

# The Carleton Sentinel Supplement, March 24, 1888.

## OUR BRIGHTON RULERS IN COUNCIL.

### SECOND MEETING.

Our reporter was successful in being admitted to the room as one of the faithful, and found present Chris, Gid, the Deacon, Allen and one or two others.

THE DEACON—Notwithstanding our forebodings of evil, we are permitted to meet.

ALLEN—And be reported again.

GID—Who do you think blowed our last meeting.

ALLEN—I think it was one of those dynamiters or tories, some people call them.

CHRIS—I move that we organize and have passwords and grips, which was seconded and passed.

GID—I move that the password be boodle for the present year.

CHRIS—Amen! Boodle, Boodler, Boodled.

GID—What do you mean?

A VOICE—Pole Hill, I guess.

GID—You all know it was B—'s Mat that gave me that name.

THE DEACON—Gid I hear you go by Peel now instead of going through Rockland. Why is it thusly?

GID—A man of your cloth should be careful what you say to me. Remember I had the majority.

Here the meeting was interrupted, and amongst others George and Dave were announced.

ALLEN—I thought we had got rid of those fellows.

GID—Do be careful or you will reduce our majority.

GEO—Hello! How do you fellows feel now? I heard the Deacon fell down in a fit.

DAVE—I always thought that denoted guilt.

DEACON—We have organized and are going to have passwords, grips, etc.

GID—I move that the grip be—

A VOICE—On your Father's throat. Sounds of laughter.

GID—Fellows, will you for just a moment remember my failings and don't get me started.

DAVE—I hear the parish is greatly excited over your acts in the Council.

ALLEN—I should have gone with them.

GEO—You have been with them too much already.

ALLEN—(offering his hand) Will you be friends, George?

GEO—No! D. D. if I do; and I do not want you to make any tracks across my land next Summer.

DEACON—Come, come; this is not business.

DEACON—Well, as you said, these fellows divided the parish and put all the offices in the front.

CHRIS—Can't I make those appointments over?

GID—Do you suppose you are the only Councilor in this parish?

Here one of the overseers of poor came in.

OVERSEER B—By the way one of D—'s boys has frozen his feet.

CHRIS—We won't appoint you next year if you can't regulate the weather.

OVERSEER—And I have engaged the doctors to look after it.

CHRIS—Worse and worse. Why did not you come to me first?

OVERSEER—I did not know you were chairman of board of overseers, too.

GEO—I am going to get out of this parish, or I will be ruined.

DAVE—I'll go to—

ALLEN—(Aside) Small loss to us.

GID—Are you fellows going to put up a me boodle to help us to fight Sam, should he go ahead.

ALLEN—Not I. I have a mother to support.

A VOICE—Singing in a low sweet refrain—

Only a dime,  
Only a dime,  
Perhaps a half  
At a time.

ALLEN—What does that mean?

GID—You ought to know.

ALLEN—Well, I never gripped my father's throat.

GID—You look out, for I am a regular John L. when I start.

DEACON—You fellows, order. I would rather run two churches and four school districts than attempt to manage you.

A VOICE—There are no flies here, and sugar don't take.

DEACON—Rapping the desk sharply. Business! Business!

CHRIS—Let us have less personal and more public business.

GID—Did you find out anything about that Mullin steal of one hundred and forty-one dollars.

CHRIS—No. The Deacon and I have worked at it day and night, week day and Sunday.

ALLEN—What! You, Deacon, on the blessed Sabbath day.

DEACON—You fellows will find out that

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FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINES,  
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The very great success which in past seasons has attended my efforts to place before the Farmers of Carleton County Standard Machines and High Class Instruments, at the lowest possible prices consistent with quality, and on the most advantageous terms, warrants me in soliciting your patronage for the coming season.

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CHUTE, HALL & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S., ORGANS;  
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this is a holy war before you get through, as our very salvation depends on it.

CHRIS—I have written the sec. treas. a number of times, and he don't even answer me.

A VOICE—He must consider you a shallow pate.

CHRIS—He will find that a greater than Connell is here before he gets through with me.

A VOICE—I thought he was getting the better of C—.

CHRIS—That is just to a man's mind.

DEACON—It seems impossible to do anything to-night.

ALLEN—One moment—I intend finishing my Liberal Hall, and I want you all to vote that the parish shall grant a subsidy.

DEACON—I want their names and how they vote.

The Deacon proceeded to take the vote when the light went out quite mysteriously and the meeting broke up in great confusion.

Had “The Bearer Paid?”

To the Editors of the Carleton Sentinel:

In the Press of Feb. 20, “A Ratepayer” seems desirous of reviewing the Brighton Election. His review, however, consists wholly of questions which have no bearing whatever on the subject. Any one of the least perspicacity can see that “A R.” is so confused that he implicates his own friends and virtually acknowledges the statements made by Mr. Campbell, by Mr. Shaw and by Mr. Nevers about the election, and that he has not the confidence in his own ability to state a single fact that can throw the least shadow of doubt upon what they have asserted.

In his article “A R.” says “two wrongs never made one right, yet he takes the former elections, which he insinuates were not conducted as straight as they might have been, as a precedent of the way and manner in which the last one was conducted. Instead of letting Mr. B. tell us where he got his receipt, this champion for the wily silent comes forward with the brilliant solution, to the query of “Janus,” that he could easily have picked it up from the floor of the election room.

That the illegality of the election has been proved does not appear clear to his “fertile” brain. If the statements of Mr. Campbell, of Mr. Shaw, of Mr. Nevers and of Mr. A. W. Rideout at the first sitting of the Council be not untrue, if it is true that Mr. R. admitted he was not well acquainted with the manner in which an election should have been conducted, if the opinion of those who have seen the receipts and who know the law be of any value, then it will take more than the pen of “A Ratepayer” or of his collaborators to make the electors think the election was strictly legal.

If the petition presented to the Council was not legal, why did not the Council reject it at once instead of appointing a committee to consider it? That some of the ratepayers voted without having paid their taxes for 1887 was proven by the statements of the Chairman to the Council; yet “A R.” wants to know why it has not been proven.

Now, Messrs Editors, I wish to write a few words to “A R.” If I were you, I would deem it more manly either to refute or to acknowledge the charges which have been brought against the election, than to write an article which might well be thought the product of a school boy's vexation. In your dealings with your neighbors, I would desire you to remember that the fox who changes his coat for that of a lamb when the sun is in the east, may again desire a change when night obscures the landscape. In your articles, I would advise you to remember that those in glass houses “should not cast stones,” and questions of only a personal nature will not strengthen a weak and cowardly defence. “The safety of the people is the supreme law,” and whether the election was legal concerns not so much individuals at present as it does the whole county.

Thanking you Messrs. Editors for valuable space,

I remain

JANUS.

The use of Mrs. Cleveland's picture as an advertisement by beer and tobacco dealers has grown to such an extent that it has become offensive, and to put an end to the abuse, representative Thomas of Illinois has framed a bill making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person to use the likeness of any woman in the country for advertising purposes unless she first shall give her written consent, and this consent or a fac simile of it, must be displayed with every picture. Word from the White House has been passed around to the stores in Washington requesting the withdrawal of Mrs. Cleveland's picture on tobacco and beer signs from the shop windows, and as a consequence they are fast disappearing.