

# The Carleton Sentinel

General News.

OUR KENT COUNTY LETTER.

It is a well known fact that the Bouchette mystery will soon be solved. But to continue our journey, after leaving the Bouchette bridge we saw an Episcopal church on the left, a few stores and a dwelling house, until passing a Methodist church on the right, we soon reach the bridge crossing the Little Bouchette, at the Southern side of which is situated the little house where White lives, and where Perry so strangely disappeared from. Only a few houses are there, and the most of them keep a supply of the "ardent" on hand. From here you can take the shore road, running close to the water edge, and through a large farming country, until you reach Coanago. Several lumber factories are found along the shore, which, because of the storms, makes this drive in the summer very disagreeable.

You can take the post road if preferred, and it is by far the best to travel in summer, and you can have a pleasant drive through woods and pastures until you strike the Coanago river bridge from that direction. Coanago is a very pretty place, quite a neat village, built on a hill, and the streets are well kept. There are quite a number of stores, houses, blacksmith shops and hotels. A large business is done in mail, and as you know, it is not a bad thing to have. There are not many English people living here; an Episcopal church is built on south side of the river, and a Methodist service is occasionally held in the little house where the Roman Catholics have a large chapel and constant services. On the Sabbath a 4 holiday, and there are numerous of the streets kept with people, wending their way to chapel. I am told there is a great amount of poverty there, and appearance would lead you to believe it. Ten miles from here further south is Shediac, and somewhere between these places is the "line" between Kent and Westmorland. The roads up each side of the river and other places running by short cross roads I have never travelled, as cannot tell you much about it. A large mill is somewhere up the Coanago, and the amount of lumber away. Coming back to Little River, we could take either side and find much of interest; some very good farms, some lumber, and good mills and some small people. On this river is the only Baptist church in Kent Co., I think, and that is never used, it being altogether unused. I am under way for this destination and bid fair to be an honor to the denomination. Branching from this place are roads leading to the Montserrat, Canada, and the large settlement, called "Bishop's Land." You also pass through to Coal Branch station, and through to Mill Branch, where the Kent Co. coal mines are situated. Thomas Williams, Esq., but we stop here again.

A CONTEMPORARY says—reviewing the returns of the Inland Revenue department—The customs and inland revenue returns are not calculated to fill temperance reformers with rejoicing, but they furnish indications that the consumption of liquor is on the whole decreasing. The decline is, however, exceeding slow, though the rate of increase is rapid under the most adverse conditions. The quantity of liquor consumed per head in any one year, is not exactly that great in return, as is generally supposed, for consumption and held in stock till the next year, especially when a rise in prices or duty is imminent. But by grouping five years together a fairly correct estimate may be made.

The average consumption of spirits per head annually during the five years after confederation was one and a half gallons. For the next five years the average quantity was a little larger, viz., one and three-fifths gallons. A further increase was the average between 1877 and 1882; and a full gallon for the last four years. The average annual consumption since confederation has been one and a quarter gallons per head. The consumption of wine increased and diminished concurrently with that of spirits, but on the whole, the quantity of a full quart of wine is somewhat on the increase. It is a well known fact that there is more liquor consumed in the provinces than in the Dominion, and this is especially so in the case of the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where the quantity of liquor consumed is about one and a half gallons per head. It took a gallon and a quarter per head to satisfy them in the Dominion, and three-quarters of a gallon a year for each person has satisfied the province.

The Excise of the Scott Act are not apparent on the first glance at the returns. But a study of the law will not unreasonably lead to an argument on the fact that in Quebec, which has not adopted the Scott Act, the consumption of liquor in the last four years has been some ten per cent. above the average since confederation, while in Ontario, which has been adopting the Scott Act, the consumption is less than seven per cent. above the average; in New Brunswick where the act has been generally adopted the consumption for the past four years is seven per cent. below that of the whole Dominion; and in Nova Scotia where the Scott Act has been adopted the consumption of the people used during the last four years fourteen per cent. less spirits than in the whole period since 1868.

Prince Edward Island got back to 1876, including ten years. The whole province has adopted the temperance act, and the quantity of liquor consumed in the Dominion since 1876 is twenty-five per cent. less than the average consumption during the previous six years. There is apparently a connection between the Scott Act and the diminished drinking.

In the British House of Commons, Lord Harrowby in putting his question to the Government about the subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Company for the steamship line from Vancouver to Hong Kong and Australia, said nothing could exceed the importance of the empire of the Pacific line, and giving an alternative route to the East and to Australia, placing the empire independent of the Suez canal. His lordship appealed in eloquent terms to the imperial Government to crown this great work, which he characterized as the master of the age, which made England feel proud of Canada, and begged the Government to meet in no begrudging spirit Canada's liberal and courageous expenditure. The lordship spoke in high terms of Sir John Macdonald, the premier, and Sir George Stephen, the president of the railway. Lord Granville, in answering, agreed most warmly to the great credit which had been accorded, and expressed himself favorable to granting the application for the subsidy asked. But as other departments of the Government have to be consulted in the matter (mentioned formerly by the minister of the previous Government recommending that the subsidy be granted), he stated that it was to the treasury committee whose province it was to deal with it. When the committee reported to the Government, the Government would be asked to take immediate action, which would doubtless have a favorable result.

A terrible tragedy was enacted at Carleton, 24 miles from Grenville, Mass., on the 21st inst. The late Mrs. J. W. Carleton and her three children, a son and two daughters, were returning to the court house, when they were overtaken by a heavy snow storm, and the carriage was overturned. The driver, a man named J. W. Carleton, was killed, and the three children were mortally wounded. The shooting grew out of an attempted assassination of J. W. Carleton, a prominent citizen, who was shot and seriously wounded by three negroes several weeks ago.

Cayenne pepper sprinkled upon hot banes will afford instant relief to persons troubled with neuralgia.

## Poetry.

The Devil.  
Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do. They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through; There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow. To be found in earth or air or day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies head and brain. And loads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand sin? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell. If the devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and dge the puts for his feet. Who sees the tears in the field of Time wherever God sows His wheat? The devil is voted not to be, and of course the devil is not to be. But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row. To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to the earth's remotest bound. If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is no where to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and in like his bow and arrow. How to brand the crimes of the day, spring up, for surely we want to know. The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil is not to be. But who would like to know who carries his business on.

Select Tale.  
"Dusters" have gone out of fashion, my dear; look into any Pullman palace car and you will see that for yourself. I took one this summer, but found it not the thing at all; first-class travelers now are in stylish suits, and I'm sure they look much better. A few years ago they were in any waiting-room were like a brigand; they would knock off your hat, and in uniform—the regulation gray duster, with only a blue or brown veil to distinguish one from another.

I am not surprised that dainty aristocrats have discarded the homely but conventional garment, for all must admit that dusters were essentially democratic; that they were great levelers; that they were no respecters of persons. They covered the shabby alpaca quite as successfully as the glossy silk; I do not doubt in the least their democratic character. But I have a dear old duster laid away; you will laugh, I am sure, to hear that I entertain for it the most romantic attachment. Ah! you can't think what a trick it served me in—just old things!

I first came South this very month three years ago, to teach, you know, though I do not think now I was well qualified for the work—only an untutored girl myself. This was the first time I had ever stayed far from home; the trip was a long one; I grew very tired, and as the engine steamed into the city a terrible feeling of some sickness took possession of me.

I expected Professor Raynor, the principal of the school, to meet me at the train station, took my little satchel and stood waiting, while all the other passengers hurried out. I began to feel faint and dizzy with the fear that he might not come, but followed along after the others, my hand on my forehead, and I was glad to see him, and he was glad to see me. He was evidently he, for his hand was extended before we quite met, and in a second more he had clasped me warmly, and—ardently kissed me! Yes, kissed me fair and square on the lips. Did I scream? No, not exactly, but I shivered, and was cold to my fingertips, then flushed with the angry blood burnt into my cheeks, before he exclaimed:

"Why, little Christine, how you have grown!" Can it really be my little Christine?—a sudden flash flashing into his face. I tried to speak, I gasped, turned cold again and almost fell, but managed to say: "I am Miss Stretton. I am to teach at Jackson academy, and expected Mr. Raynor to meet me. You are not he?" Of course it was very foolish. I knew it at the time, but knowing it did not help matters. Great tears welled up to my eyes as I gazed into his, and a compassionate look came into his pale, handsome face.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Stretton, I came to meet some one," he continued. "No, I am not Mr. Raynor; but allow me to accompany you to the waiting room. Probably he is on the platform." I made no reply, but went with him, and just as he turned to help me down the steps of the coach, a tall, portly gentleman, with suave, self-conscious manner, came forward somewhat slowly, saying: "Ah, Miss Stretton!—I am Professor Raynor, I began to fear you were not on the train."

I could not tell you exactly why, but that night, after shutting and bolting the door of my room, looking round upon its bare and cheerless walls and trying to think the place homelike and pleasant, I threw myself in a fit of hysterical sobbing upon the narrow bed, and between sniffling and weeping, managed to spend an hour. What foolish creatures girls are!

"Why did I cry?" Because, to be sure, I was homesick, and—and—because a strange man had kissed me, and—and—perhaps a few tears were shed because he was a stranger, I wished in my heart of hearts that he had not been that he was some dear brother, cousin or friend, who had come to greet me so warmly.

What was his name? Who was the "little Christine"? And would I ever meet him again?

These were the thoughts that occupied the hour, but at last I fell asleep. My eyes were closed, and I was dreaming when they were shut; great pity I never could put the pictures on canvas. My dreams that night would have been a fortune, either painted or written. Oh, such glorious sights and scenes—and always that strange somewhere near.

Well, a week passed, and I am ashamed to say how frequently I thought of him; of course, as I told myself then, it was due to loneliness, to my entire isolation, and to the fact that it was my first prolonged absence from home.

One afternoon a chilly drizzling autumn day, a servant came to my room with a card. "A gentleman to see you, Miss Stretton."

I took the card wondering, thinking, "Perhaps it is the minister?" Then gave a hasty look into the mirror, smoothed back the curling bangs, gave a pinch of powder to my forehead and a touch to my cheeks—I was beginning to look a little pale—and went immediately to the parlor.

The light was rather dim and I walked the length of the room before discovering my guest. He was looking from my window, and evidently did not hear my steps, but turned suddenly and said: "I am glad to see you, Miss Stretton. I have saved lots of lives by not being swallowed."

I think a kiss saved mine that time by not being given. I was so glad, that I very nearly returned his first enthusiastic salutation; and if I had—well, there is no telling what I would have done; jumped into the river, I suppose; I always was a thoughtless, impulsive creature.

We shook hands, though, and then laughed, both of us, before he had said a word, since he had just said that he was doing so each day since our first meeting, but feared I would consider it presumptuous. At last he had decided that he must offer an apology and explanation for conduct which doubles appeared scarcely that of the same man.

"I was expecting my sister," he said; "my sister whom I have not seen for ten years. You would believe it—I promised to tell you all the truth, or you should not hear this—my heart almost flew from my lips when he said that? So 'Christine' was his sister, only his sister. I had not told myself before what manner of a creature he was, or how he was; now I felt an unacknowledged satisfaction in discovering."

"The mistake was due entirely to the duster," he continued; "he distinctly wrote that her costume was a gray duster, and I, being a duster, it seems to me all the ladies wore dusters. What making story is here! I will tell her to meet my explicit next time; I might make another blunder, and it might be a worse one."

"I was a queer creature, but I was not a duster," he said, very gently, and stooping to draw me nearer and held up my face. I cannot say why, exactly, I fear it was to conceal what he might see there, but I shrank from his glance, intuitively.

"Don't," he said, very gently, and stooping to draw me nearer and held up my face. I cannot say why, exactly, I fear it was to conceal what he might see there, but I shrank from his glance, intuitively.

I have always contented that there was an unfair advantage, for I never could conceal my feelings. He held my hands in a tight clasp, and I turned away, but directly he drew me nearer and held up my face until he could look straight down into my eyes.

Then a quick indignation, a sudden anger, took possession of me, and I wrenched myself away, and asked, proudly, "How dare you!" with my right hand.

"Because I dare to love you!" he interrupted; "dare to love you with all the intensity of my whole being!"

Then those foolish tears of mine came again, and he threw his arms about me, and gazed down into my eyes, exclaiming: "Now you look as in the first moment I loved you!"

Then he kissed my lips for the second time, and we were betrothed.

## Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886

English Breakfast Teas, Basked Fried, Sun Gurod Japans, OOLONGS, TEAS, YOUNG HYSOVS.

The above T as include 210 packages in stock and on the way, in 3, 5, 10, 20 lbs., and half chests, which we offer to the Trade at a very small margin on first cost.

They are carefully selected and we guarantee good value.

WOODSTOCK, MARCH 1, '86.

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