

The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1899.

[Editor & Proprietor.]

WHOLE NO.—2787.

FIRE ASSURANCE
COLLECTING AGENCY.
 The Subscriber has been appointed AGENT
 for the undersigned First Class Fire Assur-
 ance Co., viz:
The Atlas Assurance Co.
 of London, England; Established 1802.
 Capital.....\$600,000.00
THE WYTHAM ASSURANCE Co. OF TORONTO
 Net Cash Assets.....\$1,240,331.00
 Unpaid Capital.....\$50,000.00
 \$1,240,331.00
 Farms and mercantile risks taken at lowest
 rates. Losses promptly paid.
WILLIAM DIBBLEE,
 Agent for County of Carleton
 As Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and
 fines to amount of \$50 and under without cost
 Woodstock, Ap 12, '97.—M. W. D.

Household Word.

CONNELL'S DRUG STORE,

The household knows, as the
 reliable place at which to procure
 Pure Drugs at Lowest Prices.

Business Mottoes—Purity, Accuracy,
 Deeply.

A fresh supply of the various
 Mulsions, Liniments, Cough Syr-
 ups, Tonics, Asthma and Catarrh
 Cures.

C. G. CONNELL,
 Opposite Carleton Hotel.

THE DUFFERIN.

THIS Popular Hotel is now open for the recep-
 tion of guests. The situation of the house,
 facing as it does the beautiful King Square, makes
 it a most desirable place for visitors and business
 men. It is within a short distance of all the
 city. Has every accommodation. Electric
 Cars, from all parts of the Town, pass the house
 every three minutes.

E. LEROI WILLIS,
 St. John, July 28, 1898. PROPRIETOR.

ROYAL HOTEL,

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

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

BARKER HOUSE,

Queen Street, - Fredericton, N. B.

All modern improvements in the several services
 and conveniences.

FRED. B. COLEMAN, Prop.
 Feb 15, 1898.—J. V. T.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

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

JUNCTION HOUSE,

Newburg Junction.

R. B. OWENS, - - Proprietor.
 Meals on arrival of Trains. First-Class Fare.

McADAM JUNCTION

Restaurant

Meals served on arrival of all trains and plenty
 of time given to enjoy them. The bill of fare in-
 cludes every luxury in season and is served by
 competent and attentive waiters. A well
 provided Lunch Counter for those desiring
 lunch.

COLIN CAMPBELL,
 Proprietor.

DR. S. PUGSLEY,

DENTIST,

Office, over Collins' Book Store.

41 MAIN ST., WOODSTOCK, N. B.
 P. O. Box 210. 12-27

W. D. CAMBER,

DENTIST.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for
 the PAINLESS EXTRACTION
 OF TEETH.

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

CHARLES COMBEN,

Barrister, Solicitor,

CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

OFFICE—29 Main Street, up stairs,
 one door below Carr & Gibson's. 12-23

W. P. & T. M. JONES,
 Attorneys-at-Law, etc. etc.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office—Queen St., opp. Graham Building.

J. T. CARTER, LL.B.,

Barrister, Notary Public,

Conveyancer, &c.

ANDOVER, VICTORIA COUNTY, N. B.

THOS. LAWSON,

BARRISTER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 NOTARY PUBLIC.

ANDOVER, VICTORIA COUNTY.

COLLECTORS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

W. FRED. KERTSON,
 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 in order to
 any Bank or leading Merchant in Montreal.

Office—No. 10 Main Street.
 Residence—No. 3 Winter Street.

Houlton, Maine.

E. H. SAUNDERS, M.D.,

Resident Surgeon Montreal
 General Hospital

Year 95-96.

OFFICE—OVER H. V. DALLING'S,
 MAIN STREET. 23

DR. W. N. HAND,

Office and Residence.

Next Methodist Church
 Chapel St., WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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

CORNER MAIN AND ALBERT STREETS
 WOODSTOCK, N. B.

W. W. HAY,
 AUCTIONEER.
 AND
 ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
 Office—"Glasgow House," Woodstock, N. B.

SAMUEL WATTS.]

VOL. LI.—26

Poetry.

Canadian Hymn.

Strong daughter of heroic birth whose throbbing
 veins combine
 The Lilies and the mighty Oaks in pure and
 of valor.

For thee thy true soul ever holds their hearts
 and lives in hand

To lay them at thy gracious feet when'er
 they need a hand!

Hail Canada! Hail Canada! Hail Canada!
 all are we.

Sons of the North, the brave, true North,
 Land of the Maple Tree.

About us date the olden Cross, our fathers
 and our own.

We deck it with the Maple Leaf Canadian
 and our own.

On to the West, or half a world, we bear
 from sea to sea.

The glorious symbol of our pride, our badge
 of society!

Hail Canada! Hail Canada! Hail Canada!
 all are we.

Sons of the North, the brave, true North,
 Land of the Maple Tree.

Fair are thy spreading lakes and plains, thy
 purple mountains high.

For thee who would not proudly live, who
 would not die!

Freedom and Law thy brows (and wise and
 blue thy sacred soil).

May'st thou the stainless be drawn but
 in the cause of God!

Hail Canada! Hail Canada! Hail Canada!
 all are we.

Sons of the North, the brave, true North,
 Land of the Maple Tree.

—Charles Campbell.

Select Tale.

The "L" Engineer's Story.

"Yes, it's 20 years I've been running
 an engine on the elevated. Not as long
 a run in miles as I have now, for the
 Battery in the Harlem, but the hours have
 always been the same, and I've never
 missed an hour in the cab of the company
 was entitled to in all that time.

"Fire of it? No. Some of the men
 tell me—when we meet and talk, in the
 yards beyond the Hundred and Fifty-
 fifth street station, while waiting to re-
 lieve—some of the men say they see
 nothing in this run that interests them,
 and get tired of it.

"Maybe I'm different from most, but
 in all my years the eight I see from my
 cab window have always been like a play
 on the stage to me.

"Do we get acquainted with the people
 in the windows we see so often, day
 after day, year after year?

"No, I wouldn't say acquainted, exactly
 for that means to speak to each other,
 and we never get to know them well
 enough for that, except the kids.

"Oh, yes, the kids get to call us by
 the number of our engines and become very
 friendly, especially those who live in the
 house opposite our stop.

"I said we didn't get acquainted, but
 there was a case, and if you're looking
 for a story I'll tell you that.

"It was 12 years ago—yes, not more
 than 12, and to think what's happened
 since! I noticed a kindly faced, well
 dressed woman sitting always in the same
 window at the same hour in the after-
 noons, just opposite to where my cab
 stopped at—well, it was one of the
 stations beyond the Central park turn.

"It was a good neighborhood and in
 one of the big apartment houses they
 were rushing up at that time along the
 line of the road on Eighth avenue.

"It might be the home, I should say,
 of a salesman, a head salesman, in some
 wholesale house, who'd be making a good
 salary—like a couple of thousand a year
 or so.

"It looked like a happy home, a com-
 fortable home where there was never any
 distress, but about whether the room
 money would be in the good wife's hands
 at the end of the month or the butcher's
 bill be paid on time.

"The lady would sometimes smile or
 nod at me as I'd come to a full stop
 along there on the up trip about 15 min-
 utes later after while, and I saw what
 the lady was always looking for—a
 schoolgirl, a big, hearty, fine looking
 lad—who threw a kiss to the lady, and
 on the next trip up, for it was late in
 the spring and the days were long, I
 saw the two, mother and daughter at
 the open window. The girl was reading
 aloud and the mother listening, with
 some sewing in her hand and proud of
 the daughter, as I well know, for I'd one
 of my own about the same age.

"After while they would both look
 out and smile pleasantly and nod at me
 out there in the cab waiting for the
 starting signal, and I'd nod back.

"It was a year or so I saw them that
 way—sometimes at supper, sometimes
 in the morning before the husband took
 his train, and some one day the shutters
 were all drawn, and a day or two later
 there was a funeral.

"The station agent told me that it was
 the husband and father who died.

"Soon there were strangers in the house,
 and for a while year I never saw any
 friends. They moved out of the line, I
 guess, for I looked sharp, but never saw
 them again until at the end of the year I
 saw them again in a poorer flat, both of
 them at work sewing on machines, and
 they were a good deal older, but still
 and it was not many months before they
 moved again, not off the line, but farther
 down on Sixth avenue. Then I take it,
 the mother died, for I saw the young
 woman alone for two weeks, and she
 was weeping as she sewed.

"Again I lost her, until one day I saw
 her on the platform with a man, and she
 looked as happy—well you know how
 happy a young woman looks when she's
 with the first man she loves.

"I did like him. To be sure, I
 only had a sight of him, but that sight
 made me uneasy, as I told my own good
 wife in talking about it that night.

"For a year—maybe two—I saw them
 all and on. Sometimes they lived where
 I could see them in their rooms, some-
 times not, but I'd catch a sight of her
 taking or leaving a train.

"Then she was mostly alone, and she
 began to look troubled.

"It was in a winter month I next saw
 the woman, in a room below the Wash-
 ington square flat. She was standing
 at the window like one who had plenty
 of trouble and no hope and holding a
 baby—it might be a year old, say—in
 her arms. She happened to see me and
 pointed me out to the baby, but the little
 one was without spirit and only turned
 his face to his mother's breast and lay
 his quiet.

"Every day I saw them, and I—

father, I've told you—I made up my
 mind from the looks of both what was
 the matter.

"I told my good woman, and she said:
 dinner put tomorrow, and you give it to
 the poor soul, for she's starving."

"So when I pulled up opposite her
 window the next day early in the morn-
 ing and saw her at the closed window,
 I motioned her to open it, and just as I
 got the starting signal she slid the win-
 dow up, and I easily tossed in a bundle
 the wife had made up—some good bread
 and meat and a little fruit.

"I pulled out before I could see her,
 but the next trip she was there, smiling
 and crying, and she kissed a little note
 the good wife had sent with the food—
 just a little word to encourage, that a
 good woman like the wife would know
 how to write to a poor soul in trouble.

"My friend, as bright a lad as ever
 was on the run with me, saw what I
 did, and the next day he tied a little
 bundle to mine, and for a week we pas-
 sed in things to her.

"The freeman bundle was made up of
 goodies he bought, and as he was a sober
 honest young fellow who'd saved his
 money I made no objection to his spend-
 ing a little for the poor girl.

"It was a night run, and we were on
 the up trip, on the opposite side from
 her room, do you see, when at the end
 of that week we heard a scream in
 the room and saw that man in there
 with his hand raised to strike her.

"The light from the street we could see
 that her face was already bleeding.

"God help her, I says. What's to
 save her now?

"I can and will I says the freeman.

"Go, my boy, and as I says, and I pulled
 out he jumped to the track over to the
 opposite platform and into the thickest
 woods, where I lost sight of him.

"It was my last run for that day, and I
 waited at the end. In an hour ten, my
 husband, came on a train, and with him
 was the young woman and the baby.

"John, he says to me 'will your wife
 care for them to-night?'

"She will and glad to do it, I says.

"What became of the man?"

"The police will settle with him when
 he's out of the hospital," says Tom, who
 was a sturdy lad as well as honest.

"That's the story, sir, and it's not
 much, perhaps, only I was saying that
 there, plenty to see from my cab to in-
 terest.

"The woman? Oh, she's Tom's wife,
 and he's a master mechanic and soon to
 be a foreman of his shop.

"They're a little girl that I am god-
 father of, and she calls me grandpa."

W. Townsend in New York
 World.

Plaint of a Millionaire.

What is the smallest income on which
 a man may live in New York? was the
 question I asked today of a noted banker
 whose income cannot be less than \$100,-
 000 a year. "Well," he replied, "my
 household expenses alone amount to
 \$25,000 a year, and I do not see how I
 possibly could live on less than that."

Then a reminiscent smile began to cross
 his countenance, and heaving a little sigh,
 he said, "But the happiest time of my
 life was when my wife and I and two
 children lived here on \$2,500 a year.

After all, happiness doesn't depend on
 the amount of a man's income.

"I was quite intimate with William H.
 Vanderbilt when he was considered the
 richest man in the country. I met him
 one day in Fifth avenue and said to him
 that he ought to be the happiest man in
 the world. 'I am not,' the great million-
 aire replied. 'My health is shattered,
 and all the money I possess cannot re-
 store it. I cannot even drive one of my
 fine horses. It is painful for me to sit
 down. My only possible exercise is for
 me to walk down the avenue. I receive
 threatening letters daily, and my nerves
 are so unstrung that I am constantly
 afraid that some assassin will waylay me.
 I am overrun with people who want to
 get money. I am the most wretched man
 in New York, and I tell you that after
 a person has accumulated enough
 to secure him against poverty and gratify
 his reasonable wants every dollar in ad-
 dition is a burden and weighs him
 down.'"

Insomnia.

Insomnia is often caused by assuming
 an incorrect position when asleep, and
 therefore it will be of interest to those
 who cannot secure their need of
 "nature's sweet restorer" to know what
 the learned in things anatomical consider
 to be the proper position of the body
 while at rest. The sleeper should lie on
 his side, on the right side, if possible, be-
 cause the heart then has more room to
 expand.

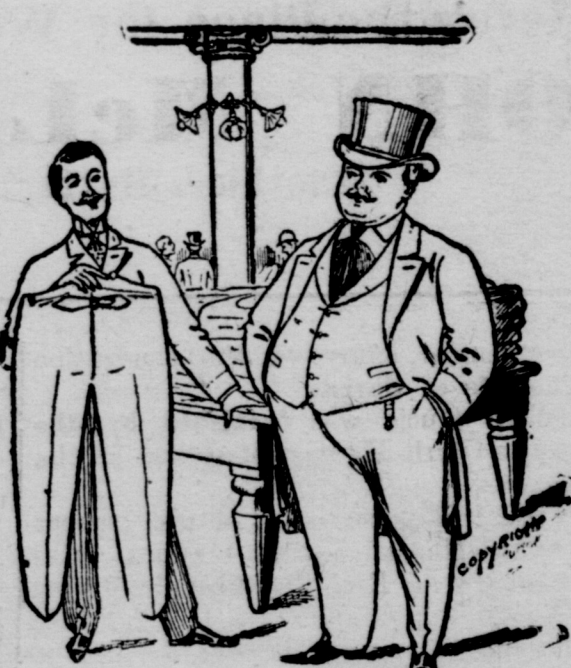
One of a healthy
 woman's prin-
 cipal charms is her
 vivacity of car-
 riage—the dainti-
 ness of her walk,
 the grace with which she walks,
 the woman who suffers from weak-
 ness and disease
 of the distinctly
 feminine organ-
 ization, who is trou-
 bled with back-
 aches, stitches in
 the sides, drag-
 ging down or
 burning sensa-
 tions, sick head-
 aches, and the
 multitude of other
 ailments that accom-
 panies these disor-
 ders, cannot have
 the dainty, boun-
 dant carriage that
 is the mark of a
 healthy woman.
 She will show in
 every movement

that she is a sufferer.

There is a wonderful medicine for trou-
 bles of this description, that has stood the
 test for thirty years, and has been suc-
 cessfully by many thousands of women. It
 is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It
 acts directly on the delicate and important
 organs concerned and makes them strong,
 healthy and vigorous. It allays inflamma-
 tion, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It
 is the only medicine that has been the
 discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent
 and skillful physician, for thirty years
 consulting physician to the Truist Hotel
 and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.
 This is one of the greatest medical institu-
 tions in the world. During the thirty
 years that Dr. Pierce has been in Buffalo,
 he has gained the unbounded respect of
 his fellow citizens at Buffalo, and they
 showed it by making him their representa-
 tive in the National Congress, from which
 position he resigned to give the remainder
 of his life to the practice of his chosen
 profession. He will cheerfully answer
 every charge any letter written to him by
 suffering women. Address, as above.

A few years ago, writes Mrs. W. Bates,
 of Pittsburgh, Trumbull Co., Ohio, "I took
 Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has
 been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent
 health. I hope that every woman who is trou-
 bled with women's ailments, will try the 'Prescription'
 and be benefited as I have been."

Of all kinds can be had at the
 Sentinel Office, cheap.



BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

We have succeeded in having
 our Ready-to-Wear Clothing made to our
 own order. We therefore are in a position
 to guarantee a perfect fit. Any alteration
 required will be made on the premises

To Fit
 ANY FORM.

We are showing some bright, snappy effects in

Men and Youths'

.. Tweed Suits ..

Also Cut-aways and Sack Suits in Clay Twill, good enough to get Mar-
 ried in. Fine Satin Lined Overcoats (summer weights). Fancy Vests.
 An examination of this clothing will convince you that we are in the
 FRONT RANK—Just where

WE PROPOSE TO STAY.

R. B. JONES,

Manchester House.

If you buy your Spring Suit from us
 it is correct in every particular.



We do not head our ad. in
 this way because we think
 it is particularly clever or
 smart. We are very serious
 about it—we believe it is true.

And Why?

Because we sell Shorey's
 Ready Tailored Clothing,
 which we know to be made
 by the best tailor's labor, finished and put into shape
 by the best possible style.

We know the material is fully shrunken; the
 colours are fast, and we furnish a guarantee to that
 effect with every garment.

We are waiting for a call from you.

SAUNDERS BROS.
 Woodstock, N. B.

APRIL, 1899.

NEW CARPETS

SHOWING AT THE