

Fire Assurance and Collecting Agency.

The Atlas Assurance Co. of London, England, Established 1805. Capital, \$500,000,000.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF TORONTO. Net Cash Assets, \$1,240,231.00. Unpaid Capital, \$500,000.00.

WILLIAM DIBBLEE, AGENT FOR COUNTY OF CARLETON. As Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and notes to amount of \$50 and under without cost.

W. D. DIBBLEE, AGENT FOR COUNTY OF CARLETON. Woodstock, April 2, '87.

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

ROYAL HOTEL, King Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR.

W. FRED. KERTSON, Barrister, Notary Public, &c. GRAND FALLS, N. B. Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts, Victoria County.

J. C. HARTLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, &c. Money to Loan on Real Estate.

ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c. ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOS. LAWSON, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, Andover, Vt. CO.

J. R. MURPHY, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Notary Public, &c. Also Issuer of Marriage Licences.

RANDOLPH K. JONES, Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, WOODSTOCK, N. B. Office, at his residence, Corner Main and Albert Streets.

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

DR. W. N. HAND, Office and Residence, at Turner's New House, Chapel St., Woodstock, N. B.

DR. M. F. BRUCE, Ophthalmic and Aural Surgeon to St. John Gen. Public Hospital.

EYE, EAR, THROAT, AND NOSE, OFFICE, 40 Colborne St., St. John.

W. D. CAMBER, DENTIST, NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

E. M. BOYER'S, Collecting & Exchange AGENCY. (Woodstock, New Brunswick.)

CLAIMS of all kinds collected in any part of CANADA or the UNITED STATES. No charge on outside claims unless successful.

HERBERT DIBBLEE, Gold, Silver, Nickel, Oroid, Brass and Copper.

PLATER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Harness TRIMMINGS and COMPOSITION SLEIGH HANDLES.

J. GALLAGHER & SON, MARBLE WORKS, Woodstock, N. B. MANUFACTURERS OF Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones, Mantles, Table Tops, &c.

W. D. CAMBER, DENTIST, NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

WOODSTOCK UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT, Everything in connection with a First-Class Undertaking Establishment always in Stock.

J. R. TUPPER, MANUFACTURER OF COFFINS AND CASKETS.

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The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,

XII.—38.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

Our Queen and Constitution.

Editors & Proprietors.

WHOLE NO.—2216.

WOODSTOCK Woodworking Factory!

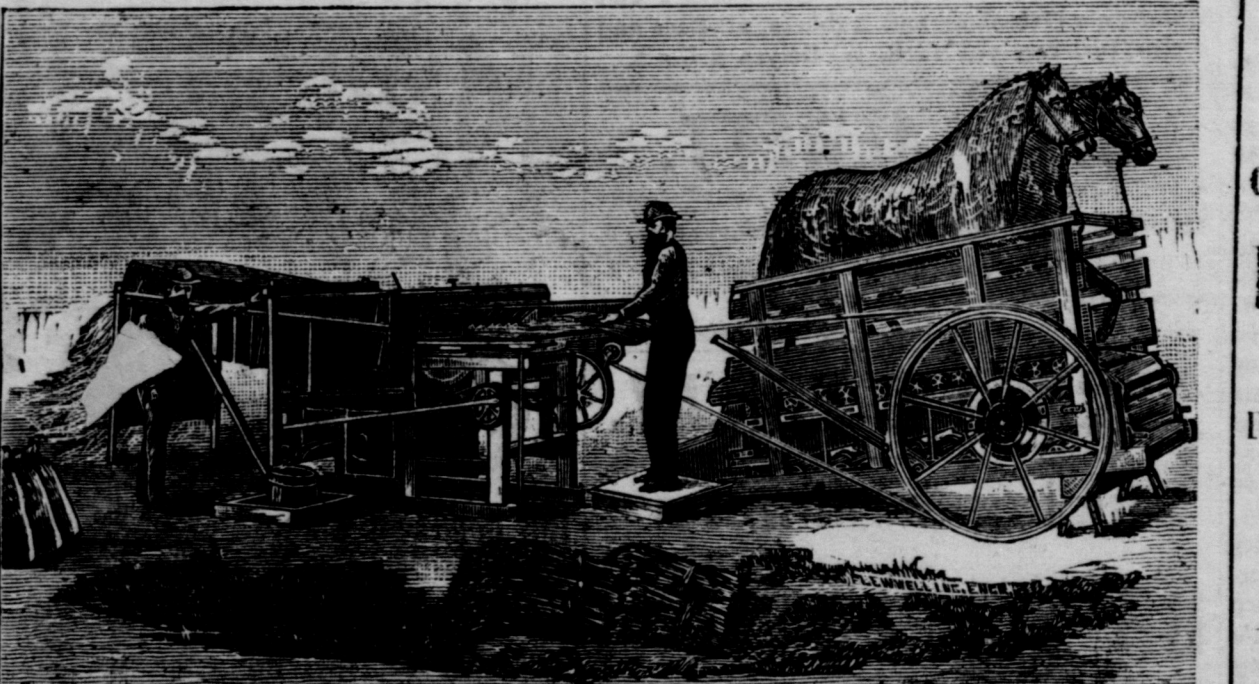
Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Stock, &c.; Matched Spruce, Pine, Ash, Butternut, Hemlock, Birch, &c., always in stock.

School House & Church Furniture, Jig and Band Sawing, Turning and Planing, ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED AT LOWEST RATES. A. K. JONES, Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, Feb. 7, 1889.

The Best is the Cheapest! Get the HIGHEST PRICE FOR YOUR GRAIN, by having it Cleaned by the BEST MACHINE IN THE MARKET, which is

CONNELL BROS' IMPROVED LITTLE GIANT Threshing Machine!



"No use for any other Machine to come here this Fall." "The Superior Excellence of your Machine." "THRESHED 314 BUSHELS OF OATS IN 6 1/2 HOURS." "Far Superior to the American Machine."

The above extracts show what Farmers who have used our Machines say about them. COME AND SEE THEM.

Plows—Plows—Plows! We make about 15 varieties suitable for various classes of work. We have them for one, two or four horses. At the head of our two-horse Plows stands our

NO. 1 CHILLED AND POLISHED PLOW.



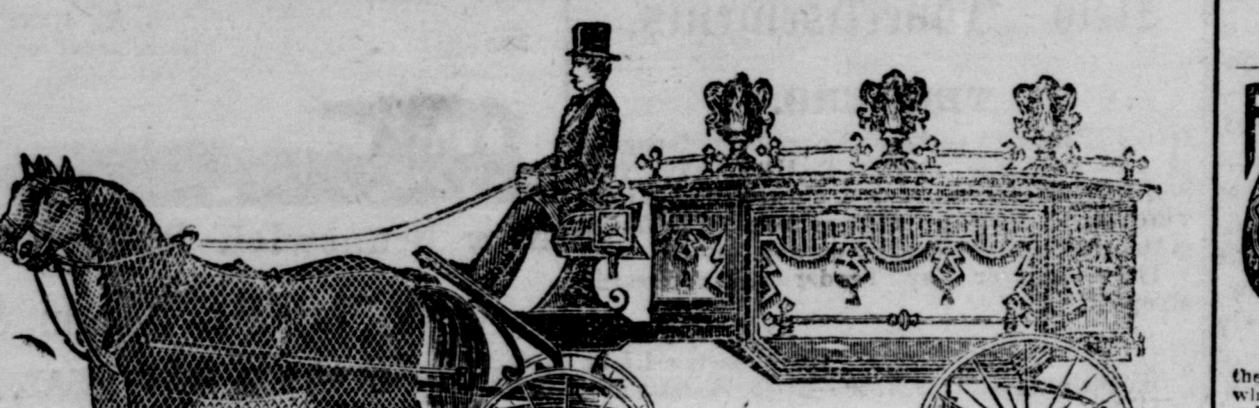
THE KING OF PLOWS! This is just the Plow that everybody wants. It is A. I., without question, and has given unlimited satisfaction. The demand for them is ever-increasing. Farmers should order now to prevent delay when the rush comes.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE Cook Stoves, 9 varieties; Farmers Boilers, 3 varieties; Cylinder Stoves, 7; Sinks, 4 varieties; Parlor Stoves, 5; Road Scrapers, Hot Air Furnaces, &c.

Write for our Price List. CONNELL BROS.

Woodstock, N. B., August 5, 1889.

J. R. TUPPER, MANUFACTURER OF COFFINS AND CASKETS.



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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 adulterated of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in one, Royal Baking Powder Co., 108 Wall Street, New York.

FRESH GROCERIES!

In Stock a Choice Assortment of TEAS of FINEST BRANDS, which are sold at LOW PRICES.

Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Soap, Oatmeal, Flour, Brooms, Brushes, Pails.

Nuts, Raisins, Confectionery, Canned Goods, Pickles, etc.

Butter and Eggs Wanted

I can please you in Quality and Price. Give me a call.

A. J. MARSTEN.

Woodstock, Aug. 19, 1889.

CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean to cure them forever. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS.

A life long cure. I warrant my remedy to cure the disease. Because others have failed to do so, I have made a special study of the disease, and have discovered the cause of it, and have found the remedy.

9 Cords in 10 HOURS

NO BACKACHE

BY ONE MAN, GRACE, WHOSE REMEDY IS THE ONLY ONE THAT CURES THE DISEASE.

GRACE'S REMEDY FOR FITS, EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS.

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SELECTED. NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

Suffering from the Misdeeds of a Twin Brother.

"Just one more errand, and then home!"

"I was a careless speech enough, and Sophie Wilbank's voice was indifferent in tone, but her eyes, large dark eyes full of expression, seemed her companion's face closely."

"She knew well that this one last errand was the only one and object of that drive, though they had visited many stores and purchased quantities of goods."

"She hoped Grace would ask her where they were going, help her to draw down a blow upon her cousin's heart, that she might give, and which she would yet have given her own life almost to avert."

"But Grace was day-dreaming apparently, looking out upon the village streets, as the carriage drove toward the suburbs."

"So Sophie tried again."

"Are you very tired?" she asked.

"No, indeed! I was thinking of Ernest."

"Here was an opening with a vengeance of Mr. Copeland! He will be back soon!"

"I do not know. His brother is dying."

"What can tell how soon or how late he may come. Father heard in the city that Mr. Gerard Copeland is very rich."

"Perhaps Ernest may have business to arrange for him. For, with a shy, pretty blush, you know Mr. Ernest Copeland is not very rich."

"So I have heard, Grace, and Sophie's voice trembled, 'do you love him very much?'"

"Why, of course I do, the blue eyes were very wide open. 'Are we not to be married in September?'"

"But—anything should prevent."

"What can happen? It is August now." Then the carriage stopped.

"In a moment, John, Miss Sophie said, and John stood aside. But Sophie, going on, said, earnestly:

"Grace, you know that I love you, don't you?"

"Yes, I know it. Why, Sophie, what else?"

"You know I would rather hurt myself than hurt you."

"I believe you would. What is it?"

"She was trembling then, and all the pretty pink flush faded from her lovely face, for Sophie's eyes were misty, her lips quivering."

"Come and see, Sophie said. 'And, oh, darling, forgive me that I must show you!'"

"She sprang out of the carriage, and Grace followed her. Two pretty maidens they were, the daughter and the niece of the great mill owner, Joseph Wilbank. Grace was his only child, Sophie, the orphaned, penniless child of his brother."

"Grace's lover lived in the great city, where the cousins often spent some of the winter months with their aunt, in a fashionable boarding house. In one of the informal social gatherings, to which they were invited, Grace had met Ernest."

"And Sophie, heart-whole, loving Grace as yet above any one else on earth, thought of it as she led the way across a tiny garden to a mean little cottage, where a woman stood in the doorway, holding some sewing in her hand. Two boys of three and five, were playing in the garden."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Copeland," Sophie said, very quietly, but watching Grace brace herself as she heard the name. "Is the sewing done?"

until the last and hours to do more than pen anxious letters never answered.

He had a heavy heart to carry to the funeral, a sacred trust to fulfill, and he had no elation in the fact that half of his brother's fortune left him a far richer man than he had ever been. Gerard's life had been shortened by drinking and by remorse."

"It was over at last, the funeral, the care of the dead man's personal property, and then with an undefined fear of evil Ernest Copeland went to Ferndale."

"Gone! Gone to Europe, you say!"

"He repeated this after the servant, in a daze bewildered pain, holding unopened the letters given with the messages. Not for some minutes could he collect his senses sufficiently to understand he held perhaps the clue to the mystery in his hand."

But he opened it at last. Grace had to plead hard for permission to write those lines, harder still to keep back a furious epistle from her father. But only her well-known writing greeted her lover's eyes as she opened the letter:

"Your wife and children," he read, "are in the little cottage opposite the church. May God forgive your cruelty to them."

"There was no address or signature. Only one lone moon broke from Ernest's white lips as he folded the note again and turned from the house. White as death, slipping in the soft summer air, he went down the road to the cottage. There was an ecstatic scream of 'Papa! Papa!' as four clinging arms encircled his legs, and Mrs. Copeland stood trembling and crying in the doorway."

"He gently lifted the youngest child, and followed by the other two, entered the cottage. Mrs. Copeland, crying still, sobbed:

"So you have come back!"

"Gravely, but not tenderly, Ernest answered. 'You know best, but I am not sure. Your husband will never come back. You know best by what want of wisdom you drove him to drinking, to despair, finally to deserting you. He was not guilty; but ask yourself if you are.'"

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"I am Gerard's twin brother."

"I have heard of you. Where is he?"

"In his grave."

"She dropped it as if it had been a snake. She had been a devoted housekeeper, a shrewish wife, grating every hour upon Gerard's sensitive, fastidious tastes; but, in her way, she had loved him, scarcely realizing how she drove him desperate."

"I consoling her presently to know that half of her husband's wealth would be hers and her children's, and Ernest made no explanation of the reasons why the search he had promised his brother to make for her had been so suddenly terminated. He left her at last to find Porter, Mr. Wilbank's confidential clerk. Having received no orders to the contrary, Porter readily gave his employer's Paris address, and Ernest returned to the city to interview his brother's lawyer, and prepare for a sea voyage."

Over the broad Atlantic the Wilbank party accepted the usual tribulations of sea-sickness and discomfort. Only Grace was exempt. She waited on the others, but made no moan over Neptune's caprices. White as a snowflake, listless, with her soft blue eyes sunk in hollows, her little white hands wasting, her pretty bright ways all gone, she said she was perfectly well, and seemed to be dying before her father's eyes."

"They had been a month in Paris, and the French doctor, Mr. Wilbank called in talked of a 'want of tone,' and 'raising the spirits of his patient, but Sophie wept all the long, lonely nights, believing her fatal discovery had killed her cousin."

But it was Sophie who, one day in November, received a visitor alone, a visitor who sent up a little note that sent her with flying feet to receive him.

He was still in the saloon, when Sophie came into the sitting-room, in her own private saloon, where Grace was sitting at the window.

"She wanted to tell her news calmly, to avoid exciting the inmates, but she broke down, sobbing."

"Grace! Grace! Will you ever forgive me? It was all a mistake. She was Gerard's wife, Ernest's twin brother's wife. He is here!"

"Here! Ernest here?"

"And Sophie flew out again. She sent him in alone, for she said: 'I must watch, or uncle will murder you before you have a chance to explain.' Ernest entered the room, where a pale shadow of his bright Grace rose to receive him, to fall into his arms weeping now as in all her despair she had not wept. But there were no more tears. Grace's roses came back in their happiness, and there was a wedding in Paris, where Sophie was bridesmaid, and hosts of American friends offered congratulations."

But as Sophie sagely observed, shaking her pretty head:

"It was nearly a tragedy, for if uncle and Ernest had met too soon, there is no saying what might have happened."

—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.

There are 3064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is thirty-three years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seventeen. To every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of age. To every 100 only six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age. There are on the face of the globe 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, of these 33,033,033 die every year; 91,824 every day, 3730 every hour, and 60 every minute or once every second. The number of marriages in the proportion of 75 to every 1000 individuals. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

WOMAN.

You talk of the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman who dies unused and unremembered has kept out more of the real vital heat than the life in human souls, without a spark fitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odds smoldering in the brains of so many men of genius.—O. W. Holmes.

Local & Foreign Items.

It is estimated that 45,000,000 eggs are used every day in the United States.

The latest fact in mechanism is an ingenious contrivance in the form of a large ice cooler, from which, if one drops a penny in the slot, he can obtain a cupful of ice water.

R. B. Porter & Co.'s cheap sale is drawing great crowds of purchasers.

Since 1800 the population of Europe has just doubled itself. Then the population was 175,000,000; in 1830, 216,000,000; in 1850, 288,000,000; in 1880, 331,000,000; in 1888, 350,000,000.

German Plant Food pays 100 per cent for any kind of Root, Grain or Grass crop. H. Paxton Baird, Agent.

Our French Kid Boots, at \$1.50 and \$2.00, are the greatest value ever offered in this market. R. B. Porter & Co.

New York averages 42,000 miles of streets yearly at an expense of \$1,250,000.

The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar trouble, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

Since Mr. Gibson became owner of the Nashua, about 600,000,000 feet of spruce have been cut on its shores.

It is astonishing how rapidly the feeble and debilitated gain strength and vigor when taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For what are called "broken-down constitutions," nothing else has proved so effective as this powerful but perfectly safe medicine.

Mr. Foster, agent of an English syndicate of capitalists, has purchased the sole rights of the Warner's Safe Co. for the manufacture of 21,000,000, and the Davis brewery, of Toronto, for \$200,000, and is now after the phosphorus mine of the Ottawa Valley.

A Line From Gloucestershire. My little son aged two, was seized with diarrhoea, followed by piles, two doses of Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry gave relief and half the bottle completed the cure. Mrs. J. A. Maltby, Gloucestershire, Mass. This medicine is a specific for all summer complaints of children or adults.

At the Montreal Exhibition, the Nippon experimental farm will exhibit 100 varieties of grain in glassen, 100 varieties in stock, 100 varieties of potatoes, 5 varieties each of turnips, mangolds and carrots, 12 of cabbage, about 10 varieties of corn, and several varieties of cucumbers, squash and pumpkins.

Whereas much disease is caused by wrong action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, and whereas Burdock Blood Bitters is so constructed to cure such diseases, liver complaint, kidney complaint, dropsy, rheumatism, sick headache, etc. Therefore, Be it Resolved that all sufferers should use B.B.B. and be restored to health.

The president of the English Wesleyan conference, in an address to a body of strikers, the other day, assured them of the sympathy of the whole Methodist body. The president daily superintends the giving of free breakfasts to nearly 1,000 men.

My little boy had diarrhoea and came very near dying. After the failure of everything else we used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry which cured him. Mrs. J. A. Maltby, Gloucestershire, Mass. This medicine is a specific for all summer complaints of children or adults.

In the Belleville, Ontario, police court the other day, one Benjamin Oude was called but as he did not understand the nature of an oath he was not sworn. He stated that he was 18 years of age, had never attended a school, Church or Sunday School and did not know what a Bible was.

On the Surface. Skin diseases appear on the surface and are often humiliating to the sufferer from them. From two to three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters will cure such diseases, erysipelas, scabies, tetter, nettle rash, eczema, boils, pimples, or blotches, at the same time restoring the general health.

A negro, employed by Mr. Oats, a prominent farmer of Wayne County, Ky., ravished a young daughter of Mr. Oats during the absence of her parents. A posse caught him in the woods afterward and sent him to a stake, built a fire of rails around him, set the negro and rails with coal oil, and set fire to both. The negro was minutes nothing but a small pile of burning flesh.

A Nova Scotian's Opinion. Robert C. Woodman, Digby, N. S., writes as follows: Enclosed find \$1 for another large bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which you will please send me by first mail. The bottle I sent for some time ago benefited me very much more than any other preparation I have ever tried.

The latest thing in hotel bills of fare is an edible menu card. You select the dishes you want, and then, while waiting for them you amuse yourself by leisurely eating up the bill of fare. It is the substance of a London confectioner. He makes a thin sheet of sweetened dough and after it has been baked he prints the menu upon it in ink made of chocolate.

Then he clasped her with emotion. Drew the maiden to his breast. Whispered words of true devotion. The old tale—yes, the old tale—rest. From his clasped arms upspringing. With a tear she turned away. And her face with sorrow brightening. "I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic scene broke him up badly; but when the explanation was given, he was founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in his family, he calmed his fears, bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using it for some time, he was cured of his ailment, and long afterwards, it is a proud remedy.

Says the Montreal Witness— "The extent of the trade between the Maritime Provinces and the cities on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States may be estimated by the fact that, on Monday last, fifteen vessels arrived at New York alone with cargoes from points in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The vessels brought plaster, lumber, plumb, lime, and general produce. And the shipments by water to New York are small compared with those sent to Boston, Portland, and other New England ports, as well as the receipts by railway. Under reciprocity the profits of the farmers, fishermen and lumbermen of the Maritime Provinces upon their exports to the United States would be increased by the amount of duty levied upon their products by the American customs."

Decreasing the Death Rate. The mortality among consumptives has been materially lessened of late years by the use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Phthis, Bronchitis, Tuberculosis, and all the affections of the Lungs, Pleura, and Thorax are completely and speedily cured by a timely use of this excellent pulmonary. Palatable as milk. Sold by all Druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00.

An exchange says: "There are now seven routes within the limits of the United States by which the traveler can cross from one ocean to the other, and three are likely to be in operation within a comparatively short time. Six of these, however, will be under the control of three companies, and are built or being built as much probably in expectation of what the future will bring forth, as in any assurance the present actually gives."

Consumption Surely Cured. Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy gratis to any of your readers who may have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 22-1 yr.

THE CHECK REIN MUST GO. Five hundred and fifty veterinary surgeons in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning the overworked check rein as painful to horses and productive of disease. They assert that it distorts the windpipe, causes paralysis of the muscles of the brain, apoplexy, coma and inflammation of the brain, all these resulting in shortening the life of the horse.

Common sense assents to this judgment; it is time check reins and blinders were relegated to dust.

W. C. T. U. Corner.

Regular meeting of the Woodstock W. C. T. U., every Thursday, at 3 o'clock, p.m., in Advent Hall. Ladies generally are cordially invited.