

Fire Assurance and Collecting Agency.

The subscriber has been appointed agent for the undersigned First Class Fire Insurance Co., Ltd., of London, England; Established 1863. Capital.....\$600,000 00

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF TORONTO.
Net Cash Assets.....\$1,240,331 00
Unpaid Capital.....500,000 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 \$40 and under without cost.

Woodstock, April 2, 1889.—14

A Necessity at Hartland!

For the consideration of the Travelling Public.

"EXCHANGE HOTEL,"

LATELY OPENED BY
S. HAYDEN.
Its commodiousness, its nearness to the Station, its attractive tables, well prepared refreshments, clean, comfortable, and cheap lodgings, a stable with first-class stalls. The Post Office is in the same building.
May 19, 1888—21-31.

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.

W. FRED. KERTSON,

Barriester, Notary Public, &c.
GRAND FALLS, N. B.

J. C. HARTLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Mcney to Loan on Real Estate.

Agent for New York Life Insurance Co.

Also Agent for the Liverpool & London & Globe Fire Insurance Company, the largest in the world. Assets—\$18,814,232 00.

OFFICE—MAIN STREET,

TWO DOORS ABOVE "WILSON HOUSE."
(43)

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON,

Barriesters-at-Law,
SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

POWELL'S BUILDING, — 100, 115 & 116,

Cor. Prince William and Princess Streets.
(11-53)

THOS. LAWSON,

Barriester, Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
ANDOVER, VIO. CO.

COLLECTORS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

J. R. MURPHY,

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

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

RANDOLPH K. JONES,

Barriester & 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.

DR. W. N. HAND,

Office and Residence—At Turner's New House, Chapel St.,
Woodstock, N. B.
6m-41

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.

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.
(11-21)

DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,

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

Special attention given to preserving fair and badly decayed teeth.

W. D. CAMBER,

DENTIST.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the PAIN-LESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

Office—in Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street.

HERBERT DIBBLEE,

Gold, Silver, Nickel, Oroides,
Brass and Copper

PLATER.

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

Carriages and Sleighs Worked at short notice

Also, Kives, Forks, Spoons, Cutlery, Cake Baskets, Wash Cases, Jewellery, &c., Replated.
Call or send for Prices List for playing.
All work warranted to wear and look as good as new.
Light Articles such as Watch Cases, Jewellery, &c., can be sent by mail.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.)

Our Queen and Constitution.

XLI.—7.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

WHOLE NO.—2185.

WANTED! 10,000

ECONOMICAL BUYERS to come and see our New Stock of Bed-room Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Centre Tables, Mattresses and Pillows, Extension Tables, Easy Chairs, Sideboards in Pine, Ash and Walnut, Bureaus and Commodes, Hanging Lamps, Grand Lamp, Dining Room Sets from \$7.50 upwards, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, Silver Plated Cutlery, Picnic Dishes, Cake Baskets, Berry Dishes, Sugar Bowls, and our stock of Granite Iron Tea and Coffee Pots is both large and well assorted; in fact we have an immense variety in all our departments. The Leading Novelties and Standard Styles of the season. Prices the Lowest ever known for First-Class Goods.
Now just remember when you visit Fredericton to call in and see one of the sights of the city. You will be cordially received, whether you want to buy or not.

Lemont & Sons, Fredericton, N. B.

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

AM prepared to insure all kinds of Insurable Property in Town and Country, at the Lowest current rates, in any of the following old and MOST RELIABLE Companies:—
THE NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE, of London, England;
THE NORTHERN, of London, England;
THE PRINCIPAL, 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 without delay or cost. In case of loss a fair and satisfactory adjustment guaranteed and the amount PROMPTLY PAID.

J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW, Agent.
WOODSTOCK, MARCH 27, 1889.—13.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate security at low rates of interest.
J. NORMAN W. WINSLOW, Attorney, Solicitor, &c.

SAWING MACHINES!

A FULL STOCK OF
Drag and Circular
SAWING MACHINES,
NOW READY!
ALL THE LATEST PATTERNS.

Also two second-hand Horse Powers, suitable for running Sawing Machines, which we will sell cheap.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., 1888.

CONNELL BROS'

Sawing Machines!
(WITH DRAG SAW.)
GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

We also manufacture them to run a Circular Saw. They are made of the best material in every respect, and are perfect.

First-Class in Workmanship.
Easily Managed.
Perfect in Operation.

Performing a large amount of work with a small amount of power.

PLOWS

In Great Variety, and to suit all possible tastes.

Our No. 1 Chilled and Polished Plow STANDS AT THE HEAD.

This Plow has an immense sale last fall, and all indications point to a much larger demand for the coming spring. Farmers would do well to place their orders early, so as to prevent disappointment when the work comes.

We Make

Farmers' Boilers in three sizes; Cast Iron Sinks in four sizes; Cylinder, Ball, Parlor and Cook Stoves of many patterns.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JANUARY 12, 1890.

WOODSTOCK UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST, OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSES IN THE PROVINCE.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN CASKETS AND COFFINS of every Design and Finish, BOTH IN WOOD AND IN METAL.

Orders by Telegraph receive immediate attention. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

We also have in stock a full line of FURNITURE, embracing PARLOR and CHAMBER SETS, CHAIRS, TABLES, &c., which for durability, workmanship and finish are unequalled.

Remember the place—MAIN STREET, NEAR RAILWAY DEPOT.

JACOB VANWART, PROPRIETOR.
Woodstock, Nov. 1, 1888.—43.

J. R. TUPPER,

COFFINS & CASKETS, ALL PRICES.

Orders by Telegraph receive immediate attention. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

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A Fine Assortment of BURIAL ROBES, including the BROWN HABIT

SHOP OPPOSITE QUEEN HOTEL.

Orders by day or night can be left at Store, or Tupper's Livery Stable, and will receive prompt attention. Telephone communication with Residence Railway Station, Upper and Lower Woodstock, and other parts of the Town. A Fine HARSE and HACK in connection.

J. R. TUPPER.

ROYAL

MAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholeness. 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 one place. Buy it before you are deceived.

And, seated at his Saviour's side, I shall with Him always abide; And never from His fold remove, But back in His eternal love.

Bloomfield, C. C. Jan. 9, 1889.

SELECT TALE.

VIOLETS OR DIAMONDS?

Marian Lester's beautiful face was clouded. Upon her lap lay two letters—the subject of her troubled thoughts.

One she read and re-read, while a tender smile curved the sweet mouth into a most charming Cupid's bow. It read as follows:

DEAREST MARIAN.—Please pardon the address, as I have no right to use it yet. But with this little note I send you a cluster of violets—my favorite flowers—asking that you will wear them to Mrs. Marchmont's party this evening if you are not returned. I will not believe John Trevelyan's gold will outweigh my love. To-night I shall know whether you choose violets or diamonds. God grant it to be the former!

Yours, for time and eternity,
PAUL DAMON.

Marian's eyes were humid as she pressed the letter to her trembling lips before laying it down to re-peruse the other, which ran thus:

MISS MARIAN LESTER.—I am not much of a hand at lay making. I can only say—I want a wife, and think you would suit me. I have plenty of money, as you know, and promise to give you all the silk and fine things that you want. I look out for you—and you can go south—if her niece is the wealthy Mrs. John Trevelyan—and get back her health—and seeing that she has taken care of you since a child, and all she broke down, it is no more right that you should do this for her. A fair exchange you see. If there's any chance for me you wear this diamond pin at the neck of your dress at Mrs. Marchmont's party to-night, and I will understand that I may call and pay my respects. Devotedly yours,
JOHN TREVELYAN.

The girl shuddered as she dropped this letter beneath the sofa.

"I cannot!" It makes me shiver to think of being that coarse, uneducated man's wife. But my dear love is poor, and I do want money so much—for auntie's sake, not mine; Paul and I could be very happy with very little."

Her soliloquy broken by a sweet voice from an adjoining room.

"Marian! Marian! What are you doing out there so long?"

"Deciding my fate, Aunt Lottie," answered the girl, as she entered her aunt's room with the two letters in her hand.

"What do you mean?" half fretfully.

"I don't like to marry, to set in the place of my mother now; that is what I want to say. My fate will be decided by my wearing a bunch of violets or a diamond pin to-night, and you must tell me which to choose."

Marian spoke excitedly, and ended by saying that she was torn between the two.

"Read these— they will explain," thrusting the two letters she held into her aunt's hands.

Miss Parsons, spinster, even at 40, felt the blood coming to her pale cheeks as she first perused Paul Damon's manly letter. Ah, he was indeed a true lover!

With a faint sigh, and a sidelong glance at the bowed head beside her, she took up the other letter. What was it that sent a warm red color into the pale face, suffusing it with blushes?

"Why, Marian, she gasped, 'can be the same?'"

"He? Who? It is you who are dealing in enigmas now," said Marian, looking up inquiringly.

"I used to know a John Trevelyan, ago—but this cannot be the same man, for he was a poor country lad, and—"

"And what?" urged Marian, looking up with some animation.

"My lover," half whispered blushing Aunt Lottie.

"But if that were so, why were you not married, dear auntie?"

"We foolishly quarrelled."

"Oh, auntie, if it should be! Wouldn't it be romantic for you to meet after so many years and be happily married? Then you would wear the diamond pin and I the violets!"

Marian's face shone with the joy that her picture had brought to her heart, but Aunt Lottie's cold words dispelled the bright imagining.

"If my former lover and this man are one and the same he has doubtless changed, and would not care for an old woman like me. He says explicitly that he wants youth and beauty in exchange for his gold."

"Oh, auntie, if he could only see you, I know he would not take such a poor little chick as I!" said Marian, earnestly.

"You do not know the ways of the world and of men as well as I do, child, sighed Aunt Lottie."

"You have not advised me, auntie," rejoined Marian, after an interval of painful silence.

"I should wear the diamonds," was the cold answer.

"Aunt Lottie! You cannot give me that advice now?"

"You can do as you like, child; I am only saying what I would do."

A painful attempt at a smile, and then Miss Parsons actually burst into tears.

"Auntie, I am so sorry I have caused you pain!" cried the tender hearted girl, putting her arms about the fragile invalid, who needed only money—hateful money—to give her change of air, and thus restore her lost health.

"Leave me, dearest child. I am only a silly old woman. Go to your party, dear, and wear your violets, and be happy. There—take advice suits you," smiling through her tears. "I thought it would."

Marian looked very beautiful as she stood in Mrs. Marchmont's parlor, wearing a prettily made white dress, with a bunch of violets at her belt. Paul Damon's heart beat for joy until he saw the gleam of a diamond pin in the soft lace at her neck. What did it mean?

Marian had no diamonds of her own. Who had given her the pin?

In the meanwhile, John Trevelyan, a big, good-natured man, saw his gift, and knowing naught of the violets, was happy in so easily securing a beautiful young wife. He was nearly 50, and not bad looking; in spite of his lack of education he carried himself in society very creditably.

Marian found herself becoming quite interested in the giant as he stalked good-humoredly among the guests. Was he Aunt Lottie's John Trevelyan? She had thought of a little scheme to find out, and the first step was the wearing of the diamond pin.

"I will call to-morrow," he said in a low voice, and with a significant look at the pin.

Marian smiled charmingly, and bowed an assent.

"What does that mean?" demanded handsome, miserable Paul, looking fiercely at the glittering pin, as he managed to see her alone for a few moments.

"Why, Paul, you are hard to suit," laughed Marian teasingly. "I wear your violets—more can I do?"

"You cannot wear my money," fiercely. "Oh, no, Paul! Jealous!"

"Who wouldn't be? I saw him that rich old man—whispering to you; and Marian, you nodded yes!"

Poetry.

(For the Carleton Sentinel.)

In Memory of Freddie Briggs.

I was my father's eldest son,
But now my earthly race is run;
I lean my head on Jesus' breast,
And there I shall forever rest.

I go to dwell with angels bright
In worlds of pure, celestial light;
For there the weary can find rest,
Who lean on the Redeemer's breast.

I love the name of Christ, my Lord,
He drew me by His holy word,
And now He calls me to go—
I bid good-bye to all below.

And, seated at my Saviour's side,
I shall with Him always abide;
And never from His fold remove,
But back in His eternal love.

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