

W. D. CAMBER,
Surgeon Dentist.
Office, Corner Main and King Streets,
WOODSTOCK.
Lately occupied by Dr. ELLINWOOD.

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, HOUSE 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, 1899

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 20, 1895.

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND.)
Office at H. R. Baker's Drug Store, Resi-
dence, near the Methodist Church.
D. COLTER has held public appointments
in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas'
Hospital, London. Consultation as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1898—3m-jd-47

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's,
Jacksonville Road. [22-47]

JOHN B. TRAFTON,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Fort Fairfield, Maine.
—17-24

WILLIAM M. CONNELL
Attorney at Law, Solicitor Conveyancer,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
STEPHEN B. APPELBY
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]

WHITNEY HOUSE,
(Late "Caldwell Hotel.")
THIS undersigned having leased the
House formerly known as the "Caldwell
Hotel," and every preparation made to
traveling public that the House is now
open for their accommodation, after having
been newly furnished, and every preparation
made for the convenience and comfort of its
guests. No pains will be spared by the Proprietor to render
the House in every sense a comfortable home
for the weary traveler.
ORRERY R. WHITNEY.
Woodstock, May 30, 1872—22

Donaldson House.
(POST OFFICE BUILDING.)
THIS undersigned has removed to the
premises formerly occupied by his
King Street. Having secured the entire
upper part of the building, he is prepared
to furnish FIRST-CLASS accommodations
for the TRAVELER'S every want will be
attended to.
ROBERT DONALDSON, Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 3, 1872.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
RE-OPENED.
BRING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and fur-
nished, is now opened for the accommoda-
tion of permanent and transient boarders.
This House being conducted on strictly TEMPER-
ANCE PRINCIPLES, the Proprietor hopes to
receive a liberal share of patronage. There is
attached to this House a comfortable and at-
tractive kitchen. Charges moderate.
J. MARSHALL, Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 13, 1870—22

Russell House,
ON
PARK STREET
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, Proprietor.
March 18, 1868—13.

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

TRUNK FACTORY!
49 GERMANTOWN STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THIS subscriber has now on hand a superior lot
of Domestic Trunks & Valises!
In all the various styles and finishes—Leather,
Cloth, Composition, Zinc, Canvas, &c. made of
best material, by experienced workmen. For sale
at lowest market rates.
Orders from the country attended to with
promptness.
at John June 13
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—17-60

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

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 sel-
ling United States Currency.
Woodstock, March 9, 1872—10

VICTORIA HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
B. T. CROGAN, R. S. BROWNELL,
Proprietors. MANAGER

The Canadian Freeman.

Our Queen and Constitution.
VOL. XXIV.—NO. 43. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872. WHOLE NO.—1232

United States Hotel,
PORTLAND, MAINE.
JUST RECEIVED!
10 Cases
Ladies' Fur Goods;
4 Bales
BUFFALO ROBES.
At HUGH HAYS.
Woodstock, Oct. 18, 1872.

DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,
Dentist.
(Of Penn. College of Dental Surgery) late of
St. John, N. B.
RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabi-
tants of Woodstock and vicinity, that he has
opened an office for the practice of his profession,
in Brown's Building, corner of Main and Council
streets, Woodstock.
Special attention given to Filling and Preserv-
ing of Teeth.
Owing to a recent improvement, Dr. Griffith is
enabled to extract without pain, by the careful
use of Anesthetics, when desired.
January 19, 1872—3

ALBION HOUSE,
McGill and St. Paul Sts.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
HAS, for twenty years, been the favorite res-
ort of the general travelling public in the United
States, as well as in Canada, when visiting Mon-
treal on business or pleasure. It is centrally
located on McGill street, the great thoroughfare
and commercial centre of the city, commands a
magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence, the
Victoria Bridge on the left, and a full view of Vi-
ctoria Square and Mount Royal on the right.
The Hotel is furnished throughout in a superior
manner, and everything arranged with a view to
the comfort of guests.
As one of the largest hotels in the Dominion,
having ample accommodation for 500 guests, while
kept in first-class style, the moderate sum of \$1.50
will be charged as heretofore.
The travelling community will consult their own
interests by remembering the Albion Hotel, when
visiting Montreal.
DECKER, STEARNS & CUNNEY.

REPAIRING
In the best style and of thorough workman-
ship and stock.
Their long experience in making and painting
wagons, sleighs, and carriages, enables them to
give every satisfaction to parties patron-
izing them. Repairs promptly and carefully at-
tended to. Prices moderate.
J. W. DOYER,
C. F. KIRK,
Woodstock, Dec. 12, 1871—3m-3

Carriage & Sleigh Work
In the best style and of thorough workman-
ship and stock.
Their long experience in making and painting
wagons, sleighs, and carriages, enables them to
give every satisfaction to parties patron-
izing them. Repairs promptly and carefully at-
tended to. Prices moderate.
J. W. DOYER,
C. F. KIRK,
Woodstock, Dec. 12, 1871—3m-3

NEW CARRIAGE SHOP.
McGill and St. Paul Sts.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
HAS, for twenty years, been the favorite res-
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States, as well as in Canada, when visiting Mon-
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visiting Montreal.
DECKER, STEARNS & CUNNEY.

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,
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN,
Office in Hamlin's Building.

EXPRESS NOTICE.
The Eastern Express Company
WILL FORWARD DAILY.
In charge of their Special Messenger, via N. B.
& C. & 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 to be sent to the
Office after 5 o'clock, a. m.
G. W. VANWART, Agent.
Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1872—5

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 guarantee the same as being a good
article. We are prepared to execute orders for
the above in all quantities and at the lowest
prices.
In store—a good assortment of Wrapping
and Straw Papers.
Orders for the above are most respectfully sol-
icited.
Warehouse and Office, —Paradise Row, St.
John, N. B.
Post Office Box 267.
M. W. FRANCIS,
N. B.—The highest price paid for Every De-
scription of Paper Stock, viz: Cotton and Hemp
papers, Hump and various other papers, shakings,
nets, Rags, Waste Paper, &c.
at John June 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.
"ATENA" of Hartford, Established 1810.
"HARTFORD" of Hartford, Established 1810.
Rates moderate. Claims promptly paid.
Dwelling Houses insured on specially favorable
terms.
JOHN T. ALLAN, Agent.
Woodstock, July, 1869.

Fire & Life Insurance Agency.
THE subscriber is agent for Woodstock and
the upper St. John of the
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.
of Edinburgh and London.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
CAPITAL, —\$2,000,000 stg.
Invested Funds, 1874, \$2,394,512, 78, 10.

Standard Life Assurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Accumulated and Invested Funds \$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 recom-
mend them to my friends and the public gener-
ally, and shall be glad to receive application
from those desiring to insure their property or
lives.
JAMES ROYER
Woodstock, August, 16.

CARDS
IN returning thanks to the inhabitants of Wood-
stock and surrounding country, for their pa-
tronage while doing business in Woodstock, the
undersigned would inform his friends and the pub-
lic 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 Cloth-
ing, &c., &c.
—19 Please observe the Address.
P. G. RAY.

Poetry.
THE OLD COUPLE.
They sat in the sun together,
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stepped over the threshold stone.
He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyes with his hair;
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.
Like a bride party they traversed
Two unseemly, mystical days,
That leads to the beautiful City,
Whose Builder and Maker is God.
Perhaps in this miracle country,
He will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished springtime
Shall bloom in the spirit's track.
One thought of the living waters
Shall restore his nature's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlives time.
But the shapes they left behind them—
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made sacred to us by the kisses
The angel imprinted there.
We'll hide away in the meadow,
When the sun is low in the west;
Where moonbeams cannot find them,
Nor the wind disturb their rest.
But we'll not let the tombstone,
With its age and date, arise
Over the two who are no longer—
In their Father's House in the skies.

Select Tale.
MY WIDOW.
Jones advised me not to marry here,
He said she was too young and pretty—
Farnum advised me to be an old bachelor—
told me a man past forty simply
made a fool of himself by matrimony.
Tewksbury, a man who is notorious for
never minding his own business, told me
he had a love affair with Henry Birming-
ham before he went south.
Allen shook his head, and said Clara
Myers might be very pretty, but he liked
somebody maturer and settled. (N. B.)
—He married his housekeeper the next
week, and she is mature enough for Methu-
salem.
Everybody thought I was trying a dan-
gerous experiment; but I didn't try to
suit everybody, so I simply suited my-
self. I went quietly to church with
Clara Myers, and married her one glori-
ous January morning, when the old St.
Paul's was fringed with glittering icicles,
and the brick walls were freighted with
the particles of flying snow like a bat-
talion of diamonds on a double quick.
She was nineteen and I was nine-and-
thirty. She was as beautiful as a rose-
bud; I was a rough old codger, sound
enough at heart, but like a winter apple,
unpromising on the exterior.
In short, we were as unlike as May
and November; and the good natured
world shook its head, and said: "No
good could come of such an unequal
match." But she said she loved me, and
I believed her. Nobody could look into
Clara's blue eyes and not believe her, you
see.

The next day I made a will, and be-
queathed all my property unconditionally
to my wife.
"Are you sure you are doing a wise
thing, Mr. Folliot?" said Maryn, the
lawyer, pushing his blue spectacles up
his forehead, while he looked like an old
bald eagle, and with a pair of eyes.
"You see she is very much younger than
yourself, and—"
"Please be so kind as to mind your
own business!" I said brusquely. "Don't
be offended, Maryn, but really people
seem to suppose I am not able to attend
to my affairs."
"Just as you please," said Maryn in
a rage. "I am a mere tool in your
hands."
"That's it exactly," said I. So I
signed the will and went home to Clara.
"Oh, Paul! you must not die!" said
Clara with a scared look, when I had told
her what I had done. "Nobody ever
loved me as truly as you have done, and
I don't know what I should do if you
were taken away."
"There was a young Birmingham, if
all reports are true—" I mischievously
began; but the curl on Clara's lip stop-
ped me.
"A mere butterfly!" she sighed hap-
pily, "without other brains or principle.
Paul! Paul! I have found a shelter in
your true, loving heart, and I mean to
nestle there always."
And then she cried—this foolish, soft-
hearted little wife of mine.
Jones and Tewksbury might have cal-
led this policy. Farnum would have said
it was acting. But it was very pleasant,
and I felt more than ever like a man who
has found some precious jewel and wears
it like an amulet on his breast.

So things went on until the firm of
Jones and Tewksbury might have cal-
led this policy. Farnum would have said
it was acting. But it was very pleasant,
and I felt more than ever like a man who
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it was acting. But it was very pleasant,
and I felt more than ever like a man who
has found some precious jewel and wears
it like an amulet on his breast.

And I was sheltered by the partition.
Hush! That was Tewksbury's voice—
harsh and jarring as of old.
"Just what might have been expected,"
said Tewksbury. "Pretty and young
widows don't go begging in this market."
"Folliot might have known it!" growled
old Farnum. "Poor Folliot! There were
some good points about him too. Sad
thing that, very sad thing!"
"We must all die," said Tewksbury
gravely.
"Yes, but a fellow would naturally
prefer dying in his bed to being carried
off by an East Indian fever and buried in
the jungle."
"I shuddered. Had I come home to
my own funeral as it were?"
"And so he is going to marry young
Birmingham, after all!" added Farnum.
The paper dropped from my hand.
"I could have told Folliot so when I
found out what a confounded idiot he
had made," said Tewksbury. "So now
he has fallen again. 'Just my luck,'
I sold out to-day."
I staid to hear no more, but staggered
out into the darkness with one idea whir-
ling through my dizzy brain—my Clara
was mine no longer.
It was unquestionable what Tewksbury
had said. I might have anticipated some-
thing such. She was too young, too lovely,
for such a rough fellow as I was. "My
widow! what a curious sensation the
words gave me! I mentally pronounced
them."
Under my window's with the ruby red
light shining through the vine colored
damask curtains, I stood there feeling as
Rip Van Winkle might have felt in
the play—like a dead man walking on
the earth once more. Voices and lights
were within. I opened the door softly
and crept into the hall. The drawing
room door was ajar. Clara herself stood
before the fire, with a fill of white paper
on her Auburn gold tresses—the awful
sight of her widowhood. Directly oppo-
site stood Henry Birmingham looking dia-
bolically young and handsome in the soft
light.
"Clara, Clara!" he cried, "you are
surely not in earnest. You will consid-
er?"
"My answer is final," she replied.
"The time might once have been when
I had a childish liking for you, Harry Bir-
mingham. But that time has long since
passed. I gave away my heart to the
best and noblest man that ever breathed,
Paul Folliot, and in his grave it is forever
buried. I loved him once; I shall love
him into eternity; I never was half
worthy of him, but—"
And Clara's voice was choked with
sobs.
"My love! my darling! my own precious
wife!"
How I ever got into the room—how I
managed to make Clara comprehend that
I was my own living self and not a ghost
risen from the shadow of the sepulchre, I
cannot tell to this day. Neither can she
tell me how she got into the room, and
how I kissed her, and how I was stand-
ing in the general awe and terror. It was
supposed by many that the last day, the
day of judgement had come. Some one,
in the consternation of the hour, moved
an adjournment. Then there arose an
old Puritan legislator, Davenport Stan-
ford, who said: "The last day has come
and it is not a day of judgement, but a
day when we should adjourn, and if it has
come it will be better for us to be found
doing our duty. I therefore move that
candles be brought and that we proceed
with our work." There was quietness in
that man's mind, the quietness of heaven,
and he put the extraordinary words into
my ears. I was not a man of words, but
I was a man of action, and I did as he
said.

THE WORK OF THE LEAF.—What
does it do? It pumps water from the
ground through the thousands of tubes
in the stem of the tree, and sends it into
the atmosphere in the form of unseemly
mist, to be condensed and fall in showers,
the very water that, were it not for the
leaf, would sink in the earth and find its
way, perchance, through subterranean
channels, to the sea. And thus it is that
the leaf is a pump, and it is the leaf that
we see it to give us the "early and the
late rain." It works to send the rills
and streams, like lines of silver, down
the mountain and across the plain. It
works to pour down the larger brooks
which turn the wheels that energize the
machinery which gives employment to
millions of men. It works to stimulate
wealth accumulated and intelligence dis-
seminated through the agency of this
wealth. The leaf does it all. It has
been demonstrated that every square inch
of leaf lifts 3.50 of an ounce every twenty-
four hours. Now, a large forest tree
has about 100,000 square inches of leaf
surface. This being multiplied by 3.50
square inches, this being multiplied by
3,500 (the amount pumped by every inch),
gives us the result—2,250 ounces, or 1,176
pints, or 294 quarts, or eight barrels.
The trees on an acre give eight hundred
barrels in twenty-four hours. An acre
of grass, or clover, or grain, would yield
about one-tenth of the amount. The leaf, it
works, too, in another field of labor,
where we seldom look—where it works
for the good of man in a most wonderful
manner. It carries immense quantities
of electricity from the earth to the clouds,
and from the clouds to the earth. Rather
dramatic, but transporting light-
ning; but it is particularly fitted for this
work. Did you ever see a leaf entire as
to its edges? It is always pointed, and
these points, whether they be large or
small, are just fitted to handle this dan-
gerous agent. These tiny fingers seize
upon the electric fluid, and carry it to the
wonderful discharges. There must be no
delay; it is "time freight." True, some-
times it gathers up more than the trunk
can carry, and in the attempt to crowd and
pack the baggage trunk gets terribly
shattered, and we say that lightning
struck the tree. But it had been struck
a thousand times before. This time it
was over-worked.

THE COCOA-NUT.—To enumerate all
the services which the cocoa nut tree, and
its fruit, render to man, in the East, is
to write a book. The dried leaves are used
for thatch, and for making screens,
mats, baskets, and a kind of plaid; while
the mid-rib of the leaf serves the natives
as an oar. The wood of the lower part

of the stem is very hard, takes a beauti-
ful polish, and is known to our tanners
and ornamental joiners as porcupine
wood; the fibrous centre of the older
stems is worked like coir into cordage
and similar articles. The husk of the
ripe nut, when cut across, is used for pol-
ishing furniture, and scrubbing floors.
Within the nut is occasionally found a
small stony substance of a bluish white
color, worn by the Chinese as a kind of
amulet or charm. In short, the cocoa nut
tree is one of the most useful products
of the tropical regions.

BENEFITS OF SUNSHINE.—Seclusion
from sunshine is one of the misfortunes
of our civilized life. The same cause
which makes the potato vines white and
sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates
to produce the pale, sickly girls that are
suffered in our parlors. Exposure either to
the rays of the sun, or to the rays of the
show color, health and strength.
One of the ablest lawyers in the country,
a victim of long and hard brain labor,
came to me a year ago, suffering from
partial paralysis. The right leg and hip
were reduced in size with constant pain
in the lower part of the leg. He was ob-
liged to sit up, and was obliged to be
dragged the right foot after him. Pale,
feeble, miserable, he told me he had been
failing for several years, and closed with
"My work is done. At sixty I find my
self worn out."
I directed him to lie down under a
large window and allow the sun to shiner
upon every part of his body; at first, ten
minutes a day, increasing the time until
he could expose himself to the direct rays
of the sun for a full hour. His habits
were not essentially altered in any other
particular. In six months he came run-
ning up the stairs, a vigorous man of
forty, and declared with sparkling eyes,
"I have twenty years more of work in
me."
I have assisted many dyspeptic, neu-
ralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondriacal
people into health by the sun cure. I
have seen many facts illustrating the won-
derful power of the sun's direct rays in
curing certain classes of invalids, that I
have thought seriously of publishing a
work to be denominated the "Sun Cure."
—Hunt and Health.

DUTY.—Nearly a hundred years ago
there was a remarkable day of gloom and
darkness, still known as the dark day,
when the bright sun was slowly extin-
guished as if by an eclipse. The legislature
of Connecticut was in session, and as its
members saw the unexpected and unac-
counted darkness, and the gloom of the
day, and the general awe and terror. It was
supposed by many that the last day, the
day of judgement had come. Some one,
in the consternation of the hour, moved
an adjournment. Then there arose an
old Puritan legislator, Davenport Stan-
ford, who said: "The last day has come
and it is not a day of judgement, but a
day when we should adjourn, and if it has
come it will be better for us to be found
doing our duty. I therefore move that
candles be brought and that we proceed
with our work." There was quietness in
that man's mind, the quietness of heaven,
and he put the extraordinary words into
my ears. I was not a man of words, but
I was a man of action, and I did as he
said.

THE KING OF BELGIUM.—Nothing more
forcibly strikes the foreigner in Berlin
than the universal intelligence of the low-
er classes of that city. Your cabman speaks
to you—if you can but comprehend him in
perfectly correct and grammatical German;
your washerwoman's bill is a model of neat
and handsome penmanship and correct spell-
ing; your wife's seamstress is able to discuss
the latest publications, the views in the po-
litical and fashionable world, and examines
books on the table with a critically-ex-
perienced eye. To be sure, this universal
intelligence has a tendency to make the
"heavens of wool and drawers of water some-
what arrogant; and, by the law of compensa-
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