STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.

Office, at his DRUG SHOP, on MAIN STREET Residence, at COLLECTOR MERRITT'S, nearly opposite the site of the burnt Institute.
Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1881—1y-47.

Dr. M. F. Bruce.

Office at his Residence, two dooos above "Institute," Broadway,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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. 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, Consulting Surgeon, &c.
UPPER WOODSTOCK.
February 28, 1881.—10

T. F. Sprague, M. D.
HARTLAND, N. B.

W. F. Coleman, M. D.,

M. R. C. S., ENG.,
OCULIST AND AURIST
To St. John Public Hospital.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
EYE AND EAR.
Office—40 Coburg Street, St. John.

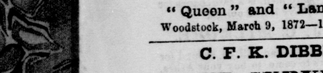
Balloch & Jewett,

DENTISTS,

HAVE REMOVED to their NEW OFFICE,
BROWN'S BRICK BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
(Opposite Hugh Hay's) where they will be pleased to see those requiring their services.
All Operations in DENTISTRY performed in a thorough and skilful manner.
Woodstock, June 24, 1881.—26.

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

W. D. Camber,
DENTIST.



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

John C. Winslow,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.
OFFICE:
POST OFFICE BUILDING.
Every Description of Property Insured at Fair Rates.
Woodstock, Dec. 9, 1881.—1y.

Gregory & Matheson,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c.,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
GEO. F. GREGORY. H. MATHESON.
Woodstock, Dec. 16, 1881—51.

RANDOLPH K. JONES,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
OFFICE,—Until further notice, at his residence, Queen Street.
Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1881.

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

EXPRESS STAGE
BETWEEN
HOULTON & WOODSTOCK!

ON and after WEDNESDAY, 5th inst., the undersigned will run a DAILY ACCOMMODATION STAGE between Houlton and Woodstock as follows:—
Leave Houlton - - - at 8 00 a. m.
" Woodstock immediately on arrival of N. B. Railway.
First-Class Accommodation for Passengers.—Fare, reasonable. Orders left at the "Exchange," Woodstock, attended to.
The "Accommodation" will connect with the N. B. Railway. DAVID L. PARKS.
Richmond, Oct. 3, 1881.—6m-41.

Cable House Corner
GROCERY STORE!

THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, would respectfully inform his friends and the public at large, that he has now in store a full stock of
Fresh and Seasonable Goods,
SUCH AS
Flour, Fish, Molasses, Sugars, Teas, Tobacco, Soap, Starch, Spices, Pickles, Confectionery, Fruits, Canned Goods, &c. &c.
He would call special attention to his large and well selected stock of CHINA, STONE and GLASSWARE. An inspection of his stock will amply repay intending purchasers.
The above Goods will be sold low for Cash or Country Produce.
Call and inspect stock and enquire prices.
C. S. PATTERSON,
Old "Cable House" Corner, Main Street.
Woodstock, June 9, 1881

DIPHTHERIA!

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will possitively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass, formerly Bangor, Me. ly-1.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new.—Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. ly-p-53.

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 10. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882. WHOLE NO.—1724.

GIBSON HOUSE,
Corner Main and Emerald Streets,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
A. GIBSON & SON, - - - PROPRIETORS.
This House is First-Class in every respect, being new, and newly furnished throughout.
Bath Room in connection, with Hot and Co'd Water.
SAMPLE ROOM ON GROUND FLOOR.

"EXCHANGE,"
Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.
TERMS MODERATE.
A Good Stable in Connection.
Sample Room on ground floor.
ROBERT DONALDSON, PROPRIETOR.
45

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

ROYAL HOTEL,
45 King street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, - - - Proprietor.
1y-31

Carriage & Sleigh
FACTORY!
Grafton, N. B.
GRANT & ATHERTON
PROPRIETORS.
WE have now on hand the LARGEST and BEST lot of
SLEIGHS AND PUNGS
ever offered for sale in this County.
The best of HICKORY is used in their construction, and Ironed with AMERICAN and NORWAY IRON and SHOD with STEEL.
TRIMMINGS of Best Stock, and put on by a First-Class Workman.
On hand and for sale, a 2 Seated PHAETON, of New Design and Stylish Finish, Cheap for Cash.
We have on hand a good stock of LUMBERMEN'S SLEDS, CHAINS and NECKYOKES.
Having Good Workman and Best of Material, we can fill all orders promptly and satisfactorily. Particular attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING and REPAIRING.
All WORK WARRANTED as represented.
Grafton, Dec. 23, 1881

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

HERBERT DIBBLEE,
Gold, Silver, Oroide, Brass and Copper
PLATER.
Manufacturer of all kinds of
Harness TRIMMINGS
and COMPOSITION SLEIGH HANDLES.
Carriage and Sleigh Work Plated at short notice.
Also, 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, Feb. 23, 1882

EVERETT'S BOOK STORE!

JUST OPENED:
GOSPEL HYMNS No. 4;
ANTHEM DULCIMERS;
GOSPEL HYMNS, 1, 2 and 3 combined.
Subscriptions received for all American Papers and Magazines.
Agent for The Reliable Domestic Patts.
W. H. EVERETT.
Woodstock, Jan. 13, 1882.

BEST business now before the public.—You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.—1y-p-5

ZOPESA.
(FROM BRAZIL.)
The New Compound, its wonderful affinity to the Digestive Apparatus and the Liver, increasing the dissolving juices, relieving almost instantly the dreadful results of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and the TORPID LIVER, makes Zopesa an every day necessity in every house.
It acts gently and speedily in Biliousness, Costiveness, Headache, Sick Headache, Distress after Eating, Wind on the Stomach, Heartburn, Pains in the Side and Back, Want of Appetite, Want of Energy, Low Spirits, Foul Stomach. It invigorates the Liver, carries off all surplus bile, regulates the Bowels, and gives tone to the whole system.
Cut this out and take it to your Druggist and get a 10 cent Sample, or a large bottle for 75 cents, and tell your neighbor about it.

JAMES & ABBOT,
COMMISSION LUMBER MERCHANTS,
13 Kilby Street, Boston, U.S.A.
Consignments and Correspondence solicited.—Cash advances made on consignments. 1y.35.

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.

Bank of Nova Scotia.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - $1,000,000.
RESERVE FUND, - - 325 000.
DRAFTS GRANTED on MONTREAL, NEW YORK, BOSTON, and all Towns in the LOWER PROVINCES.
STERLING EXCHANGE BOUGHT and SOLD.
American Drafts Negotiated.
Collections made at all accessible points.
Interest allowed on special deposits.
Office at Woodstock:
Connell's Block.
HOURS—9 A. M. TO 3 P. M. SATURDAY, 9 A. M. TO 1 P. M.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Agent.
August 27, 1880.—28

Authorized Capital, $2,000,000.
Paid up Capital, $592,650.
The Maritime Bank
— OF THE —
DOMINION OF CANADA.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
DIRECTORS:
LEB. BOTSFORD, M.D., *Vice President.*
JER. HARRISON, (of J. & W. F. Harrison, Flour Merchants).
JOHN H. PARKS, (of Wm. Parks & Son, Cotton Manufacturers.)
ROBT CRUIKSHANK, (of Jardine & Co., Grocers).
THOS. MACLELLAN, (of Maclellan & Co. Bankers).
JOHN TAPLEY, (of Tapley Bros., Indiantown).
HOWARD D. TROOP, (of Troop & Son, Shipowners).
The Bank, under new management and with fresh capital, is now open and prepared to transact a general Banking Business.
Loans granted, Deposits received, Exchange bought and sold, Drafts issued, Collections made at, and money telegraphed to, all accessible places.
Every facility offered to customers, and business transacted on favorable terms.
ALFRED RAY, Cashier. THOS. MACLELLAN, President.
St. John, Oct. 17, 1881—6mp-43.

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

New Harness Shop!

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

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

Farm for Sale!

THAT Valuable Farm in the Parish of Brighton, Carleton County, adjoining Charles E. Boon, eighty-four rods front, and containing two hundred acres, of which seventy-five or eighty acres are in a good state of cultivation, and enclosed by a substantial cedar fence, with barn 30x40, 20 feet posts and a House thoroughly finished.
H. E. DIBBLEE.
Woodstock January 12, 1875—3

Poetry.

'Tis Solemner Not To.

Oh, grandma sits in her oaken chair,
And in flies Bessie with tangled hair,
"I'm going to be married, oh, grandmamma!
I'm going to be married! Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string;
"Do you know, my dear, 'tis a solemn thing?"
"'Tis solemner not to, grandmamma,
I'm going to married! Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Then grandma looked through her sixty years,
And sums up a woman's hopes and fears;
Six of 'em living and two of 'em dead;
Grandpa helpless and tied to his bed.

Nowhere to live when the house burned down,
Years of fighting with old Mother Brown;
Stockings to darn and bread to bake,
Dishes to wash and dresses to make.

But then the music of pattering feet,
Grandpa's kisses so fond and sweet,
Song and prattle the livelong day,
Joy and kisses and love alway.

Oh, grandma smoothe out her apron string,
And gazes down at her wedding ring,
And still she smiles as she drops a tear;
"'Tis solemner not to. Yes, my dear."
—*Harper's Weekly.*

Select Tale.

The Sea-Captain's Widow.

When Matilda Hartley was twenty years of age, and living not the happiest of lives with a crabbed old aunt who had brought her up, there came into the village of Rudleigh, where she had been born, and which she had never left since, a dashing sea-captain of thirty-six or thirty-eight, who spent his money freely enough to make him an acquisition to the one hotel of the place, and who was so far from bashful that, before he had been there a week, every woman in Rudleigh had either been 'stared at' or 'followed quite home, my dear.' The young chambermaids had each been kissed, the landlord's daughter had been chucked under the chin, and the landlady herself, striving to blush, and failing, because no red rose could be redder than she was already, declared that a little more and she must really 'mention it to Mr. Landlord.'

As for Captain Waters, he considered all this the proper thing for a man of spirit to do, and continued the general admirer of the fair of Rudleigh, until, falling one day into the society of Mattie Hartley, he became at once her particular slave. He courted her one week, proposed the next, and married her the third. He was well enough to do to retire from a seafaring life, was owner and hitherto captain of the 'Amanda' and was, moreover, a widower; his first wife having taken advantage of his absence on a voyage to elope with a Frenchman, who, so report ran, poisoned her.

This he told with a grave face to little Mattie before he popped the question.

'If I thought women-folk were all alike, I'd fight shy of them, I can tell you,' he said. But I am sure you have a heart, and a true one, Mattie.'

And so Mattie gave him her heart, and her hand with it.

For a year or two they were very happy. Then the jolly, red-cheeked captain fell ill; and in his illness a baby that had come to them, a boy of a few months old, was stolen from a perambulator, which a careless nurse had left standing by the roadside while she chatted with a beau.

There had been a band of gypsies in the neighborhood, and suspicion naturally fell on them; but they were followed in vain, and none of the rewards that were offered threw any light on the subject.

The agitation did the captain great harm, and probably hastened his end. He died in a few months, and poor Mattie broken-hearted and desolate, prayed to die also. What good could come to her, now that Frank and baby were both gone? In vain the old clergyman preached submission, and spoke of 'tempting Providence by rebellion.'

Mattie heard none of the stereotyped phrases that were poured into her ear—heard nothing, until one day a tall, bold-faced woman walked, unannounced, into her presence, and, before the old clergyman himself, announced the fact that she was Captain Water's wife—that her children and his were at the hotel, and that Mattie was a mere usurper.

That roused the widow at last. Her Frank so vile a creature! Her Frank deceive her so! She could not, would not believe it, and no one else would. She ordered the woman out of the house, and the woman went, but only to a lawyer's hard by. There she produced proofs that were conclusive—a certificate signed by a well-known clergyman, and the letters from the captain; and in a certain church a register was found, all that was necessary to establish her claim.

Mattie asseverated in vain that the captain's first wicked wife was dead—that this woman was an imposter, and that she did not believe one word of all the story. Other people believed it. No one knew the captain previous to his sudden appearance at Rudleigh. And sea-faring men are not always supposed to be too good, especially in quiet inland towns, to have a dozen wives apiece.

The end of all this was, that the new Mrs. Waters took possession of the dwelling and property of the captain, and disgraced and wretched Mattie returned to the maiden aunt, who, having been opposed to the match, rather triumphed in its result as what she called a 'judgment.'

Mrs. Waters tried to make herself friends in the village, but, on the whole failed to do so. She was coarse and vulgar. The servants said she drank; and her treatment of her child, a little creature half the size it should have been for its age, was such as shocked everybody. She never manifested any love for it. It was said she beat it cruelly. At all events, her manner and the stories about her made every one of respectability shun her; and, even had she been a woman they could esteem, to settle down in that way in that village, would have seemed indelicate enough the women said.

But some who thought only of her money became intimate with Mrs. Waters. And dashingly-dressed men came down by rail to visit her, and she drove with them in her showy carriage past Mattie's humble home, and threw upon the sad face, bent over some work at the window, such looks of scorn as might have been a very wicked creature, but which, under the circumstances, were quite uncalled for.

All this went on for two years at least, and by that time Mrs. Water's boy—five years old she called him, but he hardly looked three—was running about the grounds, and escaping from them whenever he could, into the bargain.

Oddly enough, when he got free, he made straight for the strip of land that lay between the house that Mattie lived in and the river. It was the water that tempted him, and his delight was to launch a tiny boat with paper sails upon it. At first, Mattie ran away when she saw him. Then she began to watch him, thinking how like he was to the captain, with that head of clustering yellow curls; thinking him like also to what her boy would have been, had he lived—until her heart softened, and one day she opened the door, and tempted him in with cake, as one might a bird.

After that he used often to come to her. All Rudleigh was scandalized by the fact; and Mrs. Waters, ignorant of it, until one day she came upon the two at the river's edge—the boy with his arms around the woman's neck. She was in her carriage when she saw them, but she was out of it in an instant, periling her life in the jump. And she struck the child a blow, and called Mattie by an evil name, and no one who saw her face ever forgot it as she drove away again with the screaming child.

Mattie went into her poor home, broken-hearted, and her maiden aunt berated her wofully, and Mattie could only weep.

'What is your pride?' said the spinster—'your decency?'

And Mattie sobbed:

'He is so like Frank—so like Frank, aunt; don't be angry with me.'

The old nurse was well berated also, and for a while the boy was kept within bounds; but he had a will of his own, and at last, one warm autumn day, mamma out for a drive as usual, and nurse dosing, the great gate swung behind him, and he pattered down the green bit of land, and peeped into Mattie's cottage door.

She was at the upper window, but she did not call to him—she dared not—and he wandered away to the water's edge.—There he launched his boat, and paddled in to bring it out again, and splashed and wet himself, and soiled his fine clothes with the mud, and was happy beyond expression.

Mattie yearned for him, but she sat still, and only looked until the tears filled her eyes, and she hid them in her apron, and fell to weeping bitterly. But from this a shrill cry aroused her. She started to her feet. The child was no longer on the bank, but out in the water gleamed the yellow head and two tiny arms, and a cry of 'mamma' came to her.

It was as though her own child called. She flew from the room and down the stairs and out toward the river. Others were rushing that way, but she was first. She never paused to think, but plunged into the water recklessly.

In another moment she was out of her depth, but she had the boy fast by his little waist, and did her best to reach the shore with him. Men were near by this time, and the two were drawn to land together. And in the midst of the crowd Mattie stood holding the dripping child to her breast, when the whirl of carriage-wheels smote her ear.

A harsh voice cried: 'What's all this?' and there once more was Mrs. Waters.

Mattie gave a scream, but held the child closer. The woman, with a look of hate which had some terror in it, sprang to her feet.

The horses plunged and reared.

'For heaven's sake, sit still, ma'am!' cried the coachman; but the warning was unheeded.

Mrs. Waters attempted to leap to the ground. The horses started. Her long train caught in the wheels—the coachman lost all command over the animals, and was flung to the earth—and away over the road and field the mad creatures dragged the wretched woman, lashed by her costly robes to her own chariot wheels.

The crowd followed, unable to give any aid. And Mattie remained, holding the sobbing boy to her bosom. She looked into his eyes—she kissed his lips. Mad dreams of stealing him and hiding herself where she might keep him for her own, filled her mind.

At last, she crept into the house, and undressing him, she wrapped him in dry clothing, and laid him to rest in her own bed, whence he lifted up his arms to embrace her.

Later in the evening, she sat by the fire, when the latch was lifted, and the old clergyman came in. His face was very grave. He walked up to Mattie, and took her hand, softly.

'You must put on your bonnet, and come with me,' he said. 'The woman who was hurt to-day is dying. She wants to speak to you.'

'To me?' said Mattie. 'O, I cannot go there.'

But something in her friend's manner made her alter her mind and go with him, with a strange, hopeful feeling at her heart.

She entered the house where her married life had been spent, and the chamber that had been her own, unfalteringly, though her soul sickened; and there upon the bed she saw the bold-faced handsome woman—bold and handsome no more, but quivering with death-agony and the terror of what lay beyond it—a helpless, disfigured mass of flesh and bone. But she could speak yet; and she turned her woful eyes on Mattie, and said piteously:

'I'm going to die. Have mercy on me; don't be cruel. I'm going to die, and I want to tell you something. They say I'll die easier if I do. And I'm sorry. You are a good woman—as good as I am bad. I—I never was Captain Waters' wife—never. My cousin was. She died. I looked like her, and I had all her papers and certificates. I wanted the money. Another thing,—the boy—the child. When I knew the captain was dying I stole him—for the property, all for that. It would help me to have a son. It is your boy. I lied about his age. It is your boy. Let me swear to it.'

And with her hand upon the Bible, the woman passed into eternity.

Mattie stood silent—awe-struck, scarcely comprehending; bewildered beyond thought—until the old clergyman came to the bed and took her hand.

'Forgive her if you can, Mrs. Waters,' he said, 'even as you would have God forgive you.'

And with the words and the name, Mattie realized the truth, and sunk upon her knees, and cried: 'Frank was true—Frank never deceived me;' and then, 'I always felt that it was my boy and not hers.'

And so it came to pass that Mattie Waters lived once more in her old home, with no cloud of shame upon her life—happy in her boy, and in the hope of meeting Frank once more in that land where severed hearts are reunited, and there is no more sorrow, neither any death.

PROSPEROUS POLAND.—Poland seems to be the most prosperous part of the Russian Empire. The dark deeds of the Nihilists on one hand and of the Government on the other, have been committed more openly and perhaps more frequently elsewhere. A recent traveller in that Province saw abundant indications of material development. In all business and industrial pursuits he found Poland advancing faster than any other part of Russia. In spite of the failure of the harvest of 1879, the farm laborers during the following year were "in a position of security," and comparatively contented. Wages were rising, land was in demand, and mercantile investments were so safe that in the capital, Warsaw, there was not one bankruptcy during the whole year. The population of that city is increasing by 20,000 every twelve months. All this progress is chiefly attributable to the "settlement" of 1864—the agrarian movement at that period having resulted in the establishment of peasant proprietorship of the soil. Honest toil has succeeded political agitation; manufacturers are being rapidly introduced. Poland now supports fourteen daily newspapers, eleven weeklies, over a score of reviews, and, altogether, "order reigns in Warsaw," save for occasional anti-Jewish riots.

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.—Man is the only animal who can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resents all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws or nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over it until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stables, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest of sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew their cud have their own proviso for a late meal just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers. Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the sleeper restless; two will weaken it; and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short; three folds put an end to slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupifying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel, who learned the art of minstrelsy in the celestial choir, can sing a baby to sleep on an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults long hours after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion. To sleep well the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbed with such vehemence. To digest well this blood is needed at the stomach, and nearer the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive of refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows the well ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.

THE LANGUAGE OF UMBRELLAS.—There is a language of umbrellas, as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it is about to change owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going out; to shut it, that a hat or two is going to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship; when the man has the umbrella, the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To push your umbrella into a person, and then open it, means "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your shoulder signifies, "I am making a nuisance of myself."—To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one, signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella, means "I am not smart but honest." To lend an umbrella, indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—never mind what it means; nobody ever does that. To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry your umbrella in a case, signifies that it is a shabby one. To carry an open umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies, "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh, do take it; I would much rather you would than not," signifies lying. To give a friend half your umbrella, means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning, means "It will clear off."—*Harper's Bazar.*

EARLY RISING.—One of the very worst economies of time is that filched from necessary sleep. The wholesale but blind commendation of early rising is as mischievous in practice as it is errant in theory. Early rising is a crime against the noblest part of our physical nature, unless preceded by an early retiring. We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up in the morning. Let Nature wake them up; she will not do it prematurely. Take care that they go to bed at an early hour—let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast.

Local & Foreign Items.

Three hundred Jewish refugees from Russia sailed from Liverpool for the United States on Saturday last. The Chief Rabbi in London says enormous sums will be required for relief purposes. The Russian Government declares that the Jew-baiters are being severely dealt with and that foreign interference in the matter will only tend to inflame the peasantry.

APHONIA CURED,—FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—Aphonia or Loss of Voice, is remedied in a short time, no matter whether the cause be from inflammation of the lining membrane, from cold, or from nervous derangement.

Ex Lieut.-Governor Cauchon lately sold for $24,000 three blocks at Brandon, Manitoba, which six months ago cost him about $6,000.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.—No family should be without some efficacious remedy for the cure of affections so universally prevalent as coughs, colds, sore throat, whooping-cough and croup—some remedy, too, which can be relied on as safe, sure and certain. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry combines the desideratum.

The value of last year's output of coal from the Nova Scotia mines was $80,000 in excess of that of 1880.

HERE, IN OUR OWN TERRITORY.—It can almost be asserted that St. Jacobs Oil works wonders. Shortly before the New Year, when I visited my family in Mitchell, I found my son Edward, a lad little more than ten years old, very sick. He suffered with rheumatism, and so terribly, that he was perfectly stiff in his limbs, could not possibly walk and had to be carried from place to place. At once I sent for some St. Jacobs Oil, used it according to directions, and in a few days could see evidence of considerable improvement. On the tenth of this month I again visited my family and was astonished to find him well and hearty. He once more has fresh color in his face and can go to school again. Whenever the old trouble threatens to return relief is immediately secured by the use of the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil. From sheer joy over this result I cannot withhold recommending St. Jacobs Oil to suffering humanity as a true benefactor.—Charles Metzdorf, office of the *Volksfreund*, German paper of Stratford, Ont.

There is no valid reason why the Government should send bullion to England to be coined into Canadian currency. Canada is a gold and silver producing country, and a great saving could be made by having a mint established at Ottawa.—*Ex.*

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Charles Dudley Warner says that, while the country is filled with people unable to pay for a newspaper, he has never heard of anybody unable to edit one.

PROFIT, $1,200.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three Bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit.—*N. E. Farmer.*—2i-9

The Jubilee Fund of the English Congregational Union now amounts to $500,000.

"Must say it's the nicest thing I ever used for the teeth and breath," says everyone having tried "TEABERRY," the new toilet gem. Get a 5 cent sample.

A Public Meeting should be called of the citizens of every city, town and village in the Dominion, to consider what should be done to prevent the hair from turning Grey.—and falling out. If this important question received their earnest consideration they would unanimously decide that science had at last discovered something that would answer this purpose—and forthwith would recommend Cingalese Hair Renewer as being this something for restoring the hair to its natural color, and prevent its falling out. 50 cents per bottle, at Garden Bros, Druggists.—3 mos.-22

Euclid flourished about the year 300 B. C., and experts in flourishing steel pens can be suited among the numerous styles of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in case of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

All our Druggists now heartily endorse the amazing success of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, and recommend it for both sexes in all cases of sexual weakness. See advertisement in another column.

Sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros.—10i.

Great Gain in Weight and Prolificness is the uniform result where Harvell's Condition Powders are mixed freely with the feed of live stock, whether animals or poultry. These great specifics never fail, and are for sale everywhere. Ask for them at your druggist's or your grocer's.

Have you inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any part of the body? If so use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is the most wonderful internal and external remedy known to medical science.

We caution all persons not to buy the extra large packs of dust and ashes now put up by certain parties and called condition powders. They are utterly worthless. Buy Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders if you buy any; they are absolutely pure and immensely valuable.

The following extract from our "European Letter," is all we have room for:—

Paris, Feb. 1st, 1882.

From Samara, one of the most flourishing towns in the Volga Government, is reported the following tragical incident, painfully illustrative of the baneful influence exercised by the Nihilistic propaganda. Some weeks ago a popular preacher in one of the Samara Orthodox churches gave deep umbrage to the Revolutionary Committee of that city by recalling, with fervent eloquence, the assasination of Alexander II. to the remembrance of his congregation, and vehemently inveighing against the murderers of the late Czar. A few hours later the Committee held a meeting for the purpose of deciding what punishment to inflict upon the offending priest for his inflammatory utterances. After some discussion, the Committee resolved that he should be put to death, and its members drew lots for the executioner's office, which fell to a girl of nineteen, affiliated to the organization only a few days previously. Upon drawing the fatal lot she exhibited some agitation, but speedily collecting herself, accepted her murderous mission with the words, "the Committee will have reason to be satisfied with the manner in which its decree will be carried out." Next morning the doomed priest was awakened, shortly after daybreak, by the report of a fire arm, discharged in a room contiguous to his own bed-chamber. Upon entering the room in question, he beheld his only daughter stretched out at full length upon the floor near the foot of the bed and weltering in her blood. She had just strength enough left, before expiring, to confess to him that she had pledged herself to take his life, but had preferred killing herself to fulfilling her oath. Exhorted to reveal the names of her fellow conspirators she steadfastly refused to do so, and died without having left any clue that could lead to their detection.

FROM the tables of the census of 1881, already submitted, we find that the population of the Dominion is 4,324,810; that of New Brunswick 321,233, against 285,594 in 1871, or an increase in ten years of 35,639.

In Carleton and Victoria Counties the following shows the population by Parishes, according to the two last censuses:—

CARLETON COUNTY.	1881.	1871.
Woodstock,	1,994	3,963
Richmond,	2,334	2,342
Wakefield,	2,075	2,321
Simonds,	981	897
Wilmot,	2,081	1,761
Wicklow,	2,207	2,052
Kent,	3,001	2,010
Aberdeen,	1,399	851
Peel,	1,192	939
Brighton,	2,496	1,876
Northampton,	1,128	985
Woodstock, town,	2,487	
Total,	23,365	19,988
VICTORIA COUNTY.		
St. Francis,	1,600	1,752
St. Hilaire,	893	
Madawaska,	966	1,816
St. Jaques,	766	
St. Basil,	1,350	1,669
St. Anne,	1,911	
St. Leonard,	2,190	1,997
Grand Falls,	1,534	1,849
Drummond,	1,501	
Andover,	1,289	1,166
Perth,	1,683	747
Gordon,	747	645
Lorne,	376	
Total,	15,686	11,641

It will be observed that in 1871 the population of the Town was included with that of the Parish; adding these in 1881 we have 4,481, or an increase of 518; so that the Parish must show little if any increase.

The increase in the whole County is 3,427.

The increase in Victoria, 4,045.

The increase and decrease in the several Parishes of Carleton is as follows:—

	Increase.	Decrease.
Richmond,		8
Wakefield,		246
Simonds,	84	
Wilmot,	320	
Wicklow,	155	
Kent,	991	
Aberdeen,	548	