

# The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

VO. L. LIL-52

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1900

WHOLE NO.-2885.

## 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.—Sm.

## Poetry.

### Cheer Your Fellow-Man.

If you should see a fellow-man with  
trouble's flag unfurled,  
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in  
all the world,  
Go up an' slap him on the back, an' holler,  
"How 'dyou do?"  
An' grasp him as warm he'll know he  
has a friend in you;  
Then as him what's a-burin' him, an' laugh  
his cares away;  
An' tell him that the darkest night is just  
before the day;  
Don't talk graveyard palaver, but say it  
right out loud,  
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail  
of every cloud.  
The world at best is but a hash of pleasure  
and of pain;  
Some days are bright and sunny, and some  
all clouded with rain,  
And that's just how it ought to be, for when  
the clouds roll by,  
We just know how to 'preciate the bright  
and smiling sky.  
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't  
sweat at the pores,  
Because the Lord's opinion don't coincide  
with yours;  
But always keep rememberin', when care  
your path enshrouds,  
That God has lots of sunshine to ap'ly  
behind the clouds.

### Select Tale.

#### SAVED BY A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

It was late Christmas eve when my  
ball dress was sent home, and Marie,  
my dainty fingered French maid, had  
finished braiding my heavy black hair  
and adjusted my new headpiece, an ex-  
quisite diamond bandeau. Nora brought  
up the dress, nicely folded, and Marie  
sprang to take it from my wrappings  
and lay it out on the bed.  
As Marie lifted the dress and shook  
its rich folds a slip of paper fell to the  
carpet. It was madam's bill, and I was  
a little startled as my eye ran over it—  
\$2001. But then the trimmings, a rich  
lace and cord d'or, were perfect. It was  
an expensive dress, but I didn't think  
it would be quite that, and Mr. Gordon  
had said that money had been getting  
tight for some time back, so I wouldn't  
show him the bill just yet, so I thrust  
it into a drawer near my dresser  
and turned to Marie, who stood waiting  
to dress me.  
I was contemplating my reflection in  
the mirror with much complacency when  
the door opened and Mr. Gordon came  
in. For a moment I was half-frightened  
at his pale face, but he gave me a look  
and said: "I only stopped for a moment,  
Mrs. Gordon, to say that I shall not be  
able to join you at madam's tonight.  
Business affairs will keep me down  
town late."

Before I could ask him what he  
thought of my dress, he turned out of  
the room, and presently I heard the  
street door close. It was nothing new  
for me to attend parties without the  
escort of my husband, for somehow he  
was always immersed in business; nei-  
ther was it new for Mr. Gordon to look  
grave or pale, for he had lost his fresh  
color these late years.

At length I was ready and was driv-  
ing to the home of Miss Stapleton.  
One ball is so similar to another in  
the world of fashion that to recount  
how the hours passed in madam's  
drawing room would be to tax your  
patience. Suffice it to say that it was  
long after the midnight chimes had  
rung when I was handed from my carriage  
to my own door by the most distin-  
guished gentleman of my set.

The stamper in the drawing room  
was deliciously warm in contrast with  
the temperature of the sharp December  
night without. It was pleasant to sit  
there with my dainty slippers placed  
over the register and the waves of  
flourish silk bathing the carpet and  
reflect that I swam on the topmost  
wave of the sea of fashion in the city  
around me and the Christmas chimes  
ringing out from the church towers and  
the warm air stealing up from the regis-  
ter bathed my senses to delicious  
delirium.

Suddenly, while I was thinking, from  
the dim corners of the drawing room  
seemed to glide out a train of figures  
each dressed in unfashionable garments  
of bygone days, and yet, strange to say,  
each garment was recognized by me as  
something that I had worn in those  
days, and in the face of each figure turn-  
ed toward me I beheld my own. The  
figures glided around me, then seated  
themselves on the opposite side of the  
apartment, each looking at me steadily  
and with my own dark eyes. Gradually  
the figure nearest my right seemed to  
invest itself with the accessories of a  
picture, and a thin mist hid the others  
from my sight.

A child of 10 summers stood in the  
yard of an old brown farmhouse, with  
the western light of the sunset  
streaming over the building and bath-  
ing her tiny fingers in a flood of gold.  
I did not speak even in a whisper  
while the picture of my entire child-  
hood was enrolled before me, but  
thoughts like these glided athwart my  
brain: "Was I once that happy heart-  
ed, wild, romping child whose greatest  
care was to please her parents and  
whose greatest grief the loss of some  
woodland pet?"  
Even while I sat gazing the scene  
slowly faded, and out from the dim  
mist that had enfolded the figure near-  
est the child rose fair and clear the  
second picture before me.

but simple dress of pale pink muslin,  
and a single white rose plucked from  
the bush beside the doorpost adorned  
her hair. Suddenly a firm step came up  
the walk leading to the farm house. It  
was a young and frank faced man who  
joined her, and Daisy blushed, and they  
went in and sat down together in the  
moonlight by the west room window.  
Eloquence was not necessary to love in  
those days, and Daisy and Charles Gor-  
don sat long in the moonlight and talk-  
ed together. Charles always thought he  
must leave at 9, but he is in no haste  
tonight. Ten, half past 10, 11 goes by,  
and there they stand in the moonlight.  
When they part, a tender kiss burns  
on Daisy's cheek and a slender gold ring  
gleams on her finger. She and Charles  
are betrothed, and she goes to her  
chamber to sleep the first dream of a  
happy plighted love.

For a moment I stretch out my hands  
towards the maiden in the farmhouse,  
but the scene grows dim, the figures  
fade and another picture unfolds before  
my view.  
It was a bridal scene, Charles had  
grown more grave looking, for he was  
a business man now, and three years  
had added lustre to Daisy's fuller fig-  
ure. Both were trusting and beloved  
and saw none but clouds of gold in the  
long vista of their future.

I could only sit and gaze longingly  
and eagerly while the phantom faded  
away from my gaze. Another picture  
now rose before me.

I saw myself clad in a cheerful morn-  
ing robe. Charles had prospered in  
business, gold poured into his coffers,  
and with gold came fashion, with Am-  
bition and Pride and a score of demons  
in his train. He whispered:  
"You are young and you are beauti-  
ful. In the great world you would be  
an acknowledged queen. Put your  
husband's wealth to use. Let not your  
beauty fade out in the nursery. Your  
child will get on well enough in the  
nurse's care. Live in the world and  
shine like a queen."

And this was the beginning of the  
shadow which darkened the picture. I  
saw the glitter of the ball, the splendid  
furniture, the silver plate, the gay  
equipage and the stately apartments,  
and amid it all through the opened  
door of a neglected nursery I saw a  
pale, drooping 4-year-old child slowly  
dying. The end came. The tiny rose-  
wood casket was closed over the fea-  
tures of the child who died of motherly  
neglect. I saw a strong man bend in  
convulsed grief over his dead boy and  
then go out silently and, growing  
paler day by day, turn to his business  
again. I heard frantic bursts of grief  
from the stricken mother's mouth and  
clapped my jewelled hands in anguish.

A long pause fell between, and then  
another, the last picture fell before me.  
I recognized his faithfulness at once.  
Ten years intervened between this pic-  
ture and the preceding one. I had not  
changed save to fuller and perfected  
beauty. Everything was as plain as  
day—the magnificent furnishings of the  
home, with Persian carpets, costly tables,  
brasses and marble statues and china  
and silver ware, and through these walls I  
moved, a cold and beautiful woman of  
ice.

I shrank from the portraiture with  
dismay. But while I sat and gazed in-  
to the picture glided a pale, careworn  
man wearing the same expression I had  
often seen upon my husband's face. How  
changed he looked from the hope-  
ful, manly Charles Gordon who had  
stood before me in the moonlight! He  
had been a grave and silent man ever  
since his boy died, but there was now  
some flesh trouble eating away his life.

"What has brought this about?" I  
asked.

In a moment my question was an-  
swered. Into the magic picture came a  
shadowy finger which pointed to the  
paper strewn table at which my husband



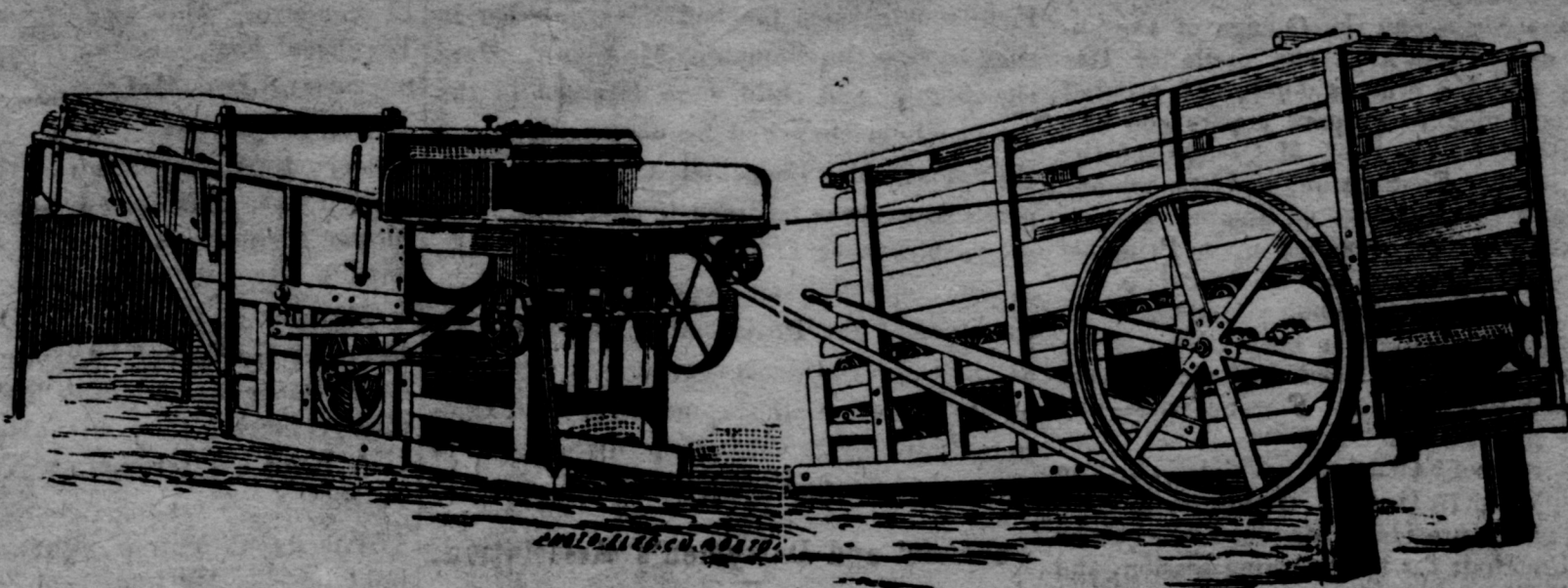
### FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

"I am so thankful for what Dr.  
Pierce's Favorite Prescription has  
done for me," writes Mrs. John T.  
Smith, of Sloan, B. C., Box 50.  
"I cured me of a disease which  
was taking away all my strength,  
helped me through the long months  
before baby came and I have a big  
strong baby girl, the most healthy  
and happy of all my three."

### MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.



Blank



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

**SMALL & FISHER CO.**

### ORIGIN OF TRADE MARKS

Trade marks were used as far back as the 16th Century.

They originated from the signs that, in the early ages, were hung over the shops telling of the wares inside. To-day the trade mark is branded on the goods themselves, enabling the purchaser to identify the good from the bad and indifferent.

On a Slater Shoe the name and price appear on the sole in a slate frame, \$3.50 and \$5.00. Every pair Gooden's.

BAILEY BROS., Sole Local Agents.

## HARDWARE.

FOR EVERY ONE.



There's a line of Saws that you need reminding about, such as Buck Saws and Meat Saws and Crosscut Saws.

## H. E. BURTT,

22 KING ST.



### AN INTERESTING GROUP

of New Designs in

### SIDEBOARDS, &c.,

Is shown here this week. They are in-  
teresting from the view point of qual-  
ity, style and cost.

Excellent made of carefully selected  
material, and finished according to the  
very latest designs, they are remarkably  
strong, and present a handsome appear-  
ance. Of course prices are down to our  
regular low water mark.

Now is your chance to get a Bargain for  
Xmas.

Don't fail to call.

### A. HENDERSON.

Woodstock, Dec. 8, 1900.

### Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation (Ltd.), LONDON - ENGLAND.

Benefits under \$5,000 Policy, Premium \$25.00  
\$5,000 to Death by Accident.

\$10,000 on Public Convoyances.

\$5,000 for loss both hands, or both feet, or both  
eyes, or for loss one hand or foot and one eye.

\$10,000 for loss of same on Public Convoyances.

\$5,000 - one hand, one foot or one eye.

\$50 per week during time of disablement by  
accident, not exceeding 25 weeks.

\$50 per week during time of disablement by  
accident, not exceeding 25 weeks.

\$50 per week during time of disablement caused by  
Sailing or other means of transport or Small Pox.

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### GO TO

### JACOB VANWART'S

FOR YOUR

### Linoleums

AND

### Oil Cloths.

Best Goods and Latest

Patterns in the market.

Largest Assortment to

choose from ever shown

in this city.

### Furniture of all Kinds.

Undertaking a Specialty

Funerals Personally Attended

Call at our Warehouses and inspect

our famous one line of Furniture.

### JACOB VANWART,

State Building, King Street  
South Side Bridge, Main St.

### EYES FITTED.

You can have your Eyes Fitted with

Finest Quality Lenses,

in Solid Gold, Gold Filled, or Steel Bows.

Also you can buy

### Watches, Clock

JEWELRY AND SILVER

AT BOTTOM PRICES

All Goods Warranted

Watch Repairing

R. J.

L. Agents.

Woodstock, N. B.

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Woodstock, N. B.

Woodstock, N. B.

Woodstock, N. B.



### Saves Time and Temper.

The look of pain herein depicts,  
The ragged collar that's indicated,  
Beneath a story oftentimes told  
Of collar new made to look old.  
Now, if this man our laundry tried,  
His collar all would be his pride.  
No jagged edge would pierce his neck  
And leave his nerves a shattered wreck.  
Call us by phone. Give us a trial.

Telephone 31-2 or 31-3.

### QUEEN STEAM LAUNDRY.

S. HARRISON, CLARK, - - PROP.

24 and 26 C. Wall Street,

WOODSTOCK.

### W. J. J. J. J.

The meeting of the W. O. T. U. is held

in Chamber's Hall, each Thursday after-

noon, at three o'clock. All ladies are cor-

diarily invited to attend.

OUR HOME.

If God be for us, who can be against us.

OUR REMEDY.

That temperance is the most delicate and of all

things harmful.

OUR FATHER.

That as God lives, right the day shall win

Don't.

Don't make sport of one of those mis-  
erable creatures—a drunkard, man or

woman. They are wretches; but God

alone knows the stress of the storm that

drove them from the breakers. Weep

rather than laugh.

Don't use intoxicating liquors as a

beverage. You might never become a

drunkard; but beer, wine and whiskey

will do you no good, and may wreck

your life. Be on the safe side. Make

your influence count for sobriety.

Talk about Whiskey.

It is easy to say that the United States

produced 85,530,703 gallons of distilled

liquor during the year 1899, but to

understand what this means is another

matter. This amount represents 2,702,-

778 barrels of 55 gallons each. The

average load, hence it would make up

907,977 wagon loads. If this was to be

hailed in one day, and only one load to

a team, it would require more than half

a million horses. To supply the drivers

would require nearly seven times as

many people as there are men, women

and children in the city of Paris; the

headquarters of the Whiskey Trust. Al-

lowing the small space of 40 years, the

team and wagon the procession would

extend more than 3000 miles. The

great caravan would reach more than

half way across the continent. Count-

ing a dozen wagon loads of liquor to a

cow load it would require 28,038 freight

cars to transport this.

And sixty three trains of 40 cars each

would be necessary. If all of this liquor

were loaded on to four trains, each of

thirty trains would be more than 40

miles long. A standard whiskey barrel

is 31 inches high. If last year's crop of

2,702,778 barrels were placed end to end

there would be a row of whiskey barrels

16,988 miles long, reaching half way

round the earth and 3000 miles be-  
hind.

On the day that Adam was born, 6000

years ago, he had taken a vow to drink

a whole barrel of whiskey every morning

before breakfast till this 28,038,703 gal-

lons of liquor was consumed, and had

lived to fulfill his contract, he would still

be drinking and it would take 1406 years

more to finish the undertaking. He

would complete the job in the year 3801

A. B.—Ed.

For Honor Of Taste.

The famous old Distillery, which for 27

years has occupied a unique position in the

history of the Whiskey industry, has now

been purchased by the Whiskey Trust, and