

# The Chronicle Sentinel

## DOCTOR SMITH'S

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

WHERE HIS STOCK OF DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, BOOKS, STATIONERY, BOOKS, AND FANCY GOODS, will be found equal in quality and as low in price as in the market.

**Dr. C. P. Connell,**  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Office and Residence, next to Honorable Charles Connell's.

**Dr. REYNOLDS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.  
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksonville Road.

**DR. F. A. NEVERS,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
604 Main Street, 5th floor above office of Registrar of Deeds.

**RANDOLPH K. JONES,**  
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Office—Until further notice, at his residence, 5th floor above office of Registrar of Deeds.

**APPLEBY & COURSE,**  
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
Conveyances, 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,  
Bellevue, 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,**  
**Estates Agent,**  
OFFICE—In Post Office, Woodstock.

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

**THE SUSSEX**  
Boot & Shoe Company,  
Manufacturers of and wholesale dealers in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

OFFICE, FACTORY AND WAREHOUSES:  
**SUSSEX, N. B.**  
Selling Agency at St. John, N. B.,  
**MESSERS. WARWICK & CO.,**  
No. 1, North Wharf.

**LONG'S HOTEL,**  
Corner of King and York Streets,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
This is a Strictly Temperance House.

**WILLIAM B. NEWCOMB,**  
STAGE HOUSE—TOBACCO,  
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point.

**ALBION HOTEL,**  
McGill and St. Paul Streets,  
MONTREAL, CANADA.

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

**SKILLEN,**  
General Insurance Agent,  
—AND—  
Commission Merchant.

**REPRESENTING** some of the best Companies in the Dominion in Fire, Life, Accident and Marine Insurance, covering a Capital of over \$500,000.

All classes of Risks taken on the most reasonable terms, and all legitimate claims promptly settled.

No combination to raise rates. No unbusinesslike and Farm Builders' speciality. Business solicited.

Parties holding Policies from the Ontario Mutual, would do well to call on me and have their old Policies changed for new ones.

**A Rare Chance.**  
THE best stand for Carriage and Blacksmith business between Woodstock and Fredericton, is now offered for sale. Dwelling House, Carriage and Blacksmith Shop, with or without tools, in fact, everything for the business, for further particulars inquire of

**ROBERT SMITH,** Woodstock, Jan. 27th, 1876.—45-5

**JOHN MOORE,** Canterbury, Jan. 27th, 1876.—45-5

**SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,**

**VOL. XXVII.—NO. 21.**

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**  
(Near the Steamboat Landing)  
Queen Street, - - Woodstock, N. B.

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL in all Departments.  
A Good Stable in Connection.  
R. DONALDSON, Proprietor.

**GIBSON HOUSE.**  
THE subscribers wish 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.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
QUEEN STREET, - - FREDERICTON.  
J. P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.  
(Formerly of "Snell House," Houlton, Me.)

**Temperance Hotel,**  
ST. GEORGE STREET,  
Annapolis Royal.  
M. POTTER, - - Proprietor.

THE above Hotel is pleasantly situated, one door east of St. Luke's Church, and five minutes' walk from Steamboat Wharf, Railway Station and Post Office.

Good accommodation for permanent and transient Boarders.  
Rates—20 cents per meal, or \$1.00 per day. Permanent Board, from \$3 to \$5 per week. 24

**ALFRED LETTS,**  
Teacher of Piano and Organ.  
TERMS, \$7.00 per Quarter.  
GIBSON HOUSE.

**Harness! Harness!**  
HARNESS!  
Cheaper than ever.

I want a HEAVY TEAM HARNESS good to last. I want a Harness, Collar, Whips, Braces, Snaps, &c., or anything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop, cheaper than can be bought in the County except to R. S. STARRETT, who is determined to sell his present large stock without reserve.

If you want to save trouble and expense call and settle your debts at once, as this is the last time I will ask them, and by so doing you will save a very heavy heart.

**Carriage Manufactory.**  
JOHN LOANE.  
Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.

**THE SUSSEX**  
Boot & Shoe Company,  
Manufacturers of and wholesale dealers in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

OFFICE, FACTORY AND WAREHOUSES:  
**SUSSEX, N. B.**  
Selling Agency at St. John, N. B.,  
**MESSERS. WARWICK & CO.,**  
No. 1, North Wharf.

**LONG'S HOTEL,**  
Corner of King and York Streets,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
This is a Strictly Temperance House.

**WILLIAM B. NEWCOMB,**  
STAGE HOUSE—TOBACCO,  
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point.

**ALBION HOTEL,**  
McGill and St. Paul Streets,  
MONTREAL, CANADA.

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

**SKILLEN,**  
General Insurance Agent,  
—AND—  
Commission Merchant.

**REPRESENTING** some of the best Companies in the Dominion in Fire, Life, Accident and Marine Insurance, covering a Capital of over \$500,000.

All classes of Risks taken on the most reasonable terms, and all legitimate claims promptly settled.

No combination to raise rates. No unbusinesslike and Farm Builders' speciality. Business solicited.

Parties holding Policies from the Ontario Mutual, would do well to call on me and have their old Policies changed for new ones.

**A Rare Chance.**  
THE best stand for Carriage and Blacksmith business between Woodstock and Fredericton, is now offered for sale. Dwelling House, Carriage and Blacksmith Shop, with or without tools, in fact, everything for the business, for further particulars inquire of

**ROBERT SMITH,** Woodstock, Jan. 27th, 1876.—45-5

**JOHN MOORE,** Canterbury, Jan. 27th, 1876.—45-5

**W. D. CAMBER,**  
DENTIST.  
OFFICE—Connell's Brick Building,  
1 Queen Street, Woodstock.

**W. A. BALLOCH,**  
Dentist.  
OFFICE—Over Col. W. T. Baird's Drug Store,  
23 Corner Main and King Streets.

**J. T. FLETCHER,**  
Architect and Builder,  
RESIDENCE, WATERVILLE.

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of Constructive Architecture in all its details, I am prepared to furnish Plans, Specifications, Bills of Materials and Estimates for all kinds of Buildings, either public or private, on reasonable terms. A specialty made of first-class work.

REFERENCES, BY PERMISSION:  
Hon. S. B. Appleby, Woodstock.  
Lieut. Col. C. R. Upton, Fredericton.  
G. W. Boyer, Bay, Victoria Corner.  
D. W. Smith, Jacksonville.  
Waterville, May 11, 1875.—17-20

**Harness Shop!**  
2 Doors Below Baker & McEwen'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 stock of Stock, I feel confident I shall be able to accommodate at short notice. Constantly on hand, Harnesses of all kinds, Harness Mounting, Whips, Bells, Horse Blankets, Curry Combs, Cards, Interfering Belts and Straps, and everything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop.

PLEASE give me a call.  
R. CLUFF,  
Harness Maker.  
Woodstock Nov. 10, 1874.—45

**Removal!**  
THE subscriber having Removed from his Old Stand to the

Opposite Side of the Street,  
2 Doors Above Small & Fisher Bros.,  
takes this opportunity to thank his past customers for their liberal patronage, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

He has on hand a large stock of Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Bells, &c., &c. Inspection respectfully solicited.  
T. L. ESTEY,  
Harness Maker.  
Woodstock, Oct. 24, 1875.—45

**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, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and intermediate places. No packages or freight received at the Office after 5 o'clock.  
G. W. VANWART,  
Agent.

**CHANGE OF TIME!**  
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.  
AROSTOOK  
Express Company!

Two Trips per Week, all Rail.  
Commencing Wednesday, Dec. 1st.

THE Arostook Express will, until further notice, leave Fort Fairfield every Monday and Thursday for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and also Eastport.

Leave Woodstock every Tuesday and Friday, at 9 a.m., for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and also Eastport.

Leave Bangor and Portland every Monday and Thursday at 9 p.m.

Freight of every description forwarded to all the above places with dispatch, and promptly delivered.

**PRINCIPAL OFFICES:**  
Bangor & Portland, West Main St.; Bangor, Boston, Portland, and Montreal.  
20 Market Square, Depot Building, G. C. CLARK, AGENT.

**BELL ORGAN.**  
W. L. LEONARD, Agent.  
Woodstock, December 1, 1875.

THESE INSTRUMENTS have always given universal satisfaction, both as regards style, workmanship, sweetness of tone and lasting qualities, and are warranted for as many years as any other Organ in the market, and are sold for less money, and will sell cheaper than new ones, to keep pace with the times.

WANTED, 2,000 bushels GOOD OATS, and 2 tons PRIME BUTTER, in exchange for Organ. Highest market prices paid.

**W. LEONARD ALTON,**  
Woodstock, Dec. 17, 1875.—51

**To whom it may concern!**  
THE subscriber has in Store a large assortment of Milk Pans (30 dozen):

**83 doz. Flour Pots;**  
**BUTTER CROCKS,**  
**JARS, JUGS,**  
and DISHES of almost every description.

Also, on hand, a good assortment of Groceries, consisting of  
Flour, Tea, Molasses, Oatmeal, Factory Cheese; and Spices of every description. And all other things usually found in a first-class grocery store. All of which will be sold cheap for cash or on credit. Country Provisions.

Thanks to the many friends for their liberal patronage, hoping for a continuation of the same.  
SAMUEL L. CHURCHILL.  
Woodstock, April 14, 1875.

**Our Queen and Constitution.**

**WOODSTOCK, N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1876.**

**Poetry.**  
**DRIFT.**  
I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid.  
For we both agreed in a doubting whether I should marry, or she should not.

Besides, I had my higher aims for science filled my heart,  
And said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that wisdom cannot live  
Twixt man and woman unless each has something else to give.

We were strictly confidential, and friends as true as ever  
We liked each other, that was all, and quite enough to say;  
So our friends came upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our sorrows and our joys; together grieved and feared;  
With common purpose sought the goal which young ambition reared;

We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come;  
We were strictly confidential, and friends as true as ever.

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills and meadows,  
Tossing bugs and butterflies, and the ruined mill;

And rustic bridges and the like, which nature made for us;  
To run in with their waterfalls and groves and sunny skies;

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full relaxation,  
We floated down the river, or loafed beneath the trees;

And talked in long gradation, from the poets of olden times,  
While the summer skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

But through it all no whispered word, or furtive look or sign,  
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy;

We talked of love as easily as we talked of a very heavy heart,  
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good-by, old fellow," I took her hand, for the time being,  
My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know;

I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart,  
For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard for friends to part.

"Well, good-by, old fellow," don't forget your words, good-by, old fellow;  
And some day, when you're lots of time, just drop a line to me."

The words came lightly, easily, but a great rose up with a story of quite a different kind.  
And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes of blue.

Full to the brim and running o'er, like a violet cup with dew—  
One long, long look, and then I did what I never did before.

Perhaps the tear meant friendship, but I think the kiss meant more.  
John Cecil, in the Arctian.

**Select Tale.**  
**Found in the Snow.**

"Hallo! This won't do. Move on." The speaker was a gigantic policeman. The object of his wrath was a boy who sat on a low stoop, with his face buried in his hand as if crying.

It was night and snowing fast. A bitter, bitter night, in which one would not wish even one's enemy to be homeless and shelterless. The boy did not stir.

"Hallo, I say!" cried the policeman, angrily advancing nearer. "No shamming, young'un. Get up and move on." But as the lad, even yet, did not rise, the policeman stepped up the high stoop, and as he did this, the boy fell over, senseless, in the snow.

"Great God!" cried the policeman. "He's dead. Frozen to death, too; perhaps, starved. Poor little fellow! An orphan, no doubt. Well, I must take him to the station. I suppose."

But as he lifted the body, which he did tenderly—for he had children of his own at home—the seemingly inanimate form stirred.

"Fainted," said the officer, "but not dead yet. If the station house only carried him here, I might have taken him in here."

As he spoke a close carriage had dashed up to the next house, a footman sprang from the box, the coach door was flung open, and an old man wrapped in a fur cloak, stepped out and took the servant's arm, he hoisted up the high stoop. Seeing the policeman, however, with the boy in his arms, he stopped abruptly.

"What's that?" he cried. "A young tramp—a beggar? Not dead—?"

"No, not dead yet, Mr. Ascot," said the policeman, respectfully, as he recognized the speaker, well known as the wealthiest and most influential householder on the beat, "but I'm afraid will be before I reach the station. And doesn't seem to be a common sort of beggar boy."

"Not the common sort, eh? Neither is he," said Mr. Ascot as he looked at the boy's clothes. "Have him in here, have him in here. John ring the bell, why the deuce do you stand there gazing, don't you see the boy's dying from cold and hunger? I can walk up the steps well enough alone."

A moment more and Mr. Ascot himself led the way into a warm, spacious drawing-room.

"There's a roaring fire ready," he said. "I always have one waiting for me when I come home from dining out. Where's the housekeeper? Didn't I tell John to bring her at once? Ah! here Mrs. Somers comes. Something to revive him, quick! Good heavens! if he should die after all."

"Poor little dear!" said Mrs. Somers, as she poured a restorative down his throat. "There, Jane, give me blankets while I wrap him up. Ah! he's coming to."

The boy opened his eyes, looked in a far-off way to Mrs. Somers, and then glanced, dreamily about the room. Evidently his senses had not yet quite come back.

"Mother, mother," he murmured. "I can't find grandfather, and it's so cold. I'm so—"

His head dropped on his shoulder and his eyes closed once more. He lay there, motionless, until a time had been tightly closed, opened weakly, and a note fell to the floor.

Mrs. Somers did not see the note. Something in the boy's look startled her. She gave a quick glance at her master's throat. "There, Jane, give me blankets while I wrap him up. Ah! he's coming to."

Ascot, who had been standing by the fire of interested anxiety, did not observe this look, for his attention had been attracted by the note which he now stooped to pick up. Then he proceeded to take out his glasses in order to read the superscription.

"Perhaps this may throw some light on the matter," said the poor lad, who had been sent out on an errand and had fainted from cold and perhaps hunger. What! What! Good God! His hands were shaking like leaves in an autumn wind. In the deep stillness the paper rattled with startling noise.

"It can't be, it can't be," Mrs. Somers, your eyes are younger than mine, read, read; is that address, is it, mine, Thornton Ascot?"

As he spoke in choked, convulsive gasps, Mrs. Somers leaned forward to read the superscription, and he opened his eyes, this time with more consciousness in them, and he fixed a long, questioning, puzzled look on Mr. Ascot.

"Merciful Heaven!" the latter said, staggering like one struck with palsy, "It's her eyes, her eyes!"

With these words he fell back senseless, the half open lid fluttering from his fingers to the floor. Fortunately the policeman was in time to catch him and lay him on the sofa. For a moment the boy was forgotten, every one pressing around the master of the house.

"Is it a stroke?" asked the policeman anxiously. "What does it mean?"

At any other time Mrs. Somers would have been reluctant about family affairs, but she was too hurried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself she took her audience, unconsciously, into her confidence.

"No, it's not a stroke," she answered with the experience of long years of nursing. "His face isn't awry, you see, and he's not limp, and not paralyzed. There! I've opened his cravat, and now Jane bring me some water. It's but a fainting fit, he often has 'em when he's worried, often I mean, since his daughter went away. She ran off, you know, most ten years ago. He's never forgiven her, or rather she's never—lestary of late years—asked to be forgiven. The last time was when she came herself just after she was married on a night as bad as this."

At this time Mrs. Somers was busy in trying to revive her master, holding his head, holding his hands, holding his feet, and ordering the window opened. "He turned her from his doors in a perfect rage. I never seed him so angry afore or since. But he's been sorry for it many a time. I have heard her say so. What was she thinking of, her old head? I don't know, if she was. He'd had a good deal to drink, and she was as proud as him; I don't know what was the prouder. She went to fornic parties with her husband—that's what made Mr. Ascot so angry, and she has not been the same since. He's a sight! Stand aside Mr. Policeman! but he's nobody to blame but himself, after all. I don't put disoblidience in children of course, but a dearer sweeter girl than Margaret Ascot never was. Many and many's the time I carried her in from one of her walks, and she was alive. How are you feeling now, sir?"

"What—what is the matter?" he said, looking vacant from one to the other of his hearers.

"Yes, I remember," putting his hand to his brow, "Margaret—"

His eyes wandering about fell on the boy, who, during this episode, had entirely recovered consciousness and was now looking with a strange sort of wonder at Mr. Ascot.

"Please sir," said the lad, seeing he had attracted the old man's eye, "can you tell me where Mr. Ascot lives? I was to go to him—only I lost my way—mother's very sick and she had nothing to eat to-day."

With these words he broke down with a great sob, the tears streaming along his thin, wax cheeks.

"Where's the note? Order the carriage," said Mr. Ascot, incoherently, rising to his feet. "Is it from Margaret? Did she send you to get me?"

His poor, weak, shaking hands vainly tried again to unfold the paper which the policeman had handed him. "I—I am not strong as I used to be; I think I am getting old," and he looked pitiously at Mrs. Somers and sank again on the sofa.

"Think this of the housekeeper, handing him a restorative."

"Ah! it is her—her writing," speaking to himself. "She is a widow, and her only child is named—after—me!"

He stopped reading and turned to look at the boy.

"Are you grandfather?" said the latter, timidly. "I think you must be, for mother has a picture she looks at and cries over it and it's like you."

The letter fell again to the floor. But this time it was because he opened his arms and the boy catching the meaning, came to him.

"You won't let her die, will you?" said the boy, looking piteously into his face.

"Die, Die!" cried the old man, rising up; and his voice and air were that of youth. "She shall not die. Where is the carriage? I shall go at once and she shall come home to-night. The carriage! I say!" he cried, almost angrily, and he turned toward the door, where the footman now appeared.

The carriage waits, sir," said the servant obsequiously.

"Get your cloak and bonnet, Mrs. Somers, a few blankets, a bit of wood, there's a minute to lose. Good God! Margaret dying, and we wasting our time here! No, my brave fellow, your mother is waiting."

In a few minutes during which the thoughtful Mrs. Somers had provided a biscuit and some hot tea for the boy, the carriage is rolling over the snow, its destination being one of the most obscure streets of the great metropolis, led by one of the few words about the daughter.

Margaret Ascot had been one of those sweet tempered, sympathetic natures that everybody loved. Beautiful, accomplished, wealthy and well born, she had crowds of suitors, but at nineteen she turned from them all, and gave her heart to a poor student, who was then a penniless lover. This was not because she was foolishly romantic, like so many others, but because her suitor was worthy of her in every way except riches. He was only a poor music teacher, an Italian exile—for he was in days not so fortunate long ago, before Italy was free, and he was an Italian patriot meant banishment or life-long imprisonment even death.

Trusting to his own merits, he had been attracted by the note which he now stooped to pick up. Then he proceeded to take out his glasses in order to read the superscription.

"Perhaps this may throw some light on the matter," said the poor lad, who had been sent out on an errand and had fainted from cold and perhaps hunger. What! What! Good God! His hands were shaking like leaves in an autumn wind. In the deep stillness the paper rattled with startling noise.

"It can't be, it can't be," Mrs. Somers, your eyes are younger than mine, read, read; is that address, is it, mine, Thornton Ascot?"

As he spoke in choked, convulsive gasps, Mrs. Somers leaned forward to read the superscription, and he opened his eyes, this time with more consciousness in them, and he fixed a long, questioning, puzzled look on Mr. Ascot.

"Merciful Heaven!" the latter said, staggering like one struck with palsy, "It's her eyes, her eyes!"

With these words he fell back senseless, the half open lid fluttering from his fingers to the floor. Fortunately the policeman was in time to catch him and lay him on the sofa. For a moment the boy was forgotten, every one pressing around the master of the house.

"Is it a stroke?" asked the policeman anxiously. "What does it mean?"

At any other time Mrs. Somers would have been reluctant about family affairs, but she was too hurried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself she took her audience, unconsciously, into her confidence.

"No, it's not a stroke," she answered with the experience of long years of nursing. "His face isn't awry, you see, and he's not limp, and