Dr. M. F. Bruce.

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

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

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.

DR. F. A. NEVERS,
Physician and Surgeon,
6m Hartland, Carleton Co., N. B. p19

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.
Andover, Victoria County, N. B.

D. B. GALLAGHER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Andover, Victoria County.
Particular attention paid to collecting.
OFFICE:—Just below Railway Station. 19

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 shortest 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.
Northern 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 Houses, 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

1879.

International Steamship Co'y.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Reduced Fare.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK.

ON and after THURSDAY, March 6th, and until further notice, the Steamer "City of Portland," S. H. Pike, Master, and "New Brunswick," S. D. Hall, Master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf every Monday and Thursday mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Boston, connecting both ways at Eastport with stmr. "Belle Brown" for St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Calais.

Returning, will leave Boston every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m., after arrival of noon train from Boston, for Eastport and St. John.

Saint John to Boston, - - $4 50
Portland, - - 4 00
Limited to Continuous Passage.
Regular Fare to Boston, - - $5 50
Regular Fare to Portland, - - 4 50

In order to meet the request of our customers, this Company have decided to reduce their rates of freight to suit the times.

No claims for allowance after goods leave the Warehouse.

Freight received Wednesday only, up to 6 o'clock, p. m.

For further particulars please apply at office, Reed's Point Wharf.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.
April 21, 1879

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, 1873—tf-10

NOTICE!

A FEW permanent BOARDERS can find comfortable accommodations in a new and pleasantly situated house in a central part of the town. Apply at the SENTINEL OFFICE.
Woodstock, April 16, 1879—16

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXXI.—NO. 25. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879. WHOLE NO.—9164

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

"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

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

SLIPP & ROBINSON,
Agents for the Sale of
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
No. 42 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.,
MARKET BUILDING.

☞ CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED and returns promptly made.

JOSEPH B. SLIPP. E. H. ROBINSON.
(formerly of Thompson & Slipp, Woodstock.)
St. John, N. B., Feb. 10, 1879—6mp-7.

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

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 paid thereon, at SPRING HILL, when desired.
1y-18

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.

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

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

HERBERT DIBBLEE,
Gold, Silver, Oroide, Brass and Copper
PLATER.

Manufacturer of all kinds of
Harness TRIMMINGS,
COMPOSITION SLEIGH HANDLES, and Carriage and Sleigh Work Plated at short notice. 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, May 3, 1879—tf-14

LIME!

THE undersigned offers for sale a quantity of first-class LIME, low as the lowest.
P. McANNA.
Woodstock, April 3, 1879—3m-15

TO LET,

Possession given the first of May.

A HOUSE on the hill, at present occupied by Mr. W. S. Saunders. It contains eight rooms, a good cellar, with stable and wood-shed attached. Rent moderate.
R. A. HAY.
Woodstock, April 2, 1879—14

"VEGETINE,"

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

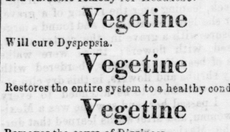
Vegetine
Is the great Blood Purifier.
Vegetine
Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.
Vegetine
Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.
Vegetine
Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.
Vegetine
Cures the worst cases of Canker
Vegetine
Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.
Vegetine
Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.
Vegetine
Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.
Vegetine
Cures Constipation and regulates the bowels
Vegetine
Is a valuable remedy for Headache.
Vegetine
Will cure Dyspepsia.
Vegetine
Restores the entire system to a healthy condition
Vegetine
Removes the cause of Dizziness.
Vegetine
Relieves Faintness at the Stomach.
Vegetine
Cures Pains in the Back.
Vegetine
Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.
Vegetine
Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness
Vegetine
Is the great remedy for General Debility.
Vegetine
Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.
4i-23

W. W. HAY,
Auctioneer
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT!
OFFICE—AT GLASGOW HOUSE.

Consignments solicited. Business promptly attended to. Fees moderate.
Woodstock, May 19, 1879—3m-21

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

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 Shop, 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

PAY UP!

PARTIES owing the undersigned are notified to call at once and settle, and thus save cost.
E. McCLEMENTS.
Woodstock, May 12, 1879—6i-20

Poetry.

The Poor Man's Sunday Walk.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The morning of our rest has come,
The sun is shining clear;
I see it on the steeple top:
Put on your shawl, my dear,
And let us leave the smoky town,
The dense and stagnant lane.
And take our children by the hand
To see the fields again.
I've pined for air the live-long week;
For the smell of new-mown hay;
For a pleasant, quiet, country walk,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

Our parish church is cold and damp;
I need the air and sun;
We'll sit together on the grass,
And see the children run.
We'll watch them gathering buttercups,
Or cowslips in the dell,
Or listen to the cheerful sounds
Of the far-off village bell;
And thank our God with grateful hearts,
Though in the fields we pray;
And bless the healthful breeze of heaven,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

I'm weary of the stifling room,
Where all the week we're pent;
Of the alley filled with wretched life,
And odors pestilent;
And long once more to see the fields,
And the grazing sheep and beeves;
To hear the lark amid the clouds,
And the wind among the leaves;
And all the sounds that glad the air
On green hills far away—
The sounds that breathe of Peace and Love,
On a sunny Sabbath day.

For somehow, though they call it wrong,
In church I cannot kneel
With half the natural thankfulness
And piety I feel
When out, on such a day as this,
I lie upon the sod,
And think that every leaf and flower
Is grateful to its God;
That I who feel the blessing more
Should thank Him more than they;
That I can elevate my soul
On a sunny Sabbath day.

Put on your shawl, and let us go;—
For one day let us think
Of something else than daily care,
Of toil, and meat and drink;
For one day let our children sport
And feel their limbs their own;
For one day let us quite forget
The grief that we have known.
Let us forget that we are poor;
And, basking in the ray,
Thank God that we can still enjoy
A sunny Sabbath day.

Select Tale.

Edith Lee.

I sat beside my study window, reading a magazine by the fast-fading sunlight and on a low chair beside me, little Nellie my nephew Richard's young and pretty wife, rocked and sewed and sewed and rocked, with the golden sunbeams falling on the nut brown tresses, and her sweet thoughts far away in the happy future, building air castles of pearls and diamonds.

"Spring and Autumn, the rosebud and the withered leaf,' I thought, as I glanced at her, so young and hopeful and beloved, and then turned to my own gray reflection in the mirror. "My youth and love lie buried in the past; my future path is all down life's rugged hill. We are a contrast; she the blooming bride, and I the gray headed old bachelor, with nothing nearer to his heart than stocks and real estate."

I sighed as this thought fluttered through my mind, and let the book in my hand fall listlessly upon the table, for my interest in the tale was over, and I had no wish to read. At the sound of the cover dropping against the wood, Nellie lifted her eyes and looking at me with that sweet mixture of the child and woman, which I never saw in a y eyes but hers, said, softly:

"Now that you have done reading, Uncle Edward, I want to ask you a question. May I?

"May you! darling. What is it that you may not do?" I answered. "As many questions as you choose, Nellie. Go on."

"Then why did you never marry, Uncle Edward?" said Nellie. "You were never meant for an old bachelor; you are not in the least surley or crusty, and I think you could have been so happy with children about your knee, and a good loving wife to walk through life beside you. If the right person never came along, dear uncle, I hope she will yet, before you are too old."

Why was it that I knew beforehand what she would ask? Why was it that, now I heard her words, the hot tears blinded me against my will, and something at my heart seemed to choke my utterance. I was too old to give away thus, at a mere memory; it was mere folly to tremble and shed tears at the thought of one who had so long since forgotten me, but I could not help it, nor could I check the utterance of the words upon my lips: "My child, she came and went, long years ago, and will never come again on earth."

Nellie drew near to me, and laid her soft hand upon my arm.

"Forgive me, dear uncle," she said, "it was very wrong and thoughtless of me to ask such a question, but I had no thought of paining you, and you will forgive me, I am sure."

"I have nothing to forgive, Nellie," I answered. "Nay, now that the first pang is over, I am glad you have spoken, for I have been thinking of the past to-night, and should like to tell you something which I have never before breathed to mortal ear. Nellie this is the face which I once hoped to see beside me in my old age; these eyes have looked into mine; this round cheek has rested on my shoulder; this hand has lain in mine, many and many a moonlight evening, long ago, when I was young and handsome as your Richard is to-day." And as I spoke I placed a miniature upon Nellie's rosy palm, and turned my head away toward the shadow.

Nellie looked at it until her eyes filled with tears, and she whispered softly, "Is she dead, Uncle Edward?"

"Dead to me," I answered, "as she has been for thirty years; but I love her still, Nellie, and shall until I die."

We stood silent several moments after this, and the old clock upon the mantle ticked loudly in the quiet room, as though it were counting the moments between the present hour and that of which I had spoken. At last I put my arm around Nellie and said earnestly, I know, for I felt it, "Never quarrel with Richard, Nellie, never once,; one quarrel will break the golden band of love forever; one angry word will turn a life of happiness into one of woe. We quarrelled. I spoke harsh, jealous words—long since repented—and she resented them. On the eve of a long voyage I left her angrily, and have never seen her since. On my return I searched for her, hoping to win her forgiveness, but she was gone—where I could never learn. She may be dead, or married to another; but no other woman could ever have filled the void which Edith Lee has left within my heart in the youth that has departed, or ever will in the old age which is to come."

I put the miniature away again, and Nellie, with her woman's tact, sat silently beside me. The flood of memories which my words had evoked swept wildly through my heart; the days of love and joy; the years of restless search for that which I might never find on earth, all were before me, but they passed at length, and, coming back again to the world around me, I was once more the old bachelor uncle, with an old man's hopes and pleasures, and nothing in the world to make sad or anxious. Oh, time! time! how wonderously you alter us poor mortals in a few short years. I patted Nellie on the head, and resumed my magazine—ringing for candles, that I might see better—but, every now and then, I could see those blue eyes lifted from the tiny cap on which she was at work, and turned upon my face, like those of a wondering child, for Nellie, in the full sweetness of her own glad love-dream, could not imagine how any one could part from love forever, and still exist. And I prayed silently, as I watched her, that her young heart might never know the grief mine had experienced.

We never spoke of this old story of mine again. Nellie was fearful of grieving me, and had, besides, many thoughts and hopes and fears of her own to busy her, and time went on with me as it had always done before, until just in Christmas time. The physician, nurse and all the old ladies and experienced matrons in the neighbourhood declared, that the very finest child which ever had been, or ever would be born, was the one of which my nephew Richard and his sweet wife Nellie were joint proprietors.

Yes there it lay, wrapped up in flannel—very pink, very wrinkled, and very bald, and so exceedingly small that it quite alarmed me—and nothing could exceed Nellie's pride in its beauty, except Richard's pride in its precocious intellect. For myself, I have a constitutional horror for babies and nurses, and after I had whistled to the unconscious infant, and remarked that it was a remarkably handsome child, I was very glad to avail myself of some very pressing business, and betake myself with my portmanteau to a region beyond the perfume of catnip. I remained absent about a week and on my return I was greeted at the door by Richard, who had evidently, some very important news to communicate.

"Such a terrible time as we have had," he said; "Nurse Jorkins has been taken ill with the rheumatism and obliged to go home, and it was only by the most fortunate chance that we procured a person to supply her place, a widow lady—who, although competent, is not accustomed to such a position, and who really is the most obliging and attentive creature—but, do come and see Nellie."

Thus rattling on, out of breath, and important in his new position, Richard hurried me up to Nellie's room, where, after kissing my niece, I bounced the baby up and down like a potion to be well shaken before taken, and returned it safe and sound, to my great satisfaction and astonishment, after agreeing to its strong resemblance to Richard, whom I inwardly held to be much better looking.

The pretty figure of the nurse was bending over some flannels by the fire, and in reply to Richard's introduction she merely turned and bowed, and almost instantly resumed her occupation. My eyes rested on her neat figure and lingered there, and, strange to tell, I found myself thinking of her, after we had left the room and were at supper together. I am ashamed at my age to tell of such folly, but it is true that the next day I caught myself making an elaborate toilette, brushing my whiskers carefully before the glass ere I entered Nellie's room. Who was I dressing for? Not for Richard, or for Nellie; they were used to seeing me in my morning gown and slippers. "It must be for the baby," I said; "yes, I'm afraid of alarming the precious infant"—and then I remember the pretty figure and blushed crimson to the roots of my gray hair, as well I might.

Mrs. Blair bore acquaintance well.—She was no longer young, it is true, but she was still pretty, and certainly had a mind. At first she would not talk to me, but ere long we grew quite sociable, and as the baby grew older we were often left *tete-a-tete* over its cradle, while Nellie was out in the little carriage with Richard. These quiet hours grew very agreeable to me, and in a little while strange fancies stole into my brain, and I began to imagine that if Edith and I had been married we might have sat over the cradle of some favorite grandchild, as Mrs. Blair and I sat by Nellie's baby. I reasoned with myself in the silence of my study; I called myself an "old fool," but without avail; I began to realize that I was in love with Mrs. Blair; I who had vowed eternal constancy to Edith Lee; I who had made Richard my heir, and never intended to marry; I who was fifty years old, and considered myself a man of sense; I was absolutely ashamed of myself, and almost hoped that I should awake, and discover that I had been dreaming. In love or not in love, I determined not to make an idiot of myself by proposing and being refused, as I was sure I should be, and yet the idea of a stout old bachelor "letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek," was utterly absurd. Not so absurd, however, as the fact that he should start and turn pale when it was announced one morning that nurse was going away that afternoon.—Not so nonsensical as that he should wonder how he could live without those *tete-a-tetes* over a baby's cradle.

Yes, Mrs. Blair was going. Her trunks were in the hall, her bandbox on the trunks, and she, already attired in her travelling dress, was singing to her infant charge for the last time. I wondered whether she was happy, but I dared not trust myself to go and see. The time wore on, and the hour for departure came. The carriage was at the door, yet still I sat in my old study, with my face hidden in my hands, repeating, over and over again, "At your age, Edward Weldon, at your age, nonsense."

A rap at the door aroused me. I called "Come in;" and it softly opened, admitting Mrs. Blair, in her traveling bonnet and veil. She did not raise her veil but held out her hand and said:

"Good-bye, Mr. Weldon."

I took it and those little gray gloved fingers sent a thrill through my whole frame, but I had determined not to make a fool of myself, and I only said, "Good-bye, Mrs. Blair, I wish you a very pleasant journey."

Yet somehow, when I had said it, it was hard to let her hand loose, and harder still to see her turn slowly and sadly toward the door.

Did she reciprocate my feeling? If I thought that I would be foolish, and happy could it be.

"Mrs. Blair," I said, "will you stop a moment?"

I handed her a chair as I spoke, and she seated herself, still with her face covered by her veil. I sat beside her. I was nerving myself to speak, and the words were just upon my lips, when the study door was dashed open, and Nellie ran in with a little crimson-covered book held at arm's length toward us.

"Oh, uncle! I am so glad," she said. "Oh, Mrs. Blair! why did you not tell me before? I might have known it.—You are like the picture still, though you are older. Uncle Edward, have you never guessed?"

"Guessed what?" I gasped.

"Oh, take off your bonnet, pull away that ugly veil, do not be ashamed of what you should be proud of," cried Nellie.—"See, uncle, here on the title-page of this book is the name you uttered in this library six months ago, and she has often told me it was given to her by the only man she ever loved, although she married another who was cruel to her.—Oh, if you had not left it behind you.—Uncle! uncle! that is Edith Lee who stands beside you."

The truth rushed through my mind at once. I turned toward the trembling figure at my side and clasped it to my heart, and with one long kiss blotted out the cruel past forever.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.—Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense, is far better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precept by the example of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that as they expect to be men some day, they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them by your own example that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which the men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when He gave the seventh commandment, He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villian six days.

THE MODERATE DRINKER.—A so-called moderate drinker was once very angry with a friend who claimed that safety is alone in totally abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, and who allowed his fanatical notions to insinuate that the moderate drinker himself might then be beyond self-control. "To make plain the question who is wrong," said the temperance man, "will you just quit one month, not touch a drop during the time?" Said the other: "To satisfy your own mind, sir, I will, with pleasure, though I know myself: I will do as you ask to cure your over-wrought ideas." He kept the promise, but at the end of the month he came to his friend with tears in his eyes and thanked him for saving him from a drunkard's grave. Said he: "I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but the last month has been the fiercest battle of my life." Moderate drinkers, just try it for one year, and see how near you are to the rapids, beyond which there is no returning.—*Morning.*

A NOBLE BOY.—When the Zulus rushed in on the small British detachment of Col. Wood, and while there was yet an open road in one direction, Col. Weatherly, an English cavalry officer, clapped his son, a boy of 13 who was with him, on horseback, kissed him, and told him to fly for life. The lad jumped from the saddle, striking the horse a lash which sent it off, and said: "Father, I'll die with you." The father handed his revolver to the child just as the Zulus reached over British bodies, the spot where they stood. Weatherly slew five Zulus before he fell, but the son was killed at once.

Baron Huddleston, an eminent English Judge, recently took occasion to say from the Bench that it was an undoubted fact that a woman told a lie very much better than did a man and with very much better effect. It was a remarkable circumstance that when a woman was determined to say what was untrue, she said it in a much better manner than a man. Whether this was due to a man feeling that his dignity was to a certain extent offended by recourse to untruth he did not know; that was a metaphysical question into which he would not enter; but it was certain that a woman told a story much more logically and, if it were untrue, held to it much more pertinaciously and with much more the appearance of truth than a man could.

Reading merely for pastime, without any moral aim, is a thing to be guarded against.

Immortality opens a large hope, that may overpay the most unspeakable bitterness of life.

Be true to your friend; never speak of his faults to another, to show your own discrimination.

Local & Foreign Items.

It will cost $4,000,000 to take the new census of the United States.

A short time ago the deaths by diphtheria were reported of three children in the family of Mr. Matthew Ferguson, of Hammond, King's County. Since then three more of his children have succumbed to the fearful disease;—six children carried off from May 24th to June 7th, leaving only the father and mother to mourn over a desolate hearthstone.

The offering to Mr. Spurgeon at the celebration of his silver wedding with his Church amounted to £6,233, a great portion of which sum was contributed in pennies and farthings. Mr. Spurgeon handed the money over to the deacons, to be spent for the purposes of the Church and its dependent institutions, accepting a small bronzed clock in memory of the occasion.

Old Dr. Johnson was a benefactor. Seventy five years ago he invented what is now called Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, the wonderful success of which in the cure of diseases of the head, throat and lungs is truly astonishing. No family should be without it.

Thousands of dollars might be annually saved to farmers if they would give freely of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders to their horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and fowl. They prevent disease and promote the growth. We said Sheridan's. Those put up in large packs are utterly worthless.

The expenditure of brain power too early or too severely in children often results in physical debility; the use of Fellows' Hypophosphites exerts a singularly happy effect in such cases.

UNEQUALLED.—Delightful to use, clean and healthful upon the hair, there is nothing that can compare with it. Try Bearine.

Fellows's Dyspepsia Bitters are a certain cure for all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. They do not distress the system nor weaken the frame, but thoroughly invigorate the Digestive Organs.

Why should you suffer with Indigestion, Jaundice, Billious Complaints, Bad Breath, Waterbrash, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Acid Stomach, Loss of Appetite, &c., when you can procure Fellows's Dyspepsia Bitters. They will give you instant relief. Price 25 cents. For sale by all dealers in medicine.

There can be no doubt of the superiority of Fellows' Balsam of Coltsfoot and Liverwort over any other preparation of its kind before the public. It will give instant relief to anyone that is troubled with Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. Price 25 cents.

R. P. Winter, of Fredericton, N. B. writes us that his daughter was cured of a long-standing cough (she had commenced spitting blood) and is now enjoying good health by the use of Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam.

S. B. Little, Cambridge, Queen's County, N. B., was completely cured of dyspepsia and liver-complaint by using Dr. Wilson's Preserving Pills.

Thos. J. Paul, Portland, has spent hundreds of dollars for doctors fees and medicines, and never found any relief from rheumatism till he used Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment. He can now walk without a cane or crutch.

The Montreal *Gazette* acknowledges the victory of the Liberals in Ontario. It says: "The result of the elections in Ontario yesterday was contrary to general expectations and very satisfactory to the Mowat Government, which has been sustained by a majority of about fifteen. We cannot but regret this result, holding the opinion that the advent to power of the Conservative party would have been to the advantage of the Province at large but it must be acknowledged that the cause of each party was fairly placed before the electors, and that they have recorded their preference for the existing Government."

Mr. Gough says that he sees decided advance in the cause of temperance in England since his last visit to that country. The church and the nobility are enlisting in it as never before. The impulse given to the reform in this year 1879 by him will be the most healthy and masterful it has ever received.

Hamlin, under sentence of death in the Connecticut prison, sells photographs of himself, and gives the proceeds to the widow of the man he murdered.

For sore throat, sudden colds and diphtheria no remedy has ever been discovered so powerful to cure as Davis' Pain-Killer. As a Liniment it has no equal in curing Rheumatism or Neuralgia Burns and Bruises, and wounds of every description. It is the cheapest and best remedy ever offered to the public.

Liver is King.

The Liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health, and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are the natural result. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the Liver. It has been successfully proved that Green's August Flower is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition of the Liver and Stomach. Sample bottles to try, 10 cents. Positively sold in all towns on the Western Continent. Three doses will prove that it is just what you want.

Dogs are trained to smuggle laces from Belgium into France, and some of them exhibit great intelligence. The dog starts when it is dark; finds out where the customs officers are. If he meets only one on the road he will fight him, if he cannot otherwise force his way through; but if he is not strong enough for a battle-royal, he hides himself behind a tree, or a hedge, or a bush, and waits patiently for a favorable opportunity. Arrived at his destination, he takes care to see that the coast is clear before delivering his goods.

Mrs. Magdalena Bousrhoff, of Dayton, Iowa in a fit of anger, badly injured the little daughter of a neighbor last week. On Friday night the child grew dangerously ill. Mrs. B., anticipating the girl would die, committed suicide by throwing herself in a cistern. She had told her husband that if the girl died she would rather kill herself than have the children disgraced by her execution.

A proclamation is published in the last issue of the *Canada Gazette* setting down Thursday, the third day of July next for polling on the Canada Temperance Act in Queen's County, P. E. I., outside of Charlottetown—the Act having been passed in that city, which is a separate electoral district. Should the Act be passed in Queen's, the entire Island will be under the operation of the Act.

A terrible accident occurred in Cincinnati on Thursday at the burned building of Post & Co. About forty men were employed in clearing away the debris, when the interior wall gave away and fell with a great crash, bringing down with it portions of the second, third fourth and fifth floors, together with the men who were at work on them. About thirty men went down and eight of them were killed. Ten were seriously injured and the remainder more or less hurt. Some of them had miraculous escapes.

A mulatto is not a negro, according to a decision recently rendered by Judge Woener of St. Louis, and the statute of Missouri forbidding intermarriage of whites and negroes does not apply to mulattoes. The question arose on the petition of Ella Molair, a quadroon, to be allowed a widow's allowance out of the estate of Frank Molair, a former city marshal of St. Louis. It was admitted that there had been a marriage ceremony in presence of a large concourse of invited guests, and also that Molair had lived with the petitioner as his wife, but the claim for an allowance was contested on the ground that the statute declared absolutely void all marriages between white persons and negroes. Judge Woener thinks that a person whose blood is one-fourth of the negro and three-fourths of the Caucasian race cannot be classed as a negro.

Agriculture.

THE CHECK-REIN.—Whipping and overworking do not torture like the check-rein. When you compel a horse to contract the muscles just under the top of the collar, in order to sustain the head a foot, more or less, above its natural place, and then hold them thus contracted, the strain on those muscles soon produces great harm. If you don't believe it, watch the animal; look at his eyes and ears! I am sure you can't misunderstand that face. See him carry his head round on one side, and then away round on the other side. Now in a moment you will see him threw his nose up as high as he can, three or four times. That struggle for relief he continues all the day long. When you take off the check, he will hang down his head low, and show in his face a sense of relief which I am sure you cannot misunderstand. The long strain wastes the muscles, and produces that ugly hollow which is now so common just under the collar.

The London Horse Book says: "The check-rein is a useless and painful encumbrance, introduced by vanity, and retained by thoughtlessness amounting to cruelty.

Prof. Pritchard, of the Royal Veterinary College, London, says: "To sum up in a word, the check-rein lessens the horse's strength, brings on disease, keeps him in pain, frets and injures his mouth, and spoils his temper."

Dr. Fleming, Veterinary Surgeon of the Royal Engineers, London, says: "Nothing can be more absurd than the check-rein. It is extremely cruel. It is not only the head and neck that suffer, but from his head to his tail, from his shoulder to his hoof, he suffers more or less."

The eminent John Adam McBride, Professor of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery in the Royal Agricultural College, exclaims: "Could these speechless sufferers answer the inquiries—Why do you continually toss your heads while standing in the harness? Why do you stretch open your mouths, shake your heads and gnash your teeth? Why do you turn your heads back toward your sides?—They would answer: All this is done to get relief from the agony we are enduring by having our heads kept erect and our necks bent by tight bridles and