

Woodstock Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

WHOLE NO.—1360.

DOCTOR SMITH'S
OFFICE IN HIS DRUG SHOP,
QUINN'S NEW BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
Two doors South of B. Lynch's New Store.

Dr. C. P. 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. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK,
RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's,
Jacksonville Road.

A. B. CONNELL, L. L. B.,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, & C.
Office—In Brown's Brick Building, over the
D. Baker's Jewellery Store.
Collecting promptly attended to.

APPLEBY & COURSE,
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Conveyancers, Notaries, &c.,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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

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

SAMUEL J. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.,
Grand Falls, 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—In Post Office, WOODSTOCK.

Surveying.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN,
Office in Ham'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 to receive and accommodate, to prosecute his business as Surveyor of Land.

Parties entrusting Land to his care may be assured that his best and personal attention will be given to further their interests.

Land will be received and advances made thereon, at BREXID, N.H., when desired.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
RE-OPENED.
BRING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders. This House being conducted 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.—29

Russell House,
on PARK STREET
near THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, Proprietor.

LONG'S HOTEL,
MOST FAVORABLY SITUATED,
Corner of King and York Streets,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
This is a Strictly Temperance House.
GEORGE HUMPHREY, Proprietor.

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

ALBION HOTEL,
McGill and St. Paul Sts.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

HAS, for twenty years, been the favorite resort of the general travelling public in the United States, as well as in Canada, when visiting Montreal on business or pleasure. It is centrally located on McGill street, the great thoroughfare and commercial center of the city, commanding a magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge and Mount Royal on the right, and 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, kept in first-class style, the moderate sum of \$1.50 will be charged as fare.

The travelling commiserate can consult their own interests by resuming the Albion Hotel, when visiting Montreal.

DECKER, STEARNS & MURRAY.
United States Hotel,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE above popular house, centrally situated in the business quarter of the beautiful Forest City, and in close proximity to the leading places of amusement and public buildings, has been thoroughly re-modelled, refurnished, and is now open to the public.

Billiard Room, Bath Room, Barber Shop, Telephone Office, and General Furnishings, in connection with the house.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

W. C. RAM, Proprietor.
August 15, 1873—4433

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, Gun, Canvas, &c. Made of best material, by experienced workmen. For sale at lowest market rates.

GIBSON HOUSE.

THE subscriber wishes to inform their numerous friends and customers that they have removed to the CALDWELL HOUSE, lately kept by Mr. O. R. Whitney, where they will be pleased to wait on all who may favor them with a call.

A Good Stable, and a careful hostler always in attendance.

ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.
JOHN C. GIBSON, Proprietor.
Woodstock, October 1, 1874—19

QUEEN HOTEL,
QUEEN STREET, - - - FREDERICTON,
J. P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.
(Formerly of "Snell House," Houlton, Me.)
Livery Stable in connection with the House.
Sept. 1, 1874—13-38

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.
First-class Trimmer and Blacksmith always on hand.

Nothing but the best Western Timber used, and first-class Mechanic employed, and consequently all Work done at this Establishment thoroughly and promptly attended to.

Parties in want of any of the above description of Wagons or Buggies, or any other kind of Carriage, will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber, as he has a large stock of Carriages, and is prepared to make to order any kind of Carriage, and is prepared to make to order any kind of Carriage, and is prepared to make to order any kind of Carriage.

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

J. R. TUPPER, Jr.,
(Successor to J. C. Cox.)
Livery, Sale & Boarding STABLE.
Connell Street, Rear American House,
14 Stable,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

January 22, 1875—4

Harness Shop!
2 Doors Below Baker & McCormack'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, and to inform them that I have removed to the new stand, and am prepared to receive and accommodate all who may favor me with a call.

Parties entrusting Land to his care may be assured that his best and personal attention will be given to further their interests.

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W. C. RAM, Proprietor.
August 15, 1873—4433

W. D. CAMBER, DENTIST.

OFFICE—Connell's Brick Building,
1 Queen Street, Woodstock.

G. V. VANWART,
EXCHANGE BROKER,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.,
ISSUES DRAFTS on St. John, Boston, and New York.

Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in St. John, Boston, and New York.
Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.

Agents Wanted.
AGENTS WANTED in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and P. E. Island to take orders for the rapidly selling work, "Glorious of the Immortal Life." Address, for circulars of first terms, C. H. FERGUSON, General Agent, Waterville, Colchester Co., N. B.

Insure Your Life in
The Old PHOENIX MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company
of Hartford, Conn.
ESTABLISHED 1851.

Policies issued 1873—9,222; Income for 1873—\$3,921,407.70.

The fourth Company in the U. S. as to amount of new business, 1873.

Assets securely invested, \$9,074,861.34.

Dividends paid to policy holders during the year, \$1,070,485.48.

Deposited at Ottawa, \$100,000.

Residence of J. E. FERGUSON, President.

J. C. BURNS, Secretary.

Agents for Woodstock and vicinity, APPLEBY & COURSE, Attorneys-at-Law.

General Agent, for the Counties of Sunbury, Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska, JOSHUA MURPHY.

Applications respectfully solicited.
July 10, 1874—13-29

FURNITURE!
THE undersigned desires to call special attention to their very large, varied and handsome stock of FURNITURE—the largest and best ever exhibited in the County.

Centre, Extension, Dining and Common Tables; Chairs of all description and prices; BEDSTEADS in great variety; Sofas, Lounges, &c., in all the latest styles.

Parlor and Bedroom Sets; Brackets, What Nots, &c., a very fine lot; Mirrors, Mirror and Picture Frames suited to every taste.

In a word the Stock is complete in every department, and the prices will be found in keeping with the depressed state of the money market.

Call and examine at our Show Room, King Street, a few doors west of the Post Office.

W. VANWART & LITTLE.
Woodstock, October 9, 1874—41

BELL ORGAN.
STOOLS.
BOOKS.

As Good as the Best!
Buy a BELL ORGAN,
and save 17 per cent, the duty on all American Instruments.

Every Instrument fully warranted for five years.

W. LEONARD ALBERTON.
Woodstock, Dec. 23, 1874—52

F. BEVERLY & SON,
Booksellers, Stationers, &c.,
DEALERS IN
Fancy Goods, Piano Fortes,
ORGANS, TOYS, &c. &c.
FREDERICTON, N. B.

October 17, 1873—42

FARM FOR SALE!
OWING to the health, the subscriber wishes to dispose of his farm, opposite the farm owned by Geo. Ball, three miles from Town, consisting of about seventy-five acres of land, well watered, and in a good state of cultivation, and enclosed by a substantial cedar fence, with barn 30x40, 20 foot posts, and a House thoroughly finished.

Time Goes by Turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again; Most faded plants renew their fruit and flower; The sorriest wretch may find release from pain; The driest soil such in some moistening shower; Time goes by turns, and chances change by course.

From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

No joy so great but runneth to an end; No hap so hard but in some time amend.

Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring; Not endless night, nor yet eternal day; The roughest storm a calm may soon ally; Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all.

The man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost; That net that holds no great takes little fish; In some things all, in all things none are cross; Few all things need, but none have all they wish.

Unmingle joys here to man befall; Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

Select Tale.

A Vacation Visit—And What Came of It.

While I was with Troy & Robinson, my first clerkship, by the way, I used to count a great deal on my vacation—it was four weeks in September—and lay a good many plans for spending it pleasantly. Of course an invitation to some nice place was very acceptable, for a junior clerk's income is not often large; and this year, 18—, no matter for the last two figures—I was very much in hopes of two—one from my maternal grandmother in Virginia, another from my old friend Charlie Pell, who had sometimes before promised to take me to his mother's residence near Boston.

Now my grandmother was a rich woman who had been a beauty, and was very much of the opinion that she would always remain one. She had plenty of company, and her house was very pleasant indeed, and I knew that Mrs. Pell, though an excellent woman, was very formal, and seldom opened the old best parlor, where the piano was kept in solitary confinement except for a prayer meeting.

If my grandmother invited me, I should expect myself to Charlie, and go to her, and flirt with the girls and play whist, and enjoy myself generally; but if she chided me, as she sometimes did, when I had accepted the Pell's invitation, Charlie was a pleasant fellow, and I was very little in love with his sister, and who would surely be home from boarding school. These were my plans, but as time passed on and brought no letter from either of the parties whom I had supposed I looked directly to, the hottest room in a cheap country boarding house, or the alternative of staying at home at Mrs. Ferguson's and hearing how all the absent boarders were enjoying themselves at the seaside.

Just as I had begun to despair, however—indeed it was the twentieth of July—the earliest post brought me two letters, one a pale blue envelope, on which I recognized my grandmother's fine running hand; the other, a white business-looking affair, bearing Charlie Pell's wild scrawl.

Two invitations at once! I chuckled with delight, and having hurried up to my own half-bed room quite forgetful of my breakfast, I tore open the blue envelope, out of which tumbled something crisp and green, which, on examination, proved to be a bank-note for one hundred dollars, and which astonished me very much, for my grandmother had never made me any presents of more value than a flat pin-cushion and a pen-wiper at Christmas time,—and read these mysterious words:

DEAR RICHMOND—I know that you expect an invitation; and I meant to ask you, but circumstances have occurred that prevent me from having the pleasure. I am more your friend than ever, but I fear I can never ask you to visit me again. If I do not, you must only lose your poor company, for I shall send you what you find enclosed every month, and will always be,

Yours devotedly,
P. S.—I will explain in my next.

"Singular!" I said. And quite unable to suppose a reason for my grandmother's singular conduct, I pocketed her present and opened the other note. It was equally mysterious:

DEAR RICHMOND—You promised to come to me for the vacation, and you must, but not to mother's house, and have arranged matters so that you may have a guest. Come at once. You will be very much surprised by something which I shall tell you when we meet.

Yours ever,
CHARLES PELL.

"No use of trying to solve this problem neither," I said to myself. "Well, I'll go to Charlie. He seems to want me. The hotel will be jollier than the old homestead."

And then I went down stairs to breakfast, and ate cold hash and drank flat coffee without complaint. There were but three days of it, and then came a month of lounging, smoking, and enjoyment. At last I was young enough to hope so.

It was night when I left the train, and portmanteau in my hand, entered—Just at the depot stood a light carriage.

"Rich, old fellow," cried a voice, "and I've much to tell you—jump in. Let me take your traps. Now shake hands again and congratulate me—I'm married."

"Married!" I almost shouted. "Why, bless your heart, Charlie, accept my very warmest congratulations! And how did it come about? And what does your mamma think about it, and—"

"My dear Rich," said Charlie, "there's the unhappy part of the story; they are furious. They have said and done the most dreadful things. I think they wanted me to live and die an old bachelor; but at one-and-twenty, my dear fellow, a man must think of settling, you know, and my lady is, per- haps, a year or two older than I am and very lively—a gay young widow, you know—and that they find fault with."

"Don't bring her to my house," says mamma—indeed she did; but you— you, know, have sympathy with me. You comprehend that I could not forget one I adored, because an old lady and a little girl told me

to do so. You'll understand that no one in my place could, when you are introduced to Lotty. I met her while on a business trip for the house. I—but here we are. I'll tell you in our little parlour. Lotty has quite a fortune, you know, and lives in style at home. I shall manage the place for her hereafter. The water will show you to your room, and to our parlor when you are ready for our society."

And away he went, while I hastened to my room, made a careful toilet, and went down stairs, conning a pretty speech which I intended to make to my friend's bride. When I knocked at the door, I heard a suspicious flutter, and doubted not that some of the billing and cooing necessary to the situation had been going on, but Charlie opened the door for me, and I saw a lady in lilac silk and plenty of lace sitting near the window. Being very near sighted I saw no more except that she had a fan in her hand, and was trifling with it.

"Come in, Richmond," said Charlie, "My dear Lotty, this is my old friend, Richmond Walters. My wife, Rich."

I advanced. The lady arose. She was stout and blonde. I saw her face. She saw mine. For one moment we stood perfectly silent; then she put out her hand and I took it. Neither of us said a word, but if my face flushed as red as hers did—and I think it did—it was no wonder that Charlie Pell stared at us.

"What will she do?" I asked myself. "Women are quicker than men." She did nothing; she merely gave me a long icy bow and turned away like a queen. I did not drop her hand, but she did not drop it either. Charlie stood between us looking suspiciously at me, and growing very pale.

"You have met Mrs. Pell before, perhaps?" he enquired at last, trying to speak very gently.

"I—I—I," I stammered.

"Once, a long while ago," said Mrs. Pell. "I don't think the gentleman remembers me."

And then she frowned fiercely in silence. It was very uncomfortable. I have always had a tell tale face, and I could see that Charlie read a great deal in it. He knew that I knew his wife much better than her words indicated. In vain he strove to talk of indifferent subjects and to do the honors of the supper-table. It was a very dull evening, and I pleaded headache and retired early.

Before I slept, a waiter brought me a little note. It ran thus: Go away to-morrow. If you have the least love for me, go.

It was not signed, but I knew that Charlie Pell's wife had written it.

Go, of course I would go; and the sooner the better.

I left little that night. At day-break I arose, and scribbled a brief farewell to Charlie. A telegram from my employer, I stated, called me away. Best wishes, compliments to Mrs. Pell, etc. I had just addressed and sealed it, when some one rapped loudly at my door, and opening it I found Charlie, who strode in and looked at it after him.

"We have been friends for many years, Richmond," he began, "and I have had great confidence in you. Perhaps you can explain the meaning of your embarrassment at the sight of my wife."

"I really," I began.

"No prevarication," said he; "You know each other. She sent you a note last night. I demand a sight of it!"

"What does she say?" I asked.

"She has not been asked to say anything," said Pell. "I leave her to her own conscience. Let me see the note?"

"Really," I began again. "I assure you—"

"You are acquainted with Mrs. Pell?" I asked.

"I have been. Yes."

"You know something about her that I do not?"

"It is nothing to her discredit," said I. "Believe me, you had better let the matter rest. A mere coincidence."

"The note related to?" said Pell, black in the face with rage.

"Well, in a measure."

"Show it to me!" roared Charlie.

"I can't," said I. "Ask Mrs. Pell to explain. I must not show a lady's letter to any one."

"Her husband demands it," said Charlie. "Charlie," said I, "what a fool you are! There!"

I and the little note his wife had written, towards him.

Bed-Time.

"Wait till bed-time, sir, and I will attend to you!"

We have heard the stern promise with an aching heart. The lady to whom it was addressed turned away with a sullen, defiant expression, to brood all day over the punishment in prospect, merited no doubt, but we thought cruelly deferred. The whipping was mentally endured through the whole sunny day, when the bright eye took only a listless share in the sports of his companions, and brooded over his faults and coming expiation. Bed-time came, and the father thought of the misdemeanor and inflicted the punishment, never weighing as a part of it, the long day of agonizing suspense, the hours of sleepless misery.

And we, looking on sadly, thought that bed-time should be the happiest hour of the day. Let it be stated that we are altogether in favor of punishment for faults, but we also believe in even handed justice where children are concerned. Injustice will commence with advancing years. The world will mete out often harsh measure for small offences but spare the child. If a whipping is earned give it promptly, with a full understanding of the reason for its infliction; and, oh, by all paternal love, let the rod be the last resort; try all milder punishment first.

Above all take any time but bed-time. Let the weary folk, the busy brain rest in bed happily. Let the evening prayers be said in loving tones to a Saviour who calls little children to himself. Let the father's caresses, the mother's kiss, be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure and the night's sleep. Send the children to bed happily. If there is sorrow, punishment or disgrace, let them meet it in the daytime, and have hours of play or thought in which to recover the happiness which is childhood's right. When night comes let only tender thoughts, loving care, whispered blessings, prayer and caresses hover over the pillow where the children's heads rest.

In the Bottom Drawer.

I saw white pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and go softly out. She wandered up and down, until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two more shoes, a little ship with part of the trim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spoils, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wives—poor things!—prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jack; but not often. It has been a long time; but somehow we cannot get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every day existence with a pall. Sometimes when we sit alone on an evening—I writing and wife sewing—a child on the street will call out as our boy used to; and we will both start up with aching hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

All is still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at his coming; but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, nor ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to love my axe; to follow me to the game when I go out; to be there when I come in; to call "good night" from the little bed now empty. And wife, she misses him still more. Here are no little feet to wash; no prayers to say; and no voice teasing for lump of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe.

Give her over her life, almost, to wake at midnight and look across the crib, and see our boy there as he used to be!

So, we preserve our relics; and, when we are dead, we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

Frightened at Night.

Children of active imaginations have hours of torture at night, by calling up visions and shapes of terror, suggested by their reading. It is useless to cold at them, and cruel to laugh at them, for it is a part of their nature which they cannot change. Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet and philosopher, passed through untold agony from