

The Canadian Farmer

Agriculture.

[Editors & Proprietors.]

WHOLE NO.—5939.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

VOL. XXXI.—NO. 49.

Our Queen and Constitution.

GIBSON HOUSE,
Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.
Superior Stable in Connection.
SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.
JOHN GIBSON, Proprietor.
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.
"EXCHANGE,"
Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.
TERMS MODERATE.
A Good Stable in Connection.
Sample Room on ground floor.
ROBERT DONALDSON, Proprietor.

Riverside Hotel,
(formerly Stephens House.)
Near N. B. Railway Station and Steamboat Landing.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
GEORGE GOSLINE, Proprietor.
HOBBS BOOTH AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
June 18, 1879—43.

QUEEN HOTEL,
QUEEN STREET, — FREDERICTON.
J. P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.
(Formerly of "Snell House," Houlton, Me.)
Lively Stable in connection with the House.
Sept. 1, 1874—43-38.

ROYAL HOTEL,
King's Square,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
T. F. JOHNSON, — Proprietor.
19-41.

SNELL HOUSE,
HOULTON, ME.,
D. O. FLOYD, Proprietor.
Pleasantly located in Public Square.
Rates Reduced to \$1.50 per day.
GOOD TABLE. CLEAN ROOMS.
Superior accommodations for parties travelling with teams.
FREE COACH!
Convenient Sample Rooms on ground floor. 34

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBACCO.
Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any party. 18

SILP & ROBINSON,
Agents for the Sale of
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
No. 42 Gorman Street, St. John, N. B.
MARKET BUILDING.
COMMISSIONS SOLICITED and returns promptly made.
JOSEPH H. SILP & R. ROBINSON.
(Formerly of Thompson & Silp, Woodstock, N. B.)
St. John, N. B., Dec. 1879—43-37.

Surveying,
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN.
Office in Ham's Building.

J. CRANDALL EVERETT,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
SURVEYOR OF LUMBER.
Office at R. & S. Smith's, adjoining Steam Factory.
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.

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

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of Constructive Architecture in all its details, I am prepared to furnish Plans, Specifications, Bills of Materials and Estimates for all kinds of Buildings, either public or private, on reasonable terms. A specialty made of first-class work.
RESIDENCE, BY FREDERICTON:
Hon. S. B. Appleby, Woodstock.
Lieut. Col. C. E. Upton, Fredericton.
G. W. Smith, Woodstock.
W. Smith, Woodstock.
Waterville, May 11, 1874—37-30.

Up and at it Again!
BURNED OUT,
But Still We Live!
HAYING erected large and commodious Buildings on the burned site, we are now prepared to wait on all who want anything in the way of building, either in wood or iron work. We do not forget the Shop, on Connel Street, first building from Main Street corner.
JOHN LOANE.
Woodstock, June 8, 1877—23.

HARNESS GOING AT COST
J. D. REID
WILL sell the balance of his stock at cost, consisting of single Siles, in Gold, Rubber, Nickel, Silver and Japan. Most of 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 their goods before making their selections.
In stock—HORSE CARDS, MANE COMBS, BENT COMBS, BRUSHES, OILMAN'S SKINS, SPOONS, WHIPS, &c.
Woodstock, Dec. 13, 1877.

Halt! Eyes Front.
THE undersigned having opened a TIN SHOP, in rear of James McInnes's Store, is now prepared to manufacture
TIN AND SHEET IRON
in all its branches, and hopes, by paying strict attention to business, to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. All work warranted, and will be sold cheap for cash, or will take, in exchange for Tinware, Cotton and Seed Woolen Rags, old Socks and Mittens, old Brass and Copper, for which the highest market prices will be paid.
JOB WORK done with neatness and dispatch.
GEO. P. LYNN.
My goods I wish to sell to you.
And to your wives and daughters too.
My prices are so very low,
That all must buy before they go.
Woodstock, July 11, 1879—28.

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 20, 1878—43.

HARNESS! HARNESS!
THE subscriber having fitted up a commodious Shop, on the corner of Main and Harvey Streets, in the building formerly occupied by Mr. J. B. Evans, is now prepared with
Harness of every Description!
Single Harness, in Gilt, Rubber, Nickel Silver, and all the cheaper grades.
T. L. ESTEY.
Woodstock, August 17, 1877.

Ho for the Silver Mines of the SAN JUAN!
PARTIES going to California, or any other country south or west, will find it to their advantage to buy the TICKETS of the subscriber at the Eastern Express Office, Woodstock, or on the Express Trains of the N. B. & C. Railway.
E. B. EVANS.
Woodstock, March 1, 1879—43-40.

Collector's Notice.
THE undersigned non-resident Tax-Payers in the Parish of St. John, Parish of Carleton Place, are hereby requested to pay their respective Taxes, as set out in their respective Returns, together with the cost of advertising, within two months from this date, to the undersigned, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.
Alexander White, \$129 51 28 \$3 08 \$148
James A. Polley, \$10 84 72 0 78 1 08 3 92
D. B. GRAY, Secretary of Court Trustees for Parish of St. John.
Fredericton, Carleton Place, November 25, 1879. 2m-46

THE Baby's Picture.
We must carry our beautiful baby to town some day when the weather is fair," we said.
"We must dress him up in his prettiest gown, and have his hair on the top of his head!" For all his cousins, and all his friends, and both his grandmothers proud and dear, Dedee is so beautiful and every way beautiful.
To have had no picture of him this year.
He was three months old when we took his picture.
And he lay like a lamb on his mamma's lap.
And the darling now has a twelvemonth more of bewildering grace from sock to cap. Just look at his dear little laughing face. At the rosy mouth, and the violet eyes. Why the photograph-taker, that wily shaver! Will think this time we have brought him a prize!

VEGETINE
FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINT AND NERVOUS DEBILITY.
LESTER, M.D., Dec. 28, 1877.
Dr. H. R. STEVENS:—I had a cough, for eighteen years, when I commenced taking the Vegetine. I was very low, my system was debilitated by disease. I had kidney complaint, and was very nervous—could not sleep. When I had taken one bottle I found it was helping me; I am now able to do my work. Never have found any thing like the Vegetine. It is the only thing I am recommended to take.
MRS. A. J. PENDELTON.

VEGETINE
FOR SICK HEADACHE.
EVANSVILLE, IND., Jan. 1, 1878.
Dr. H. R. STEVENS:—I have used your Vegetine for Sick Headache, and have been greatly benefited thereby. I have every reason to believe it to be a good medicine. Yours very respectfully,
MRS. JAMES CONNER, 411 Third St.

VEGETINE
DOCTOR'S REPORT.
Dr. CHAS. M. DUBRENNANT, Apothecary, Evansville, Ind.
The doctor writes: I have a great number of good customers who take Vegetine. They all speak well of it. I know it is a good medicine for the complaint it is used for. I have used it for years, and find it still as good as ever.
Dec. 27, 1877.

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H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:—I have been using your Vegetine for three years, and find it to be a perfect satisfaction. We believe it to be the best blood purifier now in use. Very respectfully,
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VEGETINE
FOR DROPSY.
CENTRAL FALLS, N. I., Oct. 19, 1877.
Dr. H. R. STEVENS:—It is a pleasure to give my testimony for your valuable medicine. I was sick for a long time, and was unable to do my work. I had dropsy, and was very low. When I commenced taking the Vegetine, I found it was helping me. I am now able to do my work. Never have found any thing like the Vegetine. It is the only thing I am recommended to take.
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Our Queen and Constitution.
So I kept him for another half hour, and he left pleased with his visit.
Patricia and Sherrington came back only 15 minutes after the usual lunch hour, the former so delighted with a profusion of pink arbutus as hardly to heed when a servant informed her that "Mr. Raymond had called to see her, and stayed with Miss Gertrude for lunch."
She put the rosy clusters in her hair, and on the bosom of her graceful gray dress, and flushed with her good luck, I think I never saw her look so perfectly lovely.
"He has been here. Very nice for you to keep her out of the way so long," I whispered to Clyde.
He looked at me queerly, but said nothing. I did not want him to expatiate with me as I believe he wished to do, and so kept apart from him during the evening, leaving him to sing and play with Patricia.
He was interesting with his very natural manner of reserved modesty. I was not used to such a man. He had a pale, silken hair that fell in shadowy curls over a beautiful forehead, softly modulated tones. He contrasted nicely with her dark spirited beauty.
Clyde has an elder brother—Raymond—just about the same age as he. He had it if it can be brought about that.
But I soon had my hands full, for all the hours of the day and night, Mr. Raymond came to the Hermitage. And it was not long before he was the most constant visitor. He asked only for "Miss Gertrude."
In three weeks the crisis burst upon me. He proposed.
"I want to think Mr. Sherrington your lover," he said, standing before me, the light on his frank, handsome face, "but late observations have shown me that his visits here are for your sister. Since you are free, I can support you with my money. I would not ask you to join your fortune with mine. The death of my grandfather two years ago left me \$50,000, besides some real estate. I have a pleasant home on the Hudson—retired, but elegant—where I would like to take you. What do you think, Gertrude? Could you be contented to leave your friends and live at Rosedale Cottage with me?"
My amazement allowed me to stammer. I could not say a word. In some distant way I remembered the matter, and begged Mr. Raymond to give me some time for reflection.
He went away, making an appointment for the next evening.
So I thought to myself, I was the recipient of Mr. Raymond's wealth that I wandered about the house in a dazed way, not heeding how mamma was treating about Patricia, who had gone to ride with Mr. Sherrington.
"What's the matter, mamma—is it going to storm?" I said at last.
"To storm? Nonsense! Where are your eyes, Gertrude? It is nearly 9 o'clock. Patricia has been gone seven hours. She is the luckiest girl in the world. Something is wrong."
"What?" I demanded, rousing myself.
"I don't know."
"Nine, 10, 11 and 12 o'clock passed. No word from Patricia. I was on the point of going out to look for her. At noon the next day the buggy drove into the yard. Patricia coolly presented her husband. They had been married the evening before by our pastor at Lowbridge."
"No news and quiet," said Patricia—
"No news, no quiet."
She took her place coolly at the table. "You needn't hesitate to take Gage now, Gertrude. He's dead in love with you. He's the luckiest fellow in the world. I'd decide the matter without any complications."
I think I was dumfounded. But I found my tongue when Mr. Raymond came that evening, and said "Yes." I was the best of wives for the benefit of others. It is dangerous—looming one's love.
AN ARAB HORSEMAN.—While climbing slowly up a steep bank on the opposite side, a Bedouin of the tribe of Bon Issachar, mounted on a pretty black mare, overtook us at full gallop. He pulled up and joined our party, and we talked to him for some time through Kanak. Altho' he gave us a long and clear view of silver-bellied joints. At one end was an iron pot of burnished steel. He was a most friendly and affable Bedouin and showed us all his arms—pistol, sword, knife and so forth. When we parted, he gave us a part of performance for our amusement, galloping about and whirling his lance with dramatic effect and many loud cries, as he thrust at and parried thrusts from an imaginary enemy. He then invited us to follow him about with incredible ease and swiftness, only guiding her with a halter, for the bit, which is scarcely ever used except in warfare, hung idly from his saddle all the time. We rode together for some distance, and at parting, he took the charm from his horse's neck—a crescent-shaped piece of wood—and presented it to me with a most graceful salutation. Altho' we were rather pleased with our Kanak traveller, and he had a most pleasant and interesting ride, he was a little out of his parting words had been a strongly expressed wish to find any two of us alone in a place where he could use his weapons in earnest. Six miles we rode, and he was disappointed. Mrs. Bronsey in France's Magazine.

Gertrude's Strategem.
My sister Patricia was an heiress. Strange enough, for we had always been terribly poor down at Lowbridge, my widowed mother bringing up her four daughters with the greatest difficulty; but, when brought up were looking at it, I believe. Healthy habits and frugal living are the best ways to make money. My mother and I and Patricia and I were as bright and handsome girls as are often seen.
Bess and Amy were twins, with eyes as blue as the sea near which we were born, and long, light brown curls; Patricia was sparkling brunette; while I was a perfect blonde, with crinkled hair like molten gold. Great had been our excitement when Aunt Betty wrote from Fairhaven, "I am going to do myself the pleasure of visiting you this summer. I hear that brother Abel left our girls poor, and I want to see them. I am getting on in years, and will make one of my last visits to you."
Aunt Betty, of Fairhaven, was worth \$100,000 of which was a cent.
Well, in due time she came. She put up at the hotel, for our cottage at Lowbridge wasn't big enough to hold her, with her maid, coachman and carriage, but fortunately that was close by, and she spent the larger half of three days with us.
We all thought Bess would be her choice, for father and mother loved her; but she said, "I have always been with us—But it was neither of the twins and it was not I. It was Patricia." "Where did that girl get her black hair?" Aunt Betty asked as soon as she saw her.
"I think she looks like my brother Luke, don't you?" asked my mother, with a wistful look.
"The very image of him," answered Aunt Betty, turning pale.
I did not know, I had learned afterward, that Uncle Luke had been a lover of Aunt Betty's, when both were young, before their marriage, and the fact seemed to have a power over her.
She looked at Patricia until the girl blushed red, and then she said, "I have heard of the room when she called to her, and drawing her down upon her knees upon her footstool before her, she put a withered hand each side of the young cheeks, and said warmly, "My dear, you shall be my heiress!"
So it was Patricia she chose to leave her money to, but we were not out in the cold, for she sent the twins who were only 16 to school for two years, and invited me, with Patricia, to the Hermitage.
It was her home—a stately old mansion of grey stone, gloomy looking on the outside, but luxuriously comfortable within, without being in the least modern. We had each a maid, and the free use of the carriage. After making this provision for our comfort, Aunt Betty excused herself from making company with us, and we were as free as air to enjoy ourselves as we chose, provided we did not interfere with her plan. We chose to make a great many acquaintances, guided cautiously by Aunt Betty's wisdom, and the result was that I returned to Lowbridge in the summer engaged to Mr. Clyde Sherrington. He was a wealthy, handsome, agreeable, well connected, everybody said, "Gertrude has done well for herself!"
That autumn Aunt Betty died. Patricia was to come in possession of her fortune in a year, when she was 21—full and disposed of \$100,000.
It was arranged that we were all to come to the Hermitage to live. We did so, and lived there quietly as well becoming for nearly a year, when Patricia made her will, and named Mr. Clyde Sherrington. She met him first at a funeral of all places—the occasion caused by the death of our next door neighbour, General Dr. Lacy. Gage Raymond being a neighbour of his. He was well connected, but as poor as a church mouse, people said; "of course, he was after Patricia's fortune," mamma declared.
"Patricia is rich and beautiful. Pray

Our Queen and Constitution.
So I kept him for another half hour, and he left pleased with his visit.
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My sister Patricia was an heiress. Strange enough, for we had always been terribly poor down at Lowbridge, my widowed mother bringing up her four daughters with the greatest difficulty; but, when brought up were looking at it, I believe. Healthy habits and frugal living are the best ways to make money. My mother and I and Patricia and I were as bright and handsome girls as are often seen.
Bess and Amy were twins, with eyes as blue as the sea near which we were born, and long, light brown curls; Patricia was sparkling brunette; while I was a perfect blonde, with crinkled hair like molten gold. Great had been our excitement when Aunt Betty wrote from Fairhaven, "I am going to do myself the pleasure of visiting you this summer. I hear that brother Abel left our girls poor, and I want to see them. I am getting on in years, and will make one of my last visits to you."
Aunt Betty, of Fairhaven, was worth \$100,000 of which was a cent.
Well, in due time she came. She put up at the hotel, for our cottage at Lowbridge wasn't big enough to hold her, with her maid, coachman and carriage, but fortunately that was close by, and she spent the larger half of three days with us.
We all thought Bess would be her choice, for father and mother loved her; but she said, "I have always been with us—But it was neither of the twins and it was not I. It was Patricia." "Where did that girl get her black hair?" Aunt Betty asked as soon as she saw her.
"I think she looks like my brother Luke, don't you?" asked my mother, with a wistful look.
"The very image of him," answered Aunt Betty, turning pale.
I did not know, I had learned afterward, that Uncle Luke had been a lover of Aunt Betty's, when both were young, before their marriage, and the fact seemed to have a power over her.
She looked at Patricia until the girl blushed red, and then she said, "I have heard of the room when she called to her, and drawing her down upon her knees upon her footstool before her, she put a withered hand each side of the young cheeks, and said warmly, "My dear, you shall be my heiress!"
So it was Patricia she chose to leave her money to, but we were not out in the cold, for she sent the twins who were only 16 to school for two years, and invited me, with Patricia, to the Hermitage.
It was her home—a stately old mansion of grey stone, gloomy looking on the outside, but luxuriously comfortable within, without being in the least modern. We had each a maid, and the free use of the carriage. After making this provision for our comfort, Aunt Betty excused herself from making company with us, and we were as free as air to enjoy ourselves as we chose, provided we did not interfere with her plan. We chose to make a great many acquaintances, guided cautiously by Aunt Betty's wisdom, and the result was that I returned to Lowbridge in the summer engaged to Mr. Clyde Sherrington. He was a wealthy, handsome, agreeable, well connected, everybody said, "Gertrude has done well for herself!"
That autumn Aunt Betty died. Patricia was to come in possession of her fortune in a year, when she was 21—full and disposed of \$100,000.
It was arranged that we were all to come to the Hermitage to live. We did so, and lived there quietly as well becoming for nearly a year, when Patricia made her will, and named Mr. Clyde Sherrington. She met him first at a funeral of all places—the occasion caused by the death of our next door neighbour, General Dr. Lacy. Gage Raymond being a neighbour of his. He was well connected, but as poor as a church mouse, people said; "of course, he was after Patricia's fortune," mamma declared.
"Patricia is rich and beautiful. Pray

Our Queen and Constitution.
So I kept him for another half hour, and he left pleased with his visit.
Patricia and Sherrington came back only 15 minutes after the usual lunch hour, the former so delighted with a profusion of pink arbutus as hardly to heed when a servant informed her that "Mr. Raymond had called to see her, and stayed with Miss Gertrude for lunch."
She put the rosy clusters in her hair, and on the bosom of her graceful gray dress, and flushed with her good luck, I think I never saw her look so perfectly lovely.
"He has been here. Very nice for you to keep her out of the way so long," I whispered to Clyde.
He looked at me queerly, but said nothing. I did not want him to expatiate with me as I believe he wished to do, and so kept apart from him during the evening, leaving him to sing and play with Patricia.
He was interesting with his very natural manner of reserved modesty. I was not used to such a man. He had a pale, silken hair that fell in shadowy curls over a beautiful forehead, softly modulated tones. He contrasted nicely with her dark spirited beauty.
Clyde has an elder brother—Raymond—just about the same age as he. He had it if it can be brought about that.
But I soon had my hands full, for all the hours of the day and night, Mr. Raymond came to the Hermitage. And it was not long before he was the most constant visitor. He asked only for "Miss Gertrude."
In three weeks the crisis burst upon me. He proposed.
"I want to think Mr. Sherrington your lover," he said, standing before me, the light on his frank, handsome face, "but late observations have shown me that his visits here are for your sister. Since you are free, I can support you with my money. I would not ask you to join your fortune with mine. The death of my grandfather two years ago left me \$50,000, besides some real estate. I have a pleasant home on the Hudson—retired, but elegant—where I would like to take you. What do you think, Gertrude? Could you be contented to leave your friends and live at Rosedale Cottage with me?"
My amazement allowed me to stammer. I could not say a word. In some distant way I remembered the matter, and begged Mr. Raymond to give me some time for reflection.
He went away, making an appointment for the next evening.
So I thought to myself, I was the recipient of Mr. Raymond's wealth that I wandered about the house in a dazed way, not heeding how mamma was treating about Patricia, who had gone to ride with Mr. Sherrington.
"What's the matter, mamma—is it going to storm?" I said at last.
"To storm? Nonsense! Where are your eyes, Gertrude? It is nearly 9 o'clock. Patricia has been gone seven hours. She is the luckiest girl in the world. Something is wrong."
"What?" I demanded, rousing myself.
"I don't know."
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