

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

WHOLE NO.—2526.

FIRE ASSURANCE
AND
COLLECTING AGENCY.
The Subscriber has been appointed AGENT
for the undermentioned First Class Fire Assur-
ance Co's., viz—
The Atlas Assurance Co.
of London, England; Established 1808.
Capital.....\$600,000.00
The Western Assurance Co. of Toronto.
Net Cash Assets.....\$1,240,381.00
Unpaid Capital.....500,000.00
\$1,740,381.00
Farms and mercantile risks taken at lowest
rates. Losses promptly paid.
WILLIAM DIBBLE,
Agent for County of Carleton.
As Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and
Notes to amount of \$50 and under without cost.
Woodstock, April 1, 1895. W. D.

HOTEL ABERDEEN
(Open 10th April, 1895.)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Only Hotel in the City with
Passenger Elevator.
May 25, 1895. G. R. PUGSLEY, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL,
41, 43 and 45 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors.
Y. E. RAYMOND. (10) H. A. DOHERTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICKTON, N. B.
J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
First-Class Livery Stable in Connection.

TURNER HOUSE,
A FIRST CLASS
TEMPERANCE HOTEL.
Transient and Transient Boarders.
CHAPLAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
GOOD STABLES, CAREFUL HOSTLER.
SMITH & WALTON.
17, 21 and 23.

JUNCTION HOUSE
MEALS AND LUNCHEONS
Will be served on Arrival of
all Trains.
A First Class Barber Shop in connection
with the Hotel.
C. J. TABOR, Prop.
844.

CHARLES COMBEN,
A. B., LL. B.
Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor,
Notary Public, &c.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
OFFICE—70 Main St. - WOODSTOCK.

D. B. GALLAGHER,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc.,
Woodstock, N. B.
OFFICE:—Queen Street, opposite
Graham's Opera House.

LOUIS E. YOUNG, LL.B.,
Barrister,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED.
79 Main St. Next below Post Office.

T. J. CARTER, LL.B.,
Barrister, Notary Public,
Conveyancer, &c.
ANDOVER, VICTORIA COUNTY, N. B.

THOS. LAWSON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Andover, Victoria County,
COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

W. FRED. KERSTON,
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 Collections. Refers to
any Bank or Trading Merchant in Montreal.
Office—No. 40 Main Street.
Residence—No. 3 Winter Street.

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

D. W. ROSS, M.D., G. M.
Physician & Surgeon.
SPECIALTIES:
Diseases of the Skin.
Office and Residence in the Old Methodist Par-
sonage, lately occupied by Henry Dargatz.
FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

T. F. SPRAGUE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
CORNER MAIN AND ALBERT STREETS,
Woodstock, N. B.

DR. P. T. KEIRSTEAD,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
Turner House,
CHAPLAIN 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. GAMBER,
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 the 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.
17-23.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.]

XLVII.—37.

Poetry.

Cuba.

(For the Carleton Sentinel.)

Oubans, crushing long and broken
Nails the iron of Spain,
Who so oft in arms have risen
To shake off the galling chain,
But as oft have been defeated,
Through your arms all res rise,
The time, in your might arising,
May your foes extinguish be!

Spare not them who know no mercy,
Strike with vengeance, swift and true;
Strike with all your fiery manhood,
For your cause is just and pure!

Shall the men, who learn no wisdom
As the ages roll ahead,
Still control your lovely island
By the force of steel and lead?

Thrust your broadsword through the tyrant's
flank,
Though they be your next of kin;
When from Hill are drawn your rulers
Who obey them in a flinty rank.

Waver not, your cause is righteous;
Freedom's spirit leads you on;
While the life blood warms your bosom,
Let each patriot sword be drawn.

Let ye despots hating Spaniards,
Bastards of your liberty,
You had never gained your freedom
Had the French not crossed the sea.

When you rose against oppression,
That was founded more than real,
And the servants of Great Britain
Met with hostile blades of steel.

Vain and short had been your struggle
Had the French not lent a hand;
Now, then, help your Cuban sisters,
Who have made a gallant stand.

Violent the force Iberian carries,
Using something more than words;
If you really wish your freedom,
In her land draw your swords.

And ye Britons, who so loudly
Claim to help the weak and small,
Do not let the Cuban heroes,
Fighting for their country, fall.

When the blacks of San Domingo,
Rather than be re-enslaved,
Rose against their French oppressors,
And the white man's fury braved,

Promptly did you send, to help them,
Numbers of your men of war,
Till, with British aid, the patriots
Drove the Frenchmen from their shore.

Did you fight for the Haytians,
Or to save them from France?
Just alone for Hayti's freedom
Would you ever have raised a lance?

Rouse, great nation, feared world over;
Give the blacks the Cuban aid;
There is nothing for the feeble
There is no money to be made.

Rise for once above the promptings
Of your sordid greed of gain,
And show the Cuban patriots
Break the cursed Spanish chain.

And the children of a people
Whom from tyranny you save,
Shall upon you, down the ages,
Shower the blessings of the brave.

—Henry Stuart,
Boston, N. B., August 24, 1895.

Select Tale.

LITTLE DOLLY.

She sat in the parlor of Mrs. Sim-
mons' boarding house, a form and de-
jected little figure, in a faded black
pale dress. Her pale, little face made
one think of a tiny, white snowdrop, that
had lost itself in a great garden, so out
of place did she look.

The stiff, ugly furniture, covered with
its glaring red plush, the big, velvet al-
bum on the marble-top center-table,
beside the cross of wax flowers under
their glass globe, all looked somehow
out of harmony with this drooping little
figure in black. Even Mrs. Simmons
herself felt it, although she did not see
anything amiss with the big 'unhomelike
parlor.

'Poor, lonesome little mite,' she
thought to herself, as she came bustling
into the room. 'She looks like a
wind blown from her clean away. She
must have a story by her mother and
come in to the money don't help her
at all. It is a bit better, but it would
be a lot better if she had a mother who
she could turn to for help. I hope
her aunts of hers won't make her feel
it.

'Air you gettin' rested, dearie?' she
said aloud, in her soft voice, that made
one forget her big, ungainly form and
red face, so surely did it betray the kind
and sincere heart that beat beneath the
ample folds of that blue calico dress.

'There, you do look right smart
brighter and now you just stop a wor-
min'. You have wrote your aunts to
meet you here this afternoon, and you
must look as chipper as ever you can.
They ain't got no call to be anything
but kindly hearted to you, if they were
mad because their rich brother left his
money to your mother. She was a wid-
der and more useful of it. They have
both acted mighty uncharitable for ten
years and more, accordin' to my beliefs
and opinions—stopped speaking to each
other and such nonsense, all because of
that money.'

'You was at school with me, and
a sweeter girl never lived! I mind yet
how she used to fidget over my sums for
me, which never was overly bright with
my brain. She want to blame, I'll be
bound.'

The quick tears sprang to the girl's
eyes. Her grief was yet so recent a
thing that she could not realize it would
ever be any less terrible or less hard to
bear.

'I do dread meeting them,' she said.
'They are not like mother. They both
care so much for society, and for dress.
Mother has told me about it. They were
angry when she married father, for they
were poor, and they had both married
rich.'

'When father died, and Uncle Jack,
who was always good to mother, left her
his money, they were more displeased
than ever. They thought she had in-
fluenced him about the will.'

'If they would only care for me a
little. I would rather have that than
all the money.'

'I can make \$35 a month teaching at
Wilford, and that will be all I need, you
know. If they will only love me a little,
Mrs. Simmons, they can have the money
and welcome.'

Mrs. Simmons looked at her. 'Dolly
Mason' she said solemnly, 'I've lived fifty
years, and I found out long ago that you
can't buy love; nor put a kind and lov-
ing nature into a heart what's all dried
up and frozen down with selfishness.'

'There now, you go and get dressed
up; they will be here in another half
hour, if they are coming. And don't you
be scared by their high and mighty ways.
Bein' an alderman now don't make me

forget that Jim Dawson was a grocery
clerk once, if his wife has forgot it, and
goes around with one of them abomin-
able little white poodles huggin' up in
her arms. I call it a sin—an unpardon-
able sin, when there are dozens of babies
just a-waitin' and a-longin' to be
mothered!'

'I can remember, too, when Mr. John
Edwards kept a one-horse livery stable
years ago. His wife has her own car-
riage and driver now and holds up her
gold eyeglasses, with a little silver stick.
Such nonsense!'

Half an hour later two very different
looking women sat in the boarding house
parlor. They looked even more out of
place than Dolly had done. Mrs. Alder-
man Dawson's carriage arrived first, and
she had been ushered in with trembling
admiration by the little black bell boy.
Her stiff black silk swept the worn car-
pets with an arrogant swish, as if even
it felt its own importance and was tak-
ing this way of making it known. She
sat herself in the parlor on the edge
of one of the stiff plush chairs and gaped
about her with a polite gasp of disap-
proval.

'Just such a place as I should expect
Dolly to have chosen for her daughter
to stay,' she thought. 'Dolly never
seemed to realize what she had in her
family. No doubt she may have spent every
cent of poor Jack's money and the child
is in need of assistance, and she gave
her attention to the wax flowers and the
velvet album.'

In a few moments Mrs. John Ed-
wards' liveried driver assisted her from
the carriage, and when the little bell boy
opened the door to her he almost lost his
breath, at sight of this second glittering
turn-out. In justice to the two ladies
it is only fair to say that they had no
idea of the stir of excitement that their
arrival had created. Every boarder in
the house found occasion during the
next ten minutes to pass the parlor door,
which always stood open.

Mrs. Edwards had entered with even
more dignity than her sister, her gold
eyeglasses held by the long silver lorg-
nette upright in her hand, presenting
somewhat the appearance of a shield.
If she was aware of the presence of Mrs.
Alderman Dawson's face she did not
show it. She seated herself upon the
edge of the sofa and proceeded in turn
to take an inventory of the room, with
the aid of her glass.

They were each apparently uncon-
scious of the other's presence. But when Mrs.
Simmons' soft step was heard they both
turned with more interest than they
would have cared to show, to the door.
She held Dolly's trembling little hand
in her own strong grasp as she led her
forward. Mrs. Simmons was a very
character, if she did keep a second-rate
boarding house. She understood those
two selfish, worldly women much better
than Dolly could, and she was quite de-
termined to let them know that she did,
now that the time had come.

'I am Mrs. Simmons,' she said, as she
bowed with a dignity to match their own,
and this is Dolly. I have been mightily
proud to think that her mother, remem-
bering how fond I used to be of her, sent
her little girl to me; she knew how wel-
come the child would be to the best I
could give her.'

'The city's a mighty big, lonely place
for a stranger, spite of all the folks in it.
Her mother an' me used to be of her sent
her little girl to me; she knew how wel-
come the child would be to the best I
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THE TEMPERANCE & GENERAL

LIFE ASSURANCE COY.

HEAD OFFICE,
TORONTO, ONT.

HON. G. W. ROSS, Pres.;
S. H. BLAKE, Q. C., Vice-Pres.;
S. H. SUTHERLAND, Manager.

These are First-class Canadian Companies, with most attractive and Lib-
eral Features and Plans. Managed with Energy, Equity and Economy.

For Rates, &c.,
Write to or consult

E. R. MACHUM,
Maritime Manager,
St. John, N. B.

C. W. JENNER,
Agent,
Woodstock, N. B.

The Canada

ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CO.

Head Office, - Montreal.

J. H. HUDSON, Manager.

PERSONAL ACCIDENT, PLATE GLASS, &c.

Write to or consult