POOR COPY

DR. M. F. BRUCE,

Office—Over "Apothecaries Hall," Cor. King and Main Streets.

Residence—At D. F. Merritt's, Esq., Broadway, near Mechanics' Institute.

☞ Diseases of the EYE and EAR attended to as heretofore.

Woodstock, Dec. 13, 1877.—51.

Dr. C. P. CONNELL,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office and Residence at Mrs. Charles Connell's.

Dr. N. R. Colter,

Office at his residence, Chapel Street.

Woodstock, June 8, 1877—23

DR. SMITH.

OFFICE—IN HIS DRUG SHOP,

MASONIC HALL, - MAIN STREET.

Residence—Two Doors north of the Episcopal Church. 9

DR. F. A. NEVERS,

Physician and Surgeon,

6m Hartland, Carleton Co., N. B. p19

DR. E. W. PERRY,

Victoria Corner,

CARLETON COUNTY.

Office and Residence at Rev. J. Perry's.

July 16, 1877.—1y-29.

W. F. COLEMAN, M. D., M. R. C. S. ENG.

Formerly Surgeon to Toronto Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.

Office: 32 Germain Street,

Corner North Market Street, St. John, N. B.

Hours—11 to 1, and 2 to 5. 1y-16

W. A. BALLOCH,

Dentist.

Office—In Dibblee & Son's Brick Building, Main Street, Up Stairs.

Woodstock, May 17, 1877

W. D. Camber,

DENTIST.

Office—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street.

RANDOLPH K. JONES,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

WOODSTOCK, N. B

Office,—Until further notice, at his residence, west side Main Street, fifth house above office of Registrar of Deeds.

Woodstock, May 20, 1875—21

SAMUEL J. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

Grand Falls, Victoria County, N. B.

G. W. VANWART,

EXCHANGE BROKER,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.,

ISSUES DRAFTS on St. John, and Boston.

Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in St. John.

Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.

Agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:

"Queen" and "Lancashire."

Woodstock, March 9, 1872.—10

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE.

☞ Comfortable Extras Furnished at the ortest notice for any point. [3

Charles O'Donnell's

LAW OFFICE.

In Merritt's Building, second flat, next door to Appleby & Courser.

I shall be in my office every evening from half-past 3 o'clock, and every Saturday.

Woodstock, Feb. 22, 1878—8

Insurance & Exchange!

Imperial Fire Insurance Company of London. Established 1803.

The Ætna Insurance Company. Incorporated 1819.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company. Organized 1810.

Fire Insurance effected on Brick and Frame dwellings and all descriptions of insurable property at lowest current rates. Applications respectfully solicited.

Drafts on St. John and Montreal, and on Boston for currency or gold. Telegraphic transfers made in St. John.

Office, Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

JOHN T. ALLAN.

Woodstock, Feb. 14, 1878—6m

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 Items 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, Florenceville.
G. W. Boyer, Esq., Victoria Corner.
D. W. Smith, Jacksonville.

Waterville, May 11, 1875—1y-20

Perfection at Last!

The Raymond Singers

GIVE entire satisfaction to every person in this County who have been fortunate enough to buy one. If you do not believe it ask those who use them. A new lot just received; all wanting a good Machine will do well by visiting or seeing me at once.

I now have no agent travelling for me, but will deliver Machines free of expense, in Carleton or Victoria Counties.

J. G. EMERY.

Woodstock, Oct. 17, 1877—42

Up and at it Again!

Burned Out,

But Still We Live!

HAVING erected large and commodious Buildings on the burned site, we are now prepared to wait on all who want anything in the Carriage Manufacturing line, either in wood or Iron Work.

☞ Don't forget the Shop, on Connell Street first building from Main Street corner.

JOHN LOANE.

Woodstock, June 8, 1877—23

Still Alive!

THROUGH the skilful treatment of Dr. Connell, &c., &c., I am enabled once more to offer to my friends and the public my services as a Tailor and Cutter, and respectfully solicit a portion of the public patronage.

Particular attention paid to Cutting.

Shop up stairs, over Messrs. Chalmers Bros. Grocery Store, in Mr. Wm. Hamilton's large building, near my old stand.

JOSEPH DENT,
Tailor and Cutter.

Woodstock, Nov. 9, 1877—45

Farmers of Carleton,

REMEMBER THAT

HANSON

IS PAYING

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

FOR

Oats and Produce Generally.

U. R. HANSON,
Office with J. F. Leonard.

Woodstock, Nov. 9, 1877

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,] Our Queen and Constitution. [Editors & Proprietors.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 15. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1878. WHOLE NO.—1515.

GIBSON HOUSE,

Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

A First-Class Temperance Hotel.

Superior STABLE in Connection.

A. GIBSON, JOHN C. GIBSON, } Proprietors. 30

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—1y-36

Stephenson's Hotel.

THE above pleasantly and centrally situated house has been put in good condition, and is again open to the public, under the charge of its old proprietor.

Good stabling and careful hostler.

M. STEPHENSON.

Woodstock, July 27th, 1876.—31

ROYAL HOTEL,

King's Square,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, - - - Proprietor.

1y-31

Robert Donaldson

HAS OPENED HIS NEW HOUSE, on Richmond Street, a short distance from where the "Exchange" Hotel stood, where he is prepared to accommodate a few

Permanent and Transient Boarders.

Woodstock, Nov. 9, 1877—45

WINSLOW & CHANDLER,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,

CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICE: King Street, Over Post Office,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

John C. Winslow. 45 W. B. Chandler.

ALFRED LETTS,

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

TERMS, $6.00 Per Quarter.

Agent for Organs and Pianos of every make; Book and Sheet Music.

GIBSON HOUSE.

Woodstock, October19, 1877—42

James W. Boyer

OFFERS FOR SALE, AT THE STEAM MILL,

VICTORIA CORNER,

40,000 Feet Seasoned PINE; 35,000 feet seasoned Spruce; 100,000 feet seasoned Hemlock Boards;

A quantity of BASSWOOD, ASH, and other Hardwood, sawed to suit all kinds of work.

A quantity of SHINGLES also for sale.

Sawing done to suit customers.

Victoria Corner, July 2, 1877—tf-27

Carriage and Sleigh

FACTORY!

King St., - Fredericton, N. B.

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS.

Sleighs and Pungs

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

Material and Workmanship of the Best.

Particular Attention given to

Painting, Trimming, and Repairing Carriages, &c.

☞ Terms, &c., to give satisfaction.

Fredericton, November 26, 1875—48

Carriages and Sleighs.

Selling at Prices never before heard of.

FACTS WILL TELL!

AND you have only to look to be convinced that I am manufacturing CARRIAGES and SLEIGHS, superior in style and durability, which will be sold at prices that will rush them off.

I am prepared to furnish anything in the Carriage Line that want can suggest; consisting of

PHÆTONS, SUNSHADES,

PIANO BOX and JACKET BUGGIES,

Concord Waggons,

Road and Track Sulkies, Skeleton Waggons, Sleighs and Pungs,

built from the latest patterns, some of which are not manufactured by any other concern in the Province.

Every Carriage warranted to give satisfaction.

Painting, Trimming and Repairing done to order.

☞ Terms to suit the times.

Any one in want of a Carriage or Sleigh can save money by giving me a call.

THOMAS DONOHO,
Upper end of Main St., Woodstock.

May 12, 1876—1y-20

Farmers, Read!

Wanted, at Gallagher's

Grocery and Dry Goods Store,

A large quantity of

Butter and Eggs,

In exchange for Goods.

THE PLACE—Next door to B. H. Smith's Store, south side Meduxnakik Bridge, Woodstock.

Above formerly a Grocery and Liquor Store.

Woodstock, June 8, 1877—23

FLETCHER BROS'.

PRINTING OFFICE.

THE subscribers have just opened a Job Printing establishment, in the rear of the Woodstock Jewelry Store, Hay's new brick building, Main street, where they have every facility for printing LABELS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL AND LETTER HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS, of every description, PAMPHLETS, NOTICES, HANDBILLS, POSTERS, and all kinds of work usually done in a first-class Job Office, and as well and as cheap as can be done anywhere in the Dominion.

Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited

J. T. Fletcher, G. S. Fletcher, } FLETCHER BROS.

Woodstock, Dec. 14, 1877.—tf-50

CHARLES GARDEN.

Deputy Land Surveyor & Draughtsman.

LOCAL DEPUTY FOR CARLETON CO.

Office—At Mrs. H. M. G. Garden's residence, Upper Woodstock.

Orders left at A. F. Garden's Drug Store, Woodstock or by letter, promptly attended to. 9

HARNESS! HARNESS!

THE subscriber having fitted up a commodious shop, on the corner of Main and Harvey Streets, two doors below Mr. James Baker's Shoe Store, is now prepared with

Harness of every Description!

Single Harness, in Gilt, Rubber, Nickle Silver, and all the cheaper grades.

DOUBLE HARNESS,

in Light Driving, Buggy, Stage, Farm, and Lumber Harness.

COLLARS, WHIPS, BELLS,

and everything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop. All of which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

Thanking his customers for their liberal patronage in the past, he hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

Those indebted to the subscriber will please remember that he was burned out by the recent fire and is much in need of money, by settling immediately they will confer a great favor.

☞ Please don't forget.

T. L. ESTEY.

Woodstock, August 17, 1877

Harness! Harness!

Great Reduction of Prices!

I am now selling both

Light and Heavy HARNESS

at prices never before heard of; and you have only to call and be convinced that I am manufacturing Harnesses superior in style and quality. All of which will be sold at prices that will astonish everybody. Every Harness warranted to give satisfaction.

I have also on hand a large assortment of

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Bells, Blankets,

and everything that can be found in a first-class shop. These Goods will be sold at prices that will rush them off. Any one wanting anything in this line can save money by giving me a call.

☞ Don't forget the place, No. 2, Loane's New Building, Connell Street.

L. K. BARKER.

Woodstock, October 19, 1877—42

HARNESS

GOING AT COST.

J. D. REID

WILL sell the balance of his stock at cost, consisting of nice Single Sets, in Gold, Rubber, Nickle, Silver and Japanned Mountings. The experience of over twenty-five years in the two leading establishments of Boston, places me in a position to get up work as good as can be purchased in that city of marvels.

Parties purchasing are invited to inspect this stock before making their selections.

Also in stock—HORSE CARDS, MANE COMBS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, CHAMOIS SKINS, SPONGES, WHIPS, &c.

Woodstock, Dec. 13, 1877.

TUPPER'S LIVERY STABLE,

REMOVED TO NEW STABLES,

Opposite "Gibson House"

Coaches at all Trains and Boats.

EXTRAS Furnished at Short Notice.

Woodstock, Nov. 22, 1877.—27.

Insurance Agency.

THE Subscriber is Agent for the following First Class Fire Insurance Companies, and is prepared to receive applications for Insurance on all description of Insurable property at lowest rates.

Liverpool & London & Globe.
North British and Mercantile of Edinburgh.
Northern of Aberdeen.
Royal Canadian of Montreal.
Stadacona & Quebec

The aggregate Capital of which exceeds $30,000,000 of dollars.

Dwelling House, Farm property, as well as Furniture contained therein, insured by the year or for a term of years at greatly reduced rates. Merchandize and other Insurable property covered on the lowest possible terms.

Dwellings, School House's and places of Worship insured for term of years, or by the year as follows:

For one year ¾ per cent.
For term of years at ¼ per cent per year.

Losses on property burnt by Lightning made good.

Office: In Post Office.

JOHN C. WINSLOW,
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.

Woodstock, July 12, 1876.

STEAM REPAIR SHOP!

Sewing Machines Repaired.

ALL who want Sewing Machines, Guns, Locks, Scales, Revolvers, etc., Repaired, can have their work done promptly by taking it to my REPAIR SHOP, upper flat of Mr. Robert Smith's Factory, near Small & Fisher's Foundry. A Machinist will there be found with Lathes, Portable Forge, Drills, Taps and Dies, and all the necessary tools and appliances to do good work.

☞ Cash must be paid for all Jobs before the article is taken away.

J. G. EMERY.

Woodstock, January 24, 1878

WANTED! Agents to sell the Magic Pen.—Writes with cold water. No ink required. Is indelible. Everybody wants it. Sample 10 cents; three for 25 cents. Catalogue for stamp.

Montreal Novelty Co., Montreal, Que.

D. S. F. 1y-23

WANTED, A FEW PERMANENT AND Transient Boarders. Apply to

C. W. BAILEY,
Opposite Store of Z. Connors.

King Street, Woodstock May 22, 1877—21

Surveying.

STEPHEN E. STEVENS,

INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN,

Office in Hamm'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 with greatly increased accomodations, to prosecute his business as Surveyor of Lumber.

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

Lumber will be received, and advances made thereon, at Spring Hill, when desired.

1y-18

LONG'S HOTEL,

MOST PLEASANTLY SITUATED,

Corner of King and York Streets,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

This is a Strictly Temperance House.

GEORGE HUME, Proprietor.

☞ Superior Stabling and a careful hostler.

—1y

Poetry.

Written for the "Carleton Sentinel."

The Convent Girl.

W. F. W.

She sat by the cloister wall of stone,
By the cleft of the cloister wall;
'T was where she had often sat alone,
Thinking of friends in a distant home,
And freedom, that was all.

Long had she lived in the cloister gray,
Of all she had loved bereft;
And even the light of the orb of day
Except the glimmering, lingering ray
That flooded the dangerous cleft.

She sat in a sad secluded place,
In the shadows of evening damp;
While looking upward one might trace
The features of the pallid face,
By the mouldering convent lamp.

She clasped a prayer-book in her hand,
And looked to the strong dome,
With piercing glance that seemed to rend
The massive walls she saw extend,
To bar her from her home.

No sigh did the child of evening bring:
No sigh for the sorrows there;
Though her weary frame was shivering
And cold, white lips were quivering,
As if in silent prayer.

They heeded her not from day to day,
Through a sorrowful decade;
Slowly, and surely she faded away,
Like the lingering light of parting day;
That glimmers but to fade.

Now, after ten long year's are o'er,
She sits by the convent cleft,
And thinks as she oft has thought before,
Of parties she's doomed to meet no more,
And home which she has left.

The breeze with sympathizing moan
Swept through the narrow cleft,
And swayed the lamp that dimly shown
Around, on the rugged wall of stone;
And a cruel chill it left.

The hours of night are passing slow;
The cell becomes more chill;
The distant fire has mouldered low:
Its embers lose their ruddy glow,
But she sits in silence still.

Next morn a nun with pitying moan
Looked on, then held her breath;
The form beside the wall of stone,
With eyes fixed on the vaulted dome,
Was silent then in death.

Jacksontown, C. C.

Select Tale.

CINDERELLA.

"Really it's quite a riddle, when one comes to think of it," said Mrs. Dale, putting the tips of her ringed fingers meditatively together. "Jeannette is a charming girl, with a most taking way with her. I'm sure there can be no doubt about *her* marrying satisfactorily. And Marian's music is an excellant card to play. But when one comes to Philippa—"

"An odd little gipsy, isn't she?" said Mr. Dale. "Decidedly impracticable, I should think."

"Neither pretty, accomplished, nor womanly!" sighed Mrs. Dale, gloomily.

Mrs. Darrel Dale had no children of her own, and she knew the social position which any middle-aged matron gains when she is surrounded by pretty girls. So Mrs. Darrel Dale had invited her brother's daughters from Hemlock Hollow, in the Catskill Mountains, to spend the summer at Niagara Falls with her.

"I dare say," said she, confidentially, to her sister-in-law, the farmer's wife, "they'll all marry well before the season is over; and, in any event, the experience will be worth a deal to them."

And honest Mrs. Humphries took all her ten years' savings out of the Hemlock Hollow Bank, to equip the three girls suitably for their summer campaign.

Jeannette took to waltzing and the German as naturally as if she had been born to them; Marian slipped gracefully into a musical and literary groove; but poor little Philippa seemed to fit nowhere. She was shy and silent in the ball-room, struck unaccountably mute when she ought to be talkative, and seemed to prefer the woods, beside the great cataract, when all the world flocked to the ball-room of the Clifton House, or the International.

"Because, aunt Theo," said honest Philippa. "I never know what to say to the gentlemen when they ask me to dance."

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Dale, "that's not the way to get into society."

"I—I don't think I care so *very* much about society, aunt Theo," said heretical Philippa.

"Then you'll never get married in the world," said aunt Theo, in an accent of despair.

But even Philippa was roused into interest when the cards came out for the grand fancy masquerade ball at the International Hotel, and Mr. Dale gave each of his nieces a hundred dollar bill, to enable them to appear suitably for the occasion.

"I shall personate 'Undine,'" said Jeannette, thinking how well she would look in sea-green crape, crystal fringes and water-lilies.

"And I shall be 'Sappho,'" cried out Marian.

"Capital!" said Mrs. Dale. "And you, Philippa?"

"I don't know yet," said Philippa, contracting her black eyebrows. "Mr. Mortimer says I ought to go as a gipsy."

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Dale, "*be* a gipsy, by all means. If Mr. Mortimer is good enough to express an opinion, it shouldn't be neglected."

And both Marian and Jennette looked a little jealous, for the Hon. Hugo Mortimer, from Montreal, was the lion at Niagara Falls just then, and his gracious notice was enough to ensure the lucky recipient a front place in the ranks of fashion.

"When did he say that, puss?" demanded Jennette, jerking out the ribbons of her sash.

"Oh, yesterday, when we were over on Goat Island."

"Did he walk with you?"

"A little way."

"I hope you made yourself agreeable?" suggested Marian, tartly.

"I don't know whether I did or not," said Philippa. "And now, aunt Theo, if you'll give me that bundle of work, I'll take it to Elise Dupre. There will be just time before tea for us to walk there and back."

"But the band will play presently, and—"

"Thank you, aunt," said Philippa; "but I don't care for the band."

"Philippa," said Mrs. Dale, "I do think you are the *strangest* girl!"

Elise Durpe was a slim, consumptive-looking girl, who lived among the spruces and tamaracks on the Canadian side, and took in what sewing, embroidery and lace-mending she was lucky enough to get—a girl in whom Philippa Humphries had somewhat become interested, perhaps because she was so friendless, and shadowy, and forlorn.

But instead of being singing at her work, Philippa found poor Elise sobbing at the window, while her grandmother, a hook-nosed, saffron-skinned old crone, sat rocking herself back and forth by the fireless hearth.

The girl put her brown, warm hand on Elise's shoulder.

"Elise," said she, "stop crying Tell me what is the matter?"

"Don't touch me, mademoiselle," wailed poor Elise. "They are coming to take me to prison to-night."

And then, in answer to Philippa's startled eyes of enquiry, she told her how Mrs. St. George had sent a white moire dress there to be re-trimmed with costly Spanish blonde—Mrs. St. George, of the Clifton House, whose pearls, and diamonds, and splendid toilets, were the marvel of the place—and how, by some accident, the old grandmother had contrived to upset a kerosene lamp upon it.

"It is ruined, of course," said Elise, clasping her hands; "and I cannot pay for it—so I am to be arrested for the money it is worth."

"She must be an old hag!" said Philippa, impulsively.

"She is a cold, hard woman, mademoiselle," sighed Elise, who knows not the meaning of the word 'mercy.' And if they put me in prison, my old grandmother will starve!"

"They shall not put you in prison!" said Philippa "How much was the dress worth?"

"A deal of money, mademoiselle. A hundred dollars!" wailed Elise.

Philippa Humphries put her hand into her pocket, where the hundred dollar bill that Uncle Dale had given her lay inside the folds of a tiny blue velvet portemonnaie.

"There's the money," said she, "Give it to the odious old harpy, and don't cry any more; for your eyes are swelled twice their usual size already."

Elise looked incredulously at the little brown slip of paper.

"But, mademoiselle, you are surely not in earnest?" said she. "You *cannot* be!"

"Yes, I am," said Philippa, shaking back the jetty rings of hair from her solemn black eyes. "Take that money, pay Mrs. St. George and don't talk any more about it."

* * * * * *

"Well, Philippa," said Mrs. Dale, when her niece came back again, "have you decided upon your character yet?"

"Yes," said Philippa, quietly. "I will be Cinderella!"

"Who?" said Mrs. Dale, with her hand behind her ear.

"Don't you remember, aunt Theo?—The little brown-skinned girl who stayed at home when her sisters went to the prince's ball."

"What a very odd choice!" said Mrs. Dale.

"Is it?" said Philippa. "Well I always did like to be different from other people, aunt Theo."

The masquerade ball was a brilliant success. "Undeline," in silver-green crape and white water-lilies, was as lovely as a dream. "Sappho" was tall, and pale, and delightfully classic; but there was one drop lacking in the cup of feminine happiness. Mr. Mortimer, for whose benefit half the belles of Niagara Falls had dressed that evening, was not there.

"So provoking of Philippa," said aunt Theo, "to go and throw away that money!"

"My dear," said Mr. Dale, "a good deed is never thrown away. And really that Cinderella idea of the little girl's wasn't so bad. Ha, ha, ha! she *did* stay at home when her sisters went to the ball."

"She will never learn wisdom," said Mrs. Dale, with some asperity. "It's so strange she don't care about such things."

But, as it happened, Philippa *did* care about such things. And on that identical moment she was standing on one of her starlighted verandahs without, with a pink Shetland shawl around her shoulders, peeping surreptitiously through the window at the waltzers.

"Miss Philippa!"

She started guiltily.

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer! I am not doing wrong, am I?"

He smiled as he drew her arm through his.

"But why are you not dancing inside?"

"I—I preferred not to-night."

"Little Philippa," said Mr. Mortimer, standing still under the shadow of a drooping elm, "you are equivocating now. And, as it happens, I know the truth!"

"I don't understand you," said Philippa.

"My valet is in love with Elsie Dupre. She has told him all about your deed of kindly charity, and he has told me!"

"Yes," said Philippa, in a low tone, "my uncle gave me money for a dress; but I preferred helping Elise to going to the ball."

"You told your aunt you were going as Cinderella."

"How do you know? But that isn't strictly true," laughed Philippa. "I was to *be* Cinderella. And so I am!"

"Then, Philippa, if you are Cinderella, will you let me be the Prince?"

"Mr. Mortimer!"

"Sweetest, I have been looking all my life for just such a pure, noble-hearted girl," said Mortimer. "And now that I have found her, I shall not willingly let her go."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean, love, that I want you for my wife."

* * * * * *

Mr. Dale could hardly credit his own ears, the next day when Hugo Mortimer formally requested of him the hand of his youngest niece in marriage. And Mrs. Dale lifted her hands and eyes to the ceiling.

"To think that it should be Philippa, after all!" said she.

As for "Undine" and "Sappho," they swallowed their mortification, and congratulated the little brown gipsy as cordially as possible.

"After all," said shrewd Uncle Dale, "Philippa invested her hundred dollars the best of any of you?"

"Men of Straw."—The Origin of the Phrase.—It would seem that the above designation is not exclusively applicable to the particular class of men who have borne it in more modern times—in other words, that the despicable class of individuals who, in ages gone by, have constituted the "men of straw," equally flourished, and were patronised in the courts of modern Europe and ancient Greece. We are assured, indeed, by a clever writer in one of the London quarterlies (the number we forget) that, in the courts of ancient Greece, even, a class of men answering precisely to the description given in our caption was to be found; and from the fact (notorious as it may seem) that "Athens abounded in straw shoes," the inference is pretty plain that convenient witnesses were by no means scarce among the highly cultivated citizens of Athens. The writer would seem to intimate, also, that, as in Westminster hall, formerly, "these 'Men of Straw' walked openly in court, with a straw in one of their shoes, to signify they wanted employment as witnesses," so the probability would seem to be that, while in the Greek courts downright perjury was manifestly connived at by the judges, so, in Christianised England, many years ago, men could easily be found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required—and hence originated the saying, "he is a man of straw." The custom, however, has high antiquity, and, as commented upon by the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, assumes an interest (we had almost said a fascination) not easily to be resisted. We copy his concluding remarks, verbatim, leaving to the reader to infer how full of novel and exciting matter the *Quarterly* correspondent's communication must be.—"We have all heard of a race of men" (so the writer concludes his article) "who used, in former days, to play about our own courts of law; and, who from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognized by the name of straw shoes. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness, knew by these signs were to find one; and the colloquy between the parties was brief. 'Don't you remember?' said the advocate—(the party looked at the fee, and gave no sign: but the fee increased and the power of memory increased with it)—'To be sure I do.'—'Then come into court and swear it!' and straw boots went into court and swore it." Only we might be supposed to be dealing in that mean weapon, flattery, we could mention the names of some cities nearer home where straw-shoes could be found as well as in Athens. —*Pen and Plow.*

"The Superanuated O. G."—I have been called a superannuated old goose," remarked a woman about fifty years of age, as she entered the Central Station yesterday.

She sat down and looked at the Captain for half a minute, and then continued:

"I have been called an ignorant old dodo, a centennial parchment, a relicous old living pyramid, and several other hard names, and I want a certain woman arrested right off."

"It was a woman, eh?" queried the Captain.

"It was a woman, sir, and when I shut my eyes her image comes before me as plain as a photograph. You can find her on the market."

"You had a fuss, did you?" he asked.

"We had a dispute," she replied, as she unrolled a white handkerchief and held up a banana. "She had some of these bandanas for sale, and when I asked her how she sold bandanas she laughed in a mean way and said she hadn't a bandana on her stand. There they was right before my eyes, and yet she said she hadn't any."

"You called them bandanas while you meant bananas," said the Captain.

"There you go too!" she exclaimed, as she rose up. "Don't you suppose I know what a bandana is?"

"Yes, ma'am, but that—"

"This is a bandana!" she shrieked as she waved it around.

"That is a banana, ma'am."

"It's a bandana, or I'm a fool!"

"It's a banana, or I'm a villain!"

She stepped back as if she meant to throw it at his eye, but after a little reflection, she calmly remarked:

"There's two of you against me, and some of us are fools. I'm old enough to be your mother, and I've called these things bandanas for over fifty years.—Now, I want to find out if I'm a living Egyptian pyramid, or if you sit up behind that desk to make fun of me.—Where's the city directory?

"The directory won't settle this dispute," he replied, as he stepped down.—"Come to the door and we'll see what others say."

She followed him out, and in half a minute along came a boy.

Bub, what's that?" asked the Captain pointing to the fruit.

"She's a banana," answered the boy.

Thirty feet behind was another boy, and he said it was a banana. In the course of five minutes three or four men had passed by and each one had called it a banana.

"There—are you satisfied now?" asked the Captain, as he turned to go in.

"I hate to give in, but I've got to," she sighed. "I've been called a superanuated old goose, a relicous pyramid, and a centennial parchment, and I guess I am. I've read of folks eating bandanas and tying up bundles of bananas, and fifty years of my life has been lived for nothing. The woman was right, you are right, and next time I'll inquire for lemons and find out that everybody else calls 'em string beans. Good-bye, 'Squire.

The *Watchman* says this very true thing: The young man who starts to climb the ladder of fame with the smell of liquor on his breath seldom reaches the topmost round. The drink sets his head whirling, and down he tumbles.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

Never put off a joke till to-morrow, if you can do it to-day.

An eloquent speaker is like a river—Greatest at its mouth.

The only things that go best when they are thoroughly tired are wheels.

Items Foreign & Local.

There are said to be 700,000 tons of ice stored on the banks of the Kennebec.

Patrick Murray, of Newport, R. I., has lost his entire family of six children from diptheria.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* states that at Glasgow men are joining the army at the rate of 1000 per week.

The Marquis of Lorne lately gave an order in Paris, for a diamond diadem costing $90,000 as a gift to his wife, the Princess Louise.

Mrs. Ann Hopkins, of Cedar Creek, Tenn., is 117 years old. She has three sons living, her "baby" being 90 years of age.

But one opinion prevails throughout the world, and that is so strongly in favor of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, that no other article ever attained so wide spread popularity.

The smokers of the Dominion contributed $1,620,495 to the revenue, by way of excise duty, during the year 1876-77. If the duty on tobacco amounts to such a large sum, what must be the value of the weed consumed.

Whoever would be well must see that every organ of the body does its share of duty. Every one may insure this by taking an occasional dose of Dr. Wilson's Anti-bilious and Preserving Pills. Stomach, Liver, and Bowels are all reached by the purifying powers of these Pills.

The Oka Indians.—It is stated that the Dominion Government have made the offer to the Oka Indians to remove them to Manitoulin Island, where they will get free grants, with $20,000 cash, in settlement of their claims against the seminary at Oka.

Clark's Derby Conditions Powders are the best medicine in existence to put a horse in good condition, giving him a coat soft and bright as satin, and purifying all the internal and urinary organs. They act directly upon the blood, giving him a good appetite, regulate the bowels without purging, and are the desideratum so long sought for.

Emigration to Kansas is unprecedented in the history of the West, over 2500 emigrants reaching the State the 28th. The season is fully one month in advance of those of previous years, peach, apple and cherry trees being in full bloom. Wheat in the southwest part of the State is from eight to ten inches in height, and spring wheat is well above ground.

A Lewiston, Me, man recently became scared at the numerous failures of institutions of trust, and drew $1500 out of a savings bank. Not knowing what to do with it, he hid it in a sly corner, and the next morning when he went for it he found that the rats had eaten it up.

A Startling Exhibit.—The *Star* publishes a list of the failures in Montreal during the month of February. The liabilities are $1,935,200; assets, $989,950. The deficiency is therefore nearly one million dollars, which the *Star* says will be considerably increased when the shrinkage in the assets are considered.

Many thousands of martyrs from Rheumatism have found human life but one long disease, and after consulting the most eminent physicians in vain, have grown weary of existence, and have ceased to hope for comfort on this side of the grave, until some lucky accident called the attention to Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment. It is a genuine remedy indeed. Persons bedridden with rheumatic pains, after applying the Liniment have found themselves restored in an incredibly short space of time to perfect health.

The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Marlow, a respectable old couple, who were to appear as witnesses in an important criminal suit, were found in West Wood, Kentucky, on Monday. They had been burned to death. Their bodies were lying close together, with the heads and legs cut off. It is supposed that the damaging testimony they could give was the cause of the murder.

It is calculated that out of $1,300,000,000 due by Turkey, $450,000,000 are due to English creditors, $200,000,000 to French, $125,000,000 to Greeks to Ottomans, $100,000,000 to Germans and Austrians, $75,000,800 to Italians, and $50,000 to Belgians and Dutch. Russia has been much more prudent than other nations; she has no investments in Turkish funds.

Late mails received in San Francisco bring heartrending reports of the famine in China. Husbands are selling their wives and parents their children, to obtain food for all. Three or four millions of people are dependent upon the Government for support. At least ten millions are in extreme destitution. The four Provinces in which famine is felt, in a greater or less degree, are Shensi, Shansi, Chibli and Honan They have an aggregate population of 75,000,000.

Indisputable Facts.—If used faithfully and perseveringly, there is no Cough or Cold, however obstinate or long standing, but what will yield to Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam. Numbers of people who have tried all other remedies, and have been under the care of eminent physicians without deriving the slightest benefit, have been thoroughly cured by a few doses of this matchless Balsam. For Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, &c., there is no medicine that can be used with so good an effect. In fact, in the worst form of these diseases this Balsam is irresistible.

Walter Delamater, of New York, recently stole $3,000 worth of diamonds from his mother and fled to Port Royal on a steamer. Police Captain Robbins went there by rail, arrested the boy as he landed, and brought him back to New York. His mother refused to prosecute, but the Judge ordered a complaint against him, and he was ordered to find bail in $5,000 for trial. His stepfather put up the money, and the young thief was released. The family are very wealthy.

Consumption.—For the cure of this distressing disease there has been no medicine yet introduced that can show more evidence of real merit than Allen's Lung Balsam.—This unequaled expectorant for curing consumption and all diseases leading to it, such as Affections of the Throat, Lungs, and all diseases of the Pulmonary organs, is introduced to the suffering public, after its merits for the cure of such diseases have been fully tested by the Medical Faculty. The Balsam is, consequently, recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

Coffee was served at the polls in Utica, N. Y., the other day. The ladies of the various Christian Temperance Associations labored unceasingly in every ward, serving refreshments to candidates and voters—now sandwiches, now biscuits, now cake, now pie, now crackers and cheese, always coffee, and never whiskey or beer. At the various polling places 5,725 cups of coffee were handed to politicians and voters during the day. There was good order everywhere, and very few cases of intoxication were reported by the police.

Mr. Fellows is daily in receipt of letters of enquiry, from various parts, respecting his Syrup of Hypophosphites. One recently received, leads to the belief that the public mistake his meaning in reference to its effect in imparting superior energy to the mind.—Where the intellect has been impaired by overwork or by kindred causes, the use of the Syrup, together with proper precautions in the use of food, clothing, exercise and rest, will restore full power to the brain and nerves. Superiority of genius consists in great capacity of brain for assimilating material from every quarter, and of developing in proportion, but as by far the greater number are not well endowed by nature, consequently lacking this capacity, it would be quite impossible to find cranium space for material necessary to constitute the brilliant genius. Hence, although the Syrup will assist in restoring the mind which is lost, it cannot change a natural born idiot into an intelligent man.

General News.

The Temperance Crusade.—The recent visit of the Rev. Cannon Farrar, of London, to Scotland, in connection with the Temperance reformation movement has evidently produced a deep effect. His speech at Glasgow was a powerful and brilliant argument and appeal on the necessity and advantage of the movement. At the same meeting an admirable address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang, of the Barony Church, in which he pointed out the encouraging prospects of the movement. Among other things he said:—"It is not the meeting, it is that which is behind the meeting, which awakens up our thankfulness. It is the sign this meeting gives of a great movement, and great progress in what we think the right direction. Why, the time was, and not very far back, when a teetotaler, as he was called then, was regarded as a kind of imbecile—or as a person who was looked upon as having a bee in his bonnet, a kind of maggoty, crotchetty, creature—as a person who had something wrong with him. Now nobody can speak in that strain, or think in that way.—Even those who will not join us are at all events forced to respect us. There are archbishops, there are dukes, there are statesmen of the highest rank, that are now of our number. The truth is, I was going to say, that this movement runs the danger of almost becoming the fashion. There is a kind of snobbery in people, innocent sometimes—I do not use the word in any offensive sense—that makes them look at a cause when it has a big name connected with it, who failed to realise its importance when it stood upon its two legs. Now, when we have this great social development, power and influence, I say that there is a respect for this cause that was a-wanting only a few years ago.—I am not sure that by and bye we shall arrive at such a period as that reached when the great ladies came dropping in and took part in the cause. There is in this power which is working in people