

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

WHOLE NO.—2474

FIRE ASSURANCE
COLLECTING AGENCY.
The "Carleton" has an appointed AGENT
for the sale of the First Class Fire Assur-
ance Co., Ltd., of London, England, established 1868.
Capital.....\$1,000,000
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF TORONTO,
First Class Assets.....\$1,240,391.00
Unpaid Capital.....500,000.00

WILLIAM DIBBLEE,
Agent for County of Carleton.
As Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and
Notes to amount of \$50 and under without cost.
Woodstock, April 21, 1894. W. D.

ROYAL HOTEL,
41, 43 and 45 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors.
W. E. RAYMOND. (10) H. A. DOHERTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
First-Class Livery Stable in Connection.

JUNCTION HOUSE,
NEWBURN JUNCTION.

OLIN CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

MEALS on arrival of all Trains: Tables well
supplied, food well cooked; waiters at-
tentive and obliging.

THE PROPRIETOR'S highest aim is to satisfy
his patrons.

CHAS. APPELBY, M.A.L.L.B.
BARRISTER

Attorney-at-Law,
Queen St., Woodstock.

D. B. GALLAGHER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Woodstock, N. B.

OFFICE:—old Hammond office,
First building on Court Street, off
Main at Moore's Corner.

CHAS. COMBEN, A.B. L.L.B.
Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &c.

PROMPT 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.
79 Main St., Next below Post Office.

T. J. CARTER, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
ANDOVER, N. B.

Collections a Specialty.
(17-18)

THOS. LAWSON,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
ANDOVER, Victoria County.

CO. OF SOLICITORS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

W. FRED KERRISON,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Grand Falls, N. B.

Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit and County
Courts, Victoria County.

W. H. HENRY,
Attorney & Counselor at Law
ANDOVER, N. B.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Will Practice in all the Courts of the State.
Prompt attention given to Collections. Refers to
any Bank or leading Merchant in Halifax.

Office:—No. 50 Main Street.
Houlton, Maine.

RANDOLPH K. JONES,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Woodstock, N. B.

Office:—At his Residence, cor. Main & Albert Sts.

W. W. HAY,
AUCTIONEER.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Office:—"GLASGOW HOUSE," Woodstock, N. B.

D. W. ROSS, M.D., C. M.
Physician & Surgeon.

SPECIALTIES:
Diseases of Women.

Diseases of the Skin.
Office and Residence:—Turner House,
FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

T. F. SPRAGUE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.

CORNER MAIN AND ALBERT STREETS,
Woodstock, N. B.

N. R. COLEMAN, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
Chapel Street - - - Woodstock, N. B.

DR. P. T. KEIRSTEAD.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
Tutor House,
CHAPEL ST., WOODSTOCK.

Special attention given to Diseases of
Women and Children.

W. D. RANKIN, M.B.C.M.

Office and Residence:
Chapel Street, - - - Woodstock.

W. D. CAMBER,
DENTIST.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the
PAINLESS EXTRACTION
OF TEETH.

Office:—In Connell's Woodstock Block, Queen St.

DR. E. S. KIRKPATRICK,
DENTIST.

Graduate of Pennsylvania Dental College. All
modern improvements, including Crown and
Bridge work. Family extracting.
Office open evening.

17-18 Main St., Woodstock.
Nearly opposite Post Office.

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 im-
ported into this County, and which we will sell
at the lowest possible price.

Parties wanting anything in the above line
would do well to call and learn prices.
FURNITURE AND GRANITE WORK a
specialty.

SOUTH SIDE BRIDGE.

TO LET.

FROM May 1st. The House owned by A.
W. HARRISON, near Post Office. Rent mod-
est. Apply to W. E. RAYMOND.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.]

XLVI.—37.

Poetry.

Our Native Land.

W. WILSON SCOTT.

(continued.)

Blest is the man with self obscure,
Who for his country's good aspires,
His deeds, his name immortals,
And live for ever the theme of choir.

Igneous the avian's man
Who centres all his love in soul,
What power can stir his sleeping soul,
Forever guaranteed in self.

Unknown he lives, unknown he dies,
Of meagre benefit is he,
For in his breath there does not dwell
The spirit of philosophy.

Glorious trophy honoured fame,
In two ways only can be gained,
Sometimes obtained through never sought,
More often by being sought, obtained.

When love leads on to noble deeds,
Pride follows in his shining car,
And bids the angelic hero stand
To fight with her and ride afar.

I need not dwell on parable themes,
Examples to all school boys know,
How men made famous by their deeds,
Have perished from the earth.

How hampered round by tyranny,
O'er England's sons no slaves will be,
First to oppress an unjust law,
Died for his country's liberty.

How shielded by Wallace fought,
First to oppress an unjust law,
How Greens threw off the Tartan yoke,
And Poland fell by odds subdued.

Select Verse.

THAT CARD GAME.

"As I said to you at the time of our
last conversation on these matters, we
do not much care to have club affairs made
public property. The spirit of reserve
and exclusiveness which has characterized
the club since its inception is all against
the public, even in regard to such
incidents as this—which can only result
to its credit. You will give the report
verbatim, will you? You will promise
not to color it to serve the purposes of a
newspaper sensation? Well, I believe I
can trust you with the facts; they are
not of the sort that we need hide them.

"Yes, it is true that we have a card-
room at the club. I believe gentlemen
can play cards for light stakes—and re-
main gentlemen.

"You think there is not much distinc-
tion between that and gambling, eh? Well,
we will not discuss that point for high
stakes, and do not much harm has ever
grown out of our card-room. In this case
good came of it, as I will show you.

"Some men are born gamblers. The in-
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to have another chance, if you will let
me. My private collection of paintings is
worth five thousand dollars.

"He looked at Clifford inquiringly, not
putting his question in words. 'All
right,' said the other briefly and the
game went on.

"I began to get nervous, not knowing
where it would end, and looked at my
watch. It was twenty minutes past
three. I went to the window, and could
see a faint streak of gray light in the east.

"I was thankful for that, for I believed
the grayish daylight, which would soon
be upon us, would bring the men to their
senses, and stop the play. I thought
Montgomery's punishment had already
been severe enough.

"While standing by the window I
heard a sharp click, and turned quickly
enough to see Montgomery throw down
his cards and settle back in his chair with
a look of abject despair.

"He bent forward, his eyes glowing
upon his victim. I had not thought the
man carried so much malice in his heart,
and for a moment liked him the less for
it. But only for a moment. Montgom-
ery's fidelity stood out.

"I have one thing more," he said, "the
promise of Rachel Morris to be my wife.
If I lose now, I leave you a clear field."

"Clifford rose quietly from the table.
"You hear this, gentlemen?" he said.
"This card has changed the name of a lady
into a game of cards. This bound," he
paused, I thought to give the other a
chance to repent his words, "this bound,"
he repeated slowly, "has managed to get
Dan Morris in his debt. He has agreed
to cancel the obligations if his daughter
will marry him. This, the brave girl, in
a moment of despair, consented to do.
This cur," he paused again, "holds her
promise. And now he offers it as a
stake upon a game of cards."

"Clifford seemed to grow in stature as
he spoke and the other to shrink to the
proportions of a pygmy. When he had
finished he took the money he had won,
and the checks, and twisted them to-
gether and threw them into Montgomery's
face. Then he went to the door and open-
ed it.

"Go," he said; and the fellow slunk
out like a whipped cur.

"You want the end of the story? Well
it is brief. The club's action was prompt
and Montgomery is no longer a member.

"And Rachel Morris, did you say? Oh,
yes. Here are wedding cards. She is to
be married to Clifford this evening. I
must go and dress. I am to be best
man. That is my reward for remaining
an old board."

"I think it would have been more true
if he had said this was one of his re-
wards, for I can see that he has many.
So many men befriended, so many won
money of happy by means of unselfish de-
votion, have given a crown to this year
of more worth than the crowns that years
bring. If it be as I have guessed, that
the life of the old fellow has known some
sorrow, it is certain that it now knows
much happiness. But now as I look at
him more closely before we part, I think
perhaps he is not so old as he sometimes
seemed to me.

Be Pleasant.

The only way to be pleasant, it
has been said, is to make a study of the
art. Why not? 'Tis a beautiful study
and will yield you a rich recompense. A
woman who makes the man she loves be-
lieve that she knows not the meaning of
sorrow, and who, when she has for her
pleasant smile and a word of welcome;
will find that tender thoughts of her are
creeping down further into his heart than
those of the beauty whom she envies.

In conversation the other day, some
charming girls were complaining of their
lack of talent and plain features. It was
suggested to them to make a study of the
art of being pleasant. Girls, you don't
know what an effect continued pleasant-
ness has upon a man's heart.

There is an incoherent longing deep
in the heart of each woman plodding
along this earth of ours, to be attractive.
She thrives on admiration and grows
plump at the rate of five pounds a week.
If a little plumpness be known in her way,
but the great question of how to gain
this affection, this love and admiration
which each man has in his power to give,
is sometimes of a rather puzzling nature,
and being a particular friend of mine I
spoke to him about accommodating Mont-
gomery with this game for keeps, and he
expressed it. Clifford could afford to lose
a little money if it became necessary, and
I knew he had plenty of courage to stay
in as long as any. He gave an ugly little
smile when I explained the matter to
him, showing that he might have some
of his own to settle.

"Jimmy Pettigling made the fourth
member of our party, and I have already
told you what kind of a man he is, and if
you have forgotten that you have only to
look at the history of that affair at the club
which I gave you not long ago.

"I do not think you will care to follow
all the course of our play. For some
time Clifford and Pettigling lost steadily,
I mean some money, but looking at it
money going to Montgomery. From the
start we had played in a sort of ferocious
silence, as if more than the mere money
stakes was dependent on the issue. For
my life I could not tell what I thought of,
but as the hours went by I grew on me
that an 'event' was drawing toward its
culmination.

"After midnight matters began to
change, Montgomery losing heavily and
Clifford winning. The bets grew heavier
with each hand, and once or twice I felt
inclined to protest against such plunging.
But Pettigling, who seemed to see ahead
more clearly than I did, gave me a look
that held me silent.

"Montgomery was well supplied with
money and for a long time paid his losses
in cash. But finally he took out his
bank book, wrote a check and passed it
to Clifford in settlement, and asked him
if that was satisfactory. Clifford placed
it in his pocket without looking at it,
merely nodding to the other, and went
on with the game. This was repeated
two or three times, and after that Pet-
tigling nodded to me that we had best
draw out of the game and let them fight
it to a finish alone.

"Montgomery had grown nervous, and
was playing recklessly. Clifford was
calm, a little paler than usual, and play-
ing with a deliberate calculation that
meant ruin to his adversary, if he could
compass it. Presently Montgomery
paused, and made a hasty calculation
in his bankbook; he hesitated a moment
after this, then said hastily to Clifford:
"I have no more money. I would like

to have another chance, if you will let
me. My private collection of paintings is
worth five thousand dollars.

"He looked at Clifford inquiringly, not
putting his question in words. 'All
right,' said the other briefly and the
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