked the day he went away! He came up from the mill all white and all trembling, and sat down on the ground in front of the gate. I went out and asked him what the matter. He buried his face in his hands and cried awhile then he said,—"Father has been saying the most dreadful things to me. He said it wasn't likely you would live very long and it wasn't much matter if you didn't, that you had always been a poor stick, and never paid your way! And that after you was dead, it wouldn't cost so much to live, and we could just keep house for ourselves, and—and—oh, mother!" he screamed, "I couln't bear it, and I won't stay here. I never want to hear the words *money* or *mill* again, as long as I live!"

"I just stood and hung on to the gate to keep from falling, and clutched the top of my head, to keep it from bursting off.

"I helped him away, and the last words he said were,—mother, if ever I hear *he's* dead, I'll come back and take care of you; and I said,—"Go, Johnny, I don't blame you!"

Grind, grind, grind! Why don't the miller stop the mill? It is evident to a practised ear that the hopper is empty. He was never known to be so negligent before. Grind, grind, grind! We must go down and see what's up! What a dusty cob-webby old place it is, and so dark, too!

"There; I've stopped the grinding, and can make the miller hear."

"Can you? Try it!"

"Uncle Daviid, Uncle David, where are you? Oh, here you are! Why didn't you answer me?

Sure enough, why didn't he? Simply because he will never answer to his name again. He is fallen down in a lumpish heap, among his meal-bags. His face is purple, and the dust is all over his beard and hair, and his wide-open staring eyes. Perhaps the dust of years has choked him, or perhaps it was apoplexy.

Any way he was dead; and soon he was buried, and his wife got well, and Johnny came home. And they sold the old mill, and then went so far away that its grind, grind, grind, tortured them never again, forever!—*Young Folks' Rural for April.*

COMPANY MANNERS.—There is no greater education into vulgarity than home carelessness. A man or woman brought up under such a system is ruined for all the reality of refinement in after years. The surliness too often allowed at home, where children are permitted to be snappish to each other, disobliging and discourteous, ruins the manners as much as it hurts the mind. Hence we come to company manners, to a sickly sweetness put on simply for the occasion, to a formality of speech and an oppressiveness of attentions, to an exaggerated politeness that is so terribly afraid of transgressing into liberties as to be absolute bondage, and to all the silly little affectations belonging to the condition.

We never know any one whom we have not lived with, and even then, not always. To be admitted into the Temple does not include entrance into the asylum; and we may remain for weeks in a house where master and mistress and maids are all reticent alike, and may know nothing of the reality underlying the surface. People of whom I once knew something, and who were notoriously ill-matched, but marvellously polite, could keep their house full of company, and yet allow none of their guests to find out that the husband and wife were not on speaking terms. All communication between them that was absoluteiy necessary was carried on by writing. Personally, these two, dispensing smiles and civilities to all around, held no direct intercourse. But they managed so well that no one saw through the screen.

With company manners and company dress, there is also a company voice.—Who does not know that false voice of society? Mincing or thrown boldly forward, flung into the chest or pitched up into the head, it is all the same—the company voice, accent, choice of words, and register—all artificial alike. And there are company gestures. People sit and stand and walk, and use their hands according to the different degrees of familiarity in which they stand towards their society.

There is a vast deal of company make-believe among us; and if we would only give half the time we now bestow on "looking pretty" and "behaving pretty" in society to be sweet-tempered, and amiable, and careful of pleasing at home it would be all the better for ourselves and our families, and a gain in the way of true civilization.—*All the Year Round.*

Col. L. and a friend were one day walking the street in Madison, Ind., when the conversation turned upon Irish wit. Col. L. said he doubted if it was so off handed as was generally thought. He believed that Irishman studied it up. "Let us prove it," said his friend, "on the first Irishmen we meet." A young Irish lad of about sixteen soon came in sight walking towards them. They separated, one passing each side of the boy, each grabbed an arm. "If the devil should come along now, which of the three would he take?" shouted the friend. "Me, to be sure," said Pat.—"He's sure o'yees any time," The question was settled.

Items Foreign & Local.

The loss of property and lives in the Gloucester fisheries during the first three months of the present year was five vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of three hundred and eight tons, representing a value of $32,700, and 44 lives.

A death-bed marriage was solemnized at Carmel, N. Y., a few days ago, the dying groom being C. J. Robinson, a young and wealthy New York broker, of the firm of Robinson, Chase & Co., and the bride Miss Little. Mr. Robinson had been thrown from his carriage and badly injured, and sent for his *fiancee* to take care of him. The young lady's friends, however, objected to the arrangement, unless they were united in marriage. To this proposition Mr. Robinson assented, and a few hours after the ceremony he expired. He leaves property to the value of $1,500,000, half of which goes to the young widow. It is said that the relatives of the deceased are very indignant on account of the marriage, saying that the friends of the lady were actuated solely by mercenary motives in compelling the union, and a lawsuit is threatened.

The British "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews," employs twenty-five missionaries at an annual cost of £8,000 sterling. Between 20,000 and 30,000 Jews have been converted to the Christian faith, 500 of whom are now ministers or missionaries—100 among their own brethren.

A Methodist preacher has been sentenced to bread and water for eleven days, in Sweden, for endeavoring to gain proselytes to his denomination. In that intolerant country, dissenters are punished for holding services during the hours of Sunday sacred to the Lutheran church. This is a sad state of affairs for the nineteenth century, and we are not surprised to learn that the persecuted creeds are gaining many converts, those who are converted themselves endeavoring to spread their newly acquired convictions among their fellow countrymen. Men's consciences cannot be controlled by penal laws, any more than an honest and outspoken press can be gagged by persecution under the forms of law.

Meissonier, the celebrated French painter, recently received $40,000 for a single painting.

President Finney, of Oberlin College, has started out on a lecturing tour against Freemasonry, and asserts that he will not stop speaking until every Masonic Lodge in the country has disbanded. If he holds to his word he will only be a middle-aged man three or four centuries hence.

A Wisconsin man drew a girl toward him and kissed her. At the same moment a beam fell from the ceiling upon the spot where she had been sitting. Since then, Wisconsin girls have beams in their eyes quite generally.

One of the laws which has passed the Dominion Parliament this year makes it a penal offence to the tune of $250 to advertise for the return of stolen goods, "and no questions asked." Another act makes it a penal offence of not less than ten nor more than forty dollars, or imprisonment for thirty days, to carry a loaded pistol. The Magistrate convicting is empowered to confiscate the pistol.

An eccentric New York gentleman had his house painted black in mourning for his deceased wife.

New York complains of intense heat.—There were forty cases of sunstroke there on the 10th, two of which proved fatal.

A fire in Jeddo, Japan, during a severe gale recently, destroyed habitations covering a space of two by three miles. Thirty thousand persons are homeless. There was an immense destruction of property.

Some days since two men, named Tulden and Anderson, were murdered in Caldwell, Sumner County, Kansas, by a man named McCarty, who escaped into the Indian Territory. A Vigilance Committe immediately set out in pursuit, found and shot him. After the return of the vigilants from their excursion, a shooting affray occurred at Wellington, in which a man named Jack Lynch shot and wounded two men, Hopkins and Clark, and received two wounds himself.—Lynch was arrested. The affair coming to the knowledge of the committee, they marched over to Wellington, a distance of 20 miles, took Lynch from the officers having him in custody, and hung him.

A mile a minute. On Friday a special train was run from Rochester to Syracuse, a distance of 81 miles in 82 minutes. This is the swiftest railroad time on record.

Some miserable scamps have been breaking and defacing the marble crosses and other ornaments placed over the graves in the Catholic cemetery at Bangor. The Mayor offers $100 for their apprehension.

It is stated that of the forty-two thousand inhabitants of the city of Lowell, Mass., twenty-seven thousand never attend a place of religious worship.

Some enterprising citizens of New York have had beautiful gardens laid out on the roofs of their houses, where they are able to raise the choicest flowers.

Siam has a city of veiled women. In it live nine thousand people, every one of them females, with none of the tyrant sex to molest them or make them afraid. Of these nine thousand, one thousand are the aristocrats, the other eight thousand are artizans, tradeswomen, servants, and so forth. The walls are guarded by female sentinels; the peace is preserved, as well as it can be, when so many female tongues are swarming, by female police; and once a week the female military, horse and foot, perform their evolutions on the grand parade.

The Russian Government lately negotiated a railroad loan in London to the extent of £17,000,000 sterling, and on the strength of this loan orders were placed in the English mills for nearly 300,000 tons of rails. It is the great demand from Russia which has stimulated the advance in railroad iron in England of late.

The Temperance people of Nova Scotia are commencing an agitation for the purpose of sending redresentatives of their body to the Dominion Parliament at the next elections. In Halifax a Convention is to be held on the 30th inst., to nominate candidates. In Yarmouth, T. B. Flint, Esq., is said to be the Temperance candidate.

A deaf mute is a candidate for office in Jackson county, Indiana.

AHEAD OF TIME.—An individual named Smith, of Windsor, was recently subpoenaed to attend the Halifax Supreme Court, the hour named on the subpoena being by a mistake of the Clerk 2, a. m., instead of 10 a. m. Mr. Smith not being present when wanted, was sought for, arrested and brought into Court. Here, he produced his subpoena and also an affidavit that he had attended at the hour named but could not effect an entrance to the Court. He had adhered to the letter of the law and was accordingly dismissed.—*News.*

BAD FOR CATS.—A Western paper mentions the invention in that city of a machine called the Patent Cat Exterminator. This is described as a large sheet-iron cat, with cylindrical attachment and steel claws and teeth. The motive power is like that of a clock; the tail is swelled by a bellows in the interior, which also by a tremolo attachment, causes the patent cat to utter wild cries of defiance. The machine, being duly wound up, is placed upon the roof of the house. Roused by its diabolical yells, every cat within half a mile rushes to action, sometimes from fifty to one hundred attacking at once. Then the iron teeth and claws begin to work with lightning rapidity, and all the adversaries within six feet of the machine are torn to shreds. Reinforcements come up, only to meet a like fragmentary destiny, and soon great heaps of hair, toe-nails, and fiddle-strings are gathered upon the roof.