

# Woodstock Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893.

Editors & Proprietors.

WHOLE NO.—2419.

**FIRE ASSURANCE**  
**COLLECTING AGENCY.**  
The Subscriber has been appointed AGENT for the underwritten First Class Fire Assurance Co., viz—  
**The Atlas Assurance Co.**  
of London, England: Established 1805.  
Capital.....\$5,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund.....\$1,340,391.00  
Total Assets.....\$6,340,391.00  
Guaranteed Capital.....\$5,000,000.00  
\$1,740,391.00  
Farms and mercantile risks taken at lowest rates.  
Losses promptly paid.  
**WILLIAM DIBBLEE,**  
Agent for County of Carleton.  
An Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and notes to amount of \$50 and under without cost.  
Woodstock, April 27—14.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
**FREDERICKTON, N. B.**  
J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.  
First-Class Hotel Stable in Connection.  
**ROYAL HOTEL,**  
45 King Street, N. B.  
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

**JUNCTION HOUSE,**  
**NEWBURG JUNCTION.**  
J. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.  
Meals on arrival of all Trains: Table well supplied; Food well cooked; Waiters attentive and obliging.  
The Proprietor's highest aim is to satisfy the public.

**D. S. GALLAGHER,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
Woodstock, N. B.  
Entrances to Office: First door below Connell's Drug Store, Main St. Nearly Opposite Wilbur House. Office up stairs, first door to the left.

**CHAS. COBBEN, A.B., L.L.B.,**  
**Attorney-at-Law**  
**CONVEYANCER, &c.**  
PHOTO ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS.  
**LOANS NEGOTIATED.**  
OFFICE—Main Street, Four Doors Below Town Hall.

**CHARLES APPELBY,**  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
Cor. Main & King Streets,  
**WOODSTOCK, N. B.**  
PHOTO ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS.  
**LOANS NEGOTIATED.**  
OFFICE—Main Street, Four Doors Below Town Hall.

**LOUIS E. YOUNG, L.L.B.,**  
**Barrister,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.  
**ACCOUNTS COLLECTED.**  
77 Main St. Next door Post Office.

**T. J. CARTER, L.L.B.,**  
**Barrister, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,**  
**ANDOVER, N. B.**  
Collections a Specialty.  
(17-18)

**THEO. J. LAWSON,**  
**BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
**NOTARY PUBLIC.**  
Andover, Victoria County.  
COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

**W. FRED. KRETON,**  
**BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.**  
Grand Falls, N. B.  
Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts, Victoria County.

**IRA G. HERSEY,**  
**Attorney & Counselor at Law**  
**AND**  
**NOTARY PUBLIC.**  
Will Practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business. Refer to any Bank or Lending Institution in Montreal.  
Office—No. 50 Main Street.  
Residence—No. 2 Winter Street.  
**Houlton, Maine.**

**RANDOLPH K. JONES,**  
**BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
Woodstock, N. B.  
Office—At his Residence, cor. Main & Albert Sts.

**W. H. HAY,**  
**AUCTIONEER,**  
—AND—  
ISSUER OF MARSHALL LICENSES.  
Office—St. George's Hotel, Woodstock, N. B.

**HENRY DUMVILLE,**  
**Veterinary Surgeon,**  
(Honorary Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College).  
WILBUR HOUSE, — WOODSTOCK.  
Consultation given by latest method.  
April 18th, 1893—137-15

**F. M. BROWN, M.D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London.  
Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.  
Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow.  
Special Certificate in Midwifery.  
SPECIALIST—Dysentery, Eczema, Skin, Throat and Skin.  
Office over J. C. BALLOCH'S STORE, Corner, Carleton Place, Woodstock, N. B. (17-18)

**T. F. SPAGUE, M.D.,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
CORNER MAIN AND ALBERT STREETS,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
N. B. COLTHER, W. N. HARD  
**COLTHER & HAND,**  
**Physicians & Surgeons,**  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:  
Chapel Street, — Woodstock, N. B.

**DR. P. T. KEIRSTEAD,**  
**OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,**  
**Turner House,**  
**CHAPEL ST., WOODSTOCK.**  
Special attention given to Diseases of Women and Children.  
**W. D. RANKIN, M.D., M.C.M.**  
Office and Residence  
1 Street, — Woodstock.  
**W. D. CAMBER,**  
**DENTIST.**  
NITROUS OXIDE GAS used in extraction of TEETH.  
Office—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen St.  
**DR. E. S. KIRKPATRICK,**  
**DENTIST.**  
Graduate of Pennsylvania Dental College. All modern improvements including Crown and Bridge work. Painless extracting.  
Office open evenings.  
No. 74 Main St., Woodstock.  
Nearly opposite Post Office.  
137-20

**Poetry.**  
**Be Not Content.**  
Be not content; contentment means inaction;  
The growing soul seeks on its upward quest;  
Satisfied is false satisfaction;  
The great achievements spring from life's earnest  
The tiny roots, deep in the dark mold hiding,  
Never bleed the earth with leaf and flower  
Were the laborer restless, abiding  
Is seed and germ to stir them with its power.  
Were man contented with his lot forever,  
He had not sought strange seas with sails  
And the vast wonder of our shores had never  
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.  
Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;  
There is a beautiful restlessness of soul,  
By which a mighty purpose is suggested,  
Is urging man to reach a higher goal.  
So, when the restless impulse rises, driving  
The soul to seek the unknown, do not grieve,  
It is the upward reaching and the striving  
Of the God in you, the driving  
Of the God in you, the driving  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

**Select Tale.**  
**Madame's Ghost.**  
It was a curious old house built in the time of the first Bonaparte. A French lady—tradition said she was a connexion of Napoleon's or a very dear friend; she is certainly not mentioned in any history—built the house and occupied it. When news came of his death she died of grief, since then, they said, she would sometimes open a door into the garden and glide out and in. Keys could not keep that door locked nor bolts fasten it. This is what the old couple who kept the place told Captain Pearce when he thought of buying it. He bought it all the same. He was not afraid of madame's ghost.  
Still there can be no denying the fact, that the door did open curiously at mysterious times. Dick, the German boy who had been found hanged upon the road and been taken in and made a servant of, declared he had seen madame all in white; but she had been nobody. And the family had lived and died in the house, and the young had been born. They had all been very happy despite the mysterious door that would open and madame's ghost. But changes came, alas! The dear wife and mother died; one son went into business in California; one daughter married a man who took her straight away to Europe; and the other, though not far off, was still away. Old Captain Pearce had only his youngest girl with him now, and it is little wonder that he was loath to lose her.  
It was natural for him to dislike any suitor who came, and particularly disagreeable to him was anyone who seemed to him to take her fancy. When young Jack Halpine offered himself, however, he was commanded to refuse him. She did not obey. She simply told Jack that her father objected, and said that he would wait until he changed his mind. After that Jack did not call, but the mysterious door opened very often, and madame seemed to go out and in very frequently. Dick saw her, from his garret window in a white robe, but he did not see the white robe thrown aside afterward as Hottel talked with Jack in the parlour.  
There was such a friend to the two lovers! They waited long. When Pearce did not relent, Jack followed the sea, and he would never give his girl to a sailor, he said. A sailor's wife never knew whether her husband were alive or dead. Even a captain could not make a fortune. He knew that. Fortune had bestowed a legacy upon Captain Pearce himself, or where would he have been? He knew the sea and sailors and he said 'No forever, until, one morning, the ghost of madame left the door wide open behind her.  
It was found so in the morning, and for a while the servants said she had carried Miss Hottel with her. But a letter was found on a pillow of her. It was written in French, and it was signed 'Hottel'. Hottel had gone away with young Jack Halpine to marry him, and she said she would obey him in anything else. But the captain had no longer any faith in his daughter. From that moment he cast her off. He would not read the letters she sent him, and when she came to his door he told the servant to bid her begone.  
Still while the honeymoon lasted, Jack and Hottel were happy. They forgot everything in their love for each other. To be together always, what a dream that was! And Jack kept it up until money was very low in his purse, and he was away from home. The sea gull said on Wednesday, he said, one day.  
'Does he?' asked Hottel. 'But why do you tell me of it?'  
'Why, I sail with her!' said Jack. 'Oh, cannot she come of leaving me?' moaned Hottel.  
'Needs must,' said Jack. 'Why, my dear, you knew you'd marry a sailor.'  
'You must take to some other business. You must not, shall not, be forced away from me!' sobbed Hottel.  
But Jack explained to her that at his age he must go on as he had begun. One day he would get a ship; then he could always sail with him. But now—he gave her his pay and kissed her; and on Wednesday he sailed.  
The day that he was gone Hottel went to her father's house again. Dick opened the door.  
'It was no use, madam,' he said, when Hottel asked him to speak to her father. 'He must not come in.'  
He came out of the door as he spoke and drew it close behind him.  
'He was not well, your father,' he said, 'I must not, eggle him. He is very queer. He has sent away every one but me. I cook, I do all. You does a very bad thing ven you married dot fellow. You neller can pick up spilled milk.'  
Hottel went away again. The servant's manner was condescending and offensive. She lived alone in her little suite of rooms. She waited for a letter from Jack. At last one came. A passing ship had brought the mail of the Sea Gull. Another came when they reached port, and now he would start for home—home and Hottel—in about a week's time. Later, he wrote that they would be on their way home next day. After that, no news; only silence and tidings of fearful storms. Then they said that the Sea Gull was missing.  
Weeks passed. Months went by. There was nothing to hope for, but Hottel hoped. At last a little baby came, and the mother lived and the child

also. But it was quite certain now to everybody that the Sea Gull was lost with all on board. And soon the last penny in poor Hottel's purse was gone. The landlady was a good woman, but she was poor. She came to Hottel one day, and in a confused manner and with a tear in her eyes, told her that she could no longer have the rooms.  
'You see, I need the rent,' she said. 'And you have a father, I'm told. Go to him. He's sure to help you.'  
Poor Hottel! She had sold almost all of any value that she possessed. She offered the landlady her remaining bits of furniture, and the woman accepted them. Then she wrapped her child in a shawl, put on a cloak and hat, and took her last bit of money. She felt sure he was in her eyes; told her that she could no longer have the rooms.  
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