

The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

[Editors & Proprietors,

WOODSTOCK, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

WHOLE NO.—2430.

FIRE ASSURANCE

COLLECTING AGENCY.

The Subscriber has been a Special AGENT of the Insurance Co. of London, England, for the last 18 years. Capital, £1,000,000.00. The NEW YORK INSURANCE CO., OF TORONTO, Ont. Capital, £1,000,000.00. The NEW YORK INSURANCE CO., OF TORONTO, Ont. Capital, £1,000,000.00. The NEW YORK INSURANCE CO., OF TORONTO, Ont. Capital, £1,000,000.00.

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Attorney-at-Law.

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(17-18)

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Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 28th, 1891—18

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B. K. JONES, Agent, Woodstock.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.]

XLV.—45.

Poetry.

We are Building.

We are building our home on Eternity's shore,
While we dwell in our structure of clay;
We are shipping materials on board before,
With the close of each hasting day;
We are sending the thought that our spirit has wrought,
In the wonderful growth of the brain,
And the timber is grown from the seeds we have sown,
Mid the shades of our sorrow and pain.
We are building our home on the beautiful street
While we live in the byway of fear;
And the roses that bloom there, so pure and so sweet,
Must be watered and nourished by tears;
And the light that shall shine in a glory divine
Must be found 'mid the darkness and gloom,
And the foundation laid in the cloud and the shade.
Of the road that leads down to the tomb.
We are building our home in the Valley of Life,
By the side of Eternity's sea;
And the structure will show all the life lived below—
All the sinning, and sorrow, and care.

Select Tale.

MARY GREATER.

Not many years ago there lived in a small town in Kent an old maid who was known throughout the district as the cheese cake maker. Her name was Mary Greater, and no one in that land of cakes could fashion a cheese cake like her. Wherefore she was famous for that delicious commodity, and people from far and near came to her for a supply whenever they were about to have "company."

Many were the carriages that stopped at Mary's door to leave orders and to carry away dainty little baskets of her cheese cakes. It was universally confessed that no one in that neighborhood could touch her in this particular line, even though they proceeded according to her method. Some went so far as to affirm that there was something in the shape of Mary's hand that accounted for her mastery, and they would attempt to explain in support of their theory what a beautiful hand she had—how long and taper her fingers, how fine the skin, and so forth.

It might likewise have been added that as her hand so was the build of her body generally. In short, Mary Greater was a decidedly comely woman—tall as woman, good, straight and slim, with a regular oval face, blue eyes and a kindly well-shaped mouth. At the time of our story her hair was almost white, although she was barely 40 years of age. But her trouble makes more grey hairs than she.

Mary's trouble had been the death of all her relatives one after another, leaving her at last without a single blood relation, so far as she knew, in the wide world. One of her friends, an old maid like herself, used to say that she must have relatives somewhere, if she could but find them.

But they did not make their appearance, and so Mary Greater ceased to hope for them, but prayed instead that she might be given some object to love and to be a comfort to her in her old age.

"I should prefer it to be a girl," she explained to an old friend, "because then I could teach her to make cheese cakes, and that would be something for her. I used to think James Ray wanted me chiefly because I was a good hand at cheese cakes."

"What became of him?" queried the other.

"I don't know. He went down south somewhere."

When Mary was once more alone, busy with her knitting, Mary recalled the time when James Ray pleaded for her hand, and she had replied that she could not marry a drunkard.

Her friends talked about Ray had stirred up her recollections, and in her sleep she appeared again before her. She thought she was married to him, and that he was harsh and cruel to her, so that when she woke and found it was but a dream she was glad even though in her sleep she was the delighted mother of a beautiful baby girl.

On going to open her shop door Mary heard a wailing outside as of a little babe and found one there wrapped up in an old shawl.

It was a comely little thing of about 8 or 9 months old apparently. There was not a scrap of anything to indicate whence it came or to whom it belonged, except the word "Elsie" on one of its garments.

Many thought the little creature was a present from heaven, and though she made diligent inquiry to discover, if possible, who were its parents she was glad when no one could be found to own it.

One day—five years later, a big, dark, bushy bearded man whom Mary fancied she had seen pass the shop on several occasions, went in and asked for a couple of cheese cakes. These he ate and then asked for another and another until he had eaten a dozen. Mary felt inclined to refuse him more for fear he should do himself harm.

But while he was figuring the three pence Mary bounded into the shop, and the man turned round with a start, and let the cheese cake fall. He stooped to pick it up, and as he did so he beckoned to the little girl, at the same time holding out the confection as a bribe.

"Slowly Elsie approached him, the wide turning to Mary, he asked if he might give her the cake."

"Yes," she replied, "there is nothing in it to hurt her."

The man watched the little one eat it, he rose and said:

"She's a little beauty, ma'am, and I've no doubt as intelligent as she is pretty."

About a week later Mary saw the same man hanging about just after dusk. When he perceived that he was observed, he walked away. This happened again a week or two later, and she feared the man intended to carry off her darling. Wherefore she had Elsie conveyed secretly to a friend in a village a few miles away.

Mary did not see the man again and was in hourly dread lest he should find out where the child was and manage to sidestep her. At length she received a letter bearing a Hull address asking her if she would give up Elsie to her father on payment of the charges to which she

had been put for her keep. The letter was signed "Thomas Walker."

Mary wrote to "Walker," asking him to call and see her if he were really the father of Elsie.

A few days later she received a visit from the man who had taken the dozen cheese cakes. He sat down in her little sitting room, Mary questioned the man as to his reasons for leaving Elsie as he did.

"I was in great trouble," he said. "I had just lost my wife, the little one's mother, and I had been a long time out of work. I was at my wits end to know what to do with her, as there was not a soul I could trust her to, peniless as I was."

"Had you no relatives who would take charge of her?" asked Mary, in whose mind there could be no greater crime than the desertion of a child.

"I am the only member of my own family living," he replied.

After a pause he continued:

"I had the misfortune to marry a woman of whom I knew nothing and who turned out to be a drunkard. Perhaps I did not deserve anything better, for I was then a great drinker myself. But when I saw how the little one was neglected and ill treated it brought me to my senses, and I became a changed man. Then my wife died. We were in a low lodging house at the time, and I was peniless. The only way out of my difficulty was to do as I did or to let the child go into the workhouse, and I could not do that."

"But what made you leave the child on my doorstep?" Mary asked.

"I had heard people speak well of you," he said. "I came to this, then, that you did not mind where you left the child so long as you got rid of her, and now, after I have had all the trouble of rearing her and have learned to love her as though she were my own daughter, you want to take her away. You wish to be doubly cruel—to me as well as to her."

"Oh, Mary!" cried the man, deeply agitated.

Mary was now moved in her turn.

"What! Can it be? Are you—are you not James Ray?"

"Yes, Mary, I am," he replied. "And it was because in my trouble I knew of no one who could be so good to my child as you that I determined to trust her to your care."

After some further conversation it was arranged that Ray should see his daughter whenever he liked, and that he should have the child in his sole care from time to time, so that she might learn to know and to love him as her father.

But the first time Elsie paid a visit to her father she came home ailing and on the following day was in a high fever. It soon declared itself to be scarlatina, and for many days poor Elsie hovered between life and death.

The agonized father neither ate nor slept and when it seemed that his beloved child was on the point of being snatched from him by death he would cry by the bedside, and prayed that her life might be spared.

Minutes that seemed like hours passed by—hours that seemed like eternity. Then to the anxious watcher came returning signs of consciousness. The doctor, who had been called in with great haste, found their hearts were freed from an agonizing load.

For some days Elsie was very weak and could not be removed from her bed-room. There her father and mother, now Mary as by her side. Then she was well enough to be dressed and taken into another room, and here it was that she seated one afternoon at tea. Ray said he must return home in the morning.

The word "home" caught Elsie's ear and she said:

"Why do you have a different home to mamma's, father? Other little boys and girls' fathers and mothers live in the same home. Why don't you and mamma?"

Neither could answer. The tears welled up into their eyes and emotion checked utterance. They had been brought very near together by a common sorrow, and the love of the father—stronger and purer by suffering—had reassured itself.

No word was spoken between them, however—no answer was given to Elsie's question. But a fortnight later, when Ray sent word that he should be coming to see his beloved Elsie on the Sunday morning, and that he intended to leave the train at a little wayside station a couple of miles from the town, Mary seemed to guess his wish and went through the fields to meet him.

Over the meadows came the distant sound of a train, and Mary knew that in a few minutes James Ray would be with them. Elsie was the first to catch sight of his tall figure. She ran toward him with a cry of delight, and Mary rose and followed her.

A quiet smile lighted up Ray's face as he said:

"I thought I should find you here, Mary."

"I thought you would expect us," she returned.

"Let us sit down for a minute or two as in the old days—till Elsie has completed her bouquet," he said.

When little Elsie returned with her hands as full as they could hold, she found both father and mother with wet, twinkling eyes. They had taken up the thread of love where it had been broken off a year before, and now, and now, in accordance with Elsie's wish, to have her bouquet but one home.

It was only a few weeks ago since they were married at the parish church, when all the town turned out to see the happy ending of the "Old Maid's Romance."

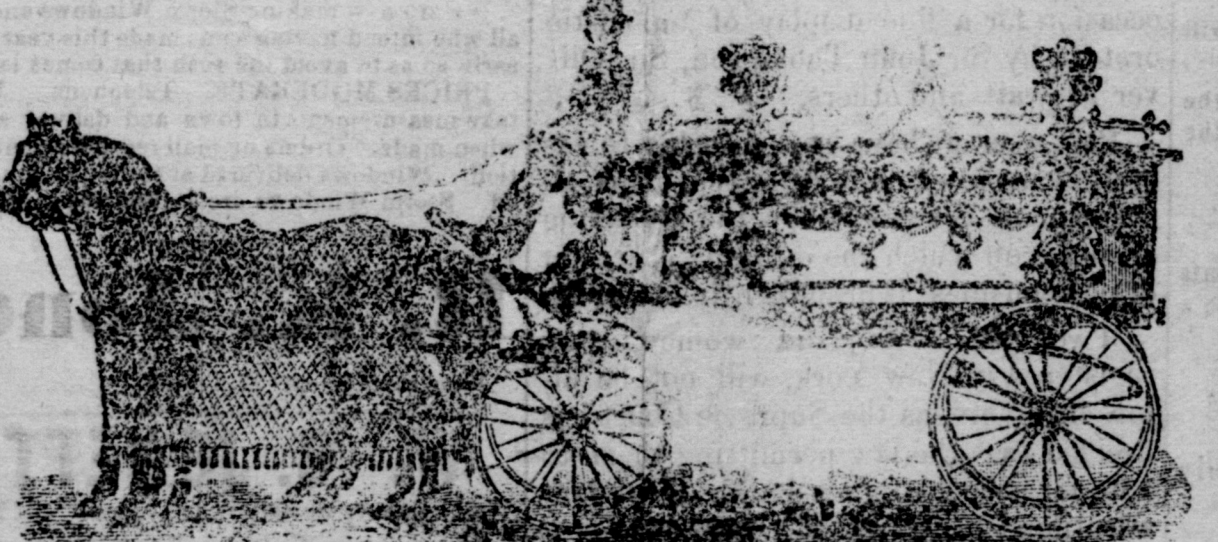
When You Have the Blues.

Very often a person gets troubled. Blues come just as clouds sweep across the sky. Life doesn't seem cheerful. Discouragement takes up the mind and disturbs the soul. Indigestion attacks the emotions. In everything there lurks despair. You don't want to be alone. You just naturally want everything and don't want nothing. As the colored brother expressed it. When you get in this condition don't take medicine. Don't drink whiskey. Don't eat salt. Just go out to the park and walk over the grass-carpeted hills and among the noble trees, and look up into the sky and pray for a bigger soul to appreciate the beautiful world you live in. After that you'll feel better.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can well; and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

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EMULSION
PAIN KILLER
WILL QUICKLY CURE
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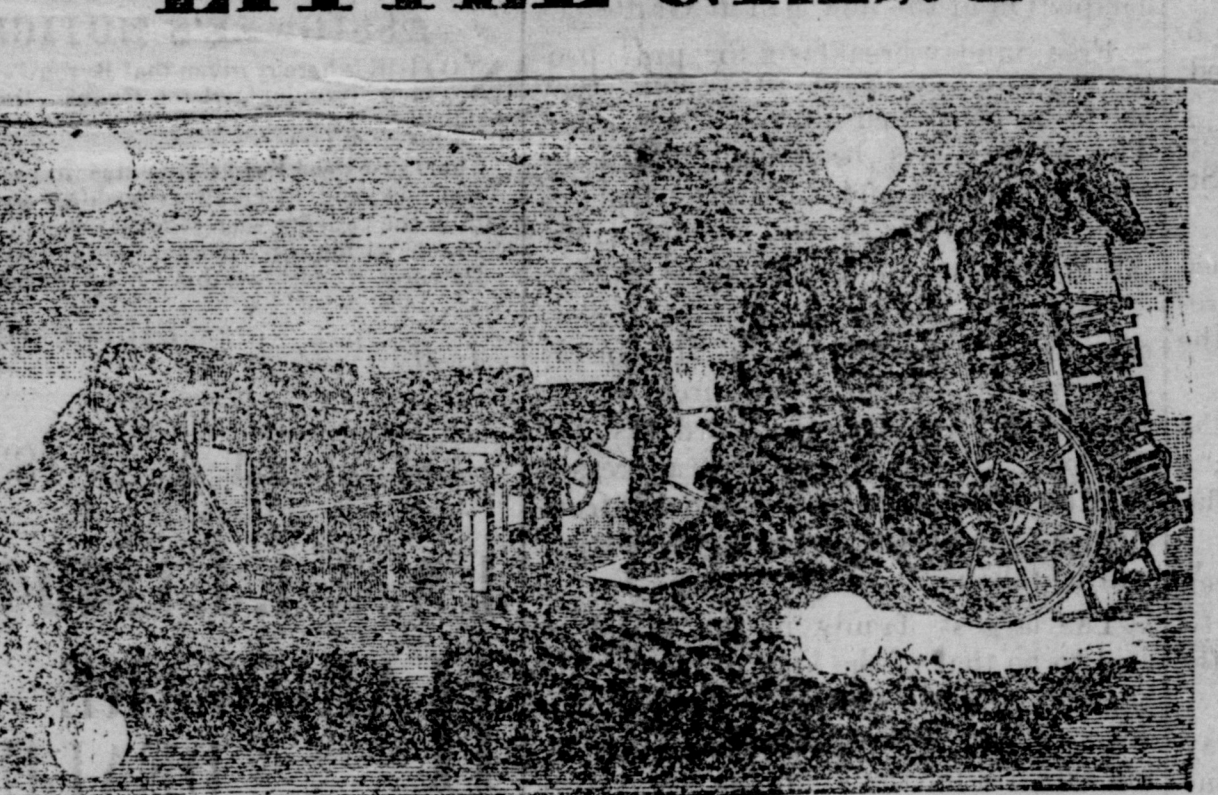
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SIX OCTAVE ORGANS!
In this the finest Stock of SIX OCTAVE ORGANS ever seen here. They are in piano cases, in various woods highly finished, and wonderfully good value for the price asked.

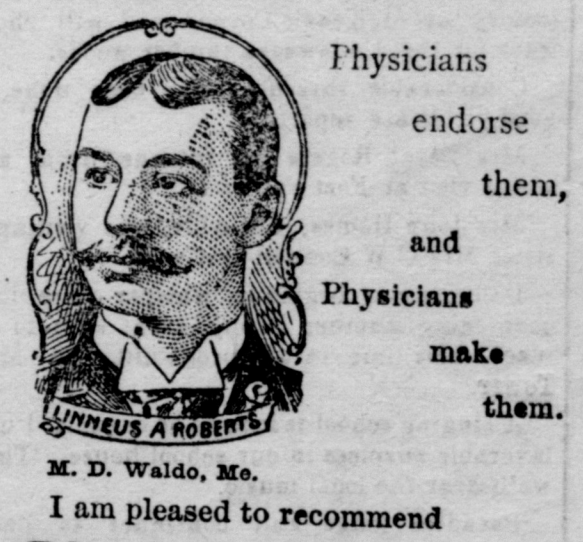
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Connell's Block. O. R. WATSON.
Woodstock, November 11, 1893—18



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and Skoda's other remedies, as I know them to be articles of true merit, and the physicians who compound them, to be men of integrity and ability.

Skoda's Discovery is unlike any other proprietary medicine—it cures disease by removing the poison, and at the same time SUPPLIES GOOD BLOOD to wasted parts. No other remedy has performed so many wonderful cures or relieved so much suffering.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and nervous prostration. I am pleased to recommend

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HE PATRONIZES THE
WOODSTOCK STEAM LAUNDRY!
Go Thon and Dr. Lik-wie.

Kill The Cold.
Kill it by feeding it with
able food.

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Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

It will stop a Cough, cure a Cold, and check Consumption in its earlier stages. It is the best remedy for Scrophulous and Bronchitis. It is the best remedy for all the diseases of the lungs.

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For more than twenty five years has Regalia's Yellow Ointment been the best remedy for all the diseases of the skin. It has never yet failed to give satisfaction as a household remedy for pale, lumpy and sore skin, for eczema, and for all the diseases of the skin, for eczema and for all the diseases of the skin.

It is remarkable by the Toronto News that on \$4,911 worth of wagons imported to the city, and costing about \$450 each, the customs tax amounted \$2,338, or nearly one-half the value, while pleasure carts which cost \$100 and over were imported to the value of \$2,700 and on these the duty was \$940, or a little over one-third the original price. The News says: "This is a clear case of discrimination against the poor man and no amount of explanation can relieve the government from the odium involved in the action."

Down With High Prices For Elongated Belts.
\$100, \$200, \$300; former prices \$5, \$7, \$10. Quality remains the same—10 different styles of dry history and acid belts—made of strong cotton, and less than half the price of any other company and more some testimonials than all the rest together.

At the annual meeting of the company, England, Sir Henry Tyler, president, acknowledged that the board were bitterly disappointed at the results of the past half year. But he could inform the stock holders that the Grand Trunk road was in excellent condition at the present moment. The officers were most loyal and the traffic for the current half year was much improved. He dealt in statistics, and read a statement showing that the Grand Trunk in September had delivered 74,000 passengers at the World's Fair at Chicago, and in three weeks in October 60,000 had reached the city by way of the Grand Trunk. Sir Henry believed the Canadian government contemplated the speedy removal of the duty on coal. In such an event it would mean a saving of nearly \$40,000 yearly to the Grand Trunk, and besides he expected legislation at Washington which would secure better rates for the railways.

Minard's Liniment cures Dismemberment.

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Other Chemicals
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It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily assimilated.

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The good used to die young; but