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See clearly  
close by, and  
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reason try to get along  
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and sometimes blindness follows.  
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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

# The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.  
WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900  
VOL. LII.—15.  
WHOLE NO.—2828.

**Poetry.**  
**An Easter Gown of Colors Gay.**  
"What shall I wear?" said my soul to me,  
To grace this Easter time  
When I leap to meet the face of spring  
And my pulses thrum in rhyme?  
Then she opened wide an inner door  
And showed me hanging there  
The gems she had worn the year before,  
"Is any fit to wear?"  
"These are too dark for the happy spring,  
Which comes to the world and me;  
This one of gray is made of gloom  
The winter brought to thee.  
"This one of black is made of grief,  
With a border of despair,  
And this is blacked with doubt and fear  
On a ground of grayest care.  
"None of these shall I wear again;  
Let them hang in the background there  
Till experience takes them from mine eye  
To make them fit to wear.  
"Make for me now an Easter gown  
Woven of colors gay,  
Which shall harmonize with the outer world  
And banish all the gray.  
"The grand work of white, of a triple thread  
Of patience and hope we trust,  
With a golden fringe of serenity  
And sympathy broad and just.  
"Stripes that with a line of faith,  
And next with the heart blood's glowing red,  
Altruistic color, shall be  
Let charities cease to fold.  
"Then crown my head with a garland fair,  
And thereonforth I will sing,  
"All glories which must be  
A Daughter of the King."  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Select Tale.**  
**MISUNDERSTANDINGS.**  
"If you think there's any money in the  
legal profession with nothing to back you  
up but a fresh, crisp license in a new gilt  
frame over your desk and the smiling en-  
couragement, minus cash, of poor rela-  
tives, try it."  
Thus modestly Mr. Frederick H. More-  
dale addressed himself as he sat alone in his  
muddy, cramped office, staring grimly  
out of the window at the ceaseless stream  
of noisy vehicles on the dingy street be-  
low.  
Moredale inwardly cursed the necessity  
that chained him to his colorless, profit-  
less life and longed with the feverish  
longing of youth for something different,  
something in what form it would.  
The thought of the months he had  
slaved and skinned without sufficient  
compensation to even pay his dues at the  
golf club! And, worse still, men  
were there, scores of them, who, without  
an effort, could give him the position in  
life that would never be his. And most  
of them were willing, too—were willing as  
he was. That was what made Moredale  
sew.  
You will say, "Any man is a fool to  
fall in love in his position." Undoubtedly  
so. Moredale acknowledged this him-  
self. But did that help the matter?  
There always have been fools, and there  
always will be.  
But there was something more gratify-  
ing in store for this particular one than  
hanging to it down.  
One day the postman paid an unusual  
visit and delivered an unusual letter. It  
was posthumous and read:  
"To the only son of my benefactor: It  
is only a few thousands, but it is my all,  
and like enough to help a fellow over a  
stamp now and then. To your father-  
boy, in remembrance of that day of hor-  
ror at Gettysburg, when a spoonful of  
water stood between one man and death  
and another poured the last drop from  
his old canteen onto a dying man's  
parched throat. The last man was my  
self and the other your father, who, ever  
afterward proved a tried and faithful  
friend."  
Inclosed was a draft for the full  
amount, payable to Frederick H. More-  
dale, attorney and counselor at law. Ev-  
erything seemed to dance before his eyes.  
Holding the slip up to the light, More-  
dale stared at it, puzzled and bewildered,  
his system undergoing something very  
like an electric shock. Good news has  
often just such an effect.  
Could it be a joke or a hallucination?  
Moredale tried it over and over again,  
with increasing ecstasy after each per-  
usal. No, it was not a dream. There it  
was in black and white, just as sure  
and solid as the rock of Gibraltar.  
Hereafter it should be F. Haroldson  
Moredale, and the sign would swing from  
one of the big office buildings on Broad-  
way. Steadying his senses after awhile  
and with a faint sensation of all that a  
hundred thousand meant to him, More-  
dale dived into his pocket and brought  
out a blue tinted envelope faintly re-  
dolent of fresh violets. His eyes rested  
on the envelope in dreamy contemplation  
for a moment, and his familiar signature  
caused his heart to throb faster and with  
hopes such as he had not known before.  
Singularly enough, it was an invitation  
to call that very afternoon. "My red  
letter day," said Moredale to himself as  
he looked his office door and ran whis-  
tling down three flights of narrow stairs.  
As he walked on through the gathering  
shadows, the light of the dying day  
touching everything with a soft radiance,  
he felt to the depths of past vicissitudes  
and then of the new vista of possibilities  
about to open up before him. He knew  
that his talent was no mean one and felt  
with a thrill of pride that, the desire of  
his heart fulfilled, there would be nothing  
left to make his career a successful one.  
And then there came a lurking doubt,  
as there always will, perhaps also did not  
care for him in that way at all, or worse  
still, care for somebody else! The thought  
passed like a poisonous snake. More-  
dale tried to shake it away, but it was  
too strong. He was seized by the anguished  
pangs of youth, he hurried on his way  
with quickened pulse. As he drew near he  
saw the veranda with half anxious,  
half expectant eyes for signs of her. The  
next instant he was standing on the stone  
step and she coming forward with out-  
stretched hand to receive him.  
"So glad to see you," she said, with  
her pretty charming accent, which barely  
missed a drawl, while the peach flush  
on her face deepened just a trifle.  
"I hardly hoped to find you alone,"  
began Moredale in his faint, genial way,  
making no effort to conceal his delight.  
She was smiling up at him with a dash  
of light in her blue eyes, and the  
twilight, playing in soft gray shadows on  
her cloudy gown, brought out the pure

transparency of her face. Moredale  
flung one knee over the other and then  
back again, regarding her the while with  
admiring eyes. He fully intended to say  
it, but with absolutely no experience in  
that particular line the question arose as to  
"preliminaries."  
After debating for a moment he flipped  
the ashes from the end of his cigar and  
leaned closer to her, a sudden resolve in  
his face.  
"Miss Dolores—"  
He looked at her a little dubiously as  
her eyes met his in a questioning way  
and the faintest of smiles glinted about  
her curved lips. "Yes," she said, draw-  
ing a Jacquemont rose from among the  
fluffy leaves that framed her throat and  
with nervous fingers plucking out the  
crimson, velvety petals.  
She gave him a side glance and smooth-  
ed out the folds of her gown. It was a  
little way she had indicative of undivided  
attention.  
Moredale took on added courage.  
He fixed his dark eyes on her search-  
ingly and said:  
"I have had good news—such good  
news," he reiterated, with a glow of  
pride, as he watched her narrowly for  
some answering light.  
You don't say, really," said Dolores,  
with a frivolous smile. "So have I—just  
yesterday." She leaned forward, clasping  
both hands about her knee in an uncon-  
ventional way that Moredale liked. He  
pondered a moment, his eyes resting upon  
her in pleased contemplation. At her feet  
he saw his clear, thoughtful face in the  
gray light looked a shade more thought-  
ful than usual.  
"Mine is good news—in every respect,"  
he went on suggestively, his eyes seeking  
hers with a great tenderness.  
But Dolores was looking away and did  
not see.  
"Yes," he continued radiantly: "it  
takes in everything, and I—"  
"Well, I—broke in the young woman  
laughingly.  
"Please don't," pleaded Moredale. "It's  
very serious."  
"Oh, I beg pardon, but do you—"  
"Let me finish then. You—"  
"Oh, dear! Well—But do hurry,"  
she urged.  
"Well?—"  
"I have some— Oh, go on!"  
"There's another thing—I want to say  
—first."  
Dolores sighed and folded her hands  
over her chest.  
"Whenever will you—"  
"Well, then, I—I think I'm in love,"  
blurted out Moredale, flushing to the  
roots of his hair.  
"Oh you—that is—of course, I under-  
stand," she said, confusedly, pulling at  
the lace edge of her handkerchief with-  
out looking up.  
Moredale colored painfully. "Do you  
think she—"  
"How can I tell? You ought to be—"  
"I don't know," she said, when he  
broke off and looked at her with wish-  
ful, questioning eyes.  
"She won't!" Dolores, looking into the  
sage face close to her own, thought she  
must be a very funny person. It had  
suddenly dawned upon her that—well, it  
couldn't be matter, and she resolved to  
change the subject.  
"Now for mine," she said a little me-  
chanically; "my news."  
Moredale looked at her curiously, half  
defiant, half reverent, itself in his wide  
eyes. He broke off and looked at her with  
cold, questioning eyes.  
"I have studied so hard," she went on,  
her eyes resting absently on the color  
becked garden, "and it's been such an ex-  
pense, but now—"  
"She broke off and  
stared at him for a second, then con-  
sidered absent; it's all over now. I was  
engaged yesterday."  
Something seemed suddenly to catch at  
Moredale's throat. He stared at her in a  
dazed sort of way, his heart beating to  
confusion.  
"It's all over! I should think it was—"  
with me!"  
He started to his feet and hastily  
bidding her good by, started off. She  
watched his retreating figure with puzzle-  
ment and regret. Moredale had reached the  
gate, when her eyes arrested him.  
"You are coming to hear me sing,  
aren't you? I can't imagine Wednesday."  
"What in the name of sense does she  
mean now?" was his mental question.  
Aloud he said: "How would you  
mean?" at the same time retracing his  
steps under the subtle influence of her  
voice.  
"Why, I told you I was—"  
The light suddenly broke in on More-  
dale.  
"By Jove, what an ass I've made of  
myself! Then it wasn't to—marr—"  
"Oh, no; not that. To sing, you  
know," Dolores quickly interposed, the

**"There is a CERTAIN SOMETHING about  
"TIGER"  
tea that is not to be found in any other packet tea."** Such was  
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Latest Patterns that the Fac-  
tories make, of all kinds, and  
we can fill any order in this  
line.**  
**A. HENDERSON.**  
Woodstock, March 26, 1900.

**look of hurt surprise vanishing from her  
face.**  
"You goose, how could you?"  
He was leaning close to her, his fin-  
gers touching her shining hair (careless-  
ly).  
"Then, Dolores—"  
The warm color suddenly swept her  
face at the name he called her.  
The next was rather precipitate; but  
considering that "preliminaries" had al-  
most worked his undoing, Moredale com-  
ploded to dispense with further trial.  
Two hours later he passed with swing-  
ing step down the wide, white avenue,  
a smile on his classical contour.  
Some one else was smiling, too, as she  
watched him out of sight and said softly,  
with beating heart, "Men are such dear  
creatures."—Detroit News

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Sore Throat, Blisters, Bore and Chafed Feet,  
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dially invited to attend.

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OUR PASSIONATE  
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OUR FAITH.  
That as God lives, right the day shall win.

**A Good Temperance Society.**  
Two small boys stopped in front of a  
saloon, and an old man standing near  
listened to what they said.  
"Let's go in and take a drink," said  
one of them.  
"I don't think we'd better," said his  
companion, "my father's terribly opposed  
to saloons. I don't know what he'd say  
if he knew I'd been in one, and drank  
there!"

**Just for the fun of the thing, you  
know," urged his friend, "of course we'd  
stop with one drink. There couldn't be  
any harm in that."**

**"My boys," said the old man, coming  
up to them, "you don't know what you're  
talking about. If you go in there and  
take one drink, you're not sure of stop-  
ping there. The chances are you won't,  
for I tell you—and I know what I'm  
talking about by a bitter experience—  
there's a fascination about liquor that  
takes a strong will to resist. After the first  
taste of it, sometimes. Take the first  
drink, and the way of the drunkard is  
open before you. Only those who let  
liquor entirely alone are safe. I know  
for I've been a drunkard a good many  
years. I expect to be one till I die. I  
know by taking a drink just as you pro-  
pose to—'for fun'—but I didn't stop  
there, you see. Take the advice of a poor  
old wreck—and that is, never take the  
first drink."**

**"You're right," said the boy who had  
proposed to visit the saloon. "I thank  
you for your good advice, sir. I say,  
Tom, let's promise each other never to  
take the first drink."**

**"All right," said Tom, and the boys  
clapped hands on their pledge.  
"That's a good temperance society to  
belong to," said the old man. "I wish I  
joined one like it when I was a boy."**

**The Foot-Rot of Civilization.**  
If any one wants but a glimmer of the  
horror that runs in infection upon hu-  
manity's civilized and uncivilized barba-  
rism, if any one desires to know some-  
thing of the truth that forced from Car-  
dinal Manning the warning that "while  
men are legislating the very foundations  
of the state are sinking, and from Dean  
Farrar: "This curse and shame of our  
nation is the cause of our national de-  
cline, destroying the hopes of the  
world, if there be any sincerity in  
us, any pity in us, if we had the least  
regard for all those perishing souls; if our  
prayer, 'Thy Kingdom come,' be any-  
thing but hypocrisy, let us at least at-  
tempt to drive this curse from the midst  
of us. If we did not, we shall deserve,  
and we shall see the wrath of an offend-  
ed God." If any one would see the naked  
truth in some of its terrifying aspects,  
they should read the New Voice Special  
Commissioner's article in its issue of  
March 31. He says:—

**"Not including the city property, there  
are 24,001 licensed retail liquor selling  
places in London."**

**And into this mighty vortex of hell  
and happiness, a young soul is born every  
four minutes; a life's light goes out every  
six.**

**What a world of joy would London be  
were it not for this torrent of licensed  
miser!**

**For nearly two thousand years the  
apostles of Christianity have been preach-  
ing salvation in London and reeling the  
Devil. According to the statisticians  
who have been impiring the game, the  
apostles have been getting decidedly the  
worst of the tournament.**

**The arrests for drunkenness in 1890  
per thousand were 5,941, in 1898, 8,355,  
or 18,199 as compared with 54,478 and  
this, notwithstanding that a number of  
suburban districts have been added where  
there are fewer, run shops, and more  
standing a growing tendency to the 'easy'  
on the part of the police, of which no less  
a personage than Joseph Chamberlain  
said, when testifying before the Lord's  
Committee a few years ago in reference  
to arrests, 'another turn of the screw  
would bring in ten times the number.'**

**French-Canadian Loyal.**  
(Toronto Globe Cable.)  
LONDON, April 4.—At a meeting of the  
Society of Arts held yesterday, Lord  
Strathcona presiding, Sir Charles Dike  
read a paper entitled, "T. C. in our  
columns." There was a very large at-  
tendance and the paper was heartily ap-  
preciated. Mr. Tarte, who was present  
on a flying visit from Paris, was asked  
to speak. He took the meeting com-  
pletely by storm by asserting that the  
loyalty of French-Canadian to the  
Queen and the Empire was founded  
on their appreciation of the freedom and  
justice of British institutions. I am  
correctly informed that Mr. Tarte met Dr.  
Leyds at the Foreign Office reception in  
Paris and told him that the best thing he  
could advise the B. C. to do was to fol-  
low the example of French-Canadians by  
settling down and taking full advantage  
of British institutions. Dr. Leyds' feel-  
ings are not described.

**Eighty thousand elephants are re-  
quired annually to supply the world with  
ivory, and most of them come from South  
Africa. The Bone has shipped lions from  
the Transvaal to all lands, and he has  
killed 7,000 of the beasts within its  
borders.**

**Blank** Of all kinds can be had at the  
Sentinel Office.