

Fire Assurance and Collecting Agency.

The subscriber has been appointed agent for the undersigned First Class Fire Assurance Co., Ltd., of London, England, Established 1803. Capital, £1,000,000.00.

THE ATLANTIC ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.
Of Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Established 1854. Capital, \$1,000,000.00.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.
Of Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Established 1854. Capital, \$1,000,000.00.

Fire and mercantile risks taken at lowest rates. Losses promptly paid.

WILLIAM DIBBLEE,
AGENT FOR COUNTY OF CARLETON.

As Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and notes to amount of \$80 and under without cost.

Woodstock, April 2, '87.—14

WILBUR HOUSE,
Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.
J. H. WILBUR, Proprietor.

This conveniently and pleasantly situated Hotel (formerly the Gibson House), has been refurnished and fitted up in the best manner.

It is Commodious, Convenient and Comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms
ON THE FIRST FLOOR. 30

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.

THOS. LAWSON,
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
ANDOVER, VIO. CO.

COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

MURPHY & FOSTER,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS.

Notaries Public, &c.
Also Issuers of Marriage Licences.

Loans Negotiated. Special attention given to the collection of Accounts.

J. R. MURPHY, L.L.B. B. C. FOSTER, A.B.

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 LICENCES.
Office—"Glasgow House"
Woodstock, N. B.

GEO. ANDERSON,
General Insurance Agent,
FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT.

OFFICE:
CONNELL'S WOODEN BLOCK,
Queen Street, Woodstock.

—AGENT FOR—
The Liverpool, London & Globe Fire Insurance Company;
N. B. Insurance Association of Fredericton;
Accident Insurance Co. of North America. (In-6)

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

D. S. ROGERS, D.D.S.,

SURGEON DENTIST,
(Successor to H. M. Jewett.)

Chemically Pure Gas for Extracting.
Two Doors Below Town Hall,
MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.
(421)

DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,
DENTIST

Office—Next door to Dr. Smith's
Drug Store.

BEST SETS ARTIFICIAL TEETH, \$14.00
SET PLAIN TEETH, 10.00
PARTIAL SETS FROM \$2.50 UPWARDS.
NATURAL TEETH FILLED IN THE BEST
MANNER FROM \$2.50 UPWARDS.

W. D. CAMBER,
DENTIST.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS USED FOR THE PAIN-
LESS EXTRACTING OF TEETH.
Office—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen
Street.

W. C. T. U.
COFFEE ROOM,
KING STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Lunches at all hours. Home Cook-
ery for sale or orders taken.
Patrons Respectfully Solicited.
MRS. S. McLEOD, Com.
J. D. HARRISON, Sec.
J. D. HARRISON, Manager.

HERBERT DIBBLEE,
Gold, Silver, Nickel, Orloid,
Brass and Copper
PLATER.

Manufacturer of all kinds of
HARNESS TRIMMINGS
and COMPOSITION SLEIGH HANDLES.

Carriage and Sleigh Work Plated at short notice.
Also, Kivies, Forks, Spoons, Cutlery, Cake Bas-
kets, Wash Cases, Jewellery, &c., repaired.
Call or send for Price List for plating.
All work warranted to wear and look as good
as new.

RIGHTLY Rewarded are those who read this
and then act; they will find honorable
employment that will not take them from their
homes and families. The profits are large and
easy for every industrious person, many have
made and are now making several hundred dol-
lars a month. It is easy for any one to make \$5
and upwards per day who is willing to work—
either men, young or old, capital not needed, no
investing. Everything new. No special ability
required; you, reader, can do it as well as any
one. Write to us at once for full particulars,
which we mail free. Address: S. H. C. & Co.,
Portland, Maine.—49

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.]

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

[Editors & Proprietors.

WHOLE NO.—2149.

I can and will save you money; try me
and be convinced?

FOR SALE!

400 bbls. FLOUR, Bought Before Late Advance.
125 PACKAGES OF TOBACCO, Following Brands:
Brier, Index, Napoleon, Good Luck, Glory.

MOLASSES, SUGAR!

WANTED—ALL THE EGGS I CAN BUY AT TWELVE CENTS

PER DOZEN.

JOHN GRAHAM.

Woodstock, May 28, 1888.

GENERAL INSURANCE

AGENCY.

[AM prepared to insure all kinds of Insurable Property in Town and County, at the Lowest

current rates, in any of the following and MOST RELIABLE Companies:—

The NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE, of London, England;

The LLOYD'S, of London, England;

The PHOENIX, of London, England;

The BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto, Canada;

The STANDARD LIFE, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Representing in Capital and Assets upwards of \$100,000,000.

Detached Dwellings in Town and Country insured on the THREE YEARS plan. Losses by

lightning paid whether fire cause or not. In case of loss a fair and satisfactory adjustment guar-
anteed and the amount promptly paid.

J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW, Agent.

MONEY TO LOAN On Real Estate security at low rate of interest.

J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW, Attorney, Solicitor, &c.

Woodstock, March 27, 1883.—13.

Threshing Machines!

We are only manufacturing a limited number of our
CELEBRATED IMPROVED

LITTLE GIANT

Threshing Machines and Horse Powers this year,

and nearly half of these are already sold; therefore, orders must be placed early to

secure a machine.

These machines are made of the very best of Steel, instead of Iron, as formerly,

and the lumber in them is thoroughly kiln dried.

One of many that are now voluntarily given to the superior value of these ma-

chines over any other, both in quantity of grain they will thresh and the perfect

manner in which the grain is threshed and cleaned without waste.

Messrs. Connell Bros.

GENTLEMEN,—We have much pleasure in commending your Improved Little Giant

Threshing Machine and Horse Power to the public. On Thursday last, in

Albert Demichien's barn, we threshed with the Machine bought of you 314 bushels

of oats in 6½ hours.

MICHAEL GUEST,

JOHN GUEST.

Holmesville, Dec. 13, 1886.

HORSE HOES!

—THE HANDIEST THING YOU CAN HAVE FOR—

Drilling & Planting Potatoes & Vegetables.

TRY OUR NEW No. 1 PLOW,

And you will be CONVINCED that it is the BEST PLOW for this Country.

We have the Greatest Variety of the Most Approved Patterns of Plows
for Rough and Smooth Ground.

New Cook Stoves!

—CALL AND SEE OUR—

Latest Elevated Oven Cooking Stoves,

THE No. 3 STAR,

WITH MOST RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.

WE CAN SUIT YOU WITH ANY KIND OF A STOVE.

CONNELL BROS.

Woodstock, April 27th, 1888.

TODD BROTHERS,

Dealers in all kinds of

Builders' Hardware

—AND—

DOORS & WINDOWS.

Write for Prices.

St. Stephen, N. B.

ST. JOHN VALLEY & RIVERSIDE DU LOUP

RAILWAY!

WANTED by the above Company 90,000

RAILWAY TIES and a quantity of

timber to be delivered at the above

Company's wharf in the City of Montreal.

Specifications may be seen and all information

obtained at the Company's office at Woodstock,
or by applying to F. S. Hilday, Fredericton.

WESLEY VAN WATKINS,

Secretary.

Woodstock, N. B., Dec. 10, 1887.—53.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

A 1½ story house for sale, on Richmond Street,
in good repair: front porch; cellar; water in house
and out; and a good garden. For particulars enquire at
this office.

For particulars enquire at this office.
Woodstock, Sept. 7, '87.—74

ROYAL

BAKING

POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This baking powder is a marvel of purity,
strength and wholesome. More economical
than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in
competition with the adulterated kind of low cost,
weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in
one. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 16 Wall
Street, New York.

LAST CHANCE!

This is the last chance this season to get nice,
new, fresh, and whole muslin. More economical
than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in
competition with the adulterated kind of low cost,
weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in
one. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 16 Wall
Street, New York.

SELECT DATE.

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

BY MARY C. FRESTON.

"I wouldn't stand it," said Myra Bell,
with a flash in her blue eyes which would
make one think she really would not
stand much without protest.

"But I know he loves me best of all,"
gently answered her stately, dark-eyed
friend, Lona Valon. "If I had a doubt
of his affection I would set him free to-
day; but, much as he pains me, greatly as
he sometimes seems to neglect me, I
know that in his heart he cares for no
woman as he does for me."

A faint color came into her olive cheeks,
and a smile shadowed her steady,
gentle eyes, but Myra tossed her blonde
head angrily.

"Then let him prove it," she said
sharply. "Why, one might swear he was
the lover of that cousin of Jack's, he
hangs about her so constantly since she
came here. I just met her then riding
together. Why don't you pay him back
in similar coin? Flirt with some nice
fellow and have as merry a time as he
has."

"Pray, where would I find the man
who would permit me to flirt with him?"
she asked, leaning back idly in her
garden chair, a slight curl on her young
lip. "Myra, you are laughing at me."

"Not I," asserted Myra, bringing down
a little cloud with some show of force
on the green sward; "let me loan you my
Jack."

"What! Lona sat erect, genuinely
surprised. "You would have me flirt
with Jack Atherton, my dear Myra?"

"I know that Jack was over his ears
in love with you two years ago," said
Myra laughingly. "He told me all about
it when he asked me to wear his ring;
but that is all over and Jack loves me
now and I love Jack; but I want you to
loan me for a month or so, just to see how
Roy would like it. He doesn't know Jack
is anything to me, and when he finds
him at your side half the time he may
give you more of his own precious time
and less to every precious girl he meets.
See, Lona, he really loves you; he
will teach him that it is possible to love
and, dear, I love you too well to look on
and see you neglected as you have been
lately. May I tell Jack?"

A painful flush was on Lona's face;
she tried to smile, but her lips quivered.
Ah, it had stung her sorely, even in her
perfect faith, to find that any fair face
could lure her lover, and that he could
go hither and thither with devotion that
he had pledged to her.

"Yes, I will try the experiment," she
said at last, and Myra sprang up and
kissed her.

"Do, dear," she said eagerly; "and here
he comes now, riding like a prince through
the sunlight. Lona, begin to-day—this
very hour! Go in and don your riding
dress; I will be ready to saddle your pre-
tended lover, and while you're gone I will
explain to Jack. You shall ride with him to-
day—every day! and now go, Lona, go,
hurry! Be ready in ten minutes or I'll
not loan you my precious Jack."

So, half-cocked, half-pulled out of her
chair, Lona stood up and went toward
the house, while Jack Atherton, in obedi-
ence to a small beckoning hand, turned
in at the gate and cantered up the drive.

Now, Jack was a handsome young
man as one might care to see, with
brown, laughing face and a pair of
sunny, dusky eyes, and it was no secret
in the pretty little town that had been
very much in love with Lona Valon, the
transfer of his affections to Myra was
a secret between the lovers; so, when
twenty minutes later, he and Lona mount-
ed at the door and rode down the drive
and out to the sunlight of a fair June
day the laughter on his face, handsome
lips and the hot color on Lona's young
face might very easily be misread.

Continuing through the main street of
the town, they wound their way along
the riverbank, and there, dashing over
the hard roadway with the soft, cool river
breeze on their faces—the laughter yet
dancing from Jack's lips to his eyes,
and the soft red flush on Lona's olive
cheeks—they met and passed another
pair of riders.

Such a pretty girl as Jack's cousin
was—all pink and white daintiness and
big gray eyes and flowing golden hair—
but Roy felt that he really loved her
better, suddenly turned round and pre-
sented his face to her. "That was Cousin
Jack; who is the lady?" asked Miss Atherton, after they
had passed with a few merry words.

"Ah! He has been in love with her,
then, for a long time. I hope she cares
for Jack, he is such a noble fellow."

"Why was it that Cousin Jack was so
suddenly distasteful to Roy Howard?"
he asked, looking at her intently.

"Miss Valon is betrothed," he said,
distinctly.

"To Jack?"

"No; to another."

"The pretty, blushing lips widened in a
soft, merry laugh, which somehow did
not please the youth.

"Then let that other man look to it;
let him guard her from my fascinating
cousin," said Roy, for Jack will steal his
sweetheart; for Jack is one of the very
most young men I have ever met, Mr.
Howard, and such men are so seldom won
in vain. I know him, though."

"Yes, I know him, but I have found
nothing wonderful in his composition.
The sun is setting, Miss Atherton; will
you turn homeward?"

"Yes, and when we ride to-morrow—
Pardon me, but I have an engage-
ment which will prevent my riding to-
morrow."

She looked at him in wonder; for a
month he had been her daily cavalier,
and the pleasant flirtation at an end and
he was half finished?

"Ah! perhaps he had heard of her en-
gagement to Leonard Blaine, the dandy
of her native city, and that was why he
would not ride with her on the morrow."

A vain little smile danced on her lips.
If he had Leonard's money, but, pshaw!
she would not allow him to spoil her
visit by giving up those long, lovely
rides, those pleasant wanderings in the
sunshine, those delightful rambles on the river,
and when she parted with him at her
uncle's he had forgotten all about his
slight uneasiness concerning Jack and
his betrothed, and had promised to give
Miss Atherton a ride the afternoon of
the day that would follow on the morrow.

"To-morrow I will give to Lona," he
thought, generally; "I'll call around to-
night and ask her at what hour she'll be
ready. Guess I'll take her for a drive.
Poor child! she must have missed me
lately."

When he called at Lona's home in the
evening he did not find her, as usual,
waiting to welcome him with loving eyes
and shy, sweet glances; she had gone
with Mr. Atherton to spend the evening
at Myra's.

He started; she didn't miss him so
greatly, after all, then.

He sat on the veranda chatting with
Mr. Valon until the evening was far
spent, and then Lona and Jack came
slowly up the path, his mellow laugh
flowing out on the still air, followed by
the girl's silver ripple of merriment. Lona
irritated Roy, why he could not have
told.

"Now, say something decidedly cool to
him," Jack whispered to his companion
when he saw the waiting lover; and Roy
saw the boy's head, the devoted attitude
the whispering lips of Jack; but then he
knew how her face would light at sight
of him. What was Jack Atherton to
her?

She ran lightly up the steps and gave
him the most careless, indifferent greet-
ing in the world.

"I am glad papa was not alone," he
said, cheerfully, taking the chair Jack
drew forward for her, although Roy had
drawn one forward too. "I had known
you were here; I might have remained at
the house, but the evening has been so
pleasant."

"I have waited to see you, Lona," he
said distinctly, in a tone touched with
annoyance. "I want to ask at what
hour I may take you for a drive to Pal-
mer. You said once that you would
like to go there."

"Too late, old fellow," put in Jack,
with a broad smile, "Miss Valon has
promised to take that very ride with me
to-morrow."

Roy turned to Lona with a start, but
she was not looking at him; her dark
eyes, smiling and soft, were turned up-
ward to meet a glance, as tender as he
could make it—from Jack.

"You will not go with me to-morrow?"
Roy asked her.

"I have promised to go with Jack—Mr.
Atherton."

"Then you will ride with me on the
following day?"

"Your tennis battle comes off that day,
reminded Jack softly.

Roy turned upon him with a frown.
"You seem to monopolize Miss Valon's
time," he said curtly.

"I would like to," was Jack's unmoved
answer, and then, thinking he had done
all required of him, he took his leave.

Mr. Valon had disappeared, and the
betrothed lovers alone, and Lona was
as cool and serene as Roy was hot
and angry.

"See here, Lona," he began, "this is the
first time you have treated me in this
manner, and I want to understand it.
You seem to have a new love over for
Atherton? Be honest with me. Am I
not?"

"Does my being civil to him annoy
you, Roy?"

"Civil to him? Why, you have de-
clined to invite him from me to accept
of him if you prefer him to me, as you
certainly seem to, since you take his
escort when mine is at your service."

But your escort is so rarely at my
service of late, Roy; and if preference
were given to the one whose society is sought
most, anyone, especially where one's life
is at stake, would be a fool to refuse it.
But, for Jack's cousin."

"Lona, do you think I care for any
woman but yourself?"

"No, dear," she answered, lifting her
eyes to his with the old sweetness in
them; "you love me best, but you forget
me sometimes."

"Never, my darling," he cried passion-
ately, dropping on one knee beside her
chair and putting his arms about her
"never for an hour of my life! And I
will prove you that, that, after sleeping
one engagement which I have made with
Miss Atherton, I will not even look at
her again if I can help it. You'll go
with me to-morrow, Lona, and send Jack
an excuse?"

"No, Roy; since you intend to keep
an engagement with Miss Atherton I
will keep mine with her cousin."

He remembered the words of the
blonde, Jack may steal his sweetheart,
and his face darkened.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "that
I am jealous of Jack Atherton? Don't
tease me if you love me, dear."

"Then give me consideration for con-
sideration, Roy."

And he vowed in his soul he would.

The next evening Myra read a note
from Lona which seemed greatly to en-
joy. It ran thus:

"I return your precious Jack, dear
Myra; the experiment has been a com-
plete success."

Poetry.

June Cometh.

Oh, Lover, haste to thy wooing,
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For the East doth flash with an eager blush,
And June thro' the garden goes.

She is white like the tall white lilies,
That tickle the air with sweet,
And the yellow hair o'er her bosom rare
Falls down to her sandals' feet.

Her eyes are as deep as the ocean,
And calm as a forest pool;
Her breath is as free as the sea winds be,
And her lips with the dew are cool.

She comes from the distant meadows,
By tender winds o'erblown;
For May, the child who erst ran wild,
Is now to a woman grown.

Behold! like a queen she cometh,
So stately and fair and meek;
And the lilies woven in their own perfume
To touch her fair cheek.

Oh, birds, in no haste to your singing;
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For day's high-noon cometh o'er the East,
And June thro' the garden goes.

Her eyelids drop with the passion
Of her thrilling lips would open;
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For day's high-noon cometh o'er the East,
And June thro' the garden goes.

A vain little smile danced on her lips.
If he had Leonard's money, but, pshaw!
she would not allow him to spoil her
visit by giving up those long, lovely
rides, those pleasant wanderings in the
sunshine, those delightful rambles on the river,
and when she parted with him at her
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