

# Carleton Sentinel Supplement, Dec. 15, 1888.

## GLASSVILLE ETCHINGS.

No. 4.

### Our Merchants.

"These are the grand old masters—  
These, the men sublime,"  
Whose weights and yard sticks rattle  
Down the counters of our time.

One of the most striking characteristics of the present age is the great advance in the science of production. The old-fashioned spinning wheel of our grandmothers' days, twisting one thread at a time, has given place to the machinery mule, twisting its thousands. A single operative now tends half a dozen looms, driven by steam, instead of one, as formerly, driven by hand. The bleacher now does the work of weeks in a day, and the tanner that of years in a few weeks. The tailor with his sewing machine can rattle up a suit of clothes in two or three hours. In a little over a day your paper maker can take his dirty rags, sort them, bleach them, pulp them and transform them into a mile of printing paper, rolled off on a huge reel, that a printing press unwinds, cuts, prints, and delivers to you, folded and counted,—many thousands in an hour. And so on almost *ad infinitum* with other industries. But while all this saving of labor and time have been brought about in the production of articles of commerce and wealth, distribution in many instances is almost as costly as ever. Every article of commerce passes from the producer to the consumer, through the wholesale and retail dealer. Sometimes wholesale and retail dealers are unjustly blamed, for tampering with and adulterating "goods" passing through their hands. The fact is, the "doctoring" process is often gone through, more or less, before the "goods" leave the workshop of the producer, sometimes in the very act of production. Thus it is, that the anxiety of your modern storekeeper to accumulate wealth rapidly has often led to a spurious cheapness, achieved by adulterations of every possible kind, until health is sacrificed and usefulness destroyed by the ingenious and ceaseless effort to make things seem to be something which they are not. Old woollen rags are torn into fibres, by a machine called "the devil," re-spun with a very little new wool, woven, dressed and put on the market as new cloth. "Shoddy" the wise it call. Fustians are scratched on the back (which partially destroys the fibre) to make them appear full of cotton, woven twenty-four inches wide, put into a steam case, and then stretched to twenty-seven inches, the interstices being filled with starch, silicate of soda or bone dust, to make them pass for rich and heavy goods. Calicoes, ditto. Wooden bobbins, thinly wrapped with thread are sold for real cotton. Sixteen ounces of raw silk are sent to be dyed black, and comes home weighted with logwood and gum to double or triple the amount. Of this stuff are the dull looking heavy black ribbons for trimmings and broad silks for dresses made. Flour is "doctored" with lime and alum—oatmeal with meal—butter with lard—coffee with chicory—tea with blacklead, verdigris and indigo—mustard with flour—anchovies with red lead—sugar with sand—tobacco with plantain leaves, fine hay and molasses—spirits and wines with every "damnable composition" under the sun,—and so almost throughout the whole range of articles of commerce, until it would seem that the ingenuity, which has sought out many inventions, was bestowed on men to enable them to cheat each other. There is a story told of a grocer, who lived above his store. One morning he called down the stair to his apprentice boy—"Jim!" "Yes Sir." "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes Sir." "Have you doctored the apple?" "Yes Sir." "Have you watered the vinegar?" "Yes Sir." "Have you fixed up that barrel of apples, with the rotten ones all in the middle?" "Yes Sir." "Have you taken the cod fish out of the cask yet?" "Yes Sir." "Well, you can turn the key in the door and come up to prayers. We want you to help us sing—*When I can read my title clear.*"

Of course there are tricks in all trades. But we have many merchants, whose high and unblemished business reputation, and upright dealing place them above suspicion of wrong-doing. Of these are our merchants here Hugh Miller, Esq., the longest established among them, whose large business is now run by his son James, a young gentleman of great popularity;—Mr. John McIntosh, our talented counsellor, who likewise does a large business in the sheep line for the United States markets;—Mr. William Currie of Rutherglen, who likewise devotes his energies to farming;—Mr. Charles Starkey, who caters for the good folks of Argyle,—and Mr. William Morehouse, who ministers to the wants of the liques of Knowlesville. All these gentlemen have an excellent business record, and, without directing special attention to any one in particular, as we wish to avoid all invidious distinctions because you know, comparisons are odious, we will take a cursory view of their different branches of trade. Their names, unprecedented low prices, great sacrifices *pro bono publico* and unheard of bargains before are all so well known, far and near, that he who runs may read, and go and spend his money advantageously to fill his stomach and cover his nakedness. To be sure, these bowing smiling gentlemen of silks, cottons and grub, are every day thirteen or fourteen hours at school, as the writer years ago remarked of the merchants of a border town, in an article contributed by him to a Provincial newspaper, and are literally drilled by the prettiest teachers. We have gone over their stores most minutely; we have climbed up to every shelf; we have looked into every drawer; we have opened every case; we have unrolled every package (now don't say, this is all imagination); and we can confidently recommend all their articles—especially those we have not seen—for excellent quality, sterling durability, high finish, and magnificent polish. All are offered at extremely low prices. Ladies and gentlemen, an inspection of our stock will satisfy an intelligent and discerning public of the vast superiority of these first-class articles, which at a tremendous sacrifice, the subscribers now offer for sale. We respectfully solicit a continuance of the generous patronage of the nobility and gentry of Aberdeen or "any other man," with the full assurance that their wishes will be gra-

tified in the most satisfactory manner. For references we have only to mention the distinguished names of the Duke of Knowlesville, the Marquis of Foreston, the Earl of Gordonsville, Viscount Edraslon, Lord Kintore, My Lord of East Glassville, Baron Rutherglen, the Master of Gare, the Lord Lieutenant of West Glassville and the Hon. the Chief Justice of Aberdeen. These gentlemen have long honored us with their distinguished patronage, and have kindly permitted us to use their illustrious names.

### Mercatores Aberdonienses.

After that we can scarcely refuse to pay a visit to our stores. We will just take a bird's eye view of the stock in trade. To-day we will confine our attention to one department.

### IN RE GRUB.

They have always on hand an unlimited supply of the necessities and luxuries of life, and these at unprecedentedly low prices. They have flour, manufactured by the new roller process, of the finest brands, without the faintest taste of mustiness, to be transmogrified into loaf, biscuit and dumpling, by our buxom better-halves,—kila-dried corn meal for Johnny-cake, of richly tinted golden hue,—oatmeal, rivaling that of the "land o'cakes," for "parritch" and "brose and butter,"—buckwheat meal, always newly ground, for the traditional pancake,—rice, sago, arrowroot, corn starch, tapioca, &c., for soups and puddings, when "the old woman"—such is our elegantly polite way of designating Chief of Staff—happens to be in a good humor, and in the exuberance of uxoriousness treats us to a dessert—not to be eaten with chopsticks after the manner of Celestia's, nor with fingers in the Persian fashion, but with good orthodox spoon, knife and fork,—pearl barley, grand feed for men, horses and pigs,—boiled and unboiled,—amber tinted molasses, from "the islands of the sugar cane," whose delicious sweetness and other saccharine qualities remind you of the nectar of *Hebe*,—sugars, from beet and cane, from West and East Indies and Europe for tickling our refined palates, and giving a fine air of gentility to our tea tables,—tea, from the Flowering Land—not Lubrador, and don't you forget it—whose fragrant infusion would wreath with smiles even the copper colored frontispiece of a "heathen Chinese," who is generally credited with exporting only a second class article to "the vermilion-visaged devils," as he graphically terms us,—coffee, from Mocha, in Arabia the Happy (?), whose refreshing and invigorating influence would charm away the apathy even of a listless, lazy Turk, and fill to overflowing the soul of a howling dervise with delight, transporting him on the wings of fancy to the seventh heaven, where the Koran so emphatically assures us, as soon as day breaks, Mahomet's great big cock flaps his wings and crows glory to Allah in the morning, all the cocks, on the face of the earth, immediately taking up this exalted chanticleer's note, and following suit *a la mode*,—spices, reminding you of the fragrant breezes that "float over Ceylon's Isle," as the missionary hymn says, for bewitching our hash stews, sham pies, pretentious tarts, indigestible pastry, conglomerate puddings, mysteriously concocted head-cheese and that eternal array of vainglorious, multiform cakes, the imposing appearance of which in our larders and on our tables at once proclaims us members of the great big-bug fraternity,—luscious apples, rich and ripe, with rosy cheeks and delicious flavor, that almost melt in your bread-trap, and play the duce with your theology, by making you look with leniency on mother Eve's great transgression,—lovely oranges, from the orange groves of Portugal and haughty Spain, from burdy gurdy Italy, from Malta, the Azores and Southern States, not only a luxury, but a *sine qua non*, for allaying the burning thirst of fever,—bright lemons, from mediterranean shores for our drinks and pies,—raisins—Smyrna, Malaga, Valencia and Damascus—for Christmas and other treats,—plums and prunes, direct from La Belle France,—currants, from the Isles of Greece, where (to vary Byron's words a little) pilant Sypphs coquetted and sung, for our tempt-your-appetite tit-bits,—cocca nuts, from the fairy lands of the South Sea, walnuts and chestnuts from Europe, peanuts from the States and hazelnuts from everywhere, just to keep your jaws in tune,—candies of every form, hue and flavor from the great Boston and St. Stephen confectioneries, to soothe our babies, big and little, and spoil their dear little stomachs,—gums, that make the mouth water and teeth frolic, to look at them, for our snap dragon women, to keep them chewing with the oscillations of the rocking chair,—that same gum chewing being now considered a beautiful and attractive accomplishment of the fair sex,—a perfect host of patent medicines, warranted to cure all the diseases that have been, are, and are to be,—liniments, ditto,—bitters and medicated wines, to restore a healthy tone to dissipated constitutions,—guilt edged butter and newly laid eggs from the finest cows and poultry in the province, enormous quantities of which are weekly shipped to "foreign,"—hides, tallow and lard shipped ditto,—cigars from Havana, cheroots from Manila and tobaccos from the first factories in the world,—cod fish, herring, &c., from the most famous fishing grounds on the globe,—oils of every description for physic-ing our stock, and preparing our paints, wherewith to beautify our homes,—and kerosene, whose odorless and brilliant luminosity rivals electric and incandescent lights, and dispels even our moral and spiritual darkness. Such is a very imperfect list of the good things in this department, which our merchants keep continually on hand.

### MARCHMONT.

### Grand Falls Items.

Dec. 11, 1888.

Diphtheria has again broken out here. Two children of Mr. Albert Dixon are now afflicted with the disease. Considerable fault is being found because the local board of health have not quarantined the premises. When it broke out here last season in the Poitras family, there was a great time made because the premises were not quarantined. Let there be no discrimination in this matter, and let the law be carried out irrespective of party. All right minded people

would have no objection to their places being isolated under such circumstances.

The roads are still in a bad condition, there not being sufficient snow to make good sledding. It now looks as though we were going to have rain again.

Mrs. Geo. W. Fenwick, of Missoula, Montana, is visiting friends here. Her husband was at one time teacher of the grammar school here, and subsequently a teacher in the high school at Fredericton.

### Carlisle Items.

Dec. 10, 1888.

Nearly a month has elapsed since we last wrote a few "Items"; and not without change the days have passed.

On Thursday, the 29th ult., after a short illness, Mr. David Burlock, one of Carlisle's oldest and most respected inhabitants, was laid to rest in the churchyard. The deceased was a native of York County, and came to Carlisle about 20 years ago. Fifteen years ago he and his aged companion in life were baptized by Rev. C. H. Orser, and joined the Orserite Church at this place. Since his conversion, Bro. Burlock has taken an active part in church work, and his life has borne the stamp of a sincere christian. He leaves a widow and six children to mourn the loss of a loving husband and kind parent. The funeral rites were performed by Rev. C. H. Orser, assisted by Rev. C. D. Turner.

Joseph Melvin, Sen., has been confined to his bed by illness for some weeks, and still continues very low.

We are glad to learn that Joseph Craig's family, who have been suffering from measles and typhoid fever, are rapidly recovering.

At a recent session our Lodge passed a motion to the effect that a "sociable" would be held in the Lodge room on Christmas evening, for the benefit of Lodge. We hope our friends of the adjoining settlements won't forget this; and come prepared to pass a few pleasant hours.

Revs. Turner and Orser held divine service Sabbath morning and evening. In the evening Bro. Turner spoke forcibly, and with his usual eloquence of feeling, from Heb. 2:3. At the close an appointment was made for this evening. We trust it may be but the beginning of a good work in the hearts of the people, and that the Bro. may be abundantly blessed in his labors.

### Upper Kent Items.

Dec. 12th, 1888.

During the past few weeks the Methodist Church has been sort of transformed. Those that worshipped in it, ten or twelve years ago, would open their eyes wide in astonishment could they see it to-day. We certainly cannot say that we have any good excuse for neglecting to worship God, for this cosy little church on the hill is a silent yet eloquent witness against us. Rev. Mr. Johnson preaches in it next Sunday afternoon at 2.30.

The donation at the parsonage next Wednesday, Dec. 19th, promises to be an enjoyable affair.

### Florenceville Items.

Dec. 13th, 1888.

The long looked for snow has made its appearance at last; on Tuesday night it fell to the depth of nearly one foot, making good sleighing, the roads being in excellent condition.

One of our merchants, Mr. D. L. Pitt, is closing out his large stock of goods. Those wishing to buy at reduced rates will do well to make their winter and summer purchases now.

Mr. George Gibson of Lakeville was calling on his cousin's family, Mrs. N. H. Tompkins, this week.

Preaching in the Methodist church next Lord's Day at 7 p. m. Rev. Mr. Sellar.

### A Strong Measure.

A bill has been submitted, by the Committee on Immigration, to the U. S. Congress, which is an important one.

The bill provides that no alien shall be admitted into the United States who is an idiot, insane, or a pauper, who has been legally convicted of a felony, or who is a polygamist, anarchist or socialist, or who comes to labor under a contract, whether express or implied, or who comes on a prepaid ticket.

Any alien (except idiot and lunatic) who shall come into the United States in violation of any of the provisions of the act, or any other law, or who shall assist in bringing in any alien (including idiot and lunatic) contrary to the provisions of the act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, upon conviction, be fined for each person who comes, or is assisted, not exceeding \$1,000, or sentenced to hard labor for three years, or both; and any alien coming into the United States, in violation of the law, may be returned at any time within two years, at the expense of the vessel or transportation company, whether by land or water, and if that cannot be done, then at the expense of the United States.

No vessel bringing passengers from any foreign port to any United States port, shall transport more than five immigrant or steerage passengers at any one voyage for each 100 tons of the capacity of the vessel, and any vessel violating this section shall be fined not to exceed \$500 for every passenger in excess.

Upon every alien who comes into the United States there shall be levied a tax of \$25, which shall be paid to the collector of customs at the port of entry by the owner or agent of the vessel, railroad or carrier by which the alien was brought into the United States, and there shall be a lien in favor of the United States on the vessel, etc., of the company for the payment of this tax. This provision does not apply to diplomatic or consular agents, nor to persons who make affidavit that they come for the purpose of

travel or temporary residence only. In that case the tax of \$25 is returned when they leave the country, provided the return takes place any time within three years from their arrival.

Any alien desiring to emigrate shall, at least three months before embarkation, apply to a United States consul or diplomatic representative for a certificate of emigration. The consul, etc., may require proof as to the character of the applicant, and, if satisfied that he is not excluded by law from emigrating, grant a certificate, but the certificate shall not be conclusive evidence of the right of the person to whom given to come to the United States, nor shall it relieve vessels or railroads from the requirements of the act. No persons shall be landed anywhere in the United States who have not first obtained such a certificate.

The rest of the act gives the secretary of the treasury the necessary authority to put it into effect.

Young Ladies if you want a handsome Dress or Jacket, call at R. B. Porter & Co.'s and you can get it at such a low price it will astonish you.

### In Boston Mass.

Boston, Dec. 11.—Thomas N. Hart, Republican and citizens' candidate, was elected to-day by about 1,701 plurality in a total vote of over 60,000, defeating Mayor O'Brien (Democratic), who ran for the fourth term. The entire Republican school committee is elected and the consequent condemnation of the conduct of the present committee in withdrawing from the schools texts books offensive to Catholics. The high license majority is about 17,000.

A full line of Men's Persian Lamb, Seal and Dog Skin Caps, just to hand at Hugh Hay's.

### Heroic.

As the first mail train on the New York Central Railroad passed through Harkimer, New York, Tuesday morning, two girls were discovered on the track in great danger. Flagman Volter, seeing their peril, rushed to their rescue and succeeded in saving them but was himself crushed to death.

Be sure and call at R. B. Porter & Co.'s this week and see their new dress materials. They have marked them at astonishing low prices. The sale is going on.

### Press Amenities.

In Quebec province, the French press has an outspoken way in treating contemporaries, thus says *L'Union Libérale*:—

"Gentlemen of *L'Etendard*: Not only have we nothing in common together, but there is, and always will be, an abyss between us. We are sincere Liberals, you are hypocrites and bigots. In a word, we are of the school of Montalembert and Lacordaire, and you are born in the fevered school of Veuillot, of which you have inherited all the vices, without keeping any of its goodness."

Beaver Muffs and Collars to match, a handsome Christmas present, at R. B. Belyea & Co.'s.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

Our *Little Ones and the Nursery* continues to be without a rival in all the world, as a magazine for the youngest readers. Its poems, stories, and sketches are selected with the greatest care, are amusing and instructive, and every one of them is illustrated by an artist of the best reputation. All the reading matter and every picture is original, prepared expressly for this work under the direction of Mr. George T. Andrews, whose specialty is the production of fine books, and who has presented to the public some of the most elegant, artistic volumes on the counters of the booksellers. It is printed from handsome type, on fine paper. From the start it has been fully recognized as improving, in the highest degree, to the taste, as well as the mind and morals of little children. It contains no cheap borrowed illustrations, and its pictures have long been considered an educational agency of the most elevating character. Published monthly by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston, \$1.50 a year. A trial subscription of 3 months for 25 cents.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending December 1st and 8th contain Palmyra, Past and Present, *Fortnightly Review*; Nonsense as a Fine Art, *Quarterly Review*; The Income of a University and How it is Spent, *National Review*; Barbara, *Longman's Magazine*; Boswell and his Editors, *Church Quarterly Review*; Recent Advance in Surgery and Medicine, *Edinburgh Review*; Francis Turner Palgrave, *Sunday Magazine*; Roman Catholics on Agnosticism, *Spectator*; Prof. Huxley's Advice to Public Speakers, *Fall Mall Gazette*; Up the Feeder, *Spectator*; Dutch Independence, *Times*; Some Customs of Inns of Court, *Cassell's Saturday Journal*; On the Dark Mountains, *Blackwood's Magazine*; Gray, *Macmillan's Magazine*; Mud Larking in Bohemia, *Temple Bar*; Hamdi Bey, *Contemporary Review*; Richmond Palace and its Royal Residents, *London Quarterly Review*; The French Clergy Exiles in England, A. D. 1792-1797, *National Review*; Desiccated Human Remains, *Nature*; The Astronomical Observatory of Pekin, *Nature*; and the usual amount of choice poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.—50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

A good Overcoat for only \$5 at Hugh Hay's.