

The Carleton Sentinel.

VOL. 30.—No. 52

WOODSTOCK, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1908.

WHOLE No. 3211

The Christmas Season Is Here!

What Present will you give?

Just a peep in our Store will solve the problem. Here you will find:—

Gold Filled Brooches
Amethyst Necklaces
Locket and Chains
Diamond and Pearl Rings
Bracelets, Sterling and Gold
Earrings and Barettes

A New Up-To-Date Kodak

Kodak Novelties and Supplies
Sterling Novelties
Out Glass
Silverware & Clocks

A Pretty Gold Watch with Elgin or Waltham movement.

If fact almost everything you wish for can be got by calling at the

H. V. DALLING,

Blue Front Jewelry Store.

WOODSTOCK, - N. B.

MARRIAGE LICENSES and WEDDING RINGS.

A Good Investment.

A large number of Woodstock and nearby people have deposits in the savings banks, on which they are getting three per cent interest. This is a good thing to have, but the owners might place their money where it would be equally safe and give larger returns. The school board for example, has \$20,000 in school bonds for sale, in denominations of \$500 bearing 4 per cent interest and payable in twenty years. They will be sold at par or slightly less for each \$500 bond. The depositor in the savings bank draws \$15 a year on \$500. The purchaser of one of these bonds will draw \$20 a year, and at the end of twenty years get his money back, \$500. The savings bank depositor will get \$300 for the use of his money during twenty years, and the buyer of one of these bonds will get \$400. And the school board is just as safe as the Government depository. The depositor may allow his interest to accumulate and draw interest, and the bond owner may deposit his interest half-yearly in bank, and the difference in favor of the bond owner would be even greater at the end of the term. Mr W B Belyea will supply one or more of these bonds to anyone who wants to invest. The purchaser's name does not go on record nor be given to the public. The transaction is as private as the opening of a bank account. The bond can be sold at any time or used as security for a loan if needed.—Adv.

King's Preceptory.

King's Preceptory No 305, met in Orange Hall, Woodstock, annual session, Thursday night, Dec 17th, and after a short session elected the following officers for 1909.

Chas M Shaw	Victoria	Wor Prec
N Peed	Woodstock	D Prec
D Hipwell	"	Chap
A F Lockhart	"	Leg
H Cox	"	Treas
John Morrison	"	Lect
D McIntosh	"	2nd Lect
J Thornton	"	Censor
J J Rogers	"	2nd censor
G Wiggins	Four Falls	1st Bearer
G Ridgwell	Plaster Rock	"
Miles Saunders	Maple View	Pulsivant.

The black is not receiving the support that is deserves in this Co. but the faithful few are keeping the encampment in working shape in view of something better in the future.—Crimson Arrow.

Get our prices on your family wash at NOBLE'S Steam Laundry, Woodstock, N. B.

The Day We Celebrate.

BY ALBERT P. CONNOLLY.
"A wake, glad heart; get up and sing!
It is the birthday of your King."
—VAUGHAN

The season of the year in which we celebrate the birth of Christ has again arrived, and while it is doubtful that this is the correct date of the birth of our Saviour, I believe Heaven is pleased that we remember and celebrate this day. To-morrow, and another Christmas will have become past history. To the youth in our midst, time would appear to have moved with leaden feet; the period between 1907 and the present seems to have been one of extraordinary length. Such is youth, bright, happy youth, whose only thought of pleasure lies in the storehouse of the future.

To those who have passed the milestone which marks off the boundary between youth and middle age, the season seems to have passed with lightning rapidity, and it seems but yesterday that we were making preparations for the festivities which the calendar declares took place twelve months ago. And yet, unlike other anniversaries Christmas loses none of its joys with increasing age, but rather, on the other hand, as we draw nearer the final goal which separates the present from the future life, we seem to acquire a firmer grasp, a clearer conception of what the true joy of Christmas tide means. Merry, fun-loving youth associates the day with that of feasting and sport, and in the desire for self-gratification often loses sight of the deeper and more truthful significance of the day.

The day is suggestive of love and benevolence. The birth of the Christ-child in Bethlehem gave to the race a truer and broader conception of the Love of God the Father, who, though all mankind were in conflict with divine government, and worthy only of condemnation, so loved the race that he bestowed a gift, even that of his beloved son. That birth gave new life to the world; it was the breaking of the dawn of christianity; the severance of the bonds of the old mosaic law to the gentle lovelight of a more acceptable faith.

The birth of Christ was heralded by the sweet song of angels, and caught up by man, who hastened to pay homage with the richest gifts within his reach. De spite the winds of infidelity and unbelief, the memory of that birth which took place nineteen centuries ago, has grown and spread, and carried comfort and solace to myriads.

Quite properly the day is one of rejoicing; but such joy should be pure, and of a nature acceptable to the great fountain of love from whence came the great gift whose birth we commemorate. Such indulgence as drunkenness should be regarded as sacrilegious to the one whose birth we celebrate. The gift of the Father to us his children, should serve to remind us of the love we owe our brethren.

On this bright December morn, nineteen hundred years ago, a gift was bestowed upon man; and what a gift! It was that of an only son, can we imagine a greater gift than this? The life of that son was one continued act of giving; of self sacrifice. To whom? To the rich and affluent? Oh, no! for we read that it was not with the rich, proud, and influential Scribe and Pharisee, but with the poor publican and sinner that he loved to associate. He bound up the broken heart of the poor lone widow; brought comfort and joy to the fatherless; and pitied and protected the destitute and fallen. By his life spent in deeds of love and mercy, he left a message to the race; "Love ye one another," and so must we, if we wish to emulate his work, come out from our comfortable homes and surroundings, and go down into the slums and alleys, and those habitations where the poor and destitute are wont to dwell. The gift to some near and dear friends, or some absent one of our affection, will undoubtedly carry comfort and joy to both giver and receiver. But how much more pleasure we may enjoy, if we but add to the comfort of those in our midst, whose lot is that of poverty and sorrow. Perhaps you say it is their own fault; they could have been in as comfortable circumstances as you if they had taken advantage of the opportunities that came to them. But let us not think too harshly of them, for somehow, I think if the master were here, he would not condemn them. He would not chide them, but even now, as of old, he would be the same man of Galilee, going about doing good; reaching the helping hand to a fallen brother, bestowing gifts upon the needy, and speaking words of comfort to sorrowing ones.

Are there not some such needy ones in our midst; yes we have them. Every community has them. And dear friend, though your offering to a ch be unseen and unproclaimed by men, it is faithfully recorded in the great book; inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.

Let the love of God to man, then the birth which we commemorate, prompt us to give this day at least to deeds of charity and love. Then indeed will it be a day of peace on earth, good-will towards men.

Temperance Notes.

The great Scott Act victory in Westmoreland County last week, the Act being sustained by nearly seven hundred, has had the effect of carrying consternation into the liquor ranks. Moncton will be pretty dry now, a wholesome change. The recent decision of our Supreme Court seems to place lager beer and other so-called light malt liquors under the ban. While we have not as yet seen the full text of the judgment, the inference one would naturally take from the published summary is that it will in future be much more easy to secure convictions for selling lager beer. In any case where the magistrate holds that the beer is intoxicating, the higher court will not reverse the conviction. Police Magistrates Marsh of Fredericton and Kay of Moncton have each decided that lager beer, even the weak three percent variety, is intoxicating. It would seem that Pabst, Schlitz, lager and about all the other slush drinks sold under the protection of our local beer law could not even be exposed for sale in Fredericton or Moncton.

The Scott Act, as amended, is a very severe check to the sale of liquor. The temperance people practically have all the weapons of destruction in their hands, and it only remains for efficient enforcement to banish the business. But no one man, no set of men, can do the work alone. Unless the temperance advocates are fearless and courageous enough to come out into the open and assume a share of the responsibility, all the inspectors in Canada couldn't stop the sale of liquor in a single county.

Over in P. E. I. where they are supposed to have prohibition we read of a drunken father attempting to roast his little five year old son in a red-hot oven. Such things as this are enough to make the very blood curdle. How long, O Lord, how long is this damnable traffic to continue?

At a recent banquet in London Mr Lloyd George, in responding to a toast, said that he believed that the success of Scotsmen was due very largely to the difficulties of their climate, coupled, of course, with the magnificent educational system they had. A Scotch accent was almost as good as a testimonial, and he declared that Welshmen would not succeed as Welshmen until they put on a Welsh accent. And to think that there are native Canadians so enamored of what popularly passes as the "English accent" that they send their children to school in England for the purpose of acquiring the said accent!

The Old Age Pension scheme in England is developing anomalies. One of the applicants for an old age pension at East Molesey was obliged to admit to the pensions sub-committee that he had no less than 1,030 pounds sterling invested in Consols. As, however, the income from the investment did not debar him from a reduced pension, the sub-committee had to allow the claim. In another case, an applicant, whose claim was allowed, is the owner of two cottages bringing him in \$6 a week.

(From the Chicago News.)
When the train stopped at the little southern station the northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. There were the usual number of sun-bonneted women, tall "crackers," and stray dogs. Under a scrub oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles.

The tourist was interested. "What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky native. "That be a hawg," elucidated the other. "What kind of a hog?" "Razohback hawg." "That so?" "Yeas, that's so." "Well what in tarnation is he doing rubbing against that tree?" "He's stropping himself, mister, jest stropping himself." The tourist withdrew.

Pure Spice and pure Cream of Tartar at H G NOBLE'S.

Obituary.

Ernest Duncan Cox of Auburn Me. was accidentally shot by a friend in Portland on Sunday evening the 15th day of November last, and his death occurred the following evening at the Maine General Hospital.

He belonged to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers who were represented at the funeral by a large delegation. A large pillow of flowers was sent by the brotherhood and a beautiful crescent by Portland friends. Numerous bouquets were given by individuals in Auburn and Lewiston.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev Arba John March, pastor of the Court Street Baptist Church, Auburn, assisted by Rev S A Blaisdell pastor of the Pine St Free Baptist Church, Lewiston. The music was by the High Street Auburn male quartet. Interment was made at Oak Hill cemetery. The pall-bearers, being members of brotherhood were L S Perkins, Frank E Hollis, G A Waldon and James G Orians, all of Portland.

Mr Cox went to Lewiston and Auburn about ten years ago from Bath, Carleton Co. N.B. where he was brought up and where both of his parents are buried. He worked for a time as a machinist, but soon decided to go on the railroad entering the service June 21st, 1904, and had been promoted several times, and had taken part of his examinations and would have become an engineer before long. His frank manly ways won him the respect of his superiors and fellow workmen; in fact he had friends in every department of the road and was known by the trainmen as "Eq." He was for a time a member of Company B Second Maine Regiment.

A very sad feature connected with his death is the fact that he was soon to have been married to Miss Florence Alexander of South Gardiner, Me.

The deceased leaves three sisters Miss Bessie Cox, a Trained Nurse, Miss Dorothy Reed, of 117 High Street Auburn, from whose residence the funeral took place, and Miss Annie Cox of Auburn, also two Uncles, Rev. O D Phillips D D of Jacksonville and Eliza Phillips of St Thomae Ont, and an aunt Mrs E F Shaw of Bath, N.B. The deceased frequently visited his old home at Bath and friends at Simonds, N B and was quite well known among the trainmen of the C.P.R. with whom he made several trips over the St John river line when home for vacations.

The deceased was in his 25th year and will be very much missed by all of his many friends, both in Maine and N.B.—Com

A Drop

One Chicago Irishman said to another: "Come in Patrick, and take a drop of something." "No Mike" answered Patrick "I'm afraid of drops ever since Tim Flaherty did. He was one of the liveliest fellows in these parts. But he began 'the drop business' in Barney Shannon's saloon. At first it was a drop of something out of a bottle. In a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He dropped his place, he dropped his coat and hat and money. He dropped everything but his thirst for strong drink. Poor Tim! He got crazy with drink one day and killed a man, and the last time I heard from him he was taking his last drop with a slipnooze around his neck. Mike, I have quit the drop business. I have seen too many good fellows that just took a drop from the bottle, then they dropped into the gutter and then they dropped into the grave."

Mr Asquith closes his first session as Premier with only five of the many important Bills of the Government's programme passed into law, so stubborn has been the Tory majority in the Lords. But wait until you see him next year.

Lost, somewhere between H V Dalling's jewelry store and house, a gold brooch, in form of several little birds. Finder please leave it at the store.

Miss Hattie P Ebbett of Middle Simonds was visiting a few days of last week in town guest of her aunt Mrs Chas Wheman.

Miss Ethel Ebbett of Middle Simonds was visiting a few days of last week in town guest of Mrs Chas Wheman.

For good values in Gents' and Ladies' Fur and Fur-lined Coats go to the Hartland Department Store.

Nice home to let the first of May. In good portion of the town, thoroughly renovated last spring. Just the place for anyone wanting a residence with all up-to-date requirements. Moderate rental to a good tenant. All modern conveniences. Apply to J W Astle, tf

Christmas Presents

Comb and Brush Sets,
Ladies' and Men's Traveling Cases
Hand and Stand Mirrors
Manicure Sets,
Military Brushes,
Shaving Mugs,
Pipes, Tobacco Pouches
Cigar Cases,

Best English & American Perfumes in Bulk and Cases,
A very special line of LATHER GOODS, including many Novelties never seen before in Woodstock,
Ladies' & Men's Purses, Bill Books, Wrist bags, Post Card Albums, &c.

Come early. Purchases stored until wanted.

GARDEN BROS.

DRUGGISTS,

Main St., Woodstock, N. B.