

The Carleton Sentinel.

Agriculture.

JUDGING WOOL.—Many farmers have been annoyed, when selling their wool, to find that the buyer has detected the fact that the sheep has been allowed to run down in condition at some time during the growth of the fleece. They are half inclined to think that the buyer is merely trying to depress the quality of the wool so as to run down the price. As a matter of fact, however, there is no defect which renders wool so useless for certain classes of manufacture as unevenness or break of continuity in the thickness of the fibre—and there is no defect more common than this. Year by year, touches the sheep-grower's anxiety, in that tender part of his anatomy, the pocket. However good the wool in other respects, the keen eye of the buyer singles out the defective wool, and down goes the price of it. And it is not mere fancy that regulates the price, for the uneven wool will break at the places during the first process of manufacture.

Some persons suppose that this unevenness of the fleece is hereditary in certain animals, and that it is therefore impossible to make a herd of sheep which will produce a uniform quality of wool. But the fact of an entire flock being found to be uneven one year, and not so another, it shows that management has more to do with it than heredity. If sheep are allowed to get into low condition, are neglected, underfed or not sheltered properly, the pores of the skin will contract and the wool will be of a very fine fibre. As soon as the animal recovers a vigorous condition the pores again open, and a longer and stronger fibre grows out. The wool is thus weak in one place, then in places on each side of it, and breaks at the weak place in the slightest strain. Nothing induces unevenness more easily or surely than want of water. It is a common notion that sheep can do without water, or with very little. If supplied with roots daily they will not want much water, but it is well and humane to give them water always in their reach.

Not only is it important that the fibre should be even, but the fleece throughout should be even in thickness. A practical wool-buyer gives the following description of the way an expert examines a fleece:—Always examine the fleece from the inside, and really one examines a fleece first examining the shoulder at the part where the finest and best wool is usually found. This we take as the standard, and then examine the rest of the wool from the ribs, the thigh, the rump and the hinder parts; and the nearer the wool from these various portions of the animal approaches the standard, the better.

First we scrutinize the fineness; and if the result is satisfactory, we pronounce the fleece, in respect of fineness, very even. Next we examine the length of the staple, and if we find that the wool on the ribs, thigh, and back approximates reasonably in length to that of our standard, we again look at the fleece from the outside, to see if the staple is of a uniform length, true and even, and to satisfy ourselves of the density of the fleece; and we do this by closing the hand upon a portion of the rump and of the loin wool, the fleece at these points being the thickest, and if it is of a uniform thickness, and if this again gives satisfaction, we signify the fact by designating the wool "even" as respects density. Now to summarize the points to be examined:—"If you find the fleece of nearly equal fineness from the shoulder to the thigh; if nearly equal length at the shoulder, rib, thigh and back; if the staple is to the shoulder and across the loins; you may conclude that you have a nearly perfect sheep."—Toronto Globe.

Little Things in Farming.—The whole success of a farmer hinges upon timely attention to little things. This mainly makes the difference between the rich and the poor. The philosophy of success is expressed in that old adage: "For want of a nail a shoe was lost, for want of a shoe a horse was lost, for want of a horse a cart was lost, and for want of a cart a farm was ruined." A little thing to keep accounts of the pecuniary transactions upon the farm. A half hour Saturday evening would enable most farmers to know just how they stand with the world. Yet, we suspect half of the men who cultivate the soil never make an entry in a book, and for want of this, the account is lost. A little thing to keep a record of the luxuries are purchased for the family. Debt accumulates, the farm is mortgaged, and finally the farmer is left with a little more than a bare subsistence.

Don't Borrow Trouble.—Winter is here. The leaves have fallen from the trees and have turned to dust and mire; the sweet smells have gone out of the woods and given place to decay and death. But do not accept of Jeremiah as your prophet or receive his lamentations as the gospel of the day. The world is not on the wing beyond our grasp. Humanity, government, art, faith, devotion are not fading out, nor turning to destruction and empty silence. The coming "winter of discontent" holds in its hand the brightest buds of radiant promise. Even in the hectic flush and flicker of dying nature there is a prophecy of distant beauties and of the time when the singing of the birds will come. The days to be will be broader and brighter than those which have passed. The future into which we are drifting is not one of desolation. "Let not your hearts be troubled."

SINGULAR MATHEMATICAL FACT.—Any number of figures you wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result as multiplying by 2—much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer, whenever there is a remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a five to the answer. Multiply 464 by five and the answer is 2,320; dividing the same number by 2 you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now take 357, and multiply by 5; the result is 1,785. Divide the same number by 2, and you have 178 and a remainder of 1, therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,785.

SILENT PEOPLE.—We recall among our friends some silent man or woman whose influence is felt, whose rarely expressed opinion carries weight, whose words are few, indeed, but well-chosen, spoken in clear harmonious tones, go to the point and decide it. We have all met with quiet, well-read, well-behaved women, whose society we have sought and found an ever-increasing thirst for women whose mind unfolded, leaf by leaf, rare beauties which make one feel better for every hour spent with them. To know such women is to study them, to know such women is to prize their society, to prize their presence, to regret their absence, and to mourn for them for ever when they have passed away into the "Spirit Land." To such women the world owes much; these are the women who make home happy and life beautiful.

WOMEN BARBERS.—Sometimes the best Japanese barbers are women. As in a Japanese family the shaving of the children's heads is a regular duty, as imperatively customary as the Saturday night's general ablutions are among families where Sabbath and Sunday schools are institutions, so nearly all Japanese women acquire a dexterity and deftness of touch with the razor that rival professional touch and skill. The girls and boys are not considered dressed or perfectly clean until their scalps in the chosen portions are perfectly polished. The male barbers of the period are stout, conservative, resisting worldly the force of custom of the hairy foreigners who wear beards, moustaches and full heads of hair.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm.—The friends of life will surround you in the sunshine.

Some men take pleasure in earning their money as well as using it—a sure way of getting it, and getting the good of it.

A fox to God was never a true friend to man, and a dog to man was never a true friend to the fox.

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[Editors & Proprietors.]

WHOLE NO.—1406.

Items Foreign & Local.

Forest planting in Minnesota.—It is estimated that 20,000,000 trees have been planted on the prairie lands.

Three hundred and thirty-seven American hotels were burned in 1876, and not a hotel clerk was as much as scorched.

A New York newspaper estimates that the crowded horse cars in that city give steady employment to 1,000 pickpockets.

Twelve thousand boxes of Digby herring, shipped to Glasgow last fall, have realized 80 cents per box.

From 60,000 to 70,000 pianofortes and cabinet organs are annually sold in the United States.

A clergyman assaulted in Vallejo, Cal., by a loafer did not turn the other cheek, but gave the assailant a remarkably sound whipping.

The Chief Baron and the other Judges of the Irish Court of Exchequer have decided that money left for the celebration of masses is not for a charitable purpose, and is accordingly subject to legacy duty.

The Rev. E. C. Langley, while preaching a sermon on Sunday, in the Mission Church, Brockton, fell dead in his pulpit. The cause of his death was heart disease.

In England and Wales there are now one Roman Catholic Archbishop, one Bishop, one Archbishop in partibus, 18 bishops, 1,272 priests, 10,000 nuns, and 1,000,000 Catholics, which shows an increase of worship in the past year of 63 priests and 10,000 of worship.

In Manchester, England, the other day, two fine horses attached to a brougham took a short cut, and ran over a small child, and forced their way to the middle of the street. They were badly cut, and the damage altogether is estimated at £200 to £300.

In order to excite the ambition of the young ladies in her audience, a lady lecturing on woman suffrage, in Maine, the other day remarked that if women had political influence chewing gum would be put on the free list, and kept there forever.

A single grain of wheat accidentally dropped in a garden in Haverhill, England, last spring, produced 63 ears and more than 3000 grains of wheat; probably the largest yield ever known. The grain, which was of the old variety, was sown in a field of soil and good cultivation can accomplish.

A three-year old child sprang from the arms of its mother standing at an open window of a house in Providence, the other day, and fell 20 feet, and was killed.

A Middleton compositor has calculated that in the course of a year's type setting he would require to put up more than 7,000,000 separate pieces, which, with their distribution, requires more than 15,000,000 motions of the hand.

J. B. Phillips, of Orwell, Ohio, is making a cheese which will not be completed until the 20th of May, when it is expected to weigh 20,000 pounds. It is, perhaps, needless to say that it is destined to astonish the natives as well as the foreigners at the Centennial.

John Scannell was tried for murder in a New York Court. It was proved that he was insane, and he was acquitted of murder, but was sent to the Asylum for the Insane.

The Greek Nation Indians have a House of Kings and a House of Warriors, which constitute their Council. A chief, invested with the veto and pardoning power, is elected every year, and receives a salary of \$1,000 per annum. The Council meets once a year at the capital, Okmulgee, each of the forty-nine towns being entitled to a representative.

A child afflicted with diphtheria in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was poisoned with large Indian meal poultices, which, after being used for some time, were thrown away, and a loaf of bread was placed on the child's chest, and the child recovered.

Little Nell, the "California Diamond," nearly lost the right of one of her eyes at the Ballarat (Australia) Academy of Music, while performing in the play of "No Name." She was passing behind a curtain as the curtain was being drawn, and she was struck by the point of the curtain, which was hanging from a pulley, and she was badly injured.

Feeding Potatoes.—A Western farmer writes:—There is possibly no animal upon earth so greedy as the potato. It is a voracious creature, and it is not a voracious creature if properly fed. In the West potatoes are so cheap (twenty to twenty-five cents a bushel) that many of our people are feeding them in various ways. Some feed them to stock of all kinds. I feed them largely to my fowls, and whenever my cows or horses can get a chance they steal all they can. The Irish method of feeding them is to thoroughly cook them, with a little salt, in no doubt, (with me), the best plan for stock, having all the benefits (more phosphorus) of the potatoes thoroughly cooked, and then to chop them up, and mix them with a little clover or hay. I am much in favor of a couple of quarts being fed to horses, properly cut, uncooked, and salted a little, twice or three times each week.

AN OLD OPINION ABOUT STOCK-FARMING.—In 1823, Sir Anthony Fitzwater, a farmer of forty years standing (as styled himself) published in England a work on agriculture. Soon after the same author published a second volume on land surveying. In these works he pointed out the prevalent errors of the times, and specified what he approved. We here quote some of his own words spoken in his own way:—"A householder cannot afford to have his own stock, nor by his cattle without corn. Sheep, in my opinion, is the most profitable cattle that any man can have."

WATER FOR DAIRY COWS.—No animal should be required to drink water the owner himself would refuse, and especially so if that animal is a cow. It is not a cow's duty to make good butter. It is sufficient on this point to say that pure water is an indispensable element in the success of the dairyman. For good butter there can be no made where good water cannot be obtained.

Established orchards need to have the fertility of the soil kept up; give them well-rotted manure. Wood ashes may be used as a top-dressing, and if the soil is properly worked around the trees, dead and clinging limbs removed, a dressing of lime will often work wonders.

A. B. Winans, of Conville, near Battle Creek, Mich., has barked eleven acres of corn, 1,143 bushels, all but 100 bushels of which, was sold.

EFFECTS OF DRAINING.—Making land dry by draining allows of beginning farm operations earlier and pursuing them later. It prevents the land being flooded by heavy rains, and there is less time lost in waiting for the soil to become dry after heavy rains.

Three Guelph men cut twenty-five hogs in twenty-eight minutes.

Our Queens and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1876.

Poetry.

We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

We lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the rest;
Whether to wake or weep,
Or wake no more to rest.

Why weep our souls with care?
The grave is cool and low;
Have we found life so fair,
That we should dread to go?

We've kissed loved ones sweet and true,
And left them sweet and true;
The rose the wild bee sings
Blossoms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,
But those who love us best,
When we are under ground,
Will laugh on when we rest.

No task have we begun
But other hands can take;
No work beneath the sun
For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet death,
If so it seemeth best;
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep,
Our weary souls to ease;
Whether to wake and weep,
Or wake no more, He knows.

—Christian Union.

Select Cate.

The Outside Carriage.

For my own part, I know of no more wretched fate than to be entombed in one of our English convict prisons. I have seen the inside of several of these places, and I can assure you that the soul far more than the body is in chains and noisome dungeons. I don't know whether, after all, I hadn't as soon be a prisoner as a warder. The prisoners must stay there; and it is wonderful how a mind that is at all healthy reconciles itself to the inevitable. This is a warden and know that you can get out at the sacrifice of your bread and butter.

Indeed, gracious powers, I should think that the temptation to dance a jig down the corridors and snap your fingers at the governor's beard would after a time become insupportable.

Well, all this time I'm standing on the line and a train is coming along. I don't care to stand too close to one of those lumbering avalanches with a whiff of the sulphurous breath of an engine in my face, and I reach once more my punch on the door to my little cell. Here she comes, laboring and screaming, vomiting forth flames and red smoke, as working engines do. A goods train, evidently. Are there distinctions of classes among engines? I wonder? The rough-working one, who uses bad language and smells unpleasantly, is a middle engine, who deals in the white smoke, and is shiny with brass and quite respectable, and your high-caste engine, who drags royal personages and special trains, and goes to race-meetings and meets distinguished foreigners at Dover, and is supplied with the finest coal and supplied with the finest water, and is supplied with the finest food, and is supplied with the finest everything, is one of the lower orders; and yet it is not a goods train it is drawing, it is a train of empty trucks crowded with men. Ah, yes, it is the ballast-train, and a gang of men to clear the line, and a signal for me to make my way through the wood once more, or else I may be left behind.

And yet somehow I didn't like plunging into the wood; it seemed so dark and lonely. It was far safer, however, than walking along the line, where I might be knocked down unawares by a stray engine. At that moment I remembered the face I had seen in the window of the carriage outside. My nerves were all struck me that the two points where the track-path impinged on the line where the two points at which the phantom face had appeared. It almost seemed as if it were some ghostly creature that haunted the wood, and that a momentary peep into the ghostly, my nerves were all little shaken, and this harmless inclosure was to me as some baneful inclosure from which I could not escape. That was folly, of course; a few minutes' run would bring me safely to the spot where the train was waiting. I did not run, as my train was called. But half way through the wood I was stopped.

Right in my path, staring at me with distended eyes, was the spectre face. The moonlight broke through an opening in the wood, and there it waited for me. The face was all I saw at the moment, but it belonged to a figure—a pale gray figure. I was not exactly frightened, but a little shocked. At moments such as these it isn't the reason of the fact that are at work but the inherited fancies, the influence of traditional superstition. I remembered that a spirit must be spoken to before he would speak.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I cried.

"Keep your distance," muttered a voice, or I'll drive my knife into you."

In a moment the explanation of the whole affair flashed into my mind. This was no phantom but an escaped convict.

"My friend," I said, "I am not a policeman; I am a harmless traveller. Let me pass; I'll not betray you."

"How will I know that?" said the figure, in a deep husky voice.

The situation, I felt, was one of real peril. I was not far from the land-slip. I could hear the men's spades at work—could hear their voices. Should I shout for help? No, I wouldn't do that. I thought of the men standing on watch with their loaded carbines, and the figure looked so wan and miserable that I felt sorry for him, and would have liked to help him. And yet he would probably cut my throat.

"I'll give you my word I won't betray you," I said. "Put your knife away. I don't like the look of it."

"Well, I'll trust you," said the man, looking at me keenly for a moment. "After all it doesn't much matter. I'm tired of this work, God knows, and you can get the reward, if you please."

"Thank you, I'm not a thief-taker," I said. "I didn't like the man's face."

"I beg your pardon," I replied quietly, "I ought to have said murderer, I suppose."

"Be jabbers, there's some one who says that of me before long if you rouse me to say."

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, 200 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 specially made of first-class work.

REFERENCES, BY PERMISSION:

Hon. S. B. Appleby, Woodstock.

Lieut. Col. C. R. Upton, Florenceville.

Mr. W. W. Taylor, Woodstock.

D. W. Smith, Jacksonville.

Waterbury, May 11, 1875—19-20

Harness Shop!

2 Doors Below Baker & McNamee's Shoe Shop, ON MAIN STREET.

HAVING REMOVED from my old stand, in front of the American House, I take this opportunity to thank my customers, 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 accommodate at short notice. Constantly on hand, Harnesses of all kinds, Harness Mountings, Whips, Bells, Horse Blankets, Curry Combs, Cards, Interfering Ropes, and everything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop.

Please give me a call.

R. CLUFF, Harness Maker.

Woodstock Nov. 10, 1875—15

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

Well, all this time I'm standing on the line and a train is coming along. I don't care to stand too close to one of those lumbering avalanches with a whiff of the sulphurous breath of an engine in my face, and I reach once more my punch on the door to my little cell. Here she comes, laboring and screaming, vomiting forth flames and red smoke, as working engines do. A goods train, evidently. Are there distinctions of classes among engines? I wonder? The rough-working one, who uses bad language and smells unpleasantly, is a middle engine, who deals in the white smoke, and is shiny with brass and quite respectable, and your high-caste engine, who drags royal personages and special trains, and goes to race-meetings and meets distinguished foreigners at Dover, and is supplied with the finest coal and supplied with the finest water, and is supplied with the finest food, and is supplied with the finest everything, is one of the lower orders; and yet it is not a goods train it is drawing, it is a train of empty trucks crowded with men. Ah, yes, it is the ballast-train, and a gang of men to clear the line, and a signal for me to make my way through the wood once more, or else I may be left behind.

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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, and to and from all other points, by express, and by rail.

No Packages of Freight received at the Office after 5 o'clock, A. M.

G. W. VANWART, Agent.

Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1875—5

CHANGE OF TIME!

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ARROSTOOK

Express Company!

Two Trips per Week, all Rail.

Commencing Wednesday, Dec. 1st.

THE Arrostock Express will, until further notice, leave Fort Fairfield every Monday and Wednesday 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 5 P. M.

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

PRINCIPAL OFFICES:

Haynes & Pillsbury, West Market St., Bangor.

8 and 10 Court Square, Boston.

38 Exchange Street, Portland.

20 Market Square, Montreal.

Depot Building, Fort Fairfield.

R. P. BROWN, JOHN McLAUGHLIN, Agents.

Woodstock, December 1, 1875.

BELL ORGAN.

THESE INSTRUMENTS have always given universal satisfaction, both as regards style, workmanship, sweetness of tone and lasting quality, and are warranted for as many years as any other Organs in the market, and are sold for less money; and I will sell cheaper now than ever, to keep pace with the time.

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

W. LEONARD ALBERTON.

Woodstock, Dec. 17, 1875—51

MUSIC!

MRS. H. M. IRISH

RESPECTFULLY informs the residents of Woodstock and vicinity that she is prepared to receive pupils for private instruction in voice building and its cultivation.

Taking into consideration the extreme scarcity of money.

TERMS AS FOLLOWS:

Twenty Lessons to adult pupils, - \$8.00

juvenile pupils, - 6.00

To be given at her residence, on Connell Street, Woodstock, January 20, 1876—2m-4

A Rare Chance.

THE best stand for Carriage and Blacksmith business between Woodstock and Fredericton is offered for sale. Dwelling House, Carriage and Blacksmith Shop, with or without tools