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.

C. E. DOW, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

HARTLAND, C. C.

DR. B. R. SOMERVILLE,

HARTLAND, N. B.

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

Formerly Surgeon to Toronto Eye and Ear Infirmary.

OCULIST AND AURIST

To St. John General Public Hospital. Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Office 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. 1y-26

FRANK NEVERS, M.D.

HARTLAND, N. B.

DR. N. AYER,

GRADUATE OF MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

OFFICE—OVER APOTHECARIES HALL.

RESIDENCE—Mr. H. Paxton Baird's, Connell St.

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

W. FISHER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary, Solicitor, &c.,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Prompt attention given to the collection of Notes, Accounts, &c.

OFFICE,—Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street, up stairs. 47

D. B. GALLAGHER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary, Solicitor, &c.

ANDOVER, Victoria County, N. B.

Special attention given to collections.

OFFICE:—Just below Railway Station. 19

J. CRANDAL EVERETT,

Auctioneer & General Agent,

SURVEYOR OF LUMBER.

Office at R. & S. Smith's, adjoining Steam Factory 6m-47

C. F. K. DIBBLEE,

LAND SURVEYOR,

Local Deputy for Carleton County.

Orders left at Drug Store of A. F. GARDEN, or at the residence of subscriber promptly attended to.

Woodstock, Dec. 2, 1879—1y-49

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

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

HO! FOR THE WEST!

PASSENGERS going West or South, before purchasing Tickets should call on R. B. WELCH, the only authorized Agent in Woodstock for the

Boston & Albany, Hoosac Tunnel, and Pennsylvania Central Railroads.

Parties going to MONTANA, LEADVILLE, DENVER, any point in COLORADO, or to SAN FRANCISCO, by purchasing their tickets, via Boston, of MR. WELCH, will avoid the frequent delays in changing cars and inspection of baggage.

Fares as low as the lowest.

R. B. WELCH,
General Ticket Agent,
Everett's Book Store.

Woodstock, March 17, 1880—3mp-12

Christmas Confections.

French and American

CONFECTIONERY,

MANUFACTURED BY

BABBITT BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in Confectionery.

Corner Main and King streets, Woodstock, and Queen street Fredericton.

THE subscribers beg to inform the independent consumers of the town of Woodstock, and city of Fredericton, that they have now on hand an A 1 variety of Candies of every description, suited to every taste and every pocket, and to express the hope that they may be found, as in the past, worthy of a share of public patronage.

BABBITT BROS.

Woodstock, Dec. 11, 1879—6m-50

TO LET!

THE subscriber will let to a suitable tenant, with small family, his Dwelling House, &c., with conditions to pay the rent in board.

Apply by letter,

SAMUEL WATTS.

Woodstock, March 3, 1880

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 21. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880. WHOLE NO.—5963.

GIBSON HOUSE,

Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

Superior STABLE in Connection.

SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

ALEX. GIBSON, JOHN C. GIBSON, } PROPRIETORS.

30

"EXCHANGE,"

Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

TERMS MODERATE.

A Good Stable in Connection.

Sample Room on ground floor.

ROBERT DONALDSON,
45 PROPRIETOR.

Riverside Hotel,

(formerly "Stephenson House.)

Near N. B. Railway Station and Steamboat Landing,

Woodstock, N.B.

GEO. GOSLINE, Proprietor.

HORSES BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

June 13, 1879—24

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

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

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.

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

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

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

J. WHENMAN'S

Meat Market

Main Street, Woodstock.

ON HAND, all kinds of FRESH, PICKLED, SMOKED and DRIED FISH, which will be sold cheap for cash or Country Produce.

Parties in want of any of the above will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

He will pay cash for HIDES, CALF SKINS, WOOL and SHEEP SKINS.

JOHN WHENMAN.

Woodstock, Jan. 23, 1880—tf-4

Photographs

NOW is the time to get your PHOTOGRAPH taken for

Christmas Presents!

A nice, large Photo. framed, or your old ones enlarged and finished in Ink or water colors.

Also, bring in your PICTURES and have them FRAMED—a choice lot of MOULDINGS just received, and FRAMES made to order, neatly and at short notice.

Card and Cabinet Photos.

Also, Tintypes, taken at our usual low prices, and finished in first-class styles.

Call and see for yourselves.

Square and Oval Frames, Card Holders, Pastpartouts, etc., always in stock.

W. A. MOOERS,
King Street, Woodstock.

December 12, 1879

Something New!

J. H. MORRELL WADE,

PAINTER, GRAINER,

Glazier and Paper Hanger. Ceilings Whitened.

All orders, from town or country, left at the Dry Goods Store of Mr. R. B. BELYEA, promptly attended to.

Woodstock, March 9, 1880—3m-11

WANTED!

THE undersigned wants

2,000 Cords Hemlock Bark,

Delivered along the N. B. R R, at any point between Woodstock Junction and Muniac Stations. I will advance $1.00 per cord during peeling season of 1880, and balance during time of delivery.

C. A. HARMON,
Peel Station.

Woodstock, March 3, 1880—3m-10

Holy Family Academy,

St. Basil, Madawaska

THIS NEW INSTITUTION occupies a beautiful site on the banks of the St. John. Its position unites all the benefits of country atmosphere, with every desirable facility for youthful exercise and amusement; nothing is neglected to promote the health and well being of the pupils. The course of study comprises English, French, Composition, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-keeping, Zoology, Botany, Instrumental and Vocal Music, Penmanship, Plain and fancy needle work.

TERMS:

Board and tuition, - - -	$60 00
Music and use of instruments,	25 00
Drawing, - - - - -	9 00
Washing, - - - - -	6 00
Fancy Work, - - - -	3 00

The train running from Grand Falls to Little Falls affords an easy mode of access. Great attention is given to the French course, which is confided to the special care of French Teachers.

Nov. 26, 1879—1y-48

The Farmers' Friend!

STEEL PLOW!

THIS PLOW has Wrought Iron Beam; is easy on team; will do good work. Sold on easy payments.

A sample Plow can be seen at my store, south end Bridge.

J. G. EMERY.

Woodstock, April 23, 1880

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

A Good Time Coming, AND PLENTY OF CASH.

BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS AND WINTER SUPPLY FROM

H. N. PAYSON,

He's got piles of GOOD THINGS for HOLIDAYS!

And Sells Largely to OLD NICK!

THERE'S NUTS, FRUIT, Spices, Essences, Pickles, Raisins, Bread, Butter, Biscuit and Cheese;
Rice, Flour, Corn Meal, Graham and Oat Meal;
A ton of Pancake Goods;
Sugars, Molasses, Coffee, Tea;
Lots of POULTRY, SAUSAGE, LARD;
Soaps, Blacking, Stove Polish, Brushes;
Brooms, Earthen and Stone Wares;
Tumblers, Chimneys, Lamp Wicks;
No. 1 Mess Shad, Codfish, Mackerel, Smoked Herrings;
Quoddy, Ripling, Bay and Labrador Herrings;
Coarse and Fine Salt, Oats, Beans;
Tobacco and Cigars in great variety.

All at bottom prices, for cash or Country Produce, at No. 2 Hayden's Block, Main Street.

H. N. PAYSON.

Woodstock, Dec. 12, 1879

Look here! Read This!

GEO. P. LYNCH,

TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKER,

KEEPS constantly on hand TIN and SHEET IRON WARE of all descriptions.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

I will also buy and pay the highest cash prices for OLD SOCKS AND MITTS, TAILORS' CLIPPINGS, OLD CLOTHING, MIXED COTTON RAGS, RUBBERS, BRASS, COPPER, ZINC, PEWTER, LEAD, OLD IRON, PAPER, ROPE, &c.

Peddlers fitted out on reasonable terms.

☞ Store and Work Shop on Main Street,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Immediately in rear of McElroy's.

Woodstock, March 12, 1880

Standard Portable Grist Mill.

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Specially adapted to the wants of the Maritime Provinces.

WM. CURRIE, writes from Windsor, N. S., Dec. 1879: The 20 inch Standard Flour Mill works satisfactorily. The Smut Mill cleans well. The 12 inch Standard chops 12 bus. per hour. The farmers look with surprise to see mills so small work so well. I enclose letters from two large farmers.

MR. CURRIE—I have had about 20 bus. of wheat ground by your new Standard Mill and am glad to say its the best flour I have had in my house for ten years.

JAMES B. ALLISON.

MR. CURRIE—After having 15 bus. of wheat ground by your new Standard Mill, I must say that you gave me flour equal to the "Canada" that I have been been using. I have no hesitation in saying what it has done for me it will do for others, which should stimulate farmers to grow more grain another year.

JAMES DILL

Send for particulars, address,

W. H. OLIVE, Agent St. John, N. B.
Or WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO.,
1y-6 Brantford, Canada.

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

Poetry.

MY WIFE

I held her, laughing, in my arms,
A blue-eyed child, with curls of gold;
She stroked my boyish cheek and said:
"I'll marry you when I am old."

We met again. Those pretty locks
Were combed and bound about her head.
A little school-girl, staid and shy;
She must not romp with me, she said.

A few more years, and then I found
A blooming maid, just seventeen;
Few were her words, and coy her looks;
And yet she loved me well, I ween.

Long did I woo 'mid hope and fear;
My lady was not lightly won;
She hid her love, and thought it shame,
At last my wecome task was done.

I held her, blushing, in my arms:
And then my bashfull prize I told
How she had promised long ago
She'd marry me when she was old.

The blissful days sped quickly on,
And I had pledged her with a ring;
But ah! so much too large it proved!
My love was such a tiny thing.

But yet she would not have it changed,
Though from her hand it oft would slip;
An evil omen, I would say,
While she but laughed with joyous lip.

I left my darling for a space
As nearer grew the wedding day;
"One little week." I said, 'and then
I never more need go away."

I left her healthy, blooming, bright,
The rosy color in her cheek—
I came to find her wan and white;
Alas! that fatal "little week."

Oh, fell disease, now stay thy hand,
And leave me all I love in life.
In vain I cried; the touch of Death
Was on her, oh! my promised wife.

I held her dying, in my arms,
The ring fell from her finger cold;
Weeping, I took it, and she breathed;
"I'll marry you when I am old."

She knew not what she said, poor child;
Gone from her was bright reason's ray—
But still I keep that ring and wait
For an eternal wedding day.

Select Tale.

Only a Husk.

Tom Darcey, yet a young man had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right, but these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man employed in the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he recieved five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering from want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went. For two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but as usual, stupefaction followed and the man died out. He drank while he could stand and then lay down in the corner, where his companions left him. It was late at night almost midnight when the landlord's wife came into the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don,t you send that miserable Tom Darcey home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left the brain and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years he had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter Tindar to take up with the vinegray spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who once discarded him.

"Why dont you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a sniff and a snap Besty turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcey lifted himself upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you. Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left, "I know it won't.

And with this he went out into the chill air of night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk, and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see."

It was a revelation to the man; the tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see," he replied, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom."

She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of old, old cider.

"I wish you would make a cup good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong coffee and then went out—went out with resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott, in the office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom. What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcey, come back to the old place, asking foregiveness for the past, hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom!" cried the manufacturer, starting foreward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll only set him to work."

"Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested, but was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was completed.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom. You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcey's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom was gone, she had found a two dollar bill in her coffee cup. She knew he had left it for her. She had been out and bought a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimming before her—a ray from the blessed light of others days. With prayer and hope she set out the tea-table and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh, was it but a false glimmer after all?

Hark! The old step! strong, eager for home. Yes it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I did'nt mean to, but the work hung on."

Tom, Tom! You have been to the old shop."

"Yes, and I am to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom. I've got him now, now—bless him! My own Tom! My husband, my darling!"

And then, Tom Darcey realized the full power and blessing of woman's love.

On the following Monday morning, Tom Darcey resumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into his old habits.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up? Yes—I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife last night?

"Yes," Peter, and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."—*Temperance Herald.*

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.—All through Germany the anniversary of the surrender at Sedan, was celebrated by fireworks, illuminations and the inevitable oration. In connection with this event is a story which sounds more like romance than real history. When the great Napoleon in fact, was rushing through Europe at the head of his victorious army, made drink by repeated successes, Louisa, Queen of Prussia, who was compelled to fly from castle to castle, determined to seek an interview with the resistless General. When she entered the room with her children, hoping that their guileless faces would touch the royal heart, she was so exhausted that she sank into a chair. Napoleon, addressing her in his most brusque manner, said, "Madame, are you aware that you are in the presence of the Emperor?" She at once rose, and standing before the parvenu with the dignity which the recollection that her family had been famous for hundreds of years inspired, replied; "Sir, I supposed that I was in the presence of a gentleman." Even the tiny child felt the insult, for he flushed with anger and doubled his little fist. What wonder that he never forgot the wrong done to his mother, and that when he became a man and felt the pressure of the crown he sought for an opportunity to avenge it? The Emperor reached the heighth of his towering ambition and then fell into the abyss of St. Helena. At last his nephew—a shadow with a great man's name attached—seized the throne of France. At Sedan that nephew—all there was left of the Napoleon who had insulted Louisa.—delivered up his sword in graceful defeat to the Emperor William, who as a boy had clenched his fists and vowed revenge. And now you can see in Berlin a magnificent monument dedicated to the memory of Louisa and built with money which the French people were compelled to pay. History seldom presents a picture so complete in all its details as this one.

LIVING BY CHEATING.—A man has something to sell. He proposes to obtain for it, not what it is worth, but what any person can be deceived and persuaded to give; and the man who knows how to deceive and beguile his neighbour into paying twice the value of an article is held to be keen and shrewd. In the long run it may be fairly questioned whether any bargain is a good bargain for the seller unless it is also a good bargain for the buyer. The man who undertakes to do business on the principle of deceiving and cheating will do well to remember that it is not wise to take too narrow a view of these matters. If of fifty men in a communiity each contrives in the course of a year to cheat each of the others to the amount of fifty dollars, pray tell us how much better off any of them will be at the year's end? Each of them have gained twenty five hundred dollars by his own rascality, and lost twenty-five hundred by the rascality of his neighbours. But most of them expect to gain, but do not expect to lose; they regard themselves as very "smart," and in this opinion no doubt they are correct; but they make the very common mistake of supposing that because they are wise everybody else is foolish. The keenest of them in the course of a life time find their match, and perhaps lose in a day everything which they accumulate through years of craft and guile.

All buisness done on this basis of deception cheating and rascality, is in every way unsatisfactory. It ruins many, it realy helps none. The long lane of crookedness and craft turns at last, and turns down hill. The only safe and proper way to do business is to do it honestly; and if men are unwilling to do this, much as they think they gain, they will find in the end that their loss is greater. Absence of honesty causes loss of confidence; loss of confidence causes financial panics and disasters; swindling, stealing and defalcations rob men of their rights, and send them out into the community as tramps and beggars, enemies to society and tempted to revenge their real or fancied wrongs wherever they can find opportunity; and finally come arnachy and revolution, in which the ill-gotten gains of generations go down in seas of fire, and blood, and desolation. The remedy for panics is confidence; the foundation of confidence is honesty and integrity; and the foundation for honesty and integrity is the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.—*Common People.*

No man of good morality is happy when in debt. His peace of mind is disturbed, and he is led to commit imprudences or sins foreign to his nature. The wise man who avoids debt, avoids numberless dangers. All the neighbours speak well of him. He is a favorite with the storekeepers. The work-men declare he is a good employer. He knows the state of his money matters. He is honorable and just in all his dealings. You can depend on his word; for virtues, like certain birds go in flocks, and never move alone. If misfortune overtakes him, he breaks the edge of it by not being in debt. "At all events," he says, "I have no bills to pay," He is not afraid at every ring at the bell, nor of the first man he meets being a creditor whom he is putting off. His income is not always anticipated and spent beforehand. He can always make both ends meet, and often lay by something at the end of the year. He can help a poor relation, or give a needy friend a helping hand. He squares his accounts every month perhaps every week, and always has money in hand. If he wanted credit no one could get it more easily, because it is well known that debt forms no part of his system. He practises self-restraint and improves his moral character by adhering to a rule so simple, and so much for his own comfort and advantage, that he is astonished any of his neighbors should go upon another tack and make a show at the expense of their creditors. Whatever he has, eats, drinks, wears, drives, rides, uses, is paid for. If it were not he would hardly think it his, or that he had any right to it. Several persons whom he knows are in his eyes thieves and beggars, though they cut a considerable dash. They are thieves because they order what they can never pay for, and beggars because they are insolvent while they seem to be rich. He is a true hearted man, and bates chains, and so escapes disaster.

SLEEP IS THE BEST STIMULANT.—The best possible thing to do when you feel too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed, and sleep for a week if you can. This is the only recuperation of brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously: and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves. They goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are some times so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything and all is over

HOW NUTMEGS GROW—Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear trees and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are very small like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eightyyears, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banana Islands, and conquered all the other traders and distroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church. Nature did not sympathize with their meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian Islands, did for the world what the Dutch determined should not be done—carried the nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew up again and the world had the benefit.

Time does not bow to you; you must bow to time.

Local & Foreign Items.

Mr. Spurgeon, speaking in London lately, said, though he was not a party man, he wished Mr. Gladstone might live for ever. His success in the present electoral campaign he ascribed to his outspoken honesty, which people could both understand and appreciate

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, on being required to take the necessary oaths as a member of the House of Commons, positively refused to do so, because, first, he did not believe in a God, and, second, he would not swear allegiance to the Queen.

The house of Martha Jones, (colored) in the suburbs of Christiansburg, Va., was burned the other day. Mrs. Jones, who was evidently deranged, refused the entrance of the neighbors to the house until the fire had attained great headway, and she and her five children were burned to death.

We verily believe that dyspepsia is largely the cause of much of the moroseness and ill nature which mars the harmony of the social relations of all of us. Dr. Wilson's Antibilious and Preserving Pills cure dyspepsia, and sets the liver, stomach and kidneys right, and thus makes us better natured.

We have, like many others, suffered from influenza and cough, during the cold and stormy weather, and nothing which we have tried has relieved us so much as Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam. It soothed the throat, eased the cough—in short it cured us.

The success of Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment is applicable, and speaks volumes for the doctor's skill and knowledge of chemistry.

Two years ago David Leack, a rag picker, died in Jersey City, leaving $12,000 to Queen Victoria. Leach had relatives in Ohio, Brooklyn and Ireland. They contested the will, and the $12,000 is to be divided between six of them by order of the orphan's court.

The public will be interested in knowing that the cable tolls across the Atlantic by the Direct Cable which connects with the Dominion Company's lines have been reduced to fifty cents a word.

Lame Horses.

Fellows' Leeming's Essence will cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings and Stiff Joints, on horses. Price 50 cents.

"TEABERRY," the new powder for whitening the teeth, sweetening the breath, stimulating the mouth—brightest, cosiest little toilet gem extant. Ask your druggist for "Teaberry."—Price 35c.

J. D. Goodwin, an ex-Congressman and a delegate to the Methodist General Conference at Cincinnati, was killed by his brother last Saturday. The fratricide had been confined in a lunatic asylum during a fit of delirium tremens, and when he got out killed his brother because he supposed that it was he who got him confined.

A boy in Philadelphia, supposed to have had a well defined case of hydrophobia, has almost entirely recovered. He suffered excruciatingly for several weeks, barking like a dog, and showing other well-known symptoms.

The following statistics in connection with the termination of the St. Gothard Tunnel will be of interest: The total length of the tunnel is 14,920 metres, or 112 feet more than 9¼ miles. Its width is 6½ metres or 21½ feet. The undertaking has required for its execution seven years and five months—four and a half years less than the time taken to complete the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The average daily progress was 5½ metres or 13 feet. The number of holes bored amounted to 320,000, and 490,000 kilogrammes of dynamite were used in blasting; 1,650,000 drills were consumed, and 1,45,000 cart-loads of debris were taken out of the bowels of the mountain.

The strikes in the cotton spinning districts of France are assuming alarming proportions. Sixty factories are closed at Roubax, by which 15,000 persons are out of employment. Five thousand operatives struck at Tourcoing. There is also a strike at Rouen, and many silk factories are closed. The men demand higher wages and less hours.

The Bank of England, it is reported has at length lighted on a thoroughly effectual safeguard against forgery.

Five steamers arrived at New York on Thursday last, and the immigrants they landed made the total arrivals for April 43,261. Arrivals on Friday were expected to increase the number to 47,000. The list is the largest for any one month on record, the next largest having been in April, 1873, when 42,743 arrivals were recorded

Mathew Thomson, aged 12, hanged himself in Patterson, N. J., on Friday, because his brother whipped him. Several younger children were in the room when the deed was committed, and thought he was playing.

Pearl White Teeth.

The admiration of the world, Enameline. Language fails to give expression to the beauty or the utility of a beautiful set of teeth. With no other charm the possessor may well feel proud. Enameline is unequalled for cleaning, preserving and beautifying the teeth, giving them a pearl like whiteness and hardening the gums. Enameline removes all tartar, hardens the enamel, arrests decay and imparts to the breath at all times a most delightful fragrance.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 25 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations.—1y-5.

Brown's Household Panacea

Is the most effective Pain Destroyer in the world. Will most surely quicken the blood whether taken internally or applied externally, and thereby more certainly Relieve Pain, whether chronic or acute, than any other pain alleviator, and it is warranted double the strength of any similar preparation.

It cures pain in the side, back or bowels, sore throat, rheumatism, toothache, and all aches, and is the Great Reliever of Pain. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" should be in every family. A teaspoonful of the Panacea in a tumbler of hot water (sweetened is preferred), taken at bedtime, will break up a cold. 25 cents a bottle.

Much Sickness,

Undoubtedly with children, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by Worms. BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS, or Worm Lozenges, although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be absolutely sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children. Twenty-five cents a box.—1y-5

August Flower.

The immense sale and great popularity of Green's August Flower in all towns and villages in the civilized world has caused many imitators to adopt similar names, expecting to reap a harvest for themselves at the expense of the afflicted. This medicine was introduced in 1868, and for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, with their effects, such as Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Sick Stomach, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the heart, vertigo, etc., etc., it never has failed to our knowledge. Three doses will relieve any case of Dyspepsia. Two million bottles sold last year. Price 75 cents. Samples 10 cents.

General News.

THE DECLINE OF TURKEY.—It is daily becoming more apparent that Turkey is in a bad way. The result of the British elections has dealt a heavy blow to the present administration of affairs. There was little doubt that the Porte could and did presume upon the forbearance of Lord Beaconsfield. He had small reason to dread compulsion in adopting the reforms in Asiatic Turkey provided by the treaty of Berlin. The accession of Mr. Gladstone to power has widely altered the aspect of matters. His famous "bag and baggage" policy may have something of a practical application. He is even said to be willing to apply coercion to the poor Turk. This may be doubted; but it is certain that a change is impending, and the Porte has begun to set his house in order.

It is, of course, nothing new to hear that the affairs of Constantinople are becoming desperate. The report has so often been heard that it is now very much disregarded. This time, however, it appears to be well founded. The revenues of the Sublime Porte have fallen away to almost nothing. The provinces are too impoverished and unsettled to furnish enough of taxes to satisfy more than the stealings of the rapacious Pachas. The Customs revenues have been after the Turkish method, farmed out to speculators, and forest