

The Canadian Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

Editors & Proprietors.

WHOLE NO.—1656.

Dr. M. F. Bruce.
Office—Opposite "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.

W. P. COLMAN, M. D., M. R. C. S. ENG.
Formerly Surgeon to Toronto Eye and Ear Infirmary.

OCCULIST AND AURIST
To St. John General Public Hospital. Practices
limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Office,
Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets, St. John, N. B.
18-35

FRANK NEVERS, M.D.
HARTLAND, N. B.

DR. N. AYER,
GRADUATE OF MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.
OFFICE—OVER APOTHECARIES HALL.
Residence—Mr. H. Paxton's, Connell St.

W. A. BALLOCH,
Dentist.
Office—In Dible's & 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, 11th 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.

CHARLES O'DONNELL,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
HAS REMOVED from Mr. Leighton's
Office, over the Post Office, next door to
office of John C. Windley, Esq.
September 29, 1880—30-40

D. B. GALLAGHER,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
Notary, Solicitor, &c.
ANDOVER, Victoria County, N. B.
Special attention given to collections and
conveyancing.
OFFICE—Just below Railway Station—19

C. F. K. DIBBLEE,
LAND SURVEYOR,
Local Deputy for Carleton County.
Orders left at Drug Store of A. G. GARDNER,
or at the residence of subscriber promptly attended
to.
Woodstock, Dec. 2, 1879—14-49

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, 1879—10

BURNED OUT,
But Still We Live!
HAVING erected large and commodious buildings
on the burned site, we are now prepared
to do all who want them. We have a large
Manufacturing line, either in wood or iron work.
Don't forget the shop, on Connell Street,
first building from Main Street corner.

HARNESS! HARNESS!
The subscriber having put a commodious
shop, on the corner of Main and Harcourt
Streets, two doors below Mr. James Baker's Shop,
is now prepared with
Harness of every Description!
Single Harness, in Gilt, Rubber, Nickel Silver,
and all the cheaper grades.
DOUBLE HARNESS,
in Light Drift, Buggy, Stage, Farm, and Lum-
ber 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. Customers for their liberal pat-
ronage in the past, he hopes, by strict attention
to business, to merit a continuance of the same.
Those intended to the subscriber will please re-
member that he was burned out by the recent
fire and is much in need of money, by setting
immediately they will confer a great service.
Please don't forget.
T. L. ESTEY.
Woodstock, August 17, 1877

HERBERT DIBBLEE,
Gold, Silver, Oroide, Brass
and Copper
PLATER.
Manufacturer of all kinds of
HARNESS TRIMMING, HANDLES,
COMPOSITION SLEIGH HANDLES,
Carriage and Sleigh Work. Put at short notice,
are prepared to Re-plate Knives, Forks, Spoons,
Casters, Cake Baskets, Watch Cases, Jewellery,
in and out of order, for half the price now com-
manded for.

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 ad-
vantage to buy their TICKETS of the subscriber
at the Express Travel Agency, Woodstock, or on
the Express Train from N. B. & C. Railroad.
R. H. EVANS,
Agent.
Woodstock, March 1, 1878—10-10

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 44.

GIBSON HOUSE,
Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.
Superior Stable in Connection.
SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMER-
CIAL TRAVELLERS.
ALEX. GIBSON,
JOHN C. GIBSON, PROPRIETORS.

"EXCHANGE,"
Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.
TERMS MODERATE.
A Good Stable in Connection.
Sample Room on ground floor.
ROBERT DONALDSON,
PROPRIETOR.

Riverside Hotel,
(formerly "Stephenson House")
Near N. B. Railway Station and Steam-
boat 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—13-36

ROYAL HOTEL,
King's Square,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, - Proprietor.
12-31

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.
FREE COACH!
Convenient Sample Rooms on ground floor. 34

SLIPP & ROBINSON,
Agents for the Sale of
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
No. 12 German Street, St. John, N. B.
MARKET BUILDING.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED and re-
turned promptly made.
JOSEPH B. SLIPP, E. H. ROBINSON,
Proprietors. (Formerly of "Snell House," "Houlton," Me.)
St. John, N. B., Feb. 10, 1879—6mp-7

Carriage and Sleigh
FACTORY!
King St., - Fredericton, N. B.
R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,
SLEIGHS AND PUNGS
Built to order 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 28, 1875—48

Holy Family Academy,
St. Basil, Madawaska.

Photographs
IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
TINTYPES
AT THE USUAL LOW PRICES!

COPYING!
OLD PICTURES Copied and enlarged any
size, and finished in a superior manner.
FRAMING—A large stock of Mountings just
received, including several new and noble pat-
terns, from which frames will be made to order,
at shortest notice.
Motto Frames all fitted, from 40 cts. upward.
New Accessories, New Cards, Passepartouts,
Card Stands, Easels, &c., &c.
W. A. MOORE, Artist,
King Street, Woodstock.
June 25, 1880

Don't You forget it,
— THAT —
G. S. PATTERSON'S
is the place to buy your
Fresh Groceries,
CHEAP FOR CASH or Country Produce!

For Sale!
That old and well-established Hotel,
known as the WOODSTOCK HOTEL, is
now for sale, with or without the
business, at a low price, and on easy terms.
The house is a fine one, and the grounds
are in good order. A never failing
well in the yard and force pump complete.
There is no better situation for a public house.
I am determined to sell the house as low as any
in the town, and ask those in want of such to give
me a call and be convinced.
For price and terms apply on the premises to
JOHN MARSHALL.
Woodstock, Sept. 8, 1880—25-31

VEGETINE
WILL CURE
SCROFULA,
Scrofulous Humor.
Vegetine will eradicate from the system every
taint of Scrofula and Scrofulous Humor. It will
permanently cure thousands, in Boston and
elsewhere, who had been long and painful sufferers.
Cancer, Cancerous Humor.
The marvellous effect of Vegetine in case of
Cancer and Cancerous Humor challenges the
most profound attention of the medical faculty,
many of whom are prescribing Vegetine to their
patients.

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in the town, and ask those in want of such to give
me a call and be convinced.
For price and terms apply on the premises to
JOHN MARSHALL.
Woodstock, Sept. 8, 1880—25-31

Meat Market
Main Street, Woodstock.
ON HAND, all kinds of FRESH PICKLED,
CURED, and DRIED MEAT, and all the
best of the season. Also, a large stock of
LARD, and all the necessary provisions for
household use. Orders for delivery at short
notice, and at the lowest prices.
WATERBURY ENGINE WORKS CO., BURNHAMTHORPE,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS.
BURNHAMTHORPE, ONTARIO, CANADA.
WATERBURY ENGINE WORKS CO., BURNHAMTHORPE,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

PORTABLE
Saw MILLS,
GRIST MILLS, and
FARM ENGINES
OUR SPECIALTIES.
See our exhibit of above Machi-
nery in operation at St. John, N. B.,
Provincial Exhibition.
Plenty of references in N. B., N. S. & P. E. I.
WATERBURY ENGINE WORKS CO., BURNHAMTHORPE,
ONTARIO, CANADA.
W. H. OLIVE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
OR JOHN WALSH, Milford, N. S.
MEXCAN STATION, I. C. R. N. S.

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Poetry.

Read to Sleep.

For three score years and ten,
Burdened with care and woe,
She has travelled the weary ways of men;
She is tired and wants to go.

So musing one afternoon,
With knitting upon her lap,
She hears at her door a drift of tune,
And a quick, familiar tap.

In flashes a child's fresh face,
And her bird-like voice sounds gay,
As she asks, "Shall I find you a pretty place
And read you a Psalm to-day?"

"Aye, read me a Psalm—the Lord
Is my Shepherd—soft, not fast;
Then turn the leaves of the Holy Word
Till you come to the very last—"

"Where it tells of the wondrous walls
Of jettish and sapphire stone,
And the shine of the crystal light falls
In rainbows above the throne;

"Where never are any tears—
You see how the verse so softly
Nags pain not crying through all God's years,
Nor hunger, nor cold, nor death;

"Of the city whose streets are gold:
Ah! here it is not my share
One single piece in my hands to hold,
But my feet shall tread on it there."

"Yes, read it all; it lifts
My soul up to the light,
And the blood through my veins is bright,
To the land where there's no more night!"

Rising, she nearer stepped—
"Hush, hush, don't you see?
The gates had unlocked as the sleeper slept
And an angel had drawn her in."

"Oh Heaven!"
His slumber disturbed by some hideous
nightmare, the "drunkard" thought
his arm so that it fell upon the shrinking
child, who cried in quick terror—
"Mamma! mamma!"

"Hush, dearest," cautioned the
woman again, with her heart in her mouth;
but too late—the drunkard was aroused.

"Hulloa, there! Have you got some-
thing for me to eat?" he demanded.
"No, dear, not a mouthful!" said the
woman in a pleading voice, hastily
seizing the saucer beneath the stove.

"What's that you say? Are you ly-
ing to me? I can smell something you've
been cooking. What is that you are
putting under the stove? You're hiding
it from me, are you? Fetch it out this
minute!"

He sat on the edge of the bed and
glared at her angrily.
"James, it's only a little broth for
Harry. Remember he is sick and has
been lying in bed for days. I want to
give him something to eat."

The angry-woman's words fell from
her lips in pitiful, pleading tones that
must have moved anyone not insane
with liquor.

"Confound you and your child," cried
the man, "you do nothing but coddle him
and he does nothing but whine. Why don't
you send him out to beg or work?"

He's old enough to. But no, he must
sit in the house, feeding on dainties,
while I starve. You never have a
mouthful for me. Bring that saucer
here!"

"James, the child is starving! Look
at him!" cried the mother in despair.
With an oath the man got up and
approached the grate.

"Husband you must not take it
Oh, you cannot. Our child is dying—
dying of hunger, and that all I have
to give him is this!"

"We'll see what I can do. Stand
aside, I tell you."

With an oath he struck her to the floor,
and picking up the saucer, deliberately
ate its contents.

"We'll see who is master in this
house," said the brute. That's only a
beginning. Now this broth has got to go
out and beg. He's played the good
long enough. Here, stir, come out of
this!"

And seizing the frightened child by
the shoulders, he dragged him out.
"James, James! what are you going
to do?" screamed the mother, but he
went on his way, and catching her
child in his arms.

"Take him out to the street corner
and make him beg!"
"No, no; the child will freeze to
death. He's already sick and starving.
You shall not take him out into the cold
—you shall not!"

Desperately she clung to the boy,
while his father wrenched at his arm,
and the child faintly with grief and
fear.

Then with an oath at his weakness,
the father hurled the limp body back up-
on her.

"Have you got any money?" he de-
manded.
"No, James. The last penny went
to buy the broth of which you deprived
our starving child. Oh, my husband,
how could you?"

"Then what if these things would fetch
anything in the pawnshop?"
And he tossed over the ragged bed-
clothes to find something that would
bring the price of a single drink.

There was a terrible look on his shil-
ling. He growled, and then walked out
of the room slamming the rickety door
angrily.

Then the mother rose with her uncon-
scious boy, and laid him on the bed.
There was a terrible look on her face
as she drew from a closet a pan of char-
coal, and set it on the stove.

With an icy calm she walked about the
room, stuffing rags in all the crevices,
and when this was done, ignited the char-
coal.

She bent over the child to take a last
long look—a look of devouring love and
pity.

She kissed him, brow and emaciated
hands.
Then she laid down and gathered him
to her heart.

"God cannot judge me harshly for
this," she said. "It will end his misery
and mine."
But a throw of anguish convulsed her,
as she thought that she would never see
her child again in this world, never hear
his voice, never feel the clasp of his arms
nor the touch of his lips.

As her clasp awakened him he moved
and cried—
"Mamma! mamma!"

Then the poisonous vapors that arose
from the charcoal seemed to clear away
the mists of grief, and he looked up at
his mother with a gleam of joy.

"Mabel! Mabel! What is the matter
with you?"
Mabel Aberdeen shook off the night-
mare that held her in thrall.

She was no longer a starving wretch
counting death for herself and child, and
a young lady in the full bloom of health
and happiness surrounded by every com-
fort and luxury.

They did not give out warmth enough
to dispel the chilly air of the room, and
the woman shivers while she huddles as
near as possible to the scant heat.

"Perhaps it is because she was so
wretchedly cold, and so thin and wan.
Want and sorrow were stamped on every
lineament of the wasted face and face.
Her very hair seemed to hang gaunt on
her cheek."

Every once in a while she looked to-
wards a corner of the room where stood
a tumble-down bedstead. Her atten-
tion was attracted by the coughing of
a boy eight or nine years of age, yet so
wasted by privation that he was almost
a skeleton. Out of this great liquid eyes
looked starvation.

"Mamma, I'm so cold," he said in a
shrill, piping voice.
"Hush, dearest!—Don't speak so loud.
Handle up close to papa. I'll have you
something warm in a minute."

The child looked to the other side of
the bed where a man lay in a drunken
stupor.

"Where it tells of the wondrous walls
Of jettish and sapphire stone,
And the shine of the crystal light falls
In rainbows above the throne;

"Where never are any tears—
You see how the verse so softly
Nags pain not crying through all God's years,
Nor hunger, nor cold, nor death;

"Of the city whose streets are gold:
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One single piece in my hands to hold,
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"Yes, read it all; it lifts
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The gates had unlocked as the sleeper slept
And an angel had drawn her in."

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He's old enough to. But no, he must
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"No, no; the child will freeze to
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You shall not take him out into the cold
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while his father wrenched at his arm,
and the child faintly with grief and
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Then with an oath at his weakness,
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