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Eye Glasses that  
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When we fit eye glasses they  
fit firmly, yet comfortably,  
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in a scientific manner, just give us  
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All modern improvements in the several services  
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First-Class Livery Stable in Connection.

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The subscriber having become proprietor of the  
McAdam Junction Restaurant will maintain and  
improve upon the reputation it has hitherto en-  
joyed.

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 Livery Stable for the day  
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Made on arrival of Trains. First-Class Fare.

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Office, over Collins' Book Store,  
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W. D. CAMBER,  
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NITROUS OXIDE GAS used for  
the PAINLESS EXTRACTION  
OF TEETH.

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OFFICE—29 Main Street, up stairs,  
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ANDOVER, VICTORIA COUNTY, N. B.

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Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit and County  
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Will Practice in all the Courts of the State,  
and will give to Collections, Returns to  
Jury &c. or Justice of the Peace in  
Office—No. 50 Main Street,  
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IN DISEASES OF THE  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

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

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ISSUES OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Office—GLASGOW HOUSE, Woodstock, N. B.

Peppery—No, I won't have anything  
more of your work last week  
displeased me very much.

Laundryman—What's the matter,  
wasn't it well done?

Peppery—Yes, too well done. I like  
my shirts rare.

# The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

WHOLE NO.—2839.

VOL. LII.—26.

## Poetry.

Violets for Polly.

For other girls the beauty rose,  
Rich with its regal splendor;  
For her, the sweetest flower that blows,  
Fragrant with meaning tender,  
For some the hyacinth and pink  
Or pansies' "valley" glory,  
But there's a little daisy, I think,  
That tells a dearer story.  
Like clustering thoughts the blossoms speak  
Of happy words unuttered,  
When blushes bloom upon her cheek  
And downcast glances fluttered,  
When in the dance her hand I pressed,  
In love's divinest folly,  
For other girls the rose is best,  
But violets for Polly!

'Tis not because the daisy I prize  
For its dim purple sweetness,  
Like to the heaven of her eyes,  
Crowning my life's completeness.  
Her lightest wish my memory haunts,  
Even though my purse regrets it,  
For Polly knows just what she wants  
And usually gets it. —Laf.

## Select Tale.

A LOVER AT LARGE.

BY BERNIE CHANDLER.

—There is a little verse I love. It goes—

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life's long day,  
The first of time made new.

Our time is in his hand  
Who saith 'A whole I planned.'  
Youth shows but half;  
Trust God all, not be afraid.'

'I think that fits your case. 'The best is yet to be.' You've only seen half—hardly that. See it all, before you decide it's so worthless.'

'Do you really think one can get over one's troubles and forget them, and—be happy without the things that one wants?'

'I think you can,' she said, smilingly. 'I know you can. It isn't the time now to write, and so they lived happy ever after, at the end of your story. It would make the story too short, too stupid. But it will be written there yet, never fear.'

'I think I shall go away,' he said, gloomily. 'I'm feeling rather seedy, and a little change does a fellow such a lot of good.'

'Oh, don't go now,' she answered, 'I'm expecting Miss Sherlock, from Virginia, and her cousin to stay a month with me. I've rather depended on you to help me entertain them. They're nice girls, both of them. I think you'll like them.'

'Very well,' he said, rather dejectedly, 'I'll put it off for the present. You've been so good to me. I'd like to help you if I can.'

The 'nice girls' didn't appeal to him in the least, but he went home cheered by Mrs. Millicent's sympathy and words of encouragement.

'Oh, you big, handsome, silly fellow,' she said, 'you're so miserable, and you'll go to sleep the minute your head touches the pillow, but she, who had really known trouble, lay awake half the night thinking of many things.

Her guests came after a few days, and they really were nice, and very pretty. Too, Gerald saw them daily and before the month was over he was madly in love with Miss Sherlock. That is, he didn't call it 'madly' to himself. He felt sure that Katie had broken his heart, in the most unfeeling manner, and that he would never feel again as he had felt toward her. But, after all, life went on. He was not especially happy, and here was a charming, congenial girl who made him happier whenever he met her. Why couldn't he make the sensation permanent instead of so intermittent? So he reasoned, and so one night, when he and she were alone together, he reached over and took her hand.

She drew it away with a frightened little manner that stayed the words on his lips.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, simply, 'your rings are very beautiful.' She held out her hand to him, the color warm in her cheeks.

'Yes,' she said with a little gasp, 'I do not always wear them, but this one I do—I should—' She faltered and stopped.

'His face was crimson. 'You mean—' 'Yes, it is my engagement ring.' She spoke with a sort of tumultuous energy, as if each word had gathered itself for a leap.

There was a short, awkward silence. 'Do you think that's fair?' he blurted out at last.

'I don't understand you.'

'Yes, you do. You know what I was going to say; you stopped me with this. Don't you think your confession is a little late?'

'How could I know? How dared I imagine such things? Do you think a girl believes every word she meets with fall in love with her, unless she wears a danger signal? I never dreamed—I never suspected—I hope now it isn't true.' The tears rose in her honest eyes, and the sight of them gave Gerald the first real pang he had felt.

'Never mind,' he said with a sort of pathetic dignity, 'I dare say it's my fault. I'm a good deal of a fool.'

'And you'll believe, she said looking at him with angry shining eyes, 'I shall believe nothing but good of you.'

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

A good woman is very apt to exaggerate the pain she gives a man, by refusing him. She measures his grief by her capacity to love some one else and finds his loss great and terrible. As a matter of fact, most men have been refused, at one time or another, and very few of them have been blighted in the process.

This girl, for instance, cried a good deal over her carelessness and heartlessness. She felt deeply remorseful for that, she had known, but Gerald had the blow with composure, and without any bitterness whatever.

Of course, he did not go to Mrs. Millicent's so often, until after her guests had departed, but then he fell into his old ways of dropping in to see her; of listening to her singing, of taking her to drive. She noticed him and rested him. She began to seem to him the one woman in the world who never exasperated.

One night he told her he loved her. He made the confession a little shyly, for

she had always treated him with a certain matronly kindness, as if she were very much older than he.

She did not answer for some time—so long in fact, that he became very uncomfortable. Then she said slowly:—

'How long have you cared for me, Gerald?'

'Ever since I have known you,' he answered promptly.

She looked at him in amazement.

'Oh,' he added hastily, 'I suppose you are thinking of Miss Sherlock. Yes, I did like her.'

'And told her so?'

'Yes, I told her so.'

'But that was only a month ago.'

'I know it.'

Their eyes met in the silence that followed and then they both laughed.

'But, Gerald,' she said, looking at him straight, from under those level eyebrows, 'this is not a laughing matter. I know it is not, but I can't help it. Before you met Miss Sherlock, weren't you fond of some one else?'

'Yes, that was Katie; I was engaged to her.'

'And before Katie?'

'I don't think this is fair, Mrs. Millicent. Yes there were others before Katie.'

'He was red and defiant now, but truthful in the depths of his embarrassment. Her eyes twinkled a little as she asked him, gravely:—

'Have you ever been called fickle?'

'I say, Mrs. Millicent, this isn't fair a bit. I'm in dead earnest, and you do nothing but chaff me! I know I've liked other girls, but I've been a fool if you choose to call me so, but this is different.'

'Is it, Gerald? Suppose I should accept this omnibus affection of you, how long before you'd be offering it to some one else?'

He flushed indignantly. 'You're no right to say that. If you would let me love you I would never look at another woman in my life.'

'Do you know, Gerald, strange as it may seem, I believe you.'

'Thank you,' he said a little stiffly.

'Do you know I think your fickleness is only a sign of great fidelity. No, I'm not laughing at you. I mean it. You have loved the eternal womanly that is all. Whenever you have met a woman who seemed sweet and lovable and attractive, you have been drawn toward her like a piece of iron to a magnet. When you are detached, she is not there. You are not in the same way, but it wouldn't have moved you at all if you'd been firmly fastened to the first one.'

She smiled as she watched his eager, adoring face.

'I believe, she went on, 'that you would make the most faithful of lovers, the most loyal of husbands, if once your love and tenderness were centered somewhere where it was treasured and preserved.'

'I know I would,' he said, enthusiastically. 'I know I would.'

'I even believe that I could make you happy if I tried, Gerald.'

'Oh, Mrs. Millicent!'

'I am older than you—oh, not in years, I know—but I have suffered, and, even without that, mine is the older nature. I know, as a young girl cannot know, how great and beautiful a thing an honest man's love is. I said to be so careful of it, I would never trifle with it, never hold it lightly, it is beyond all price.'

She stopped, her voice choking a little. He rose and stood in front of her.

'And you will take mine,' he said. 'Oh, indeed, it will take me. I am sure I never felt like this before.'

'I am older than you—oh, not in years, I know—but I have suffered, and, even without that, mine is the older nature. I know, as a young girl cannot know, how great and beautiful a thing an honest man's love is. I said to be so careful of it, I would never trifle with it, never hold it lightly, it is beyond all price.'

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## Spring Choosing.

There is "Clothing," and then again there are Clothes. If one is merely to be clad, that is one thing; to appear well dressed is another. To be well dressed one must wear Good Clothes. That does not mean expensive Clothes, if produced under favorable conditions. Good Clothes can be sold at VERY MODERATE PRICES. In our stock of

## SUITS

Every requirement of Fashion, Quality and Economy is fully met.

Our Made-up Garments are sold at prices that only large business done at small expense will justify.

Many New Styles of Suits on our counters, Fresh to-day. See our All-Wool Clay Worsted, 3 Button Outaway Dress Suits—\$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00 to \$14.00.

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IN  
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Tan Boots, Cloth Top; Men's Black Boots, Cloth Top;  
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Men's Bicycle Boots, in Tan and Black.

Call and inspect New Goods and learn prices.

No. 10 Connell's Block, Main Street.

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Woodstock, June 1, 1900.

Without doubt,  
The finest display of

## CARRIAGES

Ever seen in Carleton County, is exhibited in the Chestnut & Hipwell Warehouses, Woodstock. The designs comprise:

AXTELL ROAD CARRIAGE, BUSINESS, HANDY, BLUE-NOSE CONCORDS, TOP CORNINGS and STANHOPE.

All the latest, neatest patterns that are on the American market. These Carriages were consigned to the Henderson & Gallagher Bros. from the Nova Scotia Carriage Co. and every Carriage is guaranteed. They will be sold at very small margin to clear. An inspection of these goods will convince you that they cannot be excelled.

HENDERSON & GALLAGHER BROS.

19-24.

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DANFORTH CHEMICAL CO.,  
48 Prince William Street,  
St. Stephen, N. B.

51 24.

Safe to use. No arsenic. Kills potato, squash and cucumber bugs, cures and destroys worms. Prevents blight and promotes growth of vines and increases yield of good marketable, mostly potatoes.

1 lb. package, - 15 cents.  
3 " " - 35 "  
5 " " - 50 "  
12 1/2 " " - \$1.00

Perfection Shaker, 65 cents.

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