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JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,
Woodstock, N. B.
False Economy of
Cheap Spectacles.

Sight is too precious to trifle with.
When buying spectacles buy a good pair.
We use perfect lenses.
They cost a little more than the commoner kinds, but the difference in comfort is worth many times the difference in price.
Eyes examined free.

HELLO!
IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELRY OR SILVERWARE,
or your eyes tested and fitted to glasses in a scientific manner, just give us a call. We guarantee your satisfaction.
All repairs done neatly and promptly.
Don't forget the place.
H. V. Dalling's Blue Front Jewelry Store,
No. 29, Main St., Woodstock, N. B.

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.
FRED. B. COLEMAN, Prop.
Feb. 15, 1900-1901.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

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

EATING HOUSE.
McAdam Junction.

The subscriber having become proprietor of the McAdam Junction Restaurant will maintain and improve upon the reputation it has hitherto enjoyed.
Meals served on arrival of all trains and plenty of time given to enjoy them. The bill of fare includes every luxury in season and is served by competent and attentive waiters.
A well provided Larder Open for those desiring them.

G. H. BRANFEN,
Sept. 15, 1900-1901, Proprietor.

JUNCTION HOUSE,
Newburg Junction.

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

DR. S. PUGSLEY,
DENTIST.

Over Collins' Book Store.
44 MAIN ST., WOODSTOCK, N. B.
P. O. Box 210. 19-0-21

W. D. CAMBER,
DENTIST.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for the PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.
Office—In O'Connell's Wood Block, Queen St.

J. J. GALLAGHER,
Barrister-at-Law,
NOTARY, SOLICITOR, &c.

OFFICE—Opposite St. Patrick's Building, Corner Main and O'Connell Streets, Woodstock, N. B.

CHARLES COMBEN,
Barrister, Solicitor,
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OFFICE—30 Main Street, up stairs, one door below Carr & Gibson's. 17-3

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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.

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

IRA G. HERSBY,
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NOTARY PUBLIC.

Will Practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to Collections. Return to pay Bank or leading Merchant in Montreal.
Office—No. 30 Winter Street.
Houlton, Maine.

I. W. N. BAKER, M.D.,
SPECIALIST

IN DISEASES OF THE

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office hours from 9 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 5 p.m., or by appointment.
Office—Chapel Street opposite to Risk, Woodstock, N. B.

DR. W. N. HAND,
Office and Residence.

Next Door South P. McAdams,
BROADWAY, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

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

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

W. W. HAY,
AUCTIONEER.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Office—McAdams House, Woodstock, N. B.

"Dad's been running for office ten years, steady," he said, "but the other day he lost his way on a run, against home, breaking his head in a rather hard fall, in collision, as the family hailed him in, an shock him with him, an mammy put on her specs and hollered, 'Goodness gracious, how you has changed!'"

The Warbleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

VOL. LIII.—48

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1900

WHOLE NO.—2861.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that in virtue of The Act of the Dominion Parliament, 63 and 64 Victoria, Chapter 103 and Chapter 104, the name of THE MERCHANTS BANK OF HALIFAX will be changed to
"The Royal Bank of Canada,"
from and after the second day of January, 1901.
E. L. PRASE,
General Manager.

Halifax, 1st November, 1900.—3m45.

Poetry.

A Memory of Home.
Carry me back to my childhood days,
To a change I would hail with gladness,
For my mother's kiss and my mother's smile
Were both very dear to me.
My hands have grown weary with care and
Toll,
And my hair is fast turning gray—
Oh, carry me back to the dear old days,
Where my mother was laid away.

The world has grown old in its selfishness,
And I, struggling on alone,
Look back through hot tears to those days
Of bliss,
Which I spent in my childhood home.
Oh, let me feel my mother's kiss
On my brow, as in days of yore.
'Tis a blessing my heart cannot cease to miss,
Since she left, to come back no more.

I'm homesick and weary and sad, tonight,
And oh, how I long for release!
But would I return to my childhood home,
Would I dare to accept its peace,
If by doing so I brought mother back
From her beautiful, well-remembered nest?
Ah, no! let me battle the world alone,
'Till, in Heaven, I can lie on my breast.

Select Tale.

NOT AN ILL WIND.

It was a cloudy fall day. Out of the slate colored sky the rain fell in little showers from time to time. The wind blew strong from the lake.

It blew particularly strong up the street between the tall bank building and the ancient stone church. The wind always blew strong here. It seemed as if the two buildings drew the gale between them as through a funnel. When the wind blew lightly in other sections of the city, it blew strong here.

This made it a trap and a surprise for the unwary. The pedestrian coming along in the street between the bank building and the ancient stone church, beyond launched boldly into the street from the shelter of the sandstone pile to find himself fiercely buffeted about, his hat torn from his head, his umbrella rudely reversed and he himself driven from his path and forced to tack manfully before he could pull into the harbor of safety in the lee of the gray old church.

There was a little crowd of men and boys on the steps of the venerable structure this particular fall afternoon. Some of them had been there for an hour or more—over since the wind freshened. They were enjoying themselves at the expense of the unhappy victims who passed across the highway from the bank building. A ruffled hat raised a shout of joy, a wreath of straw drew forth hissing cheers. They didn't heed the fearful spurs of rain; they were having too much sport to be mindful of petty discomforts. Luckily most of the targets of their missiles were men and boys. They didn't restrain their glees, however, when some luckless female ventured into the wind trap. Probably if there had been any real danger their chivalry would have been awakened. As it was, they were enjoying their sport.

Rupert Strong had just come down from his office, and the crowd attracted his attention. He stepped up to see what it meant. As he neared the laughing group a stout, stout lady stepped from the bank entrance and looked up at the sky. Then she deliberately raised an umbrella and started to cover the fatal crossing. Ten feet from the curb the wind caught her. She was a broadly smiling man. The rude blast turned her umbrella inside out, it flung her hat over one ear, it forced her at an acute angle into the highway. Struggle as she might, she couldn't make headway against the gale. The wicked crowd at the church steps chuckled with delight.

Rupert Strong saw the plight of this forlorn craft, and clapping his hat a little tighter on his head, hurried to the rescue. In a dozen strides he reached the buffeted dame, and passing his arm firmly about her waist, drew her on a new tack and, running, as it were, before the wind, brought her into the park, where the force of the blast was broken by the tall buildings across the way. The crowd on the church steps cheered this gallant act.

"Pray, sir," gasped the stout lady, "are you a professional rescuer?"

"Madam!"

"Will you permit me to call your attention to the fact that your arm is still in the neighborhood of what was once my waist?"

"I beg your pardon, madam."

"Force of habit, I suppose," said the stout lady dryly.

Rupert laughed, and the stout lady laughed. She was a very bright eyed stout lady, with short gray curls and a shrewd though kindly face.

"Permit me, madam," said Rupert. He reached up quickly and straightened the lopsided bonnet. Then he took the wreck of the umbrella from her unresisting hand.

"Throw it in the gutter," said the stout lady.

Rupert obeyed, and raising his own umbrella, which he had gripped tightly under one arm, held it over the stout lady's head and marched along by her side.

"I am sure I'm much obliged to you," said the stout lady, looking up at the tall young fellow. "I was afraid that respect for age had quite died out among the young men of today. It must have required a good deal of moral courage to face the jaws of that crowd of idiots on the church steps."

"It struck me at the moment," said Rupert, "that the main thing required was a reasonable amount of physical resistance to that impudent blast."

"What's your business, young man?"

"I am a lawyer, madam."

"Ah! I'll be on the lookout for prospective clients, of course?"

Rupert laughed at the grim insinuation.

"Struggling young lawyers can't afford to leave any stone unturned," he said. "Nor any stout old lady overturned, laughed his companion. Then she looked up at him again with a sharp glance.

"Do you know Lawyer Barlow?" she asked.

"I have the honor of his acquaintance," replied Rupert.

"Ever meet him professionally?"

"I met him once, the opposite side in a bit of litigation wherein the distinguished counsel prominently figured."

"And the result?"

"Lawyer Barlow lost the case."

"Not much of a case, I fancy," said the stout lady.

"I beg your pardon," said Rupert, "but I must disagree with you. It was really quite a case. It netted me \$70."

"The stout lady laughed.

"There's my card," she said. Then she abruptly added: "I am going to borrow your umbrella, and I want to know to whom I am indebted. And when you come up to reclaim it, which you may do tomorrow evening, I may have something further to say to you. There's my name."

Rupert found a loose card in his pocket and handed it over, taking the stout lady's card in exchange. A moment later he had put her aboard the car and turned away.

As he regained the sidewalk he glanced at the stout lady's card. Then he softly whistled. The bit of paste-board bore the name of Mrs. Jane Bullington, and Mrs. Jane Bullington was understood to be the city's richest woman. He had heard many tales of the lady's wealth and generosity and occasional eccentricity. He put the card carefully in his pocket and trudged toward his boarding place unmindful of the drizzling rain that steadily increased.

The next evening arranged in his best, the young lawyer sought the home of the rich widow.

"This is a funny adventure," he remarked to himself as he ascended the white steps to the massive entrance. "It almost looks like a bad business, but in scarcely a position to be fastidious."

He sent in his card and was at once ushered into the drawing room. It was a large apartment, but dimly lighted. Two ladies were sitting at the lower end of the room. One was the wife of the adventure; the other he did not recognize.

The stout lady came forward and gave him her hand.

"Sit down," she said. "I'm glad to see you. Lawyer Barlow tells me you won the case on a technicality."

"I assure you, madam," said Rupert with some solemnity, "that I pocketed my \$70 without a qualm of conscience. I couldn't have done that, you know, if I had obtained it by trickery or fraud."

"Perhaps not," said the stout lady dryly. "My impression has been that lawyers rarely suffered from qualms of conscience. By the way, I suppose you have called for your umbrella?"

"At your service, madam."

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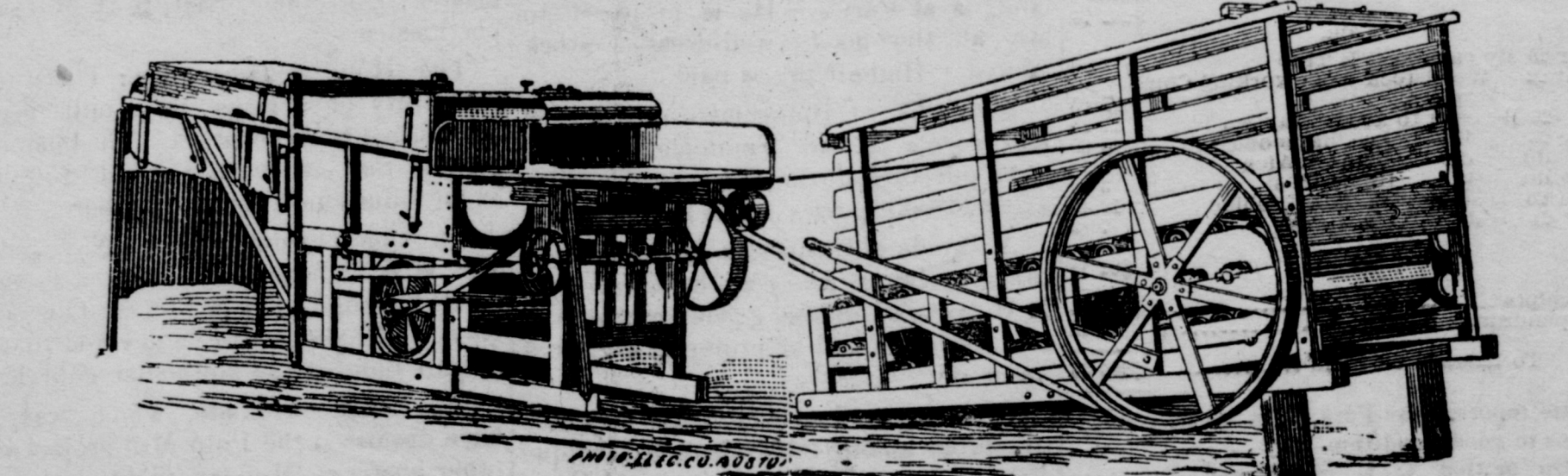
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Now is the time to leave your order for one of our Celebrated

LITTLE GIANT THRESHERS

Before the Rush Commences.

All the Latest Improvements, with Steel Lag Rods, Chilled Trucks and Malleable Lag Links. Our long experience in the manufacture of Machines, together with the personal inspection that is given to every department of their construction justifies us in saying that our "LITTLE GIANT" has no superior either for workmanship, durability, or any other respect.

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GREAT CHEAP SALE.

Suits and Overcoats \$5 Upwards

The very cream of this season's make, including every Style, Shade, Shape, Fabric and Color sanctioned by the laws of Fashion.

Men's \$7.00 Wool Suits, handsome as any man would wish to choose, going while they last at \$5.00.

Men's \$12.00 3 button Cutaway Dress Suits, late style, every one well made and elegantly trimmed, \$11.00.

Men's Dress Overcoats from \$6.00 to \$11.00. These are made up with full facings, slit stitched, every one a bargain.

Dress Kids and Working Oxfords, Neckwear, Sweaters, Winter Caps and Fur Collars, all included in this Cheap Sale. Terms strictly cash at these prices quoted.

We can't tell you all our story here. No, not even the half of it. Come in and see. And if you are not pleased and satisfied that we are giving GENUINE BARGAINS on goods now while the people need them, we will pay you for your lost time.

R. B. JONES.

may throw light on another matter of deep concern to me. That umbrella came from the young woman whom I hoped to make my wife. When I parted from her at the door of a friend she was visiting, she made me take the umbrella because it was slightly raining. I am quite sure I never opened it, and I believe I walked back to my hotel with my hat. If I have been foolish, madam.

"Yes, and sometimes cowardly. Go on."

"I found a telegram awaiting me. My father was very ill. I hurried home. He died that night. His affairs were in a desperate condition. When all was cleared up, I found that my glittering expectations were wrecked and that I must fight the battle of life alone. I felt that I could no longer dream of asking the young woman to be my wife. Poor as I was I would have been mad."

"Still interested in her, are you?" queried the stout lady.

"Yes, madam."

"Notwithstanding your cowardly conduct, eh?"

"Madam, I thought I did for the best."

"What she might have thought, of course, didn't enter your selfish programme. But where are the proofs of your pretty romance?"

"I have but one, madam, the umbrella."

"There's no technicality to save you this time, young man," said the stout lady grimly. "I'm going to sift your story to the very bottom."

She turned from him and looked toward the lower end of the long and dimly lighted room.

"Come here, my dear," she called.

A figure arose and slowly came forward.

"Yes, auntie."

"My dear, look this young man in the face and tell me if it is true that you ever loaned him the umbrella of your auntie."

"Ella—Miss Graham!" stammered Rupert.

"The girl put out both hands.

"Rupert!" she murmured.

"Hoighly tightly!" cried the stout lady. "This is a pretty way to break up an appointment you associate yourself of."

"H—going away for a year or more, and you will find that your task is to be no sinecure. However, there will be a reasonable salary attached."

"Thank you, dear madam," said Rupert. "My ambition has taken a new lease. Work has no terrors for me. Neither has a reasonable salary."

A moment or two later the stout lady

NOTICE!

VERY LOW PRICES

FOR A

CHOICE

FAMILY FLOUR

AT THE

MEDUXNACAC

MILL.

J. M. FRIPP.

Woodstock, N. B., May 27, 1900.—25-14.

BLANKS

Of all kinds can be had at the Sentinel Office.

paused at the door of the apartment and looked back at the young couple. They did not heed her.

"I fancy," she smilingly murmured, "that it wasn't such an ill wind, after all."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why Scott's