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, Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets, St John, N. B. 1y-25

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.

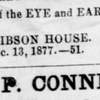
W. A. BALLOCH,

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

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

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

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

SEAFORTH SALT!

80 BARRELS

Best Butter SALT

KNOWN,

For sale by

J. G. VANWART.

LIME!

MILLER BROS St John LIME for sale by

J. G. VANWART.
Woodstock, May 14, 1880—2m-20

The Carleton Sentinel.

Board of Works copy 80

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

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 23. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880. WHOLE NO.—5965.

GIBSON HOUSE,

Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

Superior STABLE in Connection.

SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

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

"EXCHANGE,"

Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

TERMS MODERATE.

A Good Stable in Connection.

Sample Room on ground floor.

45 ROBERT DONALDSON, 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, Pasepartouts, 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

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 latters 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.,
Brantford, Canada.
1y-6

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

NOTICE.

THE F. C. Baptists of this Town intend holding a BAZAAR and TEA MEETING in the Mechanics' Institute, on July 1st, Dominion Day. Full particulars will be given hereafter.
Woodstock, May 13, 1880—tf-20

Poetry.

The Queen and the Beggar's Child.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, AUTHOR OF "CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO NIGHT."

Silk and diamonds and trailing laces,
Haughty carriage and fair, proud faces;
Out from the palace, towering high,
Grand and gray 'neath the bending sky;
O'er the lawn, with its carpets green,
Flashing gems in the summer sun.
Tender mother and Queen in one.

Jewels gleam on her royal hands,
Clasp her arms with their shining bands,
Sparkle and glow where the sunbeams fall;
But the most precious of them all
The nurse is holding with tender care—
The royal baby rosy and fair;
Pressing fond kisses on cheek and brow,
The Queen is only a mother now.

Down the lawn in its shadow deep
A beggar woman lies asleep,
Hunger, poverty, pain and care,
Darken the face once young and fair;
There by the wayside seeking rest,
Clasping a babe upon her breast
Its hungry wail across the green
Stirs the heart of the mother Queen.

Down on the green grass, kneeling low,
Baring her bosom as white as snow,
Laying the child without a name
Where only royal babes have lain,
Feeding it from her own proud breast,
Hungry, starving—ah! there's the test,
Mother-love spans the chasm wide;
Queen and station must stand aside.

Select Tale.

THWARTED.

"Mother!"

A look of tender expostulation; the swift moving of aged lips to a smile.—Two faces almost touched as a pair of strong arms relieved feeble ones of a heavy package of books

"Well, dear," said the mellow old Mrs. Maples, addressing her son, Lynn; "I thought you had enough to carry."

Lynn Maples' arms might have been said to be full, for he carried a dry goods bundle, valise, a well-packed shawl strap, and an umbrella; but he took quick possession of the books, and then after an instant's evident regret that he had no arm to offer his mother, stepped from the store door, and turned to hail a horse-car.

A fair face, that had been turned steadily toward the two since they emerged from the store, leaned forward now into the sunshine, as Annie Loraine, among the velvet cushions of her phaeton, followed with her brown, attentive eyes the movements of mother and son.

"Amusing, watching the crowd sometimes," remarked an elegant young man at her side, reconciling himself with what grace he could to Miss Loraine's inattention.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly.

The next moment, with a sharp cry, she had sprung from the velvet cushions and was foremost in the gathering crowd.

Bewildered, and for once shaken out of boasted repose of manner, Percy Dudley followed her.

An aged woman, her beautiful silvery hair disheveled, her black dress covered with dust, had just been lifted from the ground by a burly policeman, and was instantly claimed by a young man.

Will some one call a carriage?" cried Lynn Maples, his mother lying senseless across his breast

"Take mine! pray, take mine! the astonished Dudley heard Miss Loraine saying.

But before he could get his breath he was shouldered on one side by Lynn, who had accepted Miss Loraine's offer without a thought, and was only anxious to get his mother to a place of safety.

He laid her in the deep seat, and supported her with one arm, while Miss Loraine put the lines into his hand.

"Turn down this side street—quick—out of the crowd," she said; "and leave the phaeton at the St. James hotel for Miss Loraine."

The burly policeman had finished placing his packages and bundles about his feet, and mechanically Lynn Maples obeyed the mandate given him by the silvery voice and sweet brown eyes.

The pretty ponies bore him quickly from the scene, and through several quiet streets to his home.

By this time Mrs. Maples had regained conciousness, and could descend from the vehicle with his assistance, though much shaken.

In stepping from the sidewalk to take a horse-car, she had been interupted by the passing of a carriage, and stepped back beneath the horses of another.

Lynn Maple was a blue-eyed tender-hearted fellow, with nothing remarkable about him but his purity of character and domestic tastes, contrasting strongly with the habits of the young men of the day.

Though six-and-twenty, his mother had hitherto been the sole lady of his love, and she was a little surprised to hear him exclaim suddenly, out of a reverie, the next day:

"Wasn't she beautiful?"

"Who, Lynn?"

"The young lady who offered me her carriage."

"You forgot, dear," placidly, over her knitting, "I did not see her."

"I wonder who she is?"

And Lynn continued to wonder. He had left the phaeton at the St. James hotel, and the proprietor had assured him that all would be right. Apparently the episode had closed.

On the contrary, Annie Loraine, a remarkably independent young lady for one of but twenty years of age, had taken pains to inform herself that Mrs. Maples was not seriously injured.

She asked a hundred questions of her informant—who chanced to know the Maples—and learned that they were in moderate circumstances; perfectly respectable; that they lived in a flat in Hotel Dighton; that Lynn was a dry goods clerk, and supported his mother and a young sister.

Percy Dudley stood by chafing.

"It seems to me you are very much interested in that fellow, Annie!" he exclaimed, at last.

"I am, I think," she answered, carelessly.

Dudley looked at her from under a frowning brow. He, Percy Dudley, the irresistible, the best match of the season, had paid this girl the most unmistakable attentions for four months without the slightest sign of having made but the most ordinary impression upon her.

Yet he continued his suit, since there was not another girl worth one hundred thousand dollars in his set, nor anywhere that he knew of, to be had.

His jealous eyes observed that in driving with Miss Loraine, they never passed the store where Lynn was employed without her turning her glance toward the entrance; and once, when he chanced to be filling a lady's carriage with bundles, she bowed to him with a faint flush upon her lily face.

From that moment Dudley hated Lynn. Though he did not for a moment entertain the thought that Miss Loraine gave him more than a passing approval, and he could see that the young man had something noble and attractive in his air, he was jealous even of her mere respect for him.

It was mere accident that the two met again and again during the winter, at church, at a fair, in a picture gallery, where Miss Loraine offered Lynn the sweetest courtesy, but it infuriated Dudley.

"Curse the fellow! I'll make him cut his own throat before long!" he muttered

He sought Lynn out, and obtained an introduction. It was in a concert room.

"Good many ladies present By the way, there is Miss Annie Loraine in front. Do you know her, Mr. Maples?"

"I have the pleasure—slightly," replied Lynn, a flush coming into his frank, blonde face.

"Pretty, eh?"

"Very beautiful, I think. Do you know where she resides, Mr. Dudley?"

"What, don't know? Oh, up town somewhere," answered the other, catching at a sudden thought. "So you don't know much about her circumstances?"

"No. Do you?"

"Something," carelessly. "She's an orphan. Lives with an aunt. By the way, my dear sir, she seems to know you better than you do her."

"She did me a favor last fall, on the occasion of an accident."

"Ah! Well, it seems that on that occasion you took the young lady's fancy. In short, she fell in love with you."

"With me?" stammered Lynn, blushing furiously. "I am not worthy the honor."

"There is no accounting for women's fancy," burst forth Dudley, savagely.

Lynn was too bewildered to notice the sneer.

"You are a friend of hers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—an old, and intimate one. She's an odd girl—given to unaccountable fancies, you know. Oh, yes, I know her well! And my advice to you is to strike while the iron is hot, and offer yourself to Miss Loraine—that is, if so inclined yourself."

"I—I admire her very much!" stammered Lynn, trembling with agitation.

"Yes, certainly; I understand. Well, she's going South next week; but she'll be at the Parker Fraternity to-morrow evening. You'd better see her there, and make a sure thing of it. I'll give you my word she'll accept you."

"Thank you! thank you!" murmured Lynn, the light swimming before his eyes, and the music fading on his ears.

He cared no longer for the latter. He got away out of the hall, and spent a restless night, full of excitement and the most exalted emotion. For the first time he knew that he loved the lily-faced, brown eyed-girl.

The next night found him at the musical entertainment of the Parker Fraternity. He was foolish, perhaps, but not more so than a score of other young fellows in love. But a more honest, fervent fellow never trembled at the touch of a woman's hand.

"You are as fond of music as I am, Mr. Maples," she said, with, a sweet cordiality of manner which made her irresistable to all men who looked at her.

"May I escort you home, Miss Loraine? I—I have something to say to you."

She gave assent. Her brown eyes widened slightly with surprise, but she chose to accept, and, for once, Percy Dudley gracefully yielded his claims.

She came down into the moonlight, her rich evening dress over her arm, her face cool and sweet. Lynn had a misgiving that he was mad, but he could not help it. Before they had walked six blocks and crossed the park he had offered himself to Miss Loraine.

She did not speak—her face was quite white. He felt the little hand on his arm tremble. But her voice was silvery clear when she spoke at last:

"Mr. Maples, you have known me but a comparatively short space of time. What has caused you to address me like this?"

"My fervent love would not have given me courage to do so, Miss Loraine; but an old friend of yours—one who claimed to know you well—assured me that you were not quite indifferent—"

His voice failed him.

"Who was this friend, Mr. Maples?"

"Mr. Dudley."

He saw her eyes flash. She stopped at the foot of a flight of a marble steps.

"I am at home now. Will you come here to-morrow and get your answer, Mr. Maples?"

Her face, gentle and downcast, did not tell him enough to bid him hope, but he could not forbear doing that in the sight of her loveliness. He glanced up at the wide portals, bronze lions and arched casements thinking, after he had bowed and left her, that Annie Loraine's aunt must be rich.

Another night of palpitating hope and fear, yet he came with a manly face to Annie Loraine to learn her answer.

He was a little surprised to find Dudley in the room into which he was ushered. He sat lolling in an easy chair; smiling, complaisant, yet with a flushed face and covert sparkle in his eye.

Miss Loraine rose from the sofa, and advanced cordially to her visitor, offering her jeweled hand. "You have come promptly for your answer, Mr. Maples," she said, "and I will be prompt with you.

I accept your offer of marriage, and give you, in the very acceptance, my most sincere affection. Yesterday was the first of April, and I think it is Mr. Dudley, who will tell us who is the April fool."

With a cry of rage, and a furious oath he sprang to his feet; but Miss Loraine turned her back on him, and walked with Lynn into an adjoining parlor, and he made his exit from the house without her adieux.

In scheming to make Lynn Maples offend the heiress by an offer of marriage, he had shot beyond his mark, and, losing all hope of Annie Loraine and her fortune bitterly repented his trick of the first of April.

TALLEYRAND AND NAPOLEON.—The ouly man who was not overawed by Napoleon, who dare to judge and oppose him and of whom he was afraid, was Talleyrand. One of the first occasions on which he and Bonaparte passed the limits of casual acquaintance was when Bonaparte was on the point of setting out for Egypt. "I was in bed," said Talleyrand, "and Bonaparte came and sat by me. He told me all the dreams of his youthful imagination, and also of the difficulty in which he was placed by the want of money. Stay," I said to him, "open my desk; you will find there a hundred thousand francs belonging to me: repay me when you return." When Bonaparte became First Consul he repaid the money: but he could not believe that Talleyrand could have lent the money without some deep design, and not being able to find the design out, he frankly asked Talleyrand what his motive had been. Talleyrand said he had no motive except to aid a young man of promise. "In that case," said Bonaparte, "and if it was really done with out any design, you acted the part of a dupe." In the same way, when Bonaparte had rejected Talleyrand's advice to restore Ferdinand, he ended by saying—"All I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides," he added, with a Satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging to take this step." Talleyrand, and Talleyrand alone, was, he thought, capable of outwitting him. If Talleyrand managed Napoleon, he let him know that he managed him.

Napoleon once asked Talleyrand how he had so rapidly made his great fortune. "Nothing could be more simple," said Talleyrand; "I bought stock on the 17th, Brumaire and I sold it again on the 19th." This was the adroitness of invention, but there was a higher kind of adroitness in his management of Napoleon on another occasion, at the time of the signature of the Treaty of Amiens. Talleyrand, after the treaty had been signed, went to see Napoleon, and for a whole hour remained transacting other business, and only at the end produced the treaty. "Why did you not tell me at once?" Napoleon asked. "Oh, replied Talleyrand," because then you would not have listened to me on any other subject. When you are pleased you are not always pleasant." One or two specimens of Talleyrand's peculiar manner of saying good things, as if in the most natural and simple manner, may also be gathered from these volumes. Napoleon once said to him of Berthier, "He is so uninteresting that I do not know why I should care at all about him, and when I think of it I believe I really have some liking for him." "If you do not care about him," replied Talleyrand: "do you know the reason? It is because he believes in you." Talleyrand, when he quarrelled with Napoleon, was replaced as Minister of Foreign Affairs by Maret, afterwards created Duke of Bassano, Talleyrand had the greatest contempt for his successor, and thus summed up his opinion of him when giving his recollectious of the period:—"I never knew but one man so stupid as the Duke of Bassano; he was M. Maret."—*Saturday Review.*

MANUAL LABOUR AND GENTEEL WORKERS.—In every city and village of Canada there are numbers of stalwart young men hanging around stores and offices looking for "genteel" employment, working on starvation salaries, or idly waiting for "influence" to get them a berth. They may be divided into two classes: men who are too lazy to be of any use, and men who are sacrificing the future to absurd social prejudices. With those of the first class we will not meddle now, they are not to be roused by scolding or counsel, But the others are sound-hearted, capable fellows, ready to work and able to do good for themselves and the community, if only they can find something which the sentiments of genteelocracy will allow them to go at. In an office they write during long hours for very poor pay or none at all, they stand behind a counter from morning till late evening or will do well in an engineering or surveying party, it is not monotony or fatigue or hardship that most of them fear, but the ridiculous bugaboo of what they suppose to be good society. Their mothers or sisters, not to mention cousins and aunts, have taught them to believe that it is more respectable to copy deeds or sell ribbons than to shove a plane, cut stone, plough the soil, or swing an axe. It is not necessary to say that their female relatives are entirely mistaken. The lads know that in their hearts. But they want to be respected rather than to be respectable, and imagine that they would not be respected if engaged on a farm or at a trade. They are, in fact, afraid of the opinion of a few fools. All sensible people would applaud their disregard of conventional opinions. We know how hard it is for the young to defy their own social prejudices. But they are often the slaves of their imaginations, and in nine cases out of ten nobody sneers or cares a straw when they do that from which their souls shrink.

We have much to say at times about the abominations of the heathen; but we need go no further from our home than the precincts of our large cities to find a depth of human degradation equal to that of any heathen people on the globe. Vagrant children by thousands are becoming the blight and curse of society. "Almost before their speech has dropped the lisp of infancy," says a reporter of our juvenile asylums, "they roll over the threshold of the paternal den, and are with children of like condition. What one lacks in knowledge of blasphemy, ribaldry, lying, cheating, obscenity, the other smiling, complaisant, yet with a flushed face and covert sparkle in his eye. soon supplies. They are companions in all evil, frequent the same cock-pits and gambling hells, riot in the same brothels, yell at the same theatres, are locked in the same dungeons, and finally rot in the same trenches." It is high time that we used more vigor of administrative wisdom and less charitable patronage in meeting this evil.

Marriage is a noose which, fastened about the neck, runs the closer and fits more uneasy by our struggling to get loose; it is a Gordian knot which none can untie, and being twisted with our thread of life, nothing but the scythe of death can cut it.

Should a beautiful woman come to demand justice, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy sense of hearing from her sighs, and consider at leisure the substance of her claim, unless thou wouldst have thy reason drowned in the one, and thy intergrity lost in the other.

Local & Foreign Items.

The London *Economist* says: "Mr. Gladstone, the most cautious as well as the most farseeing of English financiers, has deliberately stated that there is a risk, a distant but perceptible risk, that the United Kingdom may be compelled to give its guarantee for the entire debt of India—that is, to take upon itself a new liability of $750,000,000."

"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.

Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment is one of those things which no wise owner of horses ever allows himself to be without, because it relieves lameness so certainly and promptly.

The Town of Liverpool, Great Britain, with over half a million of inhabitants, has just been made a city, and this is how it was done: "A statute, passed in the year 1848, entitles Liverpool to be called a city, on the founding of a new bishopric The Queen has just constituted the new see, and the Rev. John Charles Ryle has been created Bishop of the diocese. The endowment fund had reached the minimum amount required by the Act of Parliament, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners certified to Her Majesty, that further contributions sufficient to raise the sum ordered by law, to £3,500 per annum, within the next five years, had been guaranteed. An Order-in-Council, issued in due course, and the new Bishopric was made.

It has been revealed at the Methodist Episcopal general conference that the sixteen thousand churches of the denomination in the United States owe $7,000,000, or an average of $4,400 each. The bishops severely censure the practice of mortgaging the church property to pay current expenses.

A report, signed by Earl Stanhope, Mr. Samuel Morley, and other justices of Kent, contains a series of suggestions for the diminution of drunkenness. They recommend the restriction or absolute prohibition of the sale of spirits by grocers, a scientific investigation as to the adulteration of beer, the adoption of some well-considered plan for reducing the number of licensed houses, and the carrying out of recent legislation as to the custody and recovery of habitual drunkards. The report approves the establishment of coffee taverns and workmen's clubs.

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.

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.

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

ENGLAND'S ROAST BEEF.—The roast beef of old England is largely furnished nowadays from the stock yards of young America; and so with the beef on the hoof. In 1875 four million pounds of fresh beef were sent from this country to Great Britain; the next year the export jumped to thirty-three millions; the year following to forty-nine millions; while for the past two years it has been fifty-four millions each. This increase is prodigious, but it is paralleled by that of the export of live cattle. In 1876 there was 31,593 live cattle exported; in 1879 there was 136,720. In the past four years there have been exported in round numbers, 300,000 live cattle and 200,000,000 pounds of beef. Enormous as these figures are, they still increase, and lately have been supplemented by great shipments of live sheep and fresh mutton. The fact that the last two years, 1878 and 1879, has almost precisely the same total export of fresh beef, may indicate the reaching of a maximum; but an increase of 70 per cent. in the live cattle export of 1879 over 1878 may account for the lack of gain in fresh beef. At all events, the trade is already important and lucrative; and, besides, as Col. Sellers would say, there is all Germany and France that must one day be supplied. The success of the experiment has been in underselling British beef; the less agreeable side of the picture is that good American beef can often be bought cheaper at retail in English cities than in American.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SUGAR BEETS.—We learn that the Sunbury Agricultural Society have determined to try the Sugar Beets again this year, and have ordered a quantity of the Government seed. We are told that the results of last year's experiments, by the members of this Society, are quite encouraging, and they are beginning to think that sugar beets will become a valuable crop for feeding purposes, irrespective of sugar making, and we hope to hear that many others will give it a further trial this year. We have not the slightest doubt but that sugar beets will be a valuable addition to our root crop, as our farmers become more accustomed to raising them, the difficulties complained of now will disappear.—*Maritime Farmer.*

SAWDUST MADE VALUABLE.—A United States letter patent was granted, March 25th, 1880, to W. Grossman, of Petersburg, Va., to make railroad ties, fence posts, paving and building blocks, &c., out of sawdust. This artificial wood, it is claimed, can be made fire and waterproof, and no insect will attack it. It will take a high polish and stand a higher pressure than ordinary wood. It also can be cut and sawed and allowed of nails being driven into it. As the process of making it is very simple and cheap, it may be destined to bring a revolution in the saw-mill, at least will relieve the saw-mill men of much trouble concerning the accumulation of sawdust.—*Lumberman's Gazette.*

General News.

THE LEPERS' HOME.—MEN AND WOMEN WAITING FOR THE DRY ROT TO END THEIR LIVES.—A matter which, from its peculiar horror, I am not likely readily to forget, was a visit made to the Hospital de San Lazaro, at Havana, the home of the lepers. This ancient and terrible disease finds many victims among the low cast Cubans and the poverty-stricken Chinese, though it reaches its gaunt fingers into better society sometimes. Leprosy is either inherited, or induced by poor food, and especially by the eating of stale fish. It seems