L. N. SHARP, M. D.

Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians; Licentiate in Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, &c., &c., &c.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Dr. M. F. Bruce.

Office—Over "Apothecaries Hall," Cor. Bank 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. REYNOLDS,

Physician and Consulting Surgeon,

UPPER WOODSTOCK.

February 28, 1881.—10

DR. SMITH.

OFFICE—IN HIS DRUG SHOP,

MASONIC HALL, - MAIN STREET

RESIDENCE—Two Doors north of the Episcopal Church.

DR. COLEMAN.
MR.C.S.ENG.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
EYE & EAR.
OFFICE, 108 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

FRANK NEVERS, M.D.

HARTLAND, N. B.

W. D. Camber,

DENTIST.

OFFICE—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street.

W. A. BALLOCH,

Dentist.

OFFICE—In Dibblee & Son's Brick Building, Main Street, Up Stairs.

Woodstock, May 17, 1877

H. M. JEWETT,

SURGEON DENTIST,

WILL be found at the Office of DR. BALLOCH, Dentist, Dibblee & Son's Brick Building, Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

Special attention given to FILLING and treatment of DISEASED TEETH, and the attachment of Artificial Crowns to Natural Roots.

March 25. 1881—13

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,

Barrister & 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

CHARLES O'DONNELL,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Woodstock, N. B.

Commissioner for taking acknowledgments of Deeds, Mortgages, etc., for the State of Maine; also, affidavits to be used in all the Courts of Maine.

HAS REMOVED his office to Baird's Brick Building, corner Main and King Streets, up stairs, in rear of Dr. Bruce's office.

January 1, 1881—3m-40

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

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

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

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

BRIGHTON HOUSE,

HARTLAND, N. B.

THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the public to his well assorted stock of GENERAL GOODS, comprising

Dry Goods!

GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS and CAPS,
Ready-Made Clothing,
HARDWARE,
CROCKERYWARE, &c.

Flour, Corn Meal, Oatmeal and Fish!

Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, and Nails of all kinds.

Thanking his customers for their very liberal patronage, he again invites their inspection to the above stock, which he will sell at unusually low prices for cash or Country Produce

Yours, respectfully,

ALEX. NEVERS.

Agent for Henderson's Celebrated Windzor LIME. A. N.

Hartland, Nov. 25, 1880

The Carleton Sentinel.

Board of Works may 80

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

VOL. XXXIII.—NO. 15. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881. WHOLE NO.—1679.

GIBSON HOUSE,

Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

Superior STABLE in Connection.

SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

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

"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

AMERICAN HOUSE,

J. L. ESTEY, - - - Proprietor.

Directly opposite the N. B. & C. Railway Station

A Good Stable, with careful hostler in attendance.

Terms Moderate!

Woodstock, October 27, 1880—1y-44

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

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

To Carpenters, Waggon Makers, and others.

TO BE SOLD!

A PROPERTY beautifully situated at East Florenceville, consisting of a comfortable House and Barn, a Building now used as Grist Mill, good water power all the year round for turning, planing, etc., (now used for grinding). Also, three-quarters of an acre of land.

Apply to T. M. HEAPS, Upper Peel.

March 17, 1881—4ip-12

VEGETINE

J. Bentley, M D., says,

It has done more good than all medical treatment.

NEWMARKET, ONT., Feb. 9, 1880

MR. H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.:

Sir—I have sold during the past year a considerable quantity of your Vegetine, and I believe, in all cases it has given satisfaction. In one case, a delicate young lady of about 17 years was much benefitted by its use. Her parents informed me that it had done her more good than all the medical treatment to which she had previously been subjected.

Yours respectfully,

J. BENTLEY, M. D.

VEGETINE.

Good for the Aged.

WILL YOU READ THIS?

CLIFTON, ONT., Jan. 16, 1881

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I advise you of the good results of your Vegetine. My wife's father, now nearly eighty-five years old, was attacked with *erysipelas* in its worst form. His head and face were swollen so that he was blind, and one of his lips was badly swollen and discolored, and broke out in several places and discharged. His physician said there was no remedy that could cure him, as he was such an old man. To gratify a son-in-law, he was persuaded to take your Vegetine. Seven bottles cured him, and he is now a healthy old man.

Last Spring I was troubled, with a disordered stomach, with a sallow skin, want of appetite, cold extremeties and headache. Satisfied that this condition of things arose from poverty of the blood, I took two bottles of Vegetine; it cured me, and I am satisfied it is the best tonic and blood purifier in the market, and am only too happy to make knewn these facts to the world.

Yours very truly.

A. MENZIE.

VEGETINE.

I have Much Pleasure in Testifying to its Efficacy.

TORONTO, ONT., Feb. 23, 1880.

MR. H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of your Vegetine for the cure of *Rheumatism*. Having been persuaded by a friend to try it, I took four bottles, from which I derived great benefit, and strongly recommend any person suffering from the same afflicting malady to try a course of Vegetine.

Yours resp'y,

JOSIAH GREEN, Chemist,
604 Queen St. and Cooksville, Ont.

VEGETINE.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

MONTREAL, Jan. 29, 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.—Dear Sir: I do not like to write testimonials for advertised medicines, but the great benefit that so many of my customers have obtained from the use of Vegetine compels me to say that with an experience of over 25 years, both in Great Britain and this country, I have never known such a useful remedy placed before the public.

J. D. L. AMBROSE,

Assistant of the Apothecaries Company of London, Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, Licentiate in Pharmacy of the College of Physicians and Surgeons,

Corner Notre Dame and McGill Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 11, 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq., Boston:

I have sold Vegetine ever since its introduction in this city, and from personal observation can safely say that it now takes the lead as a blood purifier.

RICHARD N. KNIGHT.
Corner King and Ludlow Streets.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE, P. Q., Jan. 8, 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I find the sale of your Vegetine constantly increasing, and from the favorable reports I receive from my customers, I consider Vegetine the best preparation in the market, for a blood purifier and general tonic.

Yours respectfully,

J. A. DAWSON,

Cor. St. Lawrence and St. Jean Baptiste Street.

Sold by all Druggists.—4 i-13.

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

MARKED DOWN!

A FEW

Fur, Felt and Plush

HATS!

TO BE SOLD

LESS THAN COST!

TO CLEAR.

—AT—

Mrs. W. D. Camber's.

Woodstock, January 14, 1881

New, Fresh and Good

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED my FALL SUPPLY of

Teas, Sugars, Flour, Molasses, Spices, Canned Goods, Pickles, Confectionery,
Dried and Pickled Fish, etc.,

and am now prepared to sell

CHEAP FOR CASH or Country PRODUCE!

All the above Goods are of a superior quality.

Also a nice lot of

China and Stone-ware

of the latest patterns, which I will sell at as low a figure as can be bought for in town.

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

☞ Remember the place.

C. S. PATTERSON,
Old "Cable House" Corner, Main Street.
Woodstock, Nov. 26, 1880

Photographs

HAVING lately returned from Boston with all the latest improvements in the Art, we are now prepared to make all kinds of PICTURES in a very superior manner.

☞ Particular attention to our new style of

CRAYON WORK

for large Photos and copies.

New accessories, Back Grounds and Instruments—latest styles.

Any person in want of a CABINET ORGAN will do well to call on me before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Copying and Enlarging done as usual. Frames made to order by machinery, at short notice.

Fine Sterroscopic Views of the Jam of Logs at Grand Falls

W. A. MOOERS, Artist,
King Street, Woodstock.

February 25, 1881

Poetry.

The New Birth.

HERMAN MERRIVALE.

God spake in a voice of thunder,
Of old from Sinai's hill;
And the mystic words of wonder
Thrill the believer still,
He sees in the vault above him,
With the eye of Faith alone,
Gemmed round by the souls that love Him,
The great Creator's throne.

He sees,—in the day of danger,—
The column of cloud that led
From the land of the alien stranger,
His Israel whom He fed;
And knows,—tho' his footsteps wander
Astray in a twilight land,—
That his home is building yonder,
By the one unerring hand.

He sees,—in the night of peril,—
The pillar of fire that shone
From the halls of pearl and beryl,
To light God's children on;
And feels that straight from heaven
When the eye of sense grows dim,
Still a grander sight be given
To all who trust in Him.

On the page of the mighty Ocean
He reads the mightier still,
Who curbs its restless motion
By the law of His royal will;
And while in its course diurnal
It murmurs, or sings, or raves,
He lists to the voice Eternal,
In the language of the waves.

He marks in the plants around him
The throbs of a life their own,
While the wordless worlds that bound him
Whisper their undertone.
From the hawk and the hound yet clearer
He hears the secret fall,
Which nearer to him and nearer
Brings the great God of all.

In the leaves that blow and perish
In the space of a single hour,
As the loves that most we cherish
Die like the frailest flower,—
In the living things whose living
Withers or e'er they bloom,
He reads of the great thanksgiving
Which breathes from the open tomb.

The bright Spring leaves returning
To the stem whence Autumn's fell,—
And the heart of Summer burning,
To change at the Winter's spell,—
The year that again repasses,—
The grain that again revives,—
Are signs on the darkened glasses
That bar and bound our lives.

I know how the glass must darken
To my vision more and more,
When the weak ear strains to hearken,
When the faint eye glazes o'er;
But the glass shall melt and shiver,
Once kissed by the fighting breath,
And the light beyond the River
Shine full in the face of Death.

Strong set in a strong affection,
We look to the golden prime,
When a mightier Resurrection
Shall burst on the doubts of Time;
And the thoughts of all the sages,
Like the waves of the fretful main,
At the base of the Rock of Ages
Shall foam and fume in vain.

Select Tale.

A Heroine After All.

It was a lover's quarrel, no doubt about that. Sky threatening—a regular storm brewing—one could see it at a glance.

She stood, all flushed and excited, in the curtained bay window, her fair face clouded, her blue eyes flashing, her breath coming quick and fast.

He stood at her side, stern and pale, his hands clenched excitedly, his dark eyes full of mingled sorrow and passion.

"Allie!"

John Ansleigh's voice was low and intense with feeling.

"It is all your fault, remember," he went on, with an effort at calmness. I have only requested you, kindly and gently—and as your betrothed husband, I surely have some right—to desist from these foolish flirtations. Why, Allie, you were flirting last night with that Mr. Mayne, whom public opinion pronounces a—a—I can't tell you, only that he is not proper company for you, my darling!" John's voice lost its angry tone, and grew gentle and tender. 'You know that this would not trouble me so if you were not dearer to me than my own life. Say you are not angry with me, sweet heart!"

Dr. John Ansleigh bent his handsome head, and his dark eyes gazed into Allie's blue ones.

But this little lady was in a contrary mood that morning. She felt like anything but meek submission to the will of her lover, though she knew that all he had said was true, and prompted by his love and care for her.

Allie Ray was an orphan, an heiress too, just released from the restrictions of boarding-school life. She had lost both her parents in her infancy, and had passed eighteen years of her life under the care of hirelings, and later, at a fashionable school. And pure as a flower, she had grown up amidst weeds.

She had been betrothed to Dr. Ansleigh for nearly a year, and was now under his mother's care, passing a few weeks at a watering-place.

Society pronounced Allie a heartless flirt; but she was merely a thoughtless, careless girl, plunging headlong in the unaccustomed gaieties about her with all her heart. Surrounded by scores of admirers, no wonder her head was nearly turned with adulation and flattery.

John Ansleigh's words had touched her pride. Did he then imagine that, because she was careless and happy, she was shallow and silly and needed a guiding hand?

She mentally resolved to cut Mr. Mayne's acquaintance that very day; but then John should not have the satisfaction of thinking that his words had instigated the step. John had no confidence in her love, she told herself. Well let him think as he pleased.

All the girl's defiant spirit was in arms, when John, at last, fearing that he had wounded her sensitive nature, attempted to set matters right he was stricken dumb with amazement as she turned upon him a face that was white and angry' her blue eyes fairly scintillating.

'You've said enough 'John Ansleigh!" she cried passionately. 'I can see now—the mistake I have made. We were never intended for each other; we are not suited. You want a wife that will obey you like a puppet—a woman with no will or mind of her own—a perfect Grlselda. And I can never submit to tyranny in any form. The man I love must trust me, and since you have ceased to do that, we are best apart. I give you back your freedom.'

'Allie, stop!'

Dr. Ansleigh was white as a statue.

'Do you mean what you say? You do not love me then, Allie?'

The girl was thoroughly aroused now, and regardless of consequences.

'No! she cried madly, I do not love you any more!'

She dashed aside the heavy curtains that draped the bay window, and was gone. And just then a man arose from the lounging chair beside the window, where he had been ostensibly reading and sauntered slowly away.

It was Mr. Mayne, and there was a curious curl on his sensual lips and an evil light in his gray eyes.

'Listeners hear no good of themselves,' he muttered. 'Well' maybe not; but, at any rate, I know which card to play next. Piqued and angry at Ansleigh, the beauty will turn to me, I'll play the heart-broken lover, step in before her anger against the handsome doctor has time to cool, 'strike while the iron is hot,' and, I'm mistaken if I'm not engaged to Allie Ray and her $50,000 before the sun sets.

'The best laid schems o' mice and men gang aft agley!'

But Mr Mayne had forgotten that.

For a long time John sat in the window, his head bowed, staring his misery in the face. Could it be true Allie love him no longer! Ah, well it was better for him to know the worst before it was too late.

An hour or two afterwards he saw Allie radiant in white organdie and pink ribbons, sitting on a rustic seat in the hotel grounds in conversation with Mr. Mayne. John bit his lips and hurried away out of sight. Well, after all, it was nothing to him now; he had no longer any right; Allie had ceased to love him.—And only a few hours before he would have staked his life on her love and truth.

But John did not know what was taking place out there in the cool shade of the oak tree, beneath which Allie was sitting beside her obnoxious companion. Mr. Mayne had asked Allie to be his wife, and had been very decidedly—not to say contemptuously—refused. And when he arose and left her, there was an angry gleam in his wicked eye, while in his heart he registered an oath sooner or later to be avenged.

Allie came down to dinner in the great dinning-room, at sunset, to find John's place vacant.

'Where is the doctor?' some one was asking of John's mother, as Allie entered the room and took her usual seat.

Mrs. Ansleigh looked troubled.

'There has been an accident,' she said.

'Some men where out fishing; the boat capsized, and two of them nearly drowned. Dr. Ansleigh was sent for in hopes that he could save them, their families being totally ignorant of any means of resuscitation. But it is several miles down the beach, and I fear it will be late in the night before he can return.'

It chanced at that instant that Allie raised her eyes to encounter a glance from Mr. Mayne, who was her *vis-a-vis*.

She could not repress a shudder as she saw the audacious triumph in his face.

Dinner over, Allie threw a shawl about her and wandered off on the beach alone. The sun had set now, and twilight, weird and uncanny, was gathering.

Allie wanted to get away from everybody, to be alone with her own thoughts. She sat down at the foot of a tree and gave away to her bitter reflections.

A voice aroused her and started her from her musings; it was the voice unmistakingly of young Mayne.—eager, earnest.

'He bit at the bait mighty easy!' Mayne exclaimed; 'won't he be furious though, when he has had his long, hard ride for nothing, and finds that there has been no accident—no capsized boat—no half-drowned men?' Mayne paused and laughed heartily,

'And you're sure the bridge is unsafe he went on, eagerly.

'Oh, yes, sir!' another voice replied; 'the high waters and the late storm have just played the mischief with the old thing. Nobody can pass over it on horse back without going through—sure as shootin.!'

'And there will be no mistake—no failure?' queried Mayne. 'Ansleigh will be sure to come back that way?

'He'll have to!' the other answererd. grimly. 'He went by the beach road it is true.' but he can't come back that way after night falls, for the tide is in. No, sir, there ain't but one road for Dr. Ansleigh to come by, that is over the old bridge. And if he crosses—or tries to cross that—well, you know the rest!'

And with a savage chuckle they moved away.

Allie sat half stunned at the revelation to which she had listened. She knew the whole vile muderous plot now. This was Mayne's vengeance! In a flash she saw her own way clearly. She had brought this on John Ansleigh—she must save his life, though she lose her own.

She staggered to her feet, and' drawing her shawl about her, turned away in the direction of the old bridge, perhaps half a mile distant from the hotel. To be sure, she did not even know the road he had taken: but if she could only cross the rotten structure, she could then await his coming on the other side.

She reached the place at last. Gathering all her courage together, she stepped upon the old bridge. It was nearly dark now, but with an agonized prayer for protection, she moved onward.—Even beneath her light weight it tottered and shook. She could see, away down below, the black angry water, with its swift, awful current, swollen by recent rains, and choked by drift wood; it was a wild sight there in the gathering gloom. Onward she moved, holding her breath, and with clasped hands and dilated eyes watching the other side.

Thank God! she is over—safe at last! She sank down on a mossy stump, and crouching down, awaited John's coming.

And darkness gathered and fell over all things. She felt timid and afraid; but she calmed her fears as best she might, and remained patiently at her post. An hour passed What if he were not coming home that night? The thought made her heart staad still, But even then she heard, away in the distance, the tramp of horse's feet—coming nearer—nearer. She arose and stepped forward. The moon had arisen now, and its clear rays showed her plainly that it was really John.

She stepped into the road. She had forgot everything—all that had happened that day—and raising her voice she cried wildly:

'John! Oh John!'

Dr. Ansleigh checked his horse and paused, irresolute. His heart beat tumultuously; he could not credit his own eyesight.

'Allie! my God!' he gasped, 'what is the matter?'

He sprang from his horse, and in a moment more she was in his arms, her head on his breast, while she sobbed out the whole story. John listened with a new light in his eyes, his heart full of happiness. And while they stood there alone in the midnight, with a great rush and roar the old bridge went down.—John shuddered and drew Allie closer to him, while a thankful prayer went up to Heaven.

'My darling,' he uttered, softly 'you have saved my life.'

At first the problem of how they were to cross the river seemed too difficult to be solved; but after a while John found an old boat, with a couple of rough oars which had been left there and forgotten; and the way became clear at once.—Tying his horse to a great tree—to remain until he could send for it, on the morrow, when the tide would be out and the beach road passable—John assisted Allie into the old boat, and they made the passage in safety.

Home in Mrs. Ansleigh's cozy parlor, where the mother was anxiously awaiting her son's return (she had not missed Allie, but supposed she was safe in her own room), John told her the story.—And when he had finished he laid his hand upon Allie's.

'You risked your own life,' he said, his voice all a tremble, 'to save mine! Why did you do it, Allie?'

And Allie answered bravely—their quarrel. a thing of the past—and forgetting the words she had said that very morning:

'Because I love you John.'

WHO ARE THE BOERS?—Two hundred years ago four ships sailed from Holland, carrying to regions that then lay at the uttermost bounds of the known world certain French Huguenots exiled by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.—Those vessels carried altogether about 150 men, women and children, all French citizens, Among them were many good names, names which little more than a century later were figuring high in that long roll of marshals and generals of France which the Revolution and its great soldier gave to fame. Hugo, Joubert, Jourdain, Retief, Arnold, de Villiers, Bertrand, Fouche, du Plessy, Mouncey, Serrurier, Victor, and many other names appear on the list of those who selected the distant Dutch colony of South Africa as their future home. These exiles brought to the little colony strength and mental power of a new kind. Fifty years later the French language had died out, the second and third generation had inter-married among the Dutch, and the all-conquering mother-tongue had its usual triumph. But the 150 French Huguenots made a mark upon the colonial community that has never been effaced from the national character. It was a Retief who led the "Great Trek" into the northern wilds. It was a de Marias who headed a few hundred followers against the hosts of the Matabelle King in 1837. It was a Cellier who read the service in the larger on the Black Umvolosi on the Sunday morning when the Zulu army, in that "chest and horn formation," so familiar to us years later, moved to the attack of the Dutch camp. It was a Joubert who covered the beaten wreck of the Boer "commando" after the disaster on the White Umvolosi, and to-day another Joubert is the moving spirit in the Transvaal revolt. These French Huguenots, and the much larger number of Dutch employes of the old East India Company, were the ancestors of the people whom to-day we call Boers—a people slow to think, but not easily to be turned from their thought when once they have found it; slow to embark in any movement, but certain to follow it to its extreme end when it has once been begun. A homely, sober, virtuous, quiet, dull race of beings, as full of faith in God, and of fair dealing between man and man, as this world holds human samples of.—*Lieut. Col. Butler.*

GET MARRIED.—Yes, you will love and marry. It is well; it is right; but do not be in such a hurry to be grown-up and away from home. Life will never give you anything sweeter, better, happier than you have now. No love purer than your mother's; no care more kindly than your father's; no companionship like that of your brothers and sisters.—Even to the man who loves you, you will not be little Lilly who was a baby once, who learned to walk and to talk, and was prettier than any other baby ever was; nor the little girl who was so wonderful a genius when she played her first tune on the piano, or worked her first bookmark. He who falls in love with you will have known twenty pretty girls, and have been in love with half of them. In some things you will fall short of some one you have known.—Your eyes will not be as fine as those of Miss Lavina, and you will not make cake as his mother does. Here you have been perfection, even if prudence kept your parents from saying so; they cannot believe any one *quite* so nice as "our Lilly." Then linger a little where some one else shoulders the burthens and gives you all the ease; where the love is a love that does not change because of a new face, where the fonder you are the more you are adored.

A HINT TO PREACAERS.—Though there may be only here and there one who can dramatise, nevertheless we are all moved by the dramatic, as is well illustrated in a church on a hot summer day when, after the preacher has for three-quarters of an hour discoursed in soothing didactic syle before an audience asleep in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude, he suddenly comes upon an illustration, and changes from the pulpit tone to the natural, conversational tone, representing two or three persons engaged in a colloquy, and all the audience wake up! The tendency in this day is to whine religion, to drone religon, to cant religion, to moan religon, to croak religon, to sepulchrise religion, when we ought to present it in an animated and aroused and spectacular manner.

All God's providences are but His touches of the strings of the great instrument of the world.

The ocean is most phosphorescent after a storm.

Local & Foreign Items.

It is estimated that the value of money and personal property brought into the United States in a year by emigrants amounts in the aggregate to nearly $90,000,000.

Since the Livingston mission was established in eastern Africa by the Free Church of Scotland the gospel has been preached for six years to the natives on the shore of Lake Nyassa, and an effectual check has been put on the slave trade. The life work of the missionary explorer, from whom the mission is named, is thus carried on, as 10,000 slaves were annually carried off from this region.

The oldest legislator in the Dominion is at present in attendance in the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia. Mr. Cutler was born on the 9th of October, 1784, and consequently is now in his 97th year. He was a member of the Assembly 62 years ago, and has been 42 years a member of the Legislative Council.

The new basket lunch system on the Boston and Albany Railroad grows in favor. Orders are taken by an agent on each train, and telegraphed forward to the station where the baskets are delivered. There are six bills of fair, and the uniform price is 40 cents. One bill, for example, comprises two turkey sandwiches, two slices of buttered bread, two boiled eggs, and some pickles. The baskets have neat compartments, and are furnished with plates, knives, forks, and napkins. Extras in the way of fruit, drinks, &c., can be ordered at reasonable prices.

Winter weather is trying to the lungs; the cold winds are apt to induce coughs, and colds, and inflammatory diseases. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam cures these complaints by allaying the congestion which produces them. It is both safe and certain. Try it.

Dr. Wilson's Anti-bilious and Preserving Pills, used according to the directions, always do good, and leave no ill effects behind. *They contain no mercury.*

With the stormy, cold weather comes rheumatism, lumbago, and pains in the bones. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment has a wonderful control over these disorders, as all who have used it can testify.

ZOPESA FROM BRAZIL.—As a result of the new commercial enterprise just assuming importance with Brazil, is the introduction of *Zopesa*, so justly celebrated where it is known for the cure of all forms of Indigestion. The company have opened a laboratory in Toronto. *Zopesa* comes to us highly endorsed and recommended, as its wonderful affinity to the Digestive Organs, its certainty to relieve and cure Dyspepsia and Constipation, makes this remarkable compound a necessity in Canada. The company make sample bottles at the trifling cost of 10 cents, to be had of Garden Bros., Druggist, Woodstock.—3m-9.

Bristol's Sarsaparilla and Pills.—These pure vegetable disinfectants contain no element that is not restorative, cleansing and antiseptic. They do not expel poison by poison. Their operation is kindly, gentle, and in harmony with the efforts made by nature to rid herself of the virus by disease.

The pleasure of bathing is greatly increased by mixing in the tub half or even a quarter of a bottle of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. Instantly the whole atmosphere of the bath-room is as fragrant as a blooming flower-garden, the mind becomes buoyant, and the body emerges refreshed and strengthened.

DYSPEPSIA.—Strengthen your digestion, tone the stomach for utilizing and assimilating every atom of food you take, the body needs it for stength and vigor. *Zopesa* cleanses the entire system, stimulates the liver, keeps you regular and able to eat ten-penny nails. Letters and postal cards come in daily extolling *Zopesa* from Brazil. *Positive proof* of health and vigor it gives, in a 10 cent sample. Sold by Garden Bros., Druggists, Woodstock.—3m-9

Persons, who are very susceptible to sudden changes of weather would do well to keep a supply of GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM in the house. This Syrup is a scientific preparation of the Gum which exudes from the Red Spruce Tree, and holds a large quantity of the Gum in perfect solution, never separating. Its remarkable power in relieving certain forms of Bronchitis, and curing obstinate, hacking Coughs, is now well known to the public at large. No Remedy can equal it as a safe and thoroughly reliable Cough Medicine. Sold by all chemists. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 4i-15

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an INCURABLE LUNG DISEASE OR CONSUMPTION. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but ACT DIRECTLY ON THE INFLAMED PARTS, allaying irritation, gives relief in ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, CATARRH, and the THROAT TROUBLES which SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25c. a box everywhere.—1y-10

THE SADDEST OF SAD SIGHTS—The gray hairs of age being brought with sorrow to the grave is now, we are glad to think, becoming rare every year as the use of Cingales Hair Restorer becomes more general. By its use the scanty locks of age once more resume their former color and the hair becomes thick and luxuriant as ever; with its aid we can now defy the change of years, resting assured that no Gray Hair at any rate will come to sadden us. Sold by Garden Bros. Druggists, 50 cents per bottle.—3 mos-9.

"THEY ALL DO IT."—To beautify the teeth and give fragrance to the breath, use "TEABERRY," the new Toilet gem. Get a 5 cent sample at Garden Bros.—9-1y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this receipe, in German, French, or English with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your Druggists to use something for your Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about; you get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give give you satisfactory proof that Greens's August Flower will cure you of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as sour stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Fullness at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, swimming of the head, low spirits, &c.; we ask you to go to your Druggist, and get a sample Bottle of Green's August Flower for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

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-10.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE AGE.—The publication of the details of the battle at Spitzkop between the Boers and the English was, says the Chicago *Tribune*, one of the most marvellous feats of newspaper and telegraph enterprise ever known. The London *