

DOCTOR SMITH'S

OFFICE IN HIS DRUG SHOP, QUINN'S NEW BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

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.

Dr. C. J. Connell, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office and Residence, next to Honorable Charles Connell's.

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. R. REYNOLDS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK, RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacktown Road.

JOHN B. TRAFLET, COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

Fort Fairfield, Maine.

WILLIAM M. CONNELL, Attorney at Law, Solicitor Conveyancer,

NOTARY PUBLIC, INSURANCE AGENT &c.

SAMUEL J. BAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c. ANDOVER, Victoria County, N. B.

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.

WHITNEY HOUSE, (Late "Caldwell Hotel.")

Under management having leased the House formerly known as the "Caldwell Hotel,"

Donaldson House, (POST OFFICE BUILDING.)

THE undersigned has removed to the premises occupied by him, on King Street,

WOODSTOCK HOTEL, RE-OPENED.

BEING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient boarders.

Russell House, ON PARK STREET.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

AMERICAN HOUSE, C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR,

BARKER HOUSE, Queen Street, Fredericton.

LONG'S HOTEL, CORNER OF KING AND YORK STREETS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

WILLIAM L. NEWCOMB, STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE.

VICTORIA HOTEL, THE FIRST HOTEL IN THE DOMINION.

ALBION HOTEL, MCGILL AND ST. PAUL STS., MONTREAL, CANADA.

HAS, for twenty years, been the favorite resort of the general public in the United States as well as in Canada.

PSYCHOMANCY, or SOUL CHARMING.

HOW either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose.

ALBION HOTEL, MCGILL AND ST. PAUL STS., MONTREAL, CANADA.

The Canadian

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.)

VOL. XXV.—NO. 18.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

Editors & Proprietors.

WHOLE NO.—1258.

Cut Nails! Cut Tacks!

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S, STANDARD Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

MONEY TO LOAN!

WARREN'S BILIOUS BITTERS, Atwood's Jaundice Bitters,

United States Hotel, PORTLAND, MAINE.

HARNESS SHOP!

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, (UP ONE FLIGHT STAIRS), OPPOSITE H. R. BAIRD'S.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

JOHN LOANE, Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.

NOTICE.

EXPRESS NOTICE.

THE Eastern Express Company WILL FORWARD DAILY.

THROUGH TICKETS.

NOTICE.

W. D. CAMBER, DENTIST.

Office, Corner Main and King Streets, WOODSTOCK.

TRUNK FACTORY!

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

THE subscriber has now on hand a superior lot of Domestic Trunks & Valises!

NEW HAIR DRESSING, SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING SALOON.

Over Hon. Wm. Lindsay's Store.

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public, that he has opened a New Hair Dressing, Shaving and Shampooing Saloon,

Over Hon. Wm. Lindsay's Store.

GOLDEN FLEECE, Tailoring Establishment, RE-OPENED THIS DAY.

THE subscriber having received the services of M. McEneaney, a First-Class Cutter and Able Tailor,

THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends and the public, that he has opened a New Hair Dressing, Shaving and Shampooing Saloon,

Over Hon. Wm. Lindsay's Store.

HALL'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, (UP ONE FLIGHT STAIRS), OPPOSITE H. R. BAIRD'S.

HAVING all the facilities for taking a good picture, all are invited to give me a call,

THE subscriber has now on hand a superior lot of Domestic Trunks & Valises!

NEW HAIR DRESSING, SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING SALOON.

Over Hon. Wm. Lindsay's Store.

NORTH BRITISH FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent, for this County and vicinity, of the above first-class company.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY THROUGH TICKETS.

THE undersigned having been appointed TICKET AGENT at Woodstock for the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY,

NOTICE.

Poetry.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand; Pause not for toil or pain;

Scatter the seed, and fear not;— A table will be spread;

Sow, while the seeds are lying; In the warm earth's bosom deep;

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting; And the seed must fall to-day;

Sow, while the seeds are lying; In the warm earth's bosom deep;

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Mrs. Beckworth's tone and words. "I like the looks of the place well enough, but of course I can't tell till I've been over the house and seen what the accommodations are."

"I value myself" vaguely repeated Mr. Dallery.

"In such a transaction as this," went on the widow, "there are two sides to every bargain."

"Oh, of course," feebly assented our hero.

"And I've always been put upon and cheated, because I'm a widow," she added.

"I should be the last," began Mr. Dallery, "to wish to take an unfair advantage."

"Oh, gammon!" cried Mrs. Beckworth. "It's what you men always say."

"Mamma!" again murmured Clara, in a deprecating tone.

"Clara, will you hold your tongue?" sharply demanded her mother. "When you've lived in the world as long as I have—fifty years come next seventeenth of June—"

"But I am only five and forty," interrupted Mr. Dallery.

"Well, what then? I wasn't asking how old you were. As you were saying, this is not a first-class neighborhood to live in, and you can't expect—"

"Ma'am," broke in Mr. Dallery irritably. "I am not aware I have mentioned any expectation whatsoever."

"But Aymler says—"

"I have not authorized Mr. Aymler to make any statement on the subject," cried our wretched bachelor, wiping his brow.

"Clara," said the widow, turning round to her daughter with a jerk. "I believe this old gentleman is crazy."

"Old gentleman?" echoed Mr. Dallery. "Dallery appears on to frantic indignation, and found the man who had captured the town, after having had a conflict with the whites, and when I left, late last Sunday night, everything was quiet."

"No, sir," bridled the widow, wheeling short round again. "I came here to rent your house."

"But my house isn't to let."

"What have you got a bill up for, then?" sharply questioned Mrs. Beckworth.

"I have not a bill up for anything, beginning, as the phrase goes, to see daylight. 'It's the house next door.'"

"O—o!" ejaculated Mrs. Beckworth, a little taken aback for the moment, while pretty Clara blushed "celestial rosiness" over the whole.

"I hope you will pardon what may have seemed to you very like unwarrantable impertinence on our parts, sir," she said, lifting the pleading brown eyes to his face.

"Of course, I will, my dear," said Mr. Dallery, writing the soft little hand as he laughed heartily at the recollection that he also had fallen into as ludicrous a misapprehension as the cracked Mrs. Beckworth.

"Come along, Clara; it's getting late. We'll have to put off seeing the other house until morning."

"But you will allow me to see your home, ladies, just by way of convincing me that we are thoroughly reconciled," said Mr. Dallery.

Mrs. Beckworth declared that it was quite unnecessary, but Clara's timid eyes said a mute "Yes," and Mr. Dallery got his hat and walked off with the ladies to the infinite amusement of Bridget, who had not known her master to do such a thing before, in a twelvemonth of Sundays.

Mrs. Beckworth rented the house next door. She "took boarders" for a livelihood, and was a thrifty, driving dame as ever, with her rusty black bombazine, and made her servant maids' lives miserable to them with soap suds and surveillance.

Clara blushing announced to her mamma that she did not think she should move with her into the new house.

"And why not?" sharply barked Mrs. Beckworth. "If you are going to take up with that miserable fellow to teach music in Mrs. Ramsey's school, you haven't the spirit I've given you credit for, Clara Beckworth."

Clara muttered a faint denial of the taunting impeachment.

"Then," demanded her mother more shrewdly than before, "what are you going to do?"

"I am going to marry Mr. Dallery," Clara answered.

And that was the upshot of Mrs. Beckworth's May house hunting. David Dallery, and the wedding ring, was about to place on her finger, seemed like a dream of Paradise, and she felt that her whole life she had led for the twenty years of her young existence, and she was more than content.

So was Mr. Dallery.

He may never know of the anguish hidden beneath smiling eyes. We may never know of the weary hours bridled day by day, whose prayer is for strength to wait till God shall say, "Well done."

"I can sit down at the same fireside, clasp hands at the same social board, look into others faces, but we cannot see the heart. And who may tell of sad failures, the soul-sick pining for a father's hand to lead beside the still waters of peace and rest."

"Ah! never till we soar beyond the stars, and all the tears be wiped from our eyes, shall we understand that inscrutable mystery—the human heart!"

"I despair not, when His sunny hand and dreary! By and by the shadows will fall apart, the fetters that bind us will be dissolved, the burden be removed, the tired hands be folded, and sleep, with her healing wings, shall hover over us, and rest be won."

"That's for the rest of the quiet grave! Thank God for the home beyond it! and be sure, 'when you awake in his likeness, ye shall be satisfied there.'"

"Do you go to school now, Charlie?" "Yes, sir, I had a fight to-day, too."

"You had? Which whipped?" "Oh, I got whipped by the one with the great frame." "Was the other boy bigger than you?" "No, he was littler."

"Well, how came you to let a littler boy whip you?" "Oh, you see he was madder nor I was."

General News.

A BLOODY AFFAIR AT COLLEGE.—New Orleans dispatches of April 15 give some interesting details respecting this bloody affair, referred to by our despatches:

The whites have retained Colfax, and there is not a negro to be found for miles around. The negroes are the more dangerously entrenched themselves in the court house, and built breast works three or four feet high.

There were, it is said, about 400 men, armed and equipped throughout the city, about 12 o'clock, about 150 men gathered from the surrounding parishes and made an attack on the court house.

The negroes were then storming and captured, the negroes taking refuge in the court house, the doors of which were barricaded.

After some further fighting the negroes flung out a flag of truce, and several detachments of men advanced on it, when they were fired upon by the besieged party, wounding several.

The whites, who were then in possession of the court house, and were shot at by the negroes, and it is reported that the whites numbered in the neighborhood of 100 men.

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