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WILLIAM DIBBLEE,
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As Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and Notes to amount of $80 and under without cost
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HAS REMOVED HIS DENTAL OFFICE
TO
Cor. Main and Queen Streets,
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Woodstock, N. B., Feb 8th 1892 —tf-6

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The Carleton Sentinel.

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XLVI.—13. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1894. WHOLE NO.—2450.

Poetry.

The 'Coming Man'

A pair of very chubby legs
Incased in scarlet hose,
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The futures 'coming man.'

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways:
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some 'big fellow's' kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Hidden in their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the 'coming man!'

—The *Beacon*.

Select Tale.

A MODERN INVENTION.

The telephone rang briskly in Mrs. Howard Bascomb's pleasant home, and stepping to it, she received this message from her husband:

'Hello! Is that you, Lottie? I've concluded to leave for New York this noon. The boy is on the way to the house for my grip. You know what I'll want for a week or ten days' absence. Get your sister to stay with you for company. Good-bye, dear, s'long. Take care of yourself.'

Then he rang off, and Mrs. Bascomb went in search of the satchel, which she packed with a deft hand. She was a young woman, sensible, well-balanced, and nothing ever disturbed or annoyed her to the extent of making her fidgety or nervous. Being in robust health, she hardly knew what nerves meant. She was self-reliant, but domestic, and absorbed in her home life, which comprised her world. She had perfect faith in her husband, or else pretended to have, and cheated herself comfortably with the delusion. And she never crossed any bridges until she came to them. She knew that her husband had intended going to New York on the following day, and did not wonder over his change of plans.

When the messenger came for the satchel she sent it carefully packed, just as she knew her husband wanted it. She added nothing to its usual contents, and subtracted nothing. Yes, stay. She did take out his seven-shooter, every chamber of which was loaded, and laid it on the table under the mirror, in the back parlor.

'Howdy has one revolver with him. That will have to do him for this trip. I like to have one handy in case I should need it.'

She smiled and smiled again without being a villain. The idea of needing firearms seemed so incongruous and absurd.

In the afternoon she went up to her home to 'borrow her sister,' as she expressed it. But Miss Madgie had gone away with some young friends, and was engaged to spend the night at the house of a schoolmate. So Mrs. Bascomb returned home.

Two men stood in the doorway of an unused flight of office stairs and read an evening paper.

They were much occupied in discussing one item among the personal news. It was this:

'The Rubber Horseshoe Company is an assured fact. Mr. Howard Bascomb drew $15,000 from the M. & M. Bank to-day, the investment of the branch company formed here, and will leave for New York to-morrow. A capital of $80,000 is assured.'

'Do y' see!' ejaculated the younger and smaller of the two men. 'Drew $16 000 in spondulicks. Goes home with it in his vest pocket, blow me ef he don't.'

'Maybe not, pard. S'posin' it's a certified check?'

'Then there'll be a reward offered to get it back—see?'

'Jim, g'roun' to the bank an' find out which and whether it were,' suggested the older man.

'Bank clossed,' remarked Jim sententiously.

'S'pose it air. Did yer expect to send in yer card to the cashier, or the president? Get aroun' an' interview th' janitor. Represent yerself as Mister Bascomb's confidential bizness man carn't yer?'

Jim started off at once without waiting to give his 'pard' any outline of his plan. He was gone an hour, but when he returned he was frightened with intelligence.

'Bills,' he chuckled, 'five-hundred and one-thousand dollar bills—whew! An' he'll sleep with them about his honorable pusson to-night—mebbe.'

'Does yer know the house?' asked the other man, after a spell of silence.

'I don't pard. But I've hunted it up in the d'rectory, and it's as handy as a mitten on yer nose. Let's go and get somethin' wet to improve our minds. It's 'tween us this time—you outside, me in—savey?'

The rascals, who, in appearance at least, might have passed for honest men, walked out of the doorway and parted company to avoid the eagle eye of the police who would have recognized in their duality a conspiracy against law and order,

When Mrs. Bascomb returned from her visit it was dark. She had stayed to supper, and as the girl opened the door she saw that she was somewhat excited.

'What is it, Kitty?' she asked, rather gravely, because the girl was inclined to get flustered easily.

'Oh, mem, what was the name of the girl as lived here before I came?' she responded with a counter question.

'Her name? Sarah something, I cannot remember just now—why?'

'Oh, there was a young man here looking for his sister, but her name was Annie Donovan. He said he hadn't seen her in ten years, and she was grown up now, and he talked butchfully about her. It would bring the tears to your eyes, ma'am, to hev heard him.'

'Kitty, I wouldn't gossip with strange men if I were you. It isn't safe. He probably was a tramp, and all that story about his sister was just made up out of whole cloth. What else did he want?'

'Nothing, ma'am, and I didn't let him inside the kitchen door. He warn't no tramp, an' I'm sure he was tellin' the truth.'

Mrs. Bascomb did not prolong the argument, but busied herself until bedtime with some household duties, which were really in the line of pleasures to her womanly nature. Then she saw that the house was locked up, sent Kitty to bed, and went into her front parlor, which was lighted and cosy, just as if the master of the house were at home.

'I must send my father's message to Howard,' she soliloquised, and seating herself at the pretty little desk which had been one of her wedding presents, she wrote a postal card. After giving the business message from her father, she added one for herself. When the card was addressed she went to the window and looked out, wondering why she had not thought to write it earlier in the evening. There was a mail box diagonally across the street on the corner.

'I'll just run across and mail it. I'll leave the door open—it won't take a moment.'

Taking a wrap from the hat-tree in the hall, she threw it about her, saw that no one was passing, and slipped out. It took her only a moment to drop that card in the box and run back to the house. The door was ajar as she had left it, no one was on the street; but in that one moment——

It was past midnight. Mrs. Bascomb was reading a very interesting novel. She was surprised when the clock struck the half hour, and laid her book down. Not that she felt sleepy, but she had just determined that she would sleep downstairs in the new folding-bed in the back parlor. There were portieres between the rooms, but these were drawn back and hung limp on either side.

The 'bed' was a large handsome bookcase, with bric-a-brac on its top shelf Mrs. Bascomb let it down and admired it from all sides. It took up all the space between the walls, except just room enough for her to pass to the little table under the mirror, where Howard's revolver lay. She now pushed this further back and laid her watch and chain—her wedding present from her father—her diamond graduation ring, her diamond engagement ring and her purse, which she took out of the pocket of her dress, on the table in a shining heap.

'I wonder if he married the tall, thin one, or the short homely one,' she said to herself, and, going out, into the parlor, picked up the book again, and was soon deep in the plot.

A noise roused her. She looked at the folding doors leading into the hall. They were locked, she knew. Then she turned her eyes toward the back parlor.

'It's the new folding-bed getting used to being open,' she thought, conscious of a slight exhilaration in the region of her heart. Then she glanced at a mirror, in which she saw a full-length figure of a man standing back of the portieres.

I have heard it said, or read somewhere, that every man is ready to protect a woman from every other man except himself. At that moment Lottie Bascomb would rather have seen a tiger standing ready to devour her. Her next surprise was at his manner of address:

'Good evening, ma'am,' and he stepped from the portiere and stood before her. 'You needn't be frightened, I ain't going to hurt you.'

'What do you want?' Her voice did not even tremble.

'I want the money yer husband brought home that he's goin' to take to New York to-morrow.'

'I don't know what money you mean, but my husband is on his way to New York now. He left to-day at noon.'

She had risen from her chair and started forward to reach the revolver. But she could not outwit the disappointed and enraged burglar.

He sprang to intercept her, and struck his foot against the folding-bed, throwing himself across it in his attempt to retain his balance. There was a grinding, whirring sound and a complete disappearance of one of the principles in this affair.

On that same night a belated citizen hurrying home was accosted from the lower window of a house he was passing in the residence portion of the city.

'Sir, oh, sir!'

He stopped, for it was a woman's voice, pitched at an alarm key.

'Will you please find the policeman on this beat and send him here instantly?'

'Can I be of any assistance?'

'No. It's a burglar, and I have him safe.'

The policeman arrived, and with him the passer-by she had accosted, whose services were not required, however. The policeman went to the telephone and summoned help. Meanwhile he took up a position where earlier in the evening the folding-bed had stood. It was now shut up, and looked merely a massive bookcase again.

When the patrol wagon arrived, this desk became an object of immediate interest. One blue-coated official was stationed on either side and two at the foot. Mrs. Bascomb and the now awakened Kitty were detailed at a little distance.

'Now!' said the sergeant, and he manipulated the desk as Mrs. Bascomb had shown him how to do, a moment before.

It came down on the run, and there, limp and half smothered, was the trapped burglar, his forehead cut and bleeding from a chance incision as the bed had shut up with him in an explosive embrace.

'So, Clever Jim, you're at it again. Here you are,' said one of the policemen as he snapped the bracelets on his wrist.

'That's him,' said Kitty, 'that's the man that was lookin' for a girl as he said was his sister. Oh, the villyun!

He was taken away, tried and convicted and sent up for five years, but he never opened his mouth as to the method of getting into the house. It is quite safe to say that Mrs. Bascomb never resorted again to that very common practice of ladies who mail late letters, of leaving the house door ajar. And the folding-bed will remain a desk to the end of its days, until it should again be used as a burglar-trap.

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Canada Accident Co. } H. W. MACHUM, *District Manager*,
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[1y-p-6]

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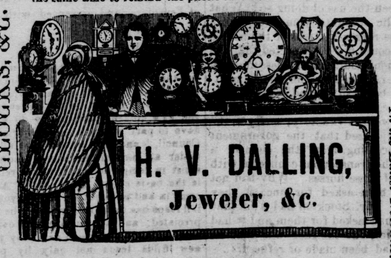
Can only be obtained by wearing No. 391 "Improved All-Featherbone Corsets." No side steels to break, hurt or rust.
TRY A PAIR.
All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

H. V. DALLING
Desires to return thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed during the past holiday season, and at the same time to remind the public that he has still on hand
A Most Beautiful and Varied Line of JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &C.


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OUR
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
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Lumberman's Gum Rubber Shoes
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These goods were purchased before the advance in Rubber and we will sell them AWAY DOWN.
60 doz. Oil Tanned Shoe Pacs and Moccasins very low.
25 " Fancy Moccasins for Ladies and Gents, Misses and Children.
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HE PATRONIZES THE
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TABLE TOPS, &c.
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Parties wanting anything in the above line would do well to call and learn prices.
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LEMONT & SONS
With the Largest and Best Assorted stock in
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House-furnishing of any in New Brunswick.
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this year.
Fredericton, N.B., Jan. 5th, 1894.

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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.

BLANKS *Of all kinds can be had at the Sentinel Office very cheap.*

Local & Foreign Items.

At Quebec, in the winter, milk is sold by the pound in frozen cakes that look like blocks of marble.

Nashville is the first city in the world for hard wood lumber, and the largest milling city in the South.

At Salzburg, Austria, a man was kept prisoner in a cellar for fifteen years, during which time he never saw a human face.

Mr. Gladstone is said to have a private income of about £19,000, derived partly from his estate at Hawarden, and from investment.

Wart on scrofula and every form of impure blood is boldly declared by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great conqueror of all blood diseases.

Hartford is said to be the richest city, for its population, in America.

The most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil in the world is Miller's Emulsion, and is now being taken by invalids with astonishing success. Miller's is "the kind that cures" coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Every bottle warranted. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c. and $1.00, at druggists.

The mines tributary to Butte City have an output of $23,000,000 a year.

A Perfect Cure for Cold in the Head.

It cured me of a severe cold in the head," is what Mr. A. D McDonald of Framboise, C. B., says of Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents.

Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, employs 12,000 people, and pays nearly $7,000,000 annually in wages.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Kingsclear creamery manufactured 22,890 pounds of butter last summer, which sold for $5,155, averaging 22½ cents per lb.

DO NOT NEGLECT coughs, colds, asthma and bronchitis, but cure them by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Printing from type was known to the Egyptians 3000 years ago.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sulphur Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Garden Bros. Druggists.

Next to the Bible, Moody and Sankey's hymns have had a larger circulation than any other work in twenty-five years.

BAD BLOOD causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cure bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Word of a very distressing accident comes from Cape Tormentine. On Thursday a girl named Spence wished to singe her hair, so she tied it together, making a knot near the end. She dipped the end, to the knot, in paraffine and held a light to it. Her hair at once was all ablaze and was burned off to her head. Her ears were burned to a crisp and her face was also badly burned. She suffered intense agony and tore the clothes off those who came to assist her. At last reports she was suffering severely.—*Telegraph*.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Sciffes, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Garden Bros, Druggists.

A lady in Halifax is suffering in consequence of a mistake made in a Halifax drug store. She was given a prescription by a north end doctor for a lotion with which to bathe her face. It seems that when the prescription was left at the store the head clerk was busy and he handed it to a lad, an employe, to make up. The latter put vitrol in the bottle instead of some harmless liquid. The lady applied the lotion with the result that her face and head were terribly burned.

I CAN highly praise Burdock Blood Bitters because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success My symptoms were dropsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers too highly.
GEORGINA HOLMES,
Wood Point, Stockville, N. B.

Thirty one persons died of actual starvation in London during last year, eight infants and twenty three adults. Not one of the unfortunate persons had ever applied to the parish authorities for relief, and in only one case had the deceased person been at any time the inmate of a poorhouse or hospital. All were people of unquestioned respectability, who had come upon hard times and whose pride and horror of accepting public alms overcame the sharpest pangs of hunger. A sample story is in this official record: "James McDonald, aged about 60 years; date of inquest, Feb. 19 Deceased would not apply to the parish; verdict starvation."

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply say "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lymen Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

It is satisfactory to have the Conservative *Sun* go so far in the direction of tariff reform as to say—

One thing is certain, that the tariff of 1870 will be thoroughly revised item by item. It may be taken for granted that its most inconvenient features will be removed. There are duties giving protection amounting to absolute prohibition under all circumstances. The best sense of the country is against such excessive protection, especially on industries which can be combined under one system of administration. Prohibition was the principle of the McKinley bill. We do not in Canada want to shut out foreign competition entirely, but rather to afford to outsiders the opportunity to protect Canadian consumers from the exactions of possible monopolists at home.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.

A novel application of electricity as a motor has recently been discovered in New York. An old worn out race horse was entered for a race and on the track developed remarkable speed. When he came to weigh it was discovered that the jockey wore an electrical apparatus with wires extending down to his spurs and by this means the jockey could give his mount a succession of firey electric shocks, that woke up and accelerated the speed. It then came out that a gang had been using this contrivance for some time and with general success.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in cows

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

W. C. T. U. Corner.

Regular meeting of the Woodstock W. C. T. U., on **Thursday**, at 3 o'clock, p. m., in their **Hall**—first **Thursday** of every month being the Union Prayer Meeting. Women cordially invited to attend

Home vs. Saloon.

THE EVIL MUST BE SUPPRESSED.

The liquor traffic is the great octopus on society, the monumental curse of our country, a curse without one mitigating feature. This traffic embodies diabolism unparalleled by any other evil. The saloon is the most dangerous, destructive and intolerable nuisance that has ever been allowed to exist in a civilized community. Wherever the saloon lifts its hydra head of criminal horrors it dwarfs all other outrages and shames into silence the most aggravating crimes of history.

There is no other evil or injury to human life and happiness that bears any comparison to this hideous curse of alcoholic poison. No age or condition in life is safe from its baleful influences. Our homes, religion, education, property, and all the most sacred ties of wives and mothers, and the endearing claims of childhood are blasted and blighted by this vile monster of vicious, selfish cruelty.

The devil, with all his infernal ingenuity, can never devise a more subtle and terrible array of evils to degrade humanity and curse the world than those caused by the insidious influence of alcoholic beverages.

What aggravates the outrage and intensifies the evil is the fact that the people themselves, through their votes, are responsible for the existence of this terrible scourge.

Where the Money Goes.

"Every rag stuck in a window to keep out the cold from the drunkard's home, denotes a contribution toward buying new suits for the publican and his family. The more elegance and ease in the publican and his family. The more elegance and ease in the publican's family, the more poverty, degradation and despair in the families of those who patronize him. The corner grog-shop, with its blazing windows and marble floors, is paid for by the tenants of other landlords who do not pay their rents. The more plate glass and marble slabs there are in the saloon, the more old hats and worn out garments must be stuck in the windows of their patrons to keep out the cold air. The more silk flounces upon the dress of a saloon-keeper's wife, the cheaper the calico upon the wife and children of his patrons. The more spacious the parlor and brighter the fire of the publican, the more scantily furnished, cheerless and cold are the abodes of those who patronize him. While the publican drives his expensive span of horses, his customer cannot afford a five cent ride."

Poor men's money buys the rich ramseller's luxuries; and hard-working women suffer, and little children pine in want, and burly ramsellers may roll in wealth, and their families riot in ease and plenty. But there is a God, and he will be heard from about this business by and by. How long, O Lord, how long?

Go Higher.

Why are the stellar observatories placed on elevation? Why is the Lick telescope located on the desolate summit of Mount Hamilton? Not to bring the object-glass nearer the stars, but to over come the world—the great, round, hindering world; the cough, broken, fretted world; the world with its huge opaqueness and its petty obtrusions! That is way. And that is why Christ rises so into the regions of ideal; to overcome the world, to lift us above the world. Climb the mountain. You begin in the valley and end in the clouds. Climb Christ's life! You begin with the real and end with the ideal. You begin with a carpenter's bench or a fisher's net, and end with a martyr's cross and a victor's crown. You begin with the human, you end with the divine. The mountain does not seem so very high, not much higher than some of the surrounding mountains. But the higher you go, the higher it rises; the farther from it you recede, the loftier it appears.—Rev. J. Brainerd Taylor.

A History of Two Parliaments.

The present session of the Dominion Parliament promises to be one of the most interesting in the history of our country. First and foremost will come the battle for Tariff Reform, in which the issues between the two parties will be sharply defined. Both parties will be making records for the coming Dominion elections. Then there will be the Manitoba and North-West School questions; the French Treaty; the position of Mr. McCarthy, and other questions of interest but of minor importance.

The Montreal Daily Herald, which furnishes its readers with one of the fullest, ablest and most impartial reports of the session, announces that this year it will give its weekly readers a full-sized four page Parliamentary Supplement, containing its entire daily report. Concurrently with the Dominion session will be held the Imperial Parliament, which will also be of special interest and will be fully reported in the *Herald's* weekly supplement. The whole making a most valuable history of the actions of these great bodies.

For those who are not subscribers to The *Weekly Herald*, a special price of 25 cents has been made, for which the publishers will furnish The *Weekly Herald* and the Parliamentary Supplement for the full term of the session, no matter how long it may last. The *Herald* is independent Liberal in politics. Subscriptions for the sessional term may be sent to this paper, or direct to the Montreal Herald Co., 608 Craig Street, Montreal.

Gladstone's Career.

William Ewart Gladstone is the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone. He was born December 29, 1809. Became M.P. for Newark in 1832. Was Lord of the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel in December, 1834; became Under-Secretary of the Colonies the following year. Was appointed Master of the Mint and Vice President of the Board of Trade in 1841. Was the chief instigator in the revision of the British tariff laws in 1842. President of the Board of Trade from 1843 to 1845. Secretary of the Colonies 1845-1846, and then held no position of prominence for over six years. In January, 1853, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. A position he held a little over 12 years. In 1858 was sent as Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Isles, and shortly afterward was recalled to the Chancellorship, which he retained this time for seven years. It was during the last months of his connection with this office that he introduced his famous franchise bill. In 1868 his resolutions disestablishing the Irish church passed the Commons, and later in the same year he was called to the premiership. Since that time his career is comparatively well known. He has been the foremost figure in all the important political movements that have taken place in England, the present being his fourth experience as Prime Minister.

Three Thousands Years Old.

According to a correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle" an exhibition of exceeding interest has just been opened at the Vienna Museum. This consists of a collection of upwards of 10,000 Egyptian papyrus documents, which were discovered at El Fayum, and purchased by the Austrian Archduke Rainer several years ago. The collection is unique, and the documents, which are written in eleven different languages, have all been deciphered and arranged scientifically. They cover a period of 2,500 years and furnish remarkable evidence as to the culture and public and private life of the ancient Egyptians and other nations. They are also said to contain evidence that printing from type was known to the Egyptians as far back as the tenth century B.C. Other documents show that a flourishing trade in the manufacture of paper from linen rags existed six centuries before the process was known in Europe. Another interesting feature in the collection is a number of commercial letters, contracts, tax records, wills, novels, tailors' bills, and even love letters, dating from 1200 B. C.

Cotton has been cultivated since time out of memory. One of the presents received by Jacob—Joseph's father—from the royal hand of Pharaoh was a cotton rope.

Neal Dow's 90th birthday was celebrated at Exeter hall, on Feb. 20. Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Francis Willard, Sir Wilfred Lawson and other leaders of the temperance cause made addresses.

According to the annual report of the Department of Indian Affairs, which has just been issued, there are in the Dominion 99,717 Indians, of whom 31,449 are set down as Roman Catholics, 25,366 as Protestants, and 25,730 as pagans.

Every member of the British cabinet vote in three capacities—as administrator of a department of state, as member of a legislative chamber and as a confidential adviser to the crown.