

The Warrenton Sentinel

General News.

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.
King and Main Streets.

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, N. B., 1877-23.

Dr. Reynolds,
Physician, Consulting Surgeon, &c.
UPPER WOODSTOCK.
February 23, 1881-10

DR. SMITH.
OFFICE—IN HIS DRUG SHOP,
MASONIC HALL, - MAIN STREET
RESIDENCE—Two Doors north of the Episcopal
Church.

W. F. COLEMAN, M.D.
OFFICE—IN CONNELL'S WOODEN BLOCK, QUEEN
STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
EYE & EAR
Office 40 CORBURN STREET

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

W. D. Camber,
DENTIST.
Office—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen
Street.

W. A. BALLOOH,
Dentist.
Office—In Diblee & Son's Brick Building,
Main Street, Woodstock, N. B., 1877

H. M. JEWETT,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen
Street, Woodstock, N. B., 1877

W. L. L. found at the Office of Dr. BALLOOH,
Dentist, Diblee & Son's Brick Building,
Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.
Special attention given to FILLING and
restoration of decayed teeth, and the
removal of diseased teeth, and the
restoration of natural teeth.

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.

W. FISHER,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
Notary, Solicitor, &c.,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Prompt attention given to the collection of
debts, accounts, &c.
Office—Connell's Wooden Block, Queen
Street, up stairs.

CHARLES O'DONNELL,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Commissioner for the acknowledgment of
Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for the State of Maine;
also, affidavits to be used in all the Courts of
the State.

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, 1881-20-40

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.

"Queen" and "Lancashire"
WOODSTOCK, March 9, 1873-10

C. F. K. DIBLEE,
LAND SURVEYOR,
Local Deputy for Carleton County.
Orders left at Drug Store of A. F. GARDNER,
at the residence of subscriber promptly attended
to.

Up and at it Again!
BURNED OUT.
But Still We Live!

HAVING erected large and commodious build-
ings on the corner of Main and Queen
Streets, to receive pupils for instruction in the
Manufacturing line, either in Car-
ton, or in the "Exchange" building, on
Connell Street, first building from Main Street corner.

JOHN LOANE.
Woodstock, June 8, 1877-19

New Harness Shop!
THIS undersigned has opened a HARNESS
SHOP in his Building, MAIN STREET,
where all persons in want of
Light or Heavy Harness,
will do well to give him a call, as his prices will
be found low, for Cash, Cattle or Country Trade.

Repairing done to order at short notice.
JOHN WHENMAN.
Woodstock, May 12, 1881-20

PIANO-FORTE AND ORGAN.—The
undersigned has for instruction on the
Piano-Forte and Pipe Organ. For terms, etc.,
apply at the "Exchange" building, on
Connell Street, first building from Main Street corner.

SALESMEN WANTED!
To begin work on one Sales for fall
1881, for the

Fonthill Nurseries,
(THE LARGEST IN CANADA)
Morris, Stone & Wellington, Proprietors,
TORONTO.

We pay good salaries and give steady employ-
ment to successful men. We employ unless
you can give your whole time to the business.
J. W. BEAL, Manager,
Address, P. O. Box 1540, Montreal.
30-17

MAGISTRATES BLANKS,
OF ALL KINDS,
For sale at the SENTINEL OFFICE

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,
VOL. XXXIII.—NO. 23.

GIBSON HOUSE,
Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.
Superior STABLE in Connection.
SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

ALEX. GIBSON, PROPRIETORS.
JOHN GIBSON, JR.

"EXCHANGE,"
Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.
TERMS MODERATE.

A Good Stable in Connection.
Sample Room on ground floor.

ROBERT DONALDSON, PROPRIETOR.

Riverdale Hotel.
(Formerly "Stephenson House")
Near N. B. Railway Station and Steamboat Landing.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.
GEO. GOSLINE, Proprietor.
House, Board and Soap of Commission.

June 13, 1879-24

AMERICAN HOUSE,
J. L. ESTEY, - - - Proprietor.
Directly opposite the N. B. & C. Railway Station.

A Good Stable, with careful host in attendance.
Terms Moderate!

Woodstock, October 27, 1880-19-44

ROYAL HOTEL,
45 King Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, - - - Proprietor.
Jy-21

SNELL HOUSE,
HOUTON, 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 families.

FREE COACH!
Convenient Sample Rooms on ground floor. 24

SLIPP & ROBINSON,
Agents for the Sale of
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

No. 42 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.
MARKET BUILDING.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED and return
promptly made.

JOSEPH B. SLIPP, E. H. ROBINSON,
(formerly of Thompson & Slipp, Woodstock).
St. John, N. B., Feb. 10, 1879-5mp-7.

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MAGISTRATES BLANKS,
OF ALL KINDS,
For sale at the SENTINEL OFFICE

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

Vegetine,
The Awakening Year.

The bluebirds and the violets
Are with us once again,
And promises of summer-spots
The hillsides and the plain.

The clouds along the mountain tops
Are riding on the breeze,
Their trailing snow trains of mist
Are tangled in the trees.

The snow drifts, which have lain so long,
Haunting the hidden nooks,
Like guilty ghosts have slipped away,
Unseen, into the brooks.

The streams are fed with generous rain,
They drink the wide-spread rains,
And flutter down from crag to crag
Upon their foamy wings.

Through all the long wet nights they bawl,
Till woodmen in their sleep behold
Their ample nests and all.

The lazy wheel that hung so dry
Above the idle stream
Whirls wildly in the misty dark,
And through the miller's dream.

Loud torrent unto torrents call,
Till at the mountain's feet,
Flashing their spectral lights,
The noisy waters meet.

They meet, and through the lowlands sweep
Towards the briny bay and lake,
Proclaiming to the distant towns,
"The country is awake!"

T. B. Reed.

Select Cate.
IN A STREET CAR.

"He loves you very dearly, Ethel!"
"Does he?"

She laughed lightly, a trifle scornfully,
as she overheard him, and went on trying to
overhear her neighbor's little soft foot fall.

Her cousin—Mrs. Arthur Mayer, a
petite, blue-eyed blond—looked up with
quick reproach from the luxurious recesses
of her blue satan-damk chair.

"You should not speak so, Ethel. Doctor
Lonsdale is a man of honor, and he is
diligent in his work."

But Ethel turned sharply round from
the French panel before which she
had been standing—turned round a slender
figure, with an angry sparkling eye.

Doctor Lonsdale would undoubtedly
appreciate your companionship, Mildred;
and, fortunately, Mr. Grey can afford to
dispense with it.

She snatched up her gloves, as she
spoke, and left the room. Mrs. Mayer's
laughing face called after her.

"Where are you going, Ethel?"
"To see Maria—she is worse!"

Mildred Mayer folded her jeweled
hands in her heliotrope silk lap with a
low laugh.

"What a mixture that child is, to be
sure. She will go down and sit in a
stuffy room for an hour with that rich
maid of hers. Bah! I couldn't do it!"

—with a little smile, and then she
came home and broke her heart's hearts
as ruthlessly as if they were created for her
special amusement. It's a bad thing for
a girl to be both a beauty and an heiress—
a bad thing!

"She is a beauty," said the girl's
mother, who was looking on from the
door.

"No, yes! I know you well enough,
mother. You want money, I suppose?"

"No, your sister earns enough to keep
a dry-goods store, and I don't want the
good son I had—so many years ago it
seems now!"

"Pshaw! Stop such nonsense, mother.
A fellow must have a good opinion of
himself, and the opera house occasionally
bites a hole in the opera."

"While your sister works so hard,
and that sort of thing."

"Oh, Howard!"

"Keep still! This honestly is the way
the world goes."

His voice grew very low; but the girl
so near him, shuddering at the heartless-
ness of the man she had almost learned
to love, heard every word.

"I've drawn about of my salary, now,
mother, seven or eight months ahead, in fact."
"You'll call it a hard name, if 'twas
known; but, if it isn't found out too soon,
the game is worth the candle, and the
game of the heiress—you must have
heard of that—Ethel Warren?"

"He bent forward and whispered the
words—not so low, however, but that
they vibrated through one girl's quivering
nerves."

"This is my last hope! he went on.
'I'm going up there now, and if I don't
win her and her fortune in three months,
I'm ruined, ruined!'"

"But the girl you used to love—who
loves you still—Annie Hastings, Howard?"

"Pshaw! I will marry some one who
paid cash, I presume; but I have chosen
my wife."

Ethel Warren stopped the car at the
block before it had reached her destination,
brushed swiftly past the figure beside her
and stepped out, faint and dizzy.

Behind her, a poor room, indig-
nantly, he followed her, then, with light, swift
feet, he flew down to the carriage, and
up the path to a stately, brown stone
place.

A flood of light streamed forth from
the windows, and the carriage, with a
loud bang, and a quick to the dark, side
entrance, up a silent stairway to her own
room.

An hour later, the great
case of Ethel Warren's—empty, empty,
and empty—stood in the hall, and
Ethel Warren was a poor girl.

A little room, a little white
jeweled hand sliding like a snowflake
down the polished banisters; a fair girl,
vision, her soft, trailing, creamy dress,
her round arms of the elbow-sleeves, a
fragrant, yellow rose nestled at her
throat, and in the dark crown of her hair,
making a dainty lovely picture, all cream
and gold.

"Yes, she went into the long parlors to
greet her friends; her head, with a stage like
poise, held a trifle more haughtily erect
than usual, perhaps, but the curved lips,
red as the actual flower, brightly smiling."

Dozens greeted her as she
entered, but she only replied, languidly,
"I was down."

Then she was down and told John
to wait or return for her; she was belated
and late to the street cars home—
almost an adventure, was it not?

Foremost among the guests was
Howard Grey. No harsh, sneering look
in his face now, as he bent, with an air of
proud proprietorship, over the chair of
Miss Warren, the heiress.

All that evening she played the part
of hostess with her usual dainty grace,
and if there was a brighter color than
usual in the clear olive of her cheeks, no
one noticed it.

And Mrs. Mayer, idly watching those
around her, looked, from Howard Grey's
bright, debonair face, with its society
smile, to Doctor Lonsdale's pale and just
a little weary one, wondering impatiently
how Ethel could tell not pure gold
from dross.

Poor, Doctor Lonsdale might be, but
no one could mistake him for aught save
the perfect gentleman he was.

Toward the end of the evening, Ethel
Warren, standing idly chatting amid a
little group of friends, wondered how
she could prevent Howard Grey from
asking her to be his wife, as he might do
any hour. There was too much nobility,
and too little of the first about her, to let
him do so!

So, when gradually the conversation
drifted off to riding and driving, and
the usual topics of the day, she turned
toward him and looked up to Howard
Grey in innocent inquiry, with eyes like
great dusky stars.

"What a delightful ride we had to-
night, Mr. Grey?"

"We—no night! I hope your garden!
I do not think I understand."

No? You did not recognize me, I
believe; but we rode up together in a
Washington car from Adams street
tonight—can you not recollect who was
your neighbor?"

Poetry.

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