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.

During the absence of Dr. Bruce, his practice will be in charge of Dr. Somerville.
Residence—GIBSON HOUSE.
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

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

Oculist and Aurist to St. John General Public Hospital.
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

DR. E. W. PERRY,
Victoria Corner,
CARLETON COUNTY.
Office and Residence at Rev. J. Perry's.
July 16, 1877.—1y-29.

Dr. A. G. Young

Has returned from his studies in European Hospitals, and resumed his practice in Houlton.
Particular attention given to Diseases of Women and Children, and diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Office over Merritt's Store.
Residence, 92 Main Street, next to the Custom House.
Houlton, Me., June 13, 1878—24

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.

WINSLOW & CHANDLER,
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.
OFFICE: King Street, Over Post Office,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
John C. Winslow. 45 W. B. Chandler.

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.

CHARLES O'DONNELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Conveyancer, &c.
Office in Merritt's Building, second flat, next door to Appleby & Courser.
KING STREET, WOODSTOCK.
References by Permission.—Hon. T. W. Anglin, Speaker of the House of Commons; Robert Watson, Esq., Cashier Bank of St. Stephen; Hon. A. H. Gillmor, M. P., Charlotte County; Messrs. J. & J. Granger, attorneys-at-law, Calais, Me.
Woodstock, July 10, 1878—27

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

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

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

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 ¾ 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.

BRICK FOR SALE.
The subscriber has for sale a large quantity of FIRST-CLASS BRICK, manufactured by Mr. Charles Jackson, who has an experience of thirty years in Brick making.
Bricks delivered in town or at Railroad Depot.
☞ Cheap as the cheapest.
SIDNEY SMITH.
Upper Woodstock.
August 1, 1878—tf-31

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXX.—NO. 48. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878. WHOLE NO.—1548.

GIBSON HOUSE,
Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.
A First-Class Temperance Hotel.
Superior STABLE in Connection.
A. GIBSON, JOHN C. GIBSON, } PROPRIETORS.
30

"EXCHANGE."
New and re-furnished throughout, this Hotel is now open for the accommodation of the public.
It is conveniently located for business men, and is pleasantly situated. A Sample Room on the ground floor.
Permanent and transient boarders,
TERMS MODERATE.
ROBERT DONALDSON, PROPRIETOR.
Woodstock, Nov. 6, 1878—45

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

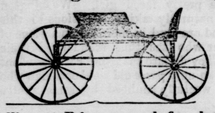
ROYAL HOTEL,
King's Square,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, - - - Proprietor.
1y-31

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

HERBERT DIBBLEE,
Gold, Silver, Oroide, Brass and Copper
PLATER.
Manufacturer of all kinds of
Harness TRIMMINGS.
Carriage and Sleigh Work Plated at short notice.
Having in my employ an experienced workman, I am prepared to Re-plate Knives, Forks, Spoons, Castors, Cake Baskets, Watch Cases, Jewellery, &c., and all old ware, for half the price new can be obtained for.
All work warranted to wear and look as good as new.
Woodstock, April 5, 1878—tf-14

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else Capital not required; we will start you, $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1yp-24

Grand Falls, Nov. 4th, 1878.
To A. D. Olmstead, Esq., Returning Officer for the Electoral District of Victoria.
The following is a statement of expenses paid by me for John Costigan, a candidate in the last General Election:
Paid Samuel J. Baker, Election Clerk, fifty dollars, Candidates deposit required by Law.
(Signed)
JOHN R. COSTIGAN,
45 Agent for above Candidate.

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

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.—15

Ho for the Silver Mines
Of THE SAN JUAN!
Parties going to California, or any other points south or west, will find it to their advantage to buy their TICKETS of the subscriber at the Eastern Express Office, Woodstock, or on the Express Trains of the N. B. & C. Railroad.
E. H. EVANS.
Agent.
Woodstock, March 1, 1878—tf-10

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.

Ladies of Woodstock
AND VICINITY,
Your attention is called to a fine display of
MILLINERY GOODS!
FELT AND STRAW HATS,
Feathers, Flowers,
Trimming Velvets, Satins, &c.
Ladies' Furnishing GOODS!
Collars, Cuffs, Ruffilings, Ties, Corsets, &c.
Ladies' Mantles and Ulsters,
IN THE NEWEST STYLES.
Mantle Cloths and Trimmings, Felt Skirts, &c.
A large assortment Scotch Fingerings and Berlins. Woolen Goods, Ladies' Promenade Clouds, Children's Mitts.
We have just the right Goods for the season. Call and examine at the LADIES' EMPORIUM, Main Street, opposite New Town Hall.
JENNIE R. CHALMERS.
Woodstock, October 25, 1878

Everett's Book Store!
JUST RECEIVED:
A CHOICE assortment of the following Goods:
BERLIN WOOLS;
SCOTCH YARNS, all shades;
BERLIN NEEDLES;
KNITTING PINS;
CROCHET HOOKS;
NOVELTIES in all departments.
☞ Call and See!
W. H. EVERETT.

SCHOOL BOOKS!
All prescribed by the Board of Education, always on hand; Stationery of all kinds, Blank Books, etc.
At THE BOOK STORE.
Woodstock, Nov. 15, 1878

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

Poetry.

Hear Both Sides.

Yonder speaker gains your ear!
He seems right, there's no denying;
Yet, my friend, before replying,
Hear both sides to make it clear!

Each one thinks his cause is just,
Be he titled lord or minion!
Prides himself on his opinion,
Takes his story first on trust.

List! a weeping wife has "wrongs,"
Sad, indeed, seems her condition;
Ere you favor her petition,
Find out where the blame belongs.

Hear both sides, if you would save
Wedded hearts in their probation,
Jealousy may have foundation
Cold and "cruel as the grave!"

Judge no man by what you hear
From the tongues that dare assail him,
Power to contradict may fail him,
Or to save the name held dear.

As you meet the human tides,
Pause, my friend, ere you pass sentence,
Lest, too late, you feel repentence,
In all cases—hear both sides.

Select Tale.

A White Rose and a Straw.

Mr. Frederick Woodman, aged twenty-two, was the master of the village school of Pigsborough, and one of the best little men, as far as temper and looks were concerned, that you could possibly imagine. All his scholars—and, in fact, almost everybody—liked him. Indeed, it would have been very difficult not to like such a well-spoken, gentle and amiable little gentleman.

On the day my story commences, however, he was neither gentle nor amiable. He treated the schoolboys with an amount of severity which surprised them greatly.

Directly he had dismissed the boys for the day, he locked up the school, and walked abstractedly into his own little domicile, adjoining.

Taking off his hat he sat down upon a chair, looking greatly worried, and then burst out with:

"What a fool I was to quarrel with poor little Nell last night! What does it matter if she does flirt! I might know by this time that she likes me better than the other wretch."

Having thus relieved himself, he rose, sauntered out, and paced up and down the little flower-garden in front of the cottage.

Presently he was fired with an idea, and returned to the parlor muttering:

"I know. I'll write Nell a loving and penitent letter, asking her forgiveness for my hastiness last night. First of all, though, I'll secure a messenger.

Trotting out to the end of his garden, he soon sighted a knot of pupils playing at cricket, and, selecting one, called out:

"Hi! Briggs, my boy, I want you."

And in another minute up came Briggs, anxious to get in his masters's "good books," and hot from his exertions at cricket.

"Yes, sir!" panted he.

"Step in, and sit down a minute, Briggs, I want you to take a letter for me."

And the little schoolmaster went in, while Briggs sat down on the porch, fanning himself with his old misshapened hat, and wiping the perspiration from his face on the sleeves of his smock.

Mr. Woodman, had said he would write a letter, but doing it he found very diffierent. He commenced five, one after the other, tearing them all up in disgust. Then, thinking Briggs would get tired of waiting, he employed a little artifice to detain his intended messenger, while he made another attempt at a long and penitent letter.

"Briggs, my boy," said he, coming out with a pen on his ear, "would you like a piece of cake?"

"Oi think oi could eat joost a little crumb, and thankee, sir," said Briggs, smirking.

So our hero went in and cut him a "little crumb," weighing about half a pound, brought it out on a clean plate, and then retired to think what he should say in his *billet-doux*.

As he sat considering a "happy thought" struck him. He would send her a massage in flowers.

He reached to his book-shelf, and took down a little book called "The Language of Flowers," which he at once began to study, searching for an appropriate emblem.

"'Union—a perfect straw,'" he read. "Ah, that will do. Re-union is just what I want. Now for a little flattery. Ah, here it is: "Delicate beauty—a white rose,' Hurrah! That will do splendidly. I have heard her say she understands the language of flowers. It was a capital idea of mine."

He hurried out into the garden, past the astonished Briggs, and plucked a beautiful white rose, after which he came back, and asked Briggs "if he could get him a wisp of straw anywhere."

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Briggs, much astonished, and away he went, his mouth full of cake, and soon returned bearing the trophy, which he handed to our hero, and resumed his cake and seat in the porch, with serious doubts as to his schoolmaster's sanity.

His reflections were interrupted by Mr. Woodman coming out, bearing an envelope, which contained the rose and the straw, carefully wrapped in scented wadding and sealed. This he handed to Briggs, with a smile and a sixpence, and said:

"Make haste and take this to Miss Morris, and bring me back a reply."

Briggs trotted off merrily, and Fred stood in the garden watching his messenger's retreating form, and anxiously awaiting the answer to his floral message.

* * * * *

Pretty little Nellie Morris sat alone in her mother's little parlor, crying.

Her parents had gone to a neighboring fair, and would not be home till late, and she was so lonesome and wretched that she felt she must cry.

"Why was I so unkind to poor dear Fred last night?" she asked herself between her sobs. "Oh, how I wish he would come and make it all up!" she inwardly uttered. "I do feel so miserable."

At that moment there was a tap on the door.

Nellie's heart beat wildly.

"Come in," she said, feebly. And, oh, how she wished, yet scarcely dared to hope, that it was Fred come to make up the quarel, and be good friends again!

But she was disappointed.

The door opened slowly, and Briggs entered, holding out a crushed and dirty letter, and mumbled that it was from Mr. Woodman, and he was to wait for a reply.

Nellie took the soiled missive, broke the seal with trembling fingers, and took out a faded white rose, and a broken straw, the definitions of which she knew too well—the former meaning "I loved you once," and the latter—oh, cruel stab!—"Thus do I break my fetters!"

Nellie, scarlet with indignation, flung the letter out of the open door, motioned Briggs to follow it, which he did more amazed than ever, and then sank upon a chair in a agony of tears.

All this sorrow was caused by Briggs' weakness for cricket. He had stopped to have a game on his way, and put the letter in his pocket, whereby the rose was faded and the straw was broken.

* * * * *

Our hero was waiting impatiently in the garden when Briggs ran up, looking very frightened, and holding out the rejected *billet doux* in his hand.

He at once broke out in a string of disjointed sentences concerning his luckless adventure.

"I gave it to her," said he, "and when she took out the brukken straw an' the faded rose, she turned me an' the letter fair out o' the house."

"Broken!" echoed Fred. "Faded!" Then a light suddenly dawning upon him—"Did you get playing on your way, sir? Answer me," shaking the unhappy messenger violently.

"I only"—commenced Briggs, fearfully; and then he began to blubber, and applied the sleeve of his smock to his eyes in a most woe-begone manner.

"For goodness' sake, run home before I'm angry with you," said our hero; and Briggs obeyed, thinking it a very strange affair altogether.

Fred ran in, thinking perhaps he had sent the wrong emblems, and looked again at his "Language of Flowers."

No; they were quite right.

Just then his eye caught an item, as follows: "White rose (faded)—I loved you once;" and he groaned. Then he turned to another page, and had another shock on seeing these words: "Straw (broken)—Thus do I break my fetters."

That was truly the last straw which broke the camel's back. Fred leaned back in his chair, and almost cried with vexation, to think of the sorrow his careless messenger had caused.

The shades of evening began to fall; still he sat there, thinking how he could heal this fresh wound.

Meanwhile, unhappy Nellie sat crying in her dreary parlor. Ah, me!

* * * * *

At last our hero came to a resolution. He would go and see Nellie and explain the whole of the wretched blunder.

He was soon striding away over the fields in a flutter of hope and excitement.

The sun was just sinking in a dazzling mass of gold as he reached his destination.

He tapped gently on the door, but obtained no answer, so he softly lifted the latch and stepped gently inside.

Nellie was sitting by the window, her face buried in her hands—sitting still as death.

Fred advanced noiselessly and touched her upon the arm.

She sprang hastily up, and, seeing who it was—crimson with anger and wounded pride—she ordered him to leave the house; but the effort was too much for her, and she sank upon her chair again, sobbing as though her poor, innocent little heart would break.

In an instant the little schoolmaster was on his knees by her side, and in less than two minutes had poured the whole history of the mistake into Nellie's willing ear.

In another five minutes they were better friends than ever.

* * * * *

The school-boys were surprised next day when our hero, in addition to a half-holiday, gave them a penny apiece all around.

But they did not know what we do, did they?

* * * * *

Briggs has been forgiven. He often carries messages from Mr. Frederick Woodman to Miss Nellie Morris, but they are invariably in black and white. The little schoolmaster has had enough for a little while of the language of flowers.

Civility and Ceremony.—Nothing is more honorable and pleasant than civility, and nothing more ridiculous and burdensome than ceremony. Civility teaches us to behave with proportionate respect to everyone, according as their rank requires and their merit demands. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A person of good address, who conducts himself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because everyone finds herself at ease in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of her acquaintance. Such a one requires too much attention to be a pleasant associate; is too seldom satisfied with what is paid her, and every moment feels her pride hurt by the want of some frivolous etiquette. You cannot be too formal to her, nor can she dispense with her formalities to others.

An Insolvent Deity.—Old Juggernaut—once a very popular deity in India—has got into difficulties, and has become an insolvent. His worshippers have decreased lately; his revenues have fallen off considerably; and the only way to save him has been to make a Ward in Chancery. If he could feel—but we presume he can't—he would doubtless consider it rather disgraceful that he, a venerable divinity, many centuries old, should be placed under the jurisdiction of a civil court; and, worse still, that he should have to look to the Empress of India, the head of the Protestant Church as by law established, for that protection which he needs. It would be better for the Hindoos to sell him out to Barnum, and let him journey around the country in a circus van—visible only at twenty-five cents a head. It would enable Juggernaut to end his days in comparative ease.

Make no more vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

Never plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you might better admit that you are a villain.

Singular Fulfilment of a Dream.—In connection with the City of Glasgow Bank failure we have heard of a somewhat peculiar instance of the literal fulfilment of a dream. On the day preceding the announcement of the stoppage of the bank, a Dundee commission agent called at a grocery shop in Overgate for payment of an account. The shopkeeper produced his cheque-book, wrote out an order for the sum due, and then handed it to the agent. At this time the wife of the shopkeeper entered, and pointing to the cheque-book lying on the counter, said it brought to her recollection a dream she had during the night to the effect that the bank had failed, and that all their money was lost.—Though the dream had escaped her memory up till that time, it possessed so strong a hold of her mind that she suggested to her husband the propriety of an immediate withdrawal of his money. The shopkeeper's faith in the stability of the bank was not to be shaken, however, by what he characterized as an idle dream, and accordingly he rejected what proved to be a prudent counsel of his wife. Of course the next morning, when he found his money "locked up," it was mortifying for him to reflect that he would have had the cash in his own possession, if he had followed his wife's prophetic warning. The commission agent, we may add, had not the slightest suspicion that the bank was in difficulties, but the relation of the strange story deeply impressed him, and acting on the impulse of the moment he went at once to the bank and cashed the cheque.

Good Enough for Home.—"Why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin Lydia, one morning after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was spotted, faded, old silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar, and, twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back again among her brothers and sisters and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy and rough in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress; and she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home. Young men who are polite and pleasaut in outside society are sometimes rude to their mothers and sisters; and girls who among strangers are all gaiety and animation, never make any exertion to please their own family.

It is a wretched way to turn always the smoothest side to the world, and the roughest and coarsest to one's nearest and dearest friends.

A Camel's Revenge.—A valuable camel, working in an oil mill in Africa, was severcly beaten by its driver. Perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was waiting for a favorable opportunity for revenge, he kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away. The camel, perceiving that he was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man was sleeping on a raised platform in the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stabled in a corner. Happening to wake, the driver observed, by the bright moonlight, that, when all was quiet, the animal looked cautiously round, rose softly, and, stealing toward a spot where a bundle of clothes and a burnouse, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake it had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of his scheme that it dashed its head against the wall, and died on the spot.

Rules for Young Men.—The Burlington *Hawkeye* presents the following ten valuable receipts for young men:—

Always pick up a poker by the cold end.

Never spend your money when you can get things for nothing.

Do not despise a twenty-cent cigar or a $2 dinner because another man pays for it.

Remember that it costs more to go to a high priced theatre than it does to take a back pew in a free church.

Nothing is troublesome to you that other people do for you willingly.

Never pay to-day the man you can put off till to-morrow,

Never trouble yourself to do for another what he can just do as well for himself.

Never buy what you don't want simply because the man says he is just out of it.

Do not poultice your own elbow for the boil on another man's neck.

When angry be sure you can handle your man before you call him a liar.

Says the Archbishop of Canterbury: "There is one dreadful evil overspreading the whole land, which makes havoc of our workingmen—the evil of intemperance. Unless you make distinct and positive efforts against it, you will be neglecting an evil which is eating out the very heart of society, destroying domestic life among our working classes, and perhaps doing greater injury than any other cause that could be named in this age."

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

A felicity that costs pain gives double content.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

Items Foreign & Local.

The beneficial effects of Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment in relieving and subduing inflammation, bruises, sprains, &c., in all their various forms, and the unsolicited testimony in its favor from those who have used it, is its best advertisement.

Ten and a half tons—or about 7,500,000—locust were destroyed at Ajmere, India, in one day, not long ago. The young ones were doing immense damage when the officers of a a regiment stationed there got out fatigue parties of men, dug several trenches to leeward of the pests, and sent Sepoys to wave branches and drive the locusts in. As soon as one trench was well packed earth was thrown in, and the mass of hopping creatures not yet ready to fly, was driven into the next. In two hours 300 feet of trench a foot wide had been filled to a depth of a foot. A finger bowl dipped into the trench and struck off with a card contained 566 locusts, and from the unit of weight and number thus obtained the calculation was made.

A Consolation.—Consumption has been, and can be again, cured by Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam. It is the only certain remedy, and no remedy has before been discovered that will certainly cure consumption. The most strongly marked and developed cases of pulmonary consumption have been cured by this wonderful remedy, and are now as well as ever. It is composed of medications which are peculiarly adapted to and essentially necessary for the cure of coughs and consumption. We would advise our readers to seek early Dr. Wilson's Balsam. It is a genuine remedy indeed.

A correspondent writing in a late number of the London *Globe*, gave the following graphic account of the condition of the Moorish capital:—"Beggars are swarming in the streets, corpses were often seen, smallpox was horribly rife among the poor folk, who all huddled together—those afflicted with the disease were neither isolated nor tended. Sick, sound, and dead might be seen lying in foul, fetid dens. Owners of horses and mules could no longer afford to feed them. Outside the town gates and along the sea beach lay scores and scores of carcasses and skeleton of beasts of burden, which had been brought out there to die of starvation—rich feasts for jackals, dogs and carrion crows. The wild country Moors were very desperate with hunger and misery. Murders were frequent, one man being killed for a bunch of grapes, another for a loaf of bread, and so on. Robberies were, of course, also frequent."

Stomach Ache.—We all know what it is; we acquired a perfect knowledge of the "Pet" in our youth, after a raid on the green apples we were expressly forbidden to touch. Our mother gave us Perry Davis' Pain Killer then and strange to say no other remedy has been discovered to this day to equal it.

However quickly a patient may recover and approach towards robust health, by the use of Fellows' Hypophosphites he must abolish the habits of life which induced the disease; the effect of the greatest triumph in medicine can only be transitory, whilst man persists in the gratification of vicious or pernicious habits.

One of the most desperate gangs of train robbers in the United States has just been broken up by the arrest of Big Mike Roark and the shooting of Dan Dement. They used to rob trains on the Council Bluffs, Atcheson, Topeka, and Santa Fe roads last spring. The gang had planned a robbery of the Kansas Pacific train out on the plains, but a member of the gang gave his partners away. Dement fled, and a posse of picked men attacked them. Being pursued by officers, they came on him in a dug-out on Thompson's Creek, and Light, the detective, called on him to surrender. He was fired at by Dement, and then sent a ball into the robber's side. The wounded man fought like a tiger, and fired seven shots, when Light shot him through the brain, killing him instantly. A reward of $3,000 has been out for Roark's body for six months.

The stomach is the great centre which influences the health or disease of the system, abused or debilitated by excess. Indigestion, offensive breath, and physical prostration are the natural consequences. Allied to the brain, it is the source of headache, mental depression, and unrefreshing sleep. The liver becomes affected and generates bilious disorders, pains in the side, and the bowels sympathize with costiveness or diarrhoea. Dr. Wilson's Anti-Bilious and Preserving Pills act on the stomach, liver, lungs, and bowels, and regenerate their operation.

Clark's Derby Condition Powders are alike applicable to all domestic animals. They make fatting cattle thrive, and working cattle perform much better. There is nothing better for new milch cows, as they cleanse and regulate the system and appetite, and improve the quantity and quality of the milk.

A Critical Period in the History of Mother Earth.—The star gazers are of the opinion that the earth is about entering upon a most critical period in her career—the most critical, perhaps, since the flood. Many prominent astronomical observers in Europe and America believe that the period from 1880 to 1885 will be one of marked character in the lives of the planetary bodies. One eminent authority says:

"If there is anything in 'astrological criology' we are approaching one of the most pestilential periods of earth's history. Since the commencement of the Christian era, the perihelia of the four great planets of the solar system, Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn and Neptune have not been coincident. But this is about to occur, and there will be 'lively times for the doctors.' The theory is that when one or more of the large planets is nearest to the sun, the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes, terrible rains, prolonged drouths, etc., resulting in destruction of crops, and pestilence among human beings and domestic animals."

The death rate during the period of the perihelion (that point in the oribit of the planet which is nearest to the sun) is also said to be greatly increased. The great epidemics which have devasted the earth during the past twenty centuries are all said to have occurred at these coincidences. "In the sixth and sixteenth centuries three of these planets were in parihelion, and these periods were characterized by the development of the most pestilential eras that the christian world has ever known.

"Now, however, for the first time in forty centuries, the perihelion of the four great planets—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn and Neptune—will be coincident. If the coincidence of two planets produce such marked results; if the coincedence of three of them—as has happened twice in 2,000 years—has left an indelible impress of devastation upon the human race, what dire consequences may not be apprehended when all four of these colossal bodies unite to bring to bear upon this poor little earth their malignant influences?"

The premonitary symptoms of the coming cataclysms it is claimed have already made themselves felt in the great and unaccountable fires, like those of Chicago, Boston, St. John, etc., and in the terrible tornadoes and floods of rain which have swept over portions of the earth during the past few years; in the upheavals of the bottom of the sea, and in the disappearance of its islands; in the terrible drought and consequent famine which has slain millions in India and China during the past year, etc.

The celebrated "Mother Shipton prophecy," which will be remembered by many, says "the world will come to an end in 1881" This prediction was no doubt based on astrologic investigations, and the remarkable position which it was foreseen the planets would assume in that year.

There is at all events enough in these things to engage attention, and no hurt can come from the thoughtful consideration of the purport of the "signs of the times."

Agriculture.

APPLES.

It appears to us that, as our farmers now raise large quantities of apples, the production of which is yearly increasing, the following testimony from the New York *Times*, as to their value for feeding to stock, may be interesting and instructive:—

Prof. Salisbury studied up this subject of apples very thoroughly, and gave the results of his investigations very fully in the "Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society." The conclusion to which the Professor came may be summed up in the following: "The apple, if of good quality, may be regarded equally, if not more, rich in fat-producing products than the potato. The apple is also richer in nitrogenous or flesh-forming products, and its inorganic constituents are peculiarly valuable." This is high testimony and high praise to the feeding virtues of the apple, and we doubt whether most practical farmers will subscribe fully to this theory.

This subject was also discussed at the country meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, at Worcester, in the autumn of 1876, when T. S. Gould, a gentleman of large experience and wide observation, read a paper on apples, in which, after stating that Prof. L. B. Arnold estimated the value of this fruit for milch cows at 12½ cents per bushel, he went on to say: "From my own experience in feeding thousands of bushels, not only as falling from the trees, but gathered in the barn cellars for winter stores, for neat stock, horses, sheep, and swine, I would place their value nearly as high as does Mr. Arnold. The sweet and firm-fleshed varieties would, of course, be preferred, but a mixture of sour ones need not be feared. The possibilities of yield of an orchard are such as to make its value for stock feeding alone take the very front rank among cattle foods. At the very moderate yield of ten bushels per tree, 40 trees per acre, we have 400 bushels, at one shilling a bushel amounting to $50 per acre, in addition to the crop of grass for pasturage."

In the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Gould's paper, Mr. Perry, Worcester, who is spoken of as one of the most sensible and level-headed farmers of that county, said: "This question is one which interests most of us. I keep a large stock of cattle; I have a large quantity of cider-apples, and I have fed them to my cows regularly. I have given my cows about half a bushel daily, and I think that those apples are worth 12 cents a bushel, as we are sel