MARITIME BANK
— OF THE —
DOMINION OF CANADA

INCORPORATED, 1872. REORGANIZED, 1881.

Head Office,—ST. JOHN, N. B.

LOANS NEGOTIATED. DEPOSITS RECEIVED.

Exchange bought and Sold; Drafts issued on London, Boston, New York, Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, and all parts of the Maritime Provinces.

Interest allowed on Special Deposit.

☞ Office Hours, 9 a. m., to 3 p. m. ☜

G. W. VANWART, *Agent.*

Woodstock, N. B., Dec. 3rd, 1884.

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 22. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886. WHOLE NO.—1945

Padræ Souchong, **Formosa Oolongs,**

Kaisow Congou. New Season's Congou, Scented Orange Pikoe, OOLONGS,

TEAS

English Breakfast Teas, Basked Fired, Sun Cured Japans, YOUNG HYSONS,

:o:

The above Teas 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.

PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS FOR SETTING,
Of the "Pure Gilman Strain," at 50 Cents per Dozen.

Woodstock, March 1, '86. **J. T. RAYMOND & CO.**

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 Cold Water.
SAMPLE ROOM ON GROUND FLOOR.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
(Formerly Riverside Hotel),
Carleton St., Woodstock, N. B.
T. J. BOYER, - - - PROPRIETOR.

REMODELLED AND REFURNISHED.
Good New Stable in Connection
Sample Room for Commercial Travellers on Ground Floor.

QUEEN HOTEL.
FREDERICTON, N. B.,
J. EDWARDS, - - - PROPRIETOR.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE IN CONNECTION.

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

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.
GEO. McSWEENEY, PROPRIETOR. GEO. D. FUCHS, MANAGER.

H. JOHNSTONE,
(Formerly of Grant & Atherton's)
Practical Carriage Trimmer.

ALL kinds of Cushions made to order, including Carriage, Sleigh, office Chairs and Church Pews. Also Dashers covered and rubber boots made to order,

Rubber And Leather Tops A Specialty.

All work done in the neatest manner and at prices to suit the times.

Emerald Street, 1 door above Gibson House.
Woodstock, March 4, 1886—6 mos 10

Ira G. Hersey. James Archibald.
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE
— OF —
HERSEY & ARCHIBALD
Houlton, Aroostook Co., Maine.
Authorized to solemnize Marriages. ☞ Special attention to Collections. 4-tf.

DR. M. F. BRUCE,
Ophthalmic and Aural Surgeon to
St. John Gen. Public Hospital.
— PRACTICE LIMITED TO —
EYE, EAR, THROAT and NOSE.
OFFICE, 40 Coburg St., St. John.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 12, '84—46

J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY.
Loans Negotiated; Accounts Collected.
INSURANCE AGENT.
Office—Dent's Building, opposite Town Hall.

D. C. COURSER,
Attorney & Barrister-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.
Office—Vanwart's Brick Block, over Maritime Bank.

RANDOLPH K. JONES,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office,—At his Residence, Corner Main and Albert Streets.
Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1881.

W. W. HAY,
AUCTIONEER
—AND—
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Office—"Glasgow House"
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,
(Late of St. John, N. B.)
DENTIST
Office—Corner of Main and Connell Streets, Woodstock, N. B.

Teeth extracted without pain, by the use of the new Vegetable Anesthetic
Artificial Teeth inserted is the best manner and at reasonable rates. —1y-19

H. M. JEWETT,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Teeth Extracted without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.
2 DOORS BELOW TOWN HALL, MAIN STREET.
Woodstock, N. B., Dec. 21, 1882.

W. D. CAMBER.
DENTIST,
NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.
OFFICE—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street.

E. M. CAMPBELL,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
DESIRES to call attention to the fact that he has recently added some of the Latest and most Improved
Accessories,
by which he will be enabled to give his patrons better satisfaction than ever. Among the latest things out in the shape of backgrounds is the popular "215," which is a combination of a Balcony, Bridge, Balustrade, interior and exterior Stairway, an 8 x 4 House Side Slip, vase filled with flowers, together capable of making so many, varied and beautiful changes that it is impossible to enumerate them here. The positions and variety in posing are almost unlimited. The only way in which the reader can be made to know the entire completeness of our Gallery and furnishings now is to
Come and get a PICTURE!
GALLERY—On Main Street, next door north of "GIBSON HOUSE".
Woodstock, March 25, 1885.

J. GALLAGHER & SON,
MARBLE WORKS,
Woodstock, N. B.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Monuments, Tablets, Grave Stones, Mantles, Table Tops, &c.
WE would respectfully announce to the public generally that we are better prepared than ever to supply their wants as we have the largest and best stock of MABBLE ever imported into this County, and which we will sell cheaper than the cheapest.
Parties wanting anything in the above line would do well to call and learn prices.
☞ FREESTONE and GRANITE WORK a specialty.
KING STREET—NEXT DOOR BELOW MARITIME BANK.
Woodstock, Jan. 17, 1884.

TODD BROTHERS,
Dealers in all kinds of
Builders' Hardware
— AND —
DOORS & WINDOWS.
Write for Prices.
St. Stephen, N. B.
—16.

HERBERT DIBBLEE.
Gold, Silver, Nickle, 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, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Castors, Cake Baskets, Watch Cases, Jewellery, &c., Replated.
Call or send for PRICE LIST for plating.
All work warranted to wear and look as good as new.
☞ Light Articles such as Watch Cases, Jewelry, &c., can be sent by mail.
Woodstock, Feb. 23, 1886

LUMBER!
LUMBER.
I HAVE FOR SALE 50 or 60 M feet
Dry Hemlock Boards
AND PLANK;
ALSO, A FEW THOUSAND DRY
PINE PLANK,
for immediate use.
Bills of Scantling, and other orders for sawing, promptly attended to.
G. F. SMITH.
Victoria Corner, March 20, 1882

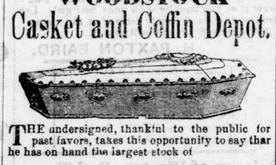
A New and Valuable Remedy for the People!
B. B. CARPENTER'S
Nerve and Bone Liniment
CURES Toothache and preserves the Teeth from further decay, DIPHTHERIA and all inflamatory diseases seated in nerve or bone of man or beast. Cures Spavins, Sets and Corbs.
Price 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE or 12 BOTTLES FOR $5.00.
All orders addressed to
B. B. CARPENTER
Richmond Corner,
Carleton Co., N.B.
March 27, 1883.—tf-13

Notice!
To Parties Going West!
I AM now prepared To Sell WESTERN TICKETS, and will be most happy to furnish any information required, as to the BEST ROUTES, &c.
☞ Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
H. W. PHILLIPS, Station Agent.
Woodstock.
September 16th, 1884.—tf-nc-38

A GIFT. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, VALUABLE SAMPLE BOX OF GOODS that will put you in the way of making *more money* at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW STOCK!
The undersigned has just placed in the store formerly occupied by C. L. Brown, mouth of Eel River, a very large, varied and handsome stock of
Dress Goods; Dry Goods;
In all the Styles and Materials; CLOTHS and READY-MADE CLOTHING; BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS. Groceries; Wooden, Crockery and Glass Ware, and other goods too numerous to mention, the whole forming a full Stock of goods usually kept in a first-class Country Store
☞ Prices will be found Low as the Lowest.
A few Team Waggons for Sale Low, and also One Double Express Waggon.
☞ Repairing, Trimming, Painting, &c., done at Shortest Notice and at Lowest Rates. Horse-Shoeing and Job Blacksmithing done, and Axes manufactured.
Thanking his Patrons for past favors, he respectfully invites intending purchasers to examine his Stock.
Parties indebted to the Subscriber for Book Accounts will please call at once and settle.
ELISHA MOORE.
Canterbury, N. B., April 24, 1886.

WOODSTOCK
Casket and Coffin Depot.



THE undersigned, thankful to the public for past favors, takes this opportunity to say that he has on hand the largest stock of
CASKETS
IN THE PROVINCE, IN
Wood, Cloth, Walnut and Metallic,
which he will sell cheaper than the cheapest, and deliver, free of charge, to any part of the County
ROBES, AND BROWN HABITS
of SUPERIOR MAKE always on hand. We have a first-class HEARSE and COACH in connection. Particular attention given to laying out, and preserving bodies from discoloring.
We can be found by day or night at our warerooms, south of the Bridge, near Railway Depot, or at Gilman's Livery Stable. Give us a call and see what we can do.
JACOB VANWART.
Woodstock June 24 1884—tf-26

THANKS!
Removed!
THE Subscriber, while returning his sincere Thanks to those who assisted in saving his Property from the recent Fire, would beg to give notice to his many friends that he has Removed his remaining Stock to the
Shop of Mr. James Baker,
ON MAIN STREET,
where he will in future be found, and where he will be constantly adding to his stock all the
Leading Novelties in the Harness Line, comprising:
DOUBLE and SINGLE **HARNESS,**
ALL STYLES;
WHIPS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES,
and all other Goods usually found in a First-Class Establishment.
Please call and be convinced that we can give you a good trade
RICHARD CLUFF.
Woodstock, Sept. 15 1885—tf-38

VICTORIA BOOK STORE.
THE patrons of the VICTORIA BOOK STORE will please take notice that the Proprietor keeps constantly on hand all the latest and best assortments of *VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC BOOKS*, a Large Supply of PHOTOGRAPH and AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
Writing Desks,
PAINT BOXES, BLANK BOOKS of all kinds, TOYS for Children, RUBBER BALLS, Hard or Soft, S.S. LIBRARIES and S. S. NOTE BOOKS,
DAY SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY and INKS, a choice variety STANDARD WORKS and COMMENTARIES, with the usual Large Stock of PAPER HANGINGS soon to arrive—all new Patterns, the old having all been burned in the late fire—with his usual Large Supply of ladies FANCY GOODS.
☞ It is wisdom to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
WM. H. HALL,
MAIN STREET.
Opposite the Gibson House;
Next to H. R. Baird's Drug Store.
Woodstock, N. B., March 4, 1885.

NEW MILLINERY STORE
LADIES!
I wish to call your attention to my New Stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods just received, consisting of
Hats, Bonnets, Feathers; Flowers, Pompons, Laces; Satins, Velvets, Ribbons,
In fact everything New and Fashionable.
Also FIRST-CLASS
DRESS MAKING ESTABLISHMENT
In connection. ☞ Call and inspect our stock. Prices very low.
Miss C. Dawson.
Opposite Gibson House.
Woodstock, July 9, 1884.—3m-28

THE SOUTH. Are you interested in learning the truth concerning the Southern States—soil, climate, people, social habits, etc.? Send TEN CENTS addressed to F. P. Woodward, (formerly of Pennsylvania,) Southern Pines, Moore county N. C., and receive copy of SOUTHERN COLONIST

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York. 51-48

NEWEST AND BEST
—FRESH—
DELICACIES
— AT —
W. B. BELYEA'S
—NEW—
GROCERY.
Grainlet, Boston Gem Flour, Wheat Gem Meal Delicious for Breakfast. Horse Radish and Pepper Relish, (something new and nice) Fresh Bolognies and Pork Sausage.
SUGAR CURED PIC-NIC AND Boneless Hams.
California Honey; Fresh Codfish, Herring, Bloaters, and Finnen Haddies.
NEW TEAS.
Orange Flavored Pekoe, Pineapple Brand, Oolongs.
Other NEW GOODS.
W. B. BELYEA.
Woodstock, March. 11, 1886.

Health and Comfort!
Steam Feather, Hair and
MOSS RENOVATOR
I will have my Steam Renovator in operation in Woodstock for a few weeks only, and am prepared to do Beds, Pillows, and Mattresses at short notice; satisfaction guaranteed.
The Renovator is of the very latest improvement now in daily use in New York city, and the only one of the kind in the Maritime Provinces.
By this new process it not only makes the feathers clean, wholesome—which prevents sickness—but relieves each fibre from its matted condition, destroying all moth, or liabilities to them, and removing all disagreeable scent (common to new feathers) and all glutinous substance from the quill, thereby preserving them from the effects of usage.
Old Beds made as good as new, and disagreeable substances removed from the new.
Orders left at my store, one door above Gibson House, will receive prompt attention.
☞ Beds delivered same day if desired.
A. DUNPHY.
Woodstock, April 8, 1886—tf-15.

A GREAT MISTAKE
is made when you come to our Shop for "drinks"; we don't keep "drinks" We keep ALL KINDS OF
Furniture!
Oh! such a nice
STUDENT CHAIR!
What a lovely CAMP CHAIR!
Such nice Furniture for
XMAS PRESENTS
Our Goods are just as represented every time.
J. S. MARCY.
Woodstock, Dec. 16, 1885.

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

Black Inks
The public requires Writing Inks which are BLACK when first used.
Carter's Black Writing Fluid;
" " Copying Fluid;
" " multiplex copying fluid.
For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by
J. & A. McMILLAN,
Booksellers, Stationers, &c.
St. John, N. B., May 3, 1886.

Money to Loan!
$5,000 IN sums of $500 to $1,000 on Freehold Security, within the Town of Woodstock, or its immediate vicinity. Low rates of interest. Terms favorable. First class Farm Loans receive special attention.
Apply to
J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW,
Woodstock, June 4, 1884-23 Solicitor.

Select Tale.

THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

A Thrilling Story of the Island of Newfoundland.

On one of the wildest and most rugged coasts of Newfoundland, nearly 30 yeays ago, was a building—tenantless, roofless doorless. The simple fisherman near thought it haunted. And it was haunted—not by spiritual forms, but by human.

Built upon no foundation, the four walls were in danger of blowing from their natural element to a foreign. But the building did not change its location. It seemed as if an invisible Colossus had placed himself upon the walls, defying the winds and the waves.

The spirits hunting the place were a band of unprincipled men, eking a precarious living as wreckers. Knowing how prevalent the superstition was among the dwellers on the coast they seized an opportunity and made the desolate walls their rendezvous.

It was a stormy winter night. Several dark forms were making their way to the supposed abode of spirits, Their dogged footsteps, their frequent sudden haltings, and their other suspicious movements, looked sinister.

One by one they entered, until none were outside. Rough looking, swarthy men were they, standing around inside the walls, waiting the orders of their leader with respectful silence. Drawing a package from the folds of his cloak, and hurriedly breaking the seal, he read, by the aid of a lighted torch:—

"Astle: Be ready to-night. French ship. Cargo: Wines and silks. Not familiar with the coast."

Finished reading, he lighted a match, and touching the flame to the paper watched it shrivel slowly into nothing.

He turned to them abruptly.

"Men, are you ready?"

"Always."

The leader's brevity was contagious.

"Are the boats and the beacon ready? This must not be a failure.

"All are ready."

"We will go to the boats."

"First, Captain," said one of the men in a tone rather impudent, "we want to know if you have told the girl?"

"My daughter, Ada, I suppose you mean. Certainly I have. But no more of this. You know Vorse Astle enough to understand all his secrets are known to his daughter. I do not know but she would keep our affairs closer than yourselves."

Leading the way, they followed silenced for the time only. They disliked to think that another knew enough of their doings to implicate them. True, she never allowed an unguarded word to escape but evidently this was from motives of self-preservation. Again, her youth—she was only eighteen—should debar her from a knowledge of their undertakings. However, they consoled themselves in thinking the doom awaiting her, did she divulge their secrets.

It was the living law of this band of wreckers, that whoever became traitor to their interests should die by the hand of the leader.

So the man reasoned, going to the boats, distrust following distrust,—none daring to show outward signs of dissatisfaction, after the subject had been dismissed so peremptorily.

Vorse Astle was well calculated to govern these twenty men, separated from all ties and affections, swayed only by motives of plunder and gain, and seemingly devoid of all tender feelings. His control was undisputed, except in one particular. Of him his men knew little. He was a man of singular firmness of will and intensity of idea. He appeared among them, volunteering his services, rising to command, and proved himself more adventurous than the bravest among their number. He was a Frenchman, with an English name. His daughter Ada was born in France, loving her native land as only a woman can love, and possessing the flashing beauty of her race.

With their varying thoughts, the wreckers passed over the crispy snow, crackling beneath their feet. Winding in and about the cliffs, they reached a small inlet where the boats lay. Taking their places, they waited the command of their chief. Aided by the light of the moon, peeping through the shifting clouds, he looked through his glass out to the stormy sea beyond the breakers and the threatening rocks.

"Dorcus, light the beacon."

The man departed. Climbing the cliff, he disappeared. A few minutes later the light of the beacon shone, revealing to the eyes of the expectant wreckers, who were sheltered from sight, a finely built ship struggling with the storm. It seemed undecided whether to put to sea or make to land and encounter the monstrous rocks, jutting from the waves, hydra-headed and deadly. The beacon burned steadily, but not brightly, until the flames embraced the fuel in their devouring heat, illuminating the broad expanse miles away. The ship seemed to hesitate. At length it plunged forward. On to destruction it came. The waves battled against its sides. The ship strove more feebly to reach the shore.

Suddenly the light was waning. Dorcus was sent to replenish it. Soon he returned. The beacon blazed still stronger This seemed to encourage the ship, essaying to make headway against the waves. Again the beacon waned. It was unaccountable. Dorcus reported he had fed it sufficiently. Some suggested stationing one of the party at the light. This was hardly considered. They all were wanted to man the boats. Accompanied by a comrade, Dorcus went a second time. The light grew less intense. They hurried, disregarding life and limb, reaching the fire quickly. There supprise and anger were almost uncontrollable when they found the fire encircled by heaps of snow, hastily formed.

"The girl, Ada!" snarled Dorcus.

"There's no doubt of it," said his companion.

"We will hunt for her," said Dorcus.

"No, no, don't do that!" remonstrated the other. "We will fix the fire, and watch behind one of the rocks, pretending we are going back. If we see a shadow, we shall know whose it is.

Dorcus assented. They placed more fuel on the burning embers, destroyed the ridges of snow, walked a little way, and hid behind an adjacent rock. They waited long. Inaction benumed them. Yet they waited

Below, the restless wreckers walked to and fro.

"What is the matter with the beacon to-night?" asked Astle. He was wonders ing at its unusual conduct.

The "spray dashing from the rock onit," suggested one.

The darkness deepened, deepened over the cliffs darker and darker. It flickered. The shadows became more vague. Behind the rock Dorcus was moving.

"Hush!"

His comrade looked. Dorcus held his hand warningly. They peered forward. Their anger turned to fury.

In the shade of the cliffs, where the faint light of the dying embers did not penetrate, they saw a young girl bending over the turbulent waters, seemingly in prayer. Ever and anon she cried:—

"Thank God, they are saved!"

With an oath Dorcus sprang toward the girl, and would have thrown her from the cliff, had not his companion interfered. This man knew Vorse Astle had so high a regard for the laws of his own framing that he would sacrifice the life of his daughter—his beloved Ada even—in their upholding. To the wreckers this would be a sweet revenge.

They stopped to relight the beacon. The wood was wet with snow and spray, and would not ignite. Besides, the ship evidently thought something wrong, lurked behind a beacon so erratic, and allowed herself to drift to sea at the mercy of the storm, preferring destruction from the cruel waves of the ocean rather than the human fiends on shore.

On the shore, hoarse cries and angry words were heard. Dorcus hurried, half-carrying, half-dragging his heroic burden. The wreckers were anxiously awaiting him, and excitedly demanded the cause of his protracted stay. The appearance of his charge answered all the questions they were prepared to launch upon him.

Standing apart from his men, Vorse Astle was chilled to the heart, hearing the story Dorcus unfolded; and he watched the proceedings of his followers in agony. Well he knew the rule established on his assuming command of them. Bitterly did the truth present itself. Either he must prove a coward before his companions in vice, or in obedience to the law himself had made, deprive his daughter of her life.

He would forfeit his own life sooner. He reflected. That would leave her to the care of these merciless wretches. But how could he condemn them? Were not his own hands dyed in a darker, deeper crimson? And to his crimes would he add another? and this last? His darling Ada. She, who had twined herself around his heart as the ivy climbs about the oak, would die—and by his hand. The last of his race. She, in whom reposed the whole history of his existence. He would offer his life in the stead of that of his daughter.

He saw her blindfolded, led to a rock overhanging the sea, and left there with hands clasped upward in mute supplication

Three of the men left the group and approached him.

"Captain are you ready to fulfil the law?" asked the spokesman touching his cap, standing respectfully at a short distance.

"Men, do you ask a father to shoot his only child? Will not my life suffice? Let me be blind-folded, led to the rock and shot?"

None but the offender, Captain. The rest of us say so. Your own rule Captain."

Vorse Astle groaned aloud. Taking a pistol from his belt, he went to the others, and repeated his words. But they were determined. There was no alternative. The traitor must die by the hand of the leader. Again Vorse Astle groaned.

He went to his daughter. Tenderly laying his hand on her shoulder, he still more tenderly took the bandage from her eyes. Gently removing her luxuriant curls from her handsome brow, he placed a kiss upon her fair white forehead. Earnestly gazing into her beautiful foatures he saw the proud, flashing eyes so much like his. Straining her to his breast, the hot tears obscured his vision. Hers mingled with them. Convulsive sobs shook her frame.

In the background stood twenty men, watching this scene, with differing emotions. Dark and foreboding were they, like the clouds above them, hurrying and chasing each other across the sky.

"Oh! my daughter."

"Father, I have done my duty."

"Oh, Ada! Ada! why did you warn the prey of these men knowing their reckless character, and the fateful law that binds us!"

"Father, father! how could I and I wonder how could you, with the knowledge of all our guilt, turn from repentance in seeking to save a doomed ship?"

"But you are not guilty for my misdeeds, Ada."

"My knowledge of them made me guilty father. I suffered in keeping my conscience stilled, in trying to crush its motion. I suffered, oh, you know not how much! I would bear other hardships sooner than continue my agony. Fulfil your law, father. Show this tribe your daughter is not afraid to die. I did it to save my countrymen. The ship came from our beloved and beautiful France. The blood of France runs in my veins and in yours. Teach these English outlaws you have a daughter who does not fear death."

Her words were uttered hastily. Her dramatic gestures and rapid articulation awed and frightened the superstitious crew on whom she showered her scorn. She waited.

Suddenly a report sounded. Ada was no longer on the rock. Her graceful form floated on the waves. The moon gave forth a ray of light. It paled before the stream of red that flowed from Ada's bosom. The billows engulfed her. Still the water was tinged with her lifeblood.

Hardly had the wreckers lifted their eyes from this ghastly scene, so tragic and startling, than another riveted their attention.

Uttering a loud cry that seemed to spring from the depths of his soul, Vorse Astle bounded into the roaring waters, the pistol in his hand yet smoking.

Years after, the quiet people in the village, which Time placed near the cliffs, were alarmed to see by night a man, noble, erect in figure, with white flowing hair, and dark martial countenance sweeping the sands from the shore into the ocean. This became so usual, the alarm of the good people changed to curiosity.

One ventured to ask why he employed himself in this way. His answer was,—

"My daughter is in the sea. I sweep the sands to cover her body. It is my duty to fill Ada's grave."

The sun shone one morning one his cold, dead body. The waves that covered Ada made for him a resting place. —*New Moon.*

Local & Foreign Items.

Worth Remembering.

There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Siddell, of Orton, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronichal pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

Britain's last year's drink bill would have found maintenance, at the rate of $6 per week per family of five, for 7,901,845 persons. It is equal to a tax of two shillings per pound on the total income of the people of the United Kingdom.

Never drug the stomach with nauseating and weakening expectorants and opiates; Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is pleasant and reliable in its effects, and safe in all throat and lung complaints that, if neglected, end in consumption.

APPOINTMENTS—In the county of Carleton—David S. Jones to be commissioner of the civil court of the parish of Kent, in room of James A. Phillips whose resignation is accepted

The appointment of Donald Munro as deputy registrar of deeds and wills is approved.

A Useful Hint.

It may be useful for the reader to know that the popular preparation know as Hagyard's Yellow Oil has proved a sovereign remedy for deafness, many certified cures being on record. Hagyard's Yellow Oil also cures aches, pains, and lameness, and may be used internally as well as outwardly.

Do not forget that we mean what we say, that we are Headquarters for low prices. R. B. Belyea & Co.

An observant druggists says that the North conquered the South through its abundant supply of gunpowder and quinine, and that had it not been for the drug the Northern armies would have been forced to succumb.

The great source of Consumption and many wasting forms of disease, is scrofula lurking in the system. The true specific for this condition is found in Burdock Blood Bitters; that medicine purifies the blood and builds up the enfeebled frame.

C. M. Nell, of Mississippi, is the largest cotton planter in the South. He has 12,000 acres under cultivation, and is worth $8,000,000.

Read what a popular druggist says. MONCTON, July 25, 1883. Dear Sirs: Please send as soon as possible 1 gross Minard's Liniment. It is becoming the most popular Liniment in the market.—E. M. ESTEY.

Greatest show of dry goods on earth at Hugh Hay's.

Mr. John Wilson, an Irish manufacturer of great wealth, has offered to give the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Ireland the magnificent sum of $44 000 for missionary purposes, but some of the society members demur to the acceptance of the gift, as Mr. Wilson made his fortune by manufacturing whiskey.

A Fortunate Escape.

Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, Beamsville, Ont., had what was supposed to be a cancer on her nose. She was about to submit to a cancer doctor's treatment, when she concluded to try Burdock Blood Bitters, internally and externally, a few bottles of which entirely cured her.

The distress in Newfoundland continues without abatement. A heartrending story of the death of two men and a boy named Barrett and another named Sheppard from starvation and exposure at Criquet, on the French shore, is told. The seal fishing has been a great failure, thus adding to the general gloom.

Cotterman & McFarland writes as follows:—

WAPAKONETA, O., June, 1877.

Gents:—Having been in the livery business for the past ten years, and having many cases of Colic in horses under our treatment, and having tried many remedies and liniments, to cure it, we found that the best, cheapest, and quickest remedy for Colic in horses is Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, and we honestly affirm that we never failed to cure the worst cases of colic we ever saw, and we cheerfully recommend it to every body, as the best medicine to cure Colic in Horses.

York County has 4,755 horses, 11,311 cows, 487 oxen, 6,835 other horned cattle, 17,627 sheep and 2,936 swine.

There is no remedy top of the earth that possesses so much real absolute merit as *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* It is both for internal and external use and is worth more in a family than a seventh son.

Great advantage to purchasers—to buy at R. B. Belyea & Co.'s.

Mr. J. H. Gates, of Charlottetown, owns an Alderney cow, five years old which has had five calves already—first twins, next one and last week twin calves again.

A Secret for the Ladies.

The great secret of beauty is pure blood. Eruptions and all blotches that disfigure the face, may be quickly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Annie Heath, of Portland, certifies that she was cured by this remedy, after suffering for two years.

Berlin ranks now as the third European city, following London and Paris.

One single box of *Parson's Purgative Pills* taken one a night will make more new rich blood, and will more effectually purify the blood in the system than $10 worth of any other remedy known at the present time.

A good hard Hat for 50 cents at Hugh Hay's.

In the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., within the last three years, $52,300,000 have been expended on buildings.

Carter's Little Liver Pills have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for Sick Headache, Billousness, Constipation, Pain in the side, and all Liver Troubles. Try them.

There are 793,000 French Canadians in the United States.

Safe, Sure and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

An estimate places the loss by the Ohio storms last week at $2 000,000.

REWARD OFFERED.—To any person shewing a case of headache, toothache, cramps, bruise, sprain, cough, cold croup, quinsy, hoarseness, burns or numbness of the limbs that can not be cured by Minard's Liniment. It is good as a gargle in diphtheria and ulcerated throat, and is perfectly harmless when given according to directions. C. C. Richards & Co., sole proprietors for the Dominion & Newfoundland.

Arkansas has a State Agricultural Society formed exclusively of colored men.

"GIFT ENTERPRISES"

seem to be all the rage in the Soap Business, owing to the idea of some manufacturers of getting *something* out of *nothing*, if possible. Grocers get 6 boxes for 5 of some kinds, and are offered all sorts of "Nick Nacks" with others, as an inducement to recommend such soaps to their trade.

It is a well known fact, however, that a genuine article in this day of competition pays no fancy profits. WELCOME SOAP represents this class of goods, and demonstrates the value of quality in manufacture, which is the only guarantee of a pure and legitimate washing quality.

Fifty persons are estimated to have been killed by the Ohio tornado last week, and 500 more or less seriously injured.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites,

Possesses the remedial power of these two valuable specifics in their fullest degree. Is prepared in a palatable form, easily tolerated by the stomach, and for delicate, sickly children, Emaciation, Consumption and all impoverished conditions of the blood is unequalled by any other remedy.

General News.

The Farmers' Paradise.

A man on his own farm, well cultivated and kept, well stocked, with good modern dwellings and barns and outbuildings, master of both time and acres, tied to no hours by the calls of bells or whistles, free to come and go according to the necessities of none but himself, mostly in his own fields, performing his healthful labors within sight of the smoke of his own chimneys, is surely as rich, in the genuine sense of that word, as any man can be. He has nothing to fear, nobody to envy. Of one thing he is sure all his days, and that is a sufficient living; and that is what other men are never sure of without a single pang of doubt or apprehension. There is his home, there is all the animal and inanimate machinery of the establishment, and for the rest he looks in profound trust to the bounty of heaven.

Instead of this unworty and demoralizing anxiety to get rich, if the average farmer, once being solidly established, would resolve to enlarge and exalt his life as it is, to make more out of that, to enjoy, as much as possible of what there is to be enjoyed, to adorn and beautify his home—that only paradise on earth—within and without, he would find all his daily tasks easier, even to the extent of being delightful; he would feel rich, where now, with more money, he feels all the time poor; and he would rid himself of a false tyrant in the form of increasing parsimony that holds his nose to the grindstone till he is flung into his grave. If farmers only knew it they would be the richest men on earth.

Millions in Hens.

For the year 1883 the value of the poultry product of this country was $500,000,000, says the hen editor of the Wheeling (W. Va.) Register. Under an equal division, each man, woman and child in the country would have paid over one dollar to the poultry farmers. But we paid more than that, for we imported about half as much as we produced. China alone sent us 12,000,000 eggs.

Our poultry interest, it seems, is more than double the value of the dairy interest. It was worth in 1883 $150,000,000 more than the cotton product of that year. In the past two years a great advance has been made in this industry in the Ohio valley.

Small and large farmers and persons having but small lots and back yards have been penetrating the mysteries and cultivating the different breeds of Cochins, Brahmas, Hamburgs, Black Spanish, Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Andalusians and all the others for all they are worth.

It was but a few days ago that an Ohio man refused $50 for a nine-months-old rooster, had demands for all the eggs his fowls could produce at $3 per "setting," and had to rent reveral hens at $5 each for two months in order to keep up with the demands for eggs.

Literary Notices.

Illustrating Prof. Edward Morse's piquant article, "Japanese Boys and Girls," F. H. Lungren opens the June Wide Awake with a charming frontispiece, "Preparing for the Feast of Dolls," Prof. Morse's article itself is full of naive facts about Japanese children, representing Japan as a paradise for little folks, and the little folks themselves as nearly angelic. Mary Hartwell Catherwood writes the opening story, an exciting tale of the Red Pump Tavern in 1856, called "The Apples on the Crane." Mrs. Brush furnishes a good historical story of the burning of Corlear, entitled "A Tender Heart," and Prof. C. B. G. Roberts of King's College (Canada) has a finely written story of adventure, "Bear vs. Birch bark." E S Brooks contributes an historical story also, a Midsummer Eve's Adventure, entitled "The Little Lady of England," finely illustrated by Pyle. "The True Bo-Peep," by Susan Archer Weiss, is an interesting contribution to folk-lore. "Some Nantucket Children" is a humorous study of Nantucket peculiarities by a well-known native of Nantucket, Mrs. Anne Mitchell Macy. Mrs. Sherwood, in her series, "Royal Girls and Royal Courts," writes about the three Danish Princesses, Alexandra, Dagmar and Thyra, and the Danish Royal household; and, quite curiously, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont writes in this same number about the royal Danish festivities many years ago, which she attended, in honor of the marriage of the Crown Prince, describing many unique court customs. $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

Harper's Magazine for June is in every way an unusually strong Number. The leading article, "The United States Navy, is contributed by Rear-admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N., and no one is more competent than he to say precisely what our navy is and what it ought to be. He shows how slowly the first step—from sailing to steam ships—was taken; how reluctantly, later on, iron ships were substituted for wooden ones; then with what difficulty we recently adopted the construction of steel cruisers; and that we are still waiting for the two final achievements that will make our navy effective—the steel armor plating of our ships, and the construction of heavy steel guns, equal to those made abroad. The article is profusely illustrated—each class of vessels being represented, including the recently constructed "Dolphin," "Atlanta," and "Chicago." "She Stoops to Conquer," with Mr. Abbey's original and charming illustrations, is drawing to a conclusion. James Lane Allen contributes an interesting article describing Kentucky Mountaineer life, entitled "Through Cumberland Gap on Horseback," and beautifully illustrated by Julian Rix, E. W. Kemble, and A. C. Redwood. "The Home