Fire Assurance and Collecting Agency.

The subscriber has been appointed agent for the undermentioned First Class Fire Assurance Co's., viz:—

The Atlas Assurance Co.
of London, England; Established 1808.
Capital.....$6000,000 00

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE Co. OF TORONTO,
Net Cash Assets.....$1,240 391 06
Unused Capital..... 500,000 00
$1,740,391 00

Farms 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
W. D.
Woodstock, April 2, '87.—14

QUEEN HOTEL.

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

ROYAL HOTEL,

44 King street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, - - - Proprietor.
Jy-31

W. FRED. KERTSON,
Barrister, Ntary 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.
Agent for New York Life Insurance Co.
Also Agent for the Liverpool & London & Globe Fire Insurance Company—the largest in the world. Assets,—$38 814,252,00
OFFICE—MAIN STREET,
TWO DOORS BELOW FISHER & CONNELL'S Office. (43)

W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERGUSON.
ALLEN & FERGUSON,
Barristers-at-Law,
SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
PUGSLEY'S BUILDING, - - ROOMS 14, 15 & 16.
Cor. Prince William and Princess Streets.
(tf-23)

THOS. LAWSON,
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Andover, Vic. Co.
COLLECTIONS 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,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office,—At his Residence, Corner Main and Albert Streets.
Woodstock, Nov. 19, 81.

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.
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.

DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,
DENTIST
Office—Next door to Dr. Smith's Drug Store.
☞ Special attention given to preserving frail and badly decayed teeth.

W. D. CAMBER.
DENTIST,

NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.
OFFICE—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street.

E. M. BOYER'S
(Woodstock, New Brunswick.)
Collecting & Exchange
AGENCY.
CLAIMS of all kinds Collected in any part of CANADA or the UNITED STATES. No charge on outside claims unless successful. Conveyancing done at very low rates. Marriage Licenses issued. We are agents for the Canada Accident Assurance Company.
Office on Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B
1y-49.

HERBERT DIBBLEE,
Gold, Silver, Nickle, Oroide,
Brass and Copper
PLATER.
Manufacturer of all kinds of
Harness TRIMMINGS
and COMPOSITION SLEIGH HANDLES.
Carriage and Sleigh Work Plated at short notice Also, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Castors, Cake Baskets, Watch Cases, Jewellery, &c., Replated.
Call or send for PRICE LIST for plating.
All work warranted to wear and look as good as new.
☞ Light Articles such as Watch Cases Jewelry &c., can be sent by mail.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man, Office, No. 4 Bulfinch St. —1y-20

The Carleton Sentinel.

Board of Works 1a087

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,] Our Queen and Constitution. [Editors & Proprietors.

XLI.—20. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889. WHOLE NO.—2198

WANTED! 10,000

ECONOMICAL BUYERS to come and see our New Stock of Bedroom Suits, Parlour Suits, Lounges, Centre Tables, Mattresses and Pillows, Extension Tables, Easy Chairs, Sideboards in Pine, Ash and Walnut, Bureaus and Commodes, Hanging Lamps, Stand Lamps, Dinner Sets from $7 50 upwards, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, Silver Plated Castors, Pickle 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.

HAVE ARRIVED!

—to—

LADIES' AND MISSES'

KID BOOTS OF ALL GRADES!

BEST ASSORTMENT,
BEST QUALITY,
BEST FITTING,
LOWEST PRICES,
AND LATEST STYLE BOOTS IN THE MARKET

Also, 100 Cases Rubbers and Rubber Boots.

Woodstock, March 15, 1889. BAILEY BROS.

SAWING MACHINES!

—:o:—

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, Nov. 2, 1888. SMALL & FISHER.

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

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

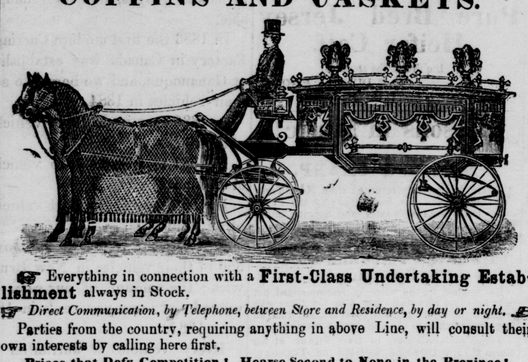
We Make
Farmers' Boilers in three sizes;
Cast Iron Sinks in four sizes;
Cylinder, Hall, Parlor and Cook Stoves of many patterns.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

Woodstock, N. B., January 12, 189.

J. R. TUPPER,

—MANUFACTURER OF—
COFFINS AND CASKETS.



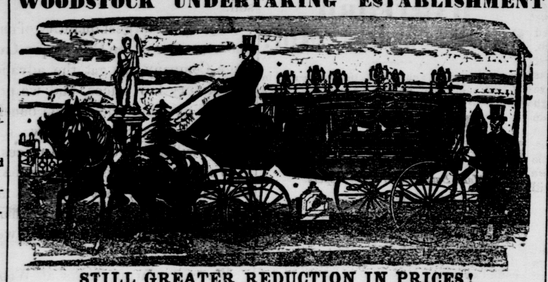
☞ Everything in connection with a **First-Class Undertaking Establishment** always in Stock.

☞ *Direct Communication, by Telephone, between Store and Residence, by day or night.* ☜

Parties from the country, requiring anything in above Line, will consult their own interests by calling here first.

Prices that Defy Competition! Hearse Second to None in the Province!
J. R. TUPPER.

WOODSTOCK UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT



STILL GREATER REDUCTION IN PRICES!

We are now prepared to furnish CASKETS and COFFINS at prices unheard of before:

CASKETS, Adults size.....	$12.00	CHILDREN'S Caskets.....	$5.50
COFFINS, " "	7.00	" Coffins, ...	4.00

☞ Everything usually found in an Undertaker's Establishment at equally low prices.

Give us a call and see for yourself.

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 unexcelled.

☞ Remember the place—MAIN STREET, NEAR RAILWAY DEPOT.

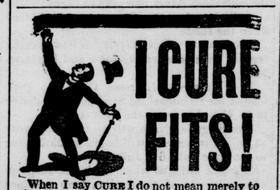
JACOB VANWART, PROPRIETOR.

Woodstock, May 8, 1889.—43.

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 multitudes of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co, 106 Wall Street, New York. —53-48



I 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 A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
Dr. H. G. ROOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

J. GALLAGHER & SON,

MARBLE WORKS,
Woodstock, - - - - N. B.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones, Mantles, Table Tops, &c.

WE would respectfully announce to the public generally that we are better prepared than ever to supply their wants as we have the largest and best stock of MARBLE ever imported into this County, and which we will sell cheaper than the cheapest

Parties wanting anything in the above line would do well to call and learn prices.

☞ FREESTONE and GRANITE WORK a specialty.

☞ KING STREET—Nearly opposite SENTINEL Office, Woodstock, N. B.

Photographs

Now is your time to leave your orders at

HALL'S PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS
KING STREET,

For a Dozen nice CABINET PHOTOS.

I have reduced my prices to within the reach of all for the month of December, and will guarantee all work superior to any heretofore done in my rooms.

Please give me a call and be convinced for yourself.

J. H. Hall, King St.,
Woodstock, Nov, 23rd —48-tf

TODD BROTHERS,
Dealers in all kinds of
Builders' Hardware
— AND —
DOORS & WINDOWS.
Write for Prices.
St. Stephen, N. B.
—16.

CARD!

TO THE PUBLIC!

YOU will find me at my place of business, on MAIN STREET, to attend to my Customers as usual, where I have

CLOTHS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

such as are kept in a

First-Class Custom Store,

Where I will make them up to your order in the LATEST STYLES and at Moderate Prices, and A GOOD FIT WARRANTED.

Cutting done at the shortest possible notice.
SIMON McLEOD.
Woodstock, Feb. 15, 1889.—7.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. *It never fails.* The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For circular and full particulars address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

THIS YEAR'S
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
IN BRONZE
on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE.
1y-43.

Poetry.

A Word About Words.

Ah me! these terrible tongues of ours,—
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike, or the hint may fall?
The latest chirp of that "little bird,"
The spicy story "you must have heard"—
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,
And somebody's glass, of course, goes *smash!*
What fames have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks have been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,—
By only an idle word?

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low—
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow;
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,
They pierce the mail of the great and brave;
Vain is the buckler of wisdom and pride
To turn the pitiless point aside;
The lip may curl with a careless smile,
But the heart drips blood the while.
Ah me! what hearts have been broken,
What rivers of blood been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,—
By only a bitter word!

A kindly word and a tender tone—
To only God is their virtue known;
They can lift from the dust their abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portals wide;
And the hate that blights and the scorn that tears
Will melt in the fountain of child-like tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,—
By only a gentle word!

Select Tale.

TWICE RESCUED.

BY E. J. CARR.

'You are an ungrateful puppy, after all you have received from me, and I heartily curse the day when you were left on my hands.'

Such were the words addressed to me by my uncle, Elos Etwing, one evening, as I had toiled all day at the unreasonable task he had assigned to me.

I turned away from the cold and unfeeling presence of my uncle, and sought the little nook under the roof which I had called for so long a time my chamber. Bitter were the thoughts that passed through my mind, as I recalled the labors I had performed to win the approbation of that household to so little purpose, on whose charity I had been so unwelcomely thrust.

My brain seemed delirious with conflicting emotions, and it was late in the night, and when tired nature could hold out no longer, that I sank exhausted into a refreshing slumber; and away off in dreamland I saw my mother's face again—not pale and emaciated as it was when they told me she was dead, but radiant with the effulgent beams of heavenly light, hovering over me with eyes so pure and bright, that I raised my eyes frantically to her, and exclaimed with all the vehemence welling up from my soul:

'My mother! Oh, my own dear mother!'

I thought I saw a shade of sadness flit across her face, as from those dear lips came these cheering words:

'Courage, my child! Trust in God and go forth in the world to battle for the right!'

Sweet words were they, and how they cheered my mind as that hallowed vision gradually passed away—and with it my soothing slumbers.

It was gray dawn when I left my bed with a firm purpose anchored in my breast. I would go forth into the world; I would shake off the dust of my feet against all those who had fettered and warped the days of my childhood, and in the strength of God, and budding manhood, battle for the right and a place among mankind.

In a little bundle I hastily collected all that I called my own, and quietly passed out of the house, bidding a silent adieu to its inmates, who were wrapped in unconscious slumber. I could not refrain from hugging the old farm-dog, who met me at the gate, for his fidelity to me—for he had been my only solace in all those dark and dreary years, and started for the manufacturing town of Woodville, twenty miles away.

I need not linger over the incidents of the journey, nor of the difficulties I had to encounter in finding a situation to barely gain my daily bread. I got a place, however, in one of the factories to do the drudgery for a small compensation which enabled me to lay by a few dollars at the end of the year. During this time I had received several visits from my uncle's old farm-dog which served to cheer me wonderfully among the many strange faces with which I came in daily contact.

I could not enjoy the boisterous mirth of some of my associates and when I shrunk from mingling in their gay frolics they would taunt me with bitter words. Such treatment would make me feel very gloomy, and to pass away my time after our day's work was accomplished, I would take long walks into the country. The shades of night often found me by some lonely wayside, musing over and trying to solve the great problem of my future lot.

One evening, when I was returning from one of my accustomed rambles, I was startled by the furious clatter of a horse's hoofs coming down the hillside, and a piercing scream from a female voice told me that some one was in danger. I sprang to the center of the road, and was enabled to grasp the bridle of a frightened pony, as he, with a young girl clinging with a desperate grasp to the saddle, was rushing madly past me. I knew the effort was almost madness, but a man's strength seemed to possess me and I succeeded in stopping the horse after struggling with him for a few rods.

When I had assisted the frightened young lady to regain her position in the saddle, we were joined by our lady companion, who was following after her as fast as she could urge her own horse. They thanked me very kindly for my timely assistance, and as a "memento for my gallantry," as the young lady expressed it, she drew a tiny ring from her finger and presented it to me.

After a few questions, as to my name and residence, they rode rapidly homeward and left me to pursue my own way, greatly elevated in spirit by the good deed I had accomplished.

Time passed on, and I was assigned to a more advanced position in the factory, and it seemed as if a trifle more respect was accorded to me by my associates than they had formerly bestowed; but I did not then know what unseen influence was at work in my behalf, nor of the good it was to me in after years. I strove to perform my part to the best of my ability, and often received the thanks of my employer for my faithfulness.

One day, about a year after the little incident I have just related occurred, I was feeling unusually cheerful, for my old canine friend had again gladdened my heart by his presence. The factory hands were given a holiday, owing to some repairs in the machinery, and had mostly left the factory; and I was also on the point of leaving for a ramble in the woods with the old dog when visitors who had just entered attracted my attention.

They consisted of an elderly gentleman and two ladies, but as they were looking in another direction, I could not see their faces and did not know who they were. They were viewing the huge over-shot water-wheel through a grating in the floor as it slowly revolved on its ponderous shaft. The grating was hinged to the floor, and opened downward, and was secured in its position by two massive iron bolts. For some unaccountable reason those bolts were but partially shut into their sockets, and as one of the young ladies stepped upon it, the bolts gave way and falling upon the wheel, she was carried down into the foaming water below. No sooner had she disappeared from sight than a heart-rendering shriek rent the air, and a fatherly voice resounded through the arched roof of the building:

'Save, oh, save my daughter!'

I saw in an instant the awful situation of the lady, and with the agility of a cat I dropped myself through the opening on to the rim of the wheel, grasped the slimy buckets, and was carried harmlessly down into the waters below. I was bewildered in the foaming waters, and nowhere could I see the object of my search till I discovered my own faithful dog at my side, grasping some object just entering the long dark tunnel that discharged the waters from the wheel-pit. In an instant I had the lady in my arms, and grasping the timbers overhead to keep her partially out of the water, I called loudly for assistance, and helping hands were not long in coming to our rescue, and I had the satisfaction of bearing her to her father's arms.

It would be in vain for me to depict the joy that filled those parent's hearts, or tell of the numberless thanks showered on my head as they received their almost unconscious child from my hands; but my joy was as great as theirs when her eyes began to sparkle with reanimated life, and I beheld before me the same lovely being, whom, but a year before I had saved from being dashed to pieces by her run away horse.

Their visit was a short one, but before they left I received a very cordial invitation to call that evening at the residence of James Sawyer, one of the wealthiest merchants of Woodville.

When I called on Mr Sawyer, I was very kindly received, and made to feel that I had warm friends whose gratitude to me was unlimited. I told the sad story of my early life, and of the cruel treatment I had received at the hands of my uncle, and my flight to Woodville. Mrs. Sawyer was much affected, for having learned the name of my mother, she recognized in her an old school-mate, and a dear friend in her younger days.

They were determined to do more than shower upon me their kindest wishes for the humble part I had acted in their family drama, and from that day my factory work ended. By the assistance of Mr. Sawyer I was enabled to obtain a good education in one of the best schools in the city, and when my school days ended. I received a situation of trust with a liberal salary in his mercantile house.

By close attention to the business entrusted to me, I won the warmest approbation of Mr. Sawyer, and at the age of twenty-two, was made the junior partner of the firm of Sawyer & Co. But while I was ambitious to win a name and a little worldly goods, I was equally as ambitious to win the heart and hand of Myria Sawyer.

Suffice it to say, dear reader, my highest hopes were realized; and Myria and I had the satisfaction of receiving from her parents their consent to our union.

After we were married and quietly settled down in a home of our own, we received our final visit from uncle's old farm dog, for he stayed with us ever after, and when he died at a good old age, gentle hands kindly laid him to rest.

"Cranks."

There is a class of men that we must call "cranks." They are crooked in their notion when compared with the average man. They have "a bent," as we sometimes say. Their views are peculiar. They antagonize the prevailing public sentiment. They disturb, or at least try to disturb, the movements of the times. They are often spoken of with contempt. But if the machinery of society is like other machinery may not these "cranks" be essential to its efficient working?

We do not apply this word "crank" to moral crookedness, but only to intelectual eccentricty. The swindler is not a "crank" but a criminal. The real "crank" is nearly always a good man. His fellowmen say of him, "He means well. He wants and tries to be useful. What a pity it is that he is so crotchety!" He is condemned because he is not straight, or round, but angular. When society is revolving in circles he comes with his cross purposes to disturb its motion and give it a new direction. And again, when it is moving in right lines, either horizontal or perpendicular he tries to revolutionize it, to get it to stop and turn something. He is not, usually, a selfish man, wanting to change the up and down motion to circular motion in order to grind his own axe. He is more frequently a martyr, who sacrifices money, time, and reputation in Quixotic effect to make the world better and happier. And thence, conservative Christian people, who want to do good quietly, in the old horizontal way, often wish that their cranky friends would quit fighting windmills and help them in the real campaign against the powers of darkness. We confess to a kindly feeling for the "cranks" even when we are obliged to criticize and condemn then.

Laughter and song are the heart's rivers of hope.

A smile through tears is the soul's rainbow of peace.

The amenities of life make the true beauty of living.

Local & Foreign Items.

It is said that the Czar will shortly be crowned King of Poland.

Eight thousand emigrants left Liverpool last week; 1,333 came to Canada.

Mail is now carried between New York and San Francisco in 113 hours.

Rev. Charles Garrett points out that £10,000 is spent every day in Liverpool in strong drink.

It is estimated that in Manitoba 636,000 acres of wheat and 357,000 acres of other grains will be seeded this year.

It is estimated that there has been a decrease of $11,500,000 in the public debt of the United States since April 1st.

A ton of rope made from the hair of devout women of Japan has been used in building a $3,000,000 temple to Budha Kioto.

The announcement was made at the Montreal meeting of the C. P. R. that the road would be opened to the Maritime Provinces on 2nd June.

The house of lords has rejected the deceased wife's sister bill. The Prince of Wales voted with the minority. The vote was: 147 to 120.

The man who picks up the trains at Queen Victoria's drawing rooms is Sir Spencer Ponsonby Faul. He has been manipulating trains for nearly 49 years and has become bent and worn in the service.

It is a curious fact that no paper has ever been able to publish a portrait of Boston's foremost preacher, Phillips Brooks. No photograps of him is obtainable for publication, and won't be if Dr. Brooks can help it.

A piece of fat pork succeeded in starting a remarkable series of accidents in a Crawfordsville (Ind.) household. It had been placed in a pan in the oven of a stove, caught fire and blazed out into the room. A boy helped the situation by throwing on water, when the hot grease was scattered over him, burning him severely. He bolted out of the door and fell over his little brother, knocking the latter senseless, and at the same time the father, hastening to the burned child's assistance, fell down stairs and was rendered unconscious. The fire meanwhile went out.

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

A novel decision has been rendered by the Nebraska Supreme Court. Growing corn had been mortgaged. After coming to maturity it was harvested and sold to grain dealers. The owners of the mortgage sued the dealers for the value of the corn. The court decided that growing corn is not the corn after it has been cribbed and sold, in other words that the mortgage will not hold and the plaintiff cannot recover.

Handsome Patterns in Pongee Silks—all the very newest shades, prices away down—at R. B. Belyea & Co.'s.

The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg can boast of twenty miles of shelves, and contains a million and a half of books, exclusive of manuscripts.

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

A hundred years ago English-speaking Christendom had no foreign missions; now there are $150 organizations, raising a yearly sum of $2,500,000 for foreign missions.

Dyspepsia causes depraved blood, which, in time, affects every organ of the body. As a remedy for these troubles, nothing can approach Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, strengthens the stomach, and corrects all disorders of the liver and kidneys.

The English courts hold that when a man writes asking another to "favor him with a check for a bill," the intent is that the check is to be sent by post, and the creditor is liable if the check is lost in the mails.

Never Dispair.

Even when all seems lost, there is yet hope. Many a despairing, disheartened victim of dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, scrofula or rheumatism, has been brought back to health and usefulness by Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest remedy known for all blood diseases.

During the last nineteen years 310 amendments to the Constitution of the United States have been proposed in Congress, but only three have been adopted.

Of Great Service.

"I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for cuts and scalds on horses' shoulders, and they got better at once. I have also used it for sprains, burns, cuts and croup among my children, and can recommend it highly as of great value." W. Service, Minga, Man.

The Canadian Pacific Railway report for the past year showed that the gross earnings of the road had increased from $10,081,803 in 1886, to $13,195,535 in 1888, while the net earnings were $3,870,744 or $167,000 more than the previous year.

Good For All.

Dear Sirs:—I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism, from which disease I suffered for some time, but was cured with two bottles. It is the best thing I can get for man or horse. J. Mustard, Strathavon, Ont.

More than a sixth part of the land of the globe, and nearly a sixth part of the population of the world, are under the control of Great Britain; Russia ranks second in territorial extent, and the United States third.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:

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 FREE to any of your readers who 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.

John Bright was the only Cabinet Minister who never knels to the Queen, his reason being that he could not render to an earthly potentate the homage which he owed to the Supreme Being alone.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked." J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York Sold by all druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

In order to rid himself of superfluous flesh, Citizen George Francis Train has fasted six days taking nothing but water. He has lost 14 pounds in weight. He announces his intention to fast a hundred days in order to show that the human race can live entirely without food. He goes about as usual.

PORTLAND, ONT., February 26, 1880.

I have sold the Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for over thirty years, and the sale has always given my customers entire satisfaction, and I have much pleasure in recommending it as a good and reliable family medicine.

S. S. SCOVIL.

☞ See Advertisement in another column.

The list of suicides in Chicago sometimes equals five a day. The *Tribune* of that city says: "Within the last three months three clergymen, three postmasters, six physicians, twelve well to do merchants, seven officeholders, three lawyers, three bankers, four railroad officials, two artists, three mayors, one journalist, one army officer, and two capitalists, have, for various reasons, voluntarily shuffled off this mortal coil."

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to *death*? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed; that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

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.

God made wolves and with an appetite for sheep evidently. Now when wolves get among the farmers' sheep, do we prate about the natural rights and personal liberties of these dangerous beasts? No, the State offers a premium for their scalps. Would it be wise or just to tell the farmers to keep their sheep away from the wolves, as liquor-men tell the mothers to keep their boys from the saloon? Would it be wise or just for a consideration, say a division of the spoils, to permit wolves to prowl among the sheep of the State six days in the week, as we permit the saloon to exist in the streets of our cities and towns for the division of the plunder of once happy homes? Would it protect the sheep to build a five hundred dollar fence around the wolves with holes large enough to permit them to go out at pleasure?—*The Quill.*

How Much is Your Boy Worth?

First. He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.

Second. He is of sufficient value to be sent to a Band of Hope, or a Temperance school, to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system, and the sin of intemperance.

Third. He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who his associates are.

Fourth. He is of more value than many household pets, and he is entitled to more of your time and attention.

Fifth. To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment, and education more than what the average saloon keeper pays for his license.

Sixth. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It will be of a great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighborhood in which you reside. If he turns out good he will be worth his weight in gold; if otherwise, better he had never been born.

Seventh. Being immortal, he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.

No license was ever made high enough to cover the lowest estimate that you can put on your boy if there's a spark of Christianity or humanity in your heart.

Nebraska virtually says its city boys are worth $1,000; altogether too low. New York city puts the price of her boys at $75; less than the price of a city railroad horse. An insult to every mother!

What is your boy worth?

Tell me the value of his soul, and I'll name the price of the privilege to sell intoxicants—Tract published by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union.

He Found Heaven.

Where is heaven? This is the way the tale runs:—There was a preacher—suppose we make him a Methodist, though he might have been Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist or Congregationalist—well, there was a Methodist who preached one day on heaven. The next morning he was going down town and met one of his old, wealthy members. The old fellow met the preacher, and he said:—"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told me all about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is." "Ah," said the pastor, "I am glad of the opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with fever; her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour, or sugar, or any bread. If you will go down town and buy £5 worth of things, nice provisions, and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, "My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour," then ask for a Bible and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get all through I'll pay the bill." The next morning he said, "Pastor, I saw heaven, and I spent fifteen minutes there as certain as you are listening."

On the night of March 7, Lydia Lampshire, of Pierson, Mich., awoke her mother to tell her that she was tired, she could not sleep, and had been made tired by digging three graves, one for Ben Decker, one for Floyd Peck and one for some one she did not know, and that this grave she would have to fill herself if she could not find the one it was intended for. Dr. L. Day and others were told of the dream next day. Peck died March 10, Miss Lampshire March 11 and Decker April 24.

An Exceptional Case.

There has just died at Patterdale, in Westmorland, Eng., a clergyman of the name of Matheson, aged ninety years, and who had been incumbent of that parish for the long period of sixty years. During the earlier part of his life his benefice brought him only £12 a year, but it was afterwards increased to £18 a year, which it never exceeded. On this he married, brought up four children and lived comfortably with his neighbors, educated a son at the University and left £1,000 behind him. With that singular simplicity and inattention to form which characterizes a country life, he himself read the burial service over his mother, he married his father to a second wife, and afterwards buried him also; he published his own banns of marriage in his church with a woman whom he had previously christened, and he himself married all his children.

Destroyed by Fire.

The business part of the village of Danville, Vt., was wiped out by fire in one hour last week, only the bank and hotel escaping. Twenty-three buildings were burned, including barns. Twenty-seven families are homeless, mostly poor people, who saved nothing and carried no insurance. The loss is $40,000 to $50,000, insured about $20,000. The fire burned over eight acres, setting fire to grass two miles away. Heavy rains for the past 24 hours effectually stopped the progress of the flames in the Michigan forests. Reports are coming in of damage done on the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon homestead lands. The worst damage occurred on Tuesday. The fire started about six miles from Bruce's crossing in the centre of the new settlements. The wind blew a gale and the fire ran like a race horse. The settlers fled before it, making their way toward the railroad track, but the smoke became so dense that many were obliged to seek the ditches and bury themselves in the moist soil for breath and to escape the intense heat. The Bellaire goblet works at Findlay, Ohio, were burned Thursday. Loss, $115,000; insurance, $65,000. Some 300 men are thrown out of employment. The works are the largest af the kind in the world.

The Wheat Supply.

It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of Mr. Edward Atkinson of Boston—no mean authority on such subjects—that Californians can raise wheat for eight cents per bushel. This includes all the operations, from the first ploughing to the threshing and storing of the grain, and is the result of the application of capital and machinery to the thousand acre wheat fields. Superior weather is needed to secure such a result, and such weather, it should be understood, is not always vouchsafed even in California. Enough is known, however, to enable thoughtful men to predict that this combination of capital, machinery, good soil and a vast area of wheat land will in the future exercise a disturbing influence on the wheat products of all other lands in that great mart of all—the British market. Our United States friends are now saying that in view of this California development it does not matter to America whether the ryot of India works for nothing, or not, so far as India's competition is concerned. India, by the way, being the country whose wheat supply the United States have been most in dread of. But if machinery and capital can so reduce the cost of raising wheat in California why not in India, in Russia, in the Canadian Northwest, where there are also unlimited areas of wheat lands? It must not be supposed that those economic results can be limited to a portion of a single great country. If hardy wheat is needed, our Northwest produces as fine as any in the world. If thousand acre farms are wanted, Sir John Lister Kaye is establishing them out there, and there is room and verge enough for tens of thousands of them. If the shortest possible route from the greatest wheat field in the world to the English market is a desideratum, the Hudson Bay railway and water route will supply it. On the whole it is safe to say that everything points to Canada becoming the great source of food supply—whether in wheat, cattle or dairy products—of those countries that are obliged to import. We shall yet be feeding both Great and Greater Britain.—*Witness.*