

The Carleton Sentinel.

VOL. 61.—No. 9

WOODSTOCK, N. B., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1909.

WHOLE No. 3219



Do You Need a New Watch?

The present is the time to get one, not the future.
I have a fine line of **Elgin, Waltham and Swiss Movement**, from Gentlemen's 18 size, Lady's 00 size, and Gold, Silver and Nickel Cases to suit them.

Do You Need a Clock for Your Home?

If so why not get one now and not delay till later, I have a full stock of them. All good time keepers.
If you have any Watches or Clocks to be repaired, bring them to me and I will guarantee you satisfaction.

French Clock's a Specialty.

Marriage Licenses and
Wedding Rings.
JEWELER
H. V. Dalling
30 MAIN ST.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
OPTICIAN
KODAKS
and
SUPPLIES.

Upper Woodstock
Traffic is now being carried on over the new bridge, which was joined with the old one on Sunday. The men now working here will remain until June.
The graduation class and a few friends were entertained by Faye Plummer on Thursday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all.
Mr and Mrs Albert Burt spent Sunday in the village.
Mr and Mrs Le Baren London spent Saturday and Sunday in Bloomfield.
A basket social will be held in Union Hall on Friday evening, March 5th. Everybody welcome. Come and bring your basket and cups for two. Coffee will be provided. Proceeds for Mission Band.
Mrs Frank Burpee has been quite ill, but is now slowly recovering.
Arch Plummer and Thomas Carr are able to be out again.
Alice Linehan and Laura McLean were in the village on Sunday.
We are sorry to hear that Miss Shelo Smith is ill again.
Don't forget the basket social.—**SUNNY JIM.**

Andover.
Mrs Sutton returned Saturday from a visit to Montreal, where she was the guest of Mrs N. Hanson.
Mrs Bolton who has been visiting Mrs Norton Taylor, Fredericton, returned on Saturday.
Hermion Stewart returned from Montreal last Wednesday. His brother Murchie Stewart went through an operation for his eyes, which it is thought is going to be all right in some months.
Mrs G W Murphy, widow of the late Geo W Murphy, died at her residence, Murphy's Hotel, on Thursday from Cancer of the stomach. She leaves two daughters, Mrs S P Waite and Mrs Bertha Waite residing here and five sons living in different parts of the U S, besides a host of relatives and friends.
Beverly Murphy of Appleton and Dr Murphy near Portland, Me, sons are both here. The floral offerings were very beautiful and showed the esteem in which she was held.
Miss Mabel Peat was confined to the house last week with La Grippe. J T Brown, Electrician, went to Woodstock, Thursday and returned on Friday.
Mrs Geo Dewit has returned from a trip to Rockland, Car Co.
Miss Mariam Baxter went to Fton on Friday to attend the U N B Convention.
Mrs Tibbits returned Thursday from a visit to St John and St Stephen.—**X Y Z.**
Mrs Fred Burt, Centerville, is the guest of Mrs Howard Burt.

GLACE BAY.
Glacé Bay cannot lay any claims to natural beauty. It has been built in a rush to meet the needs of an overflowing population, bought by the Dom Coal Co to work in these numerous mines here. To attempt to describe the mines would take too much space, suffice it to say the No 2 Colliery here is the largest in the world. The population here is mostly English, with a mixture of other nationalities. During the past few years prosperity has reigned supreme. Men have made as high as \$180 per month, while four and five dollars per day was the ordinary wages, many worked double shift, meaning double wages. This has been a regular Klondyke for working men in the past, but a great change has come during the past winter, little or no work has been going on. For months people have not been able to earn enough to support their families. Many were entirely unprepared for hard times, as they were never known here before. As a consequence many have been destitute and the local powers have had to render assistance. During the Christmas season 80 needy families were assisted with substantial baskets of food and clothing by the Local Corps of the Salvation Army. This was done with the assistance of some outside friends. Many more cases needed help, but through lack of funds they had to be turned over to the town. At present things are rather serious, but hopes are entertained that work will soon be brisk again. We trust that this will be an object lesson to the people to lay by in prosperity for a time of need. If this appears in print I will have more to say later.—**SUNNY JIM.**

Baptist Concert.
A concert was held in the vestry of the United Baptist church on Monday evening. The following is the program:—
Piano solo, Marion Lindsay; reading, Helen Watson; solo, Eleanor Stipp; piano duet, Helen Colwell, Isabelle Lewis; solo, Mary Street; reading, May Stevenson; quartette, Minnie Steeves, Mable Sharp, Pearl McKinney, Lillian Sharp; solo, Nellie Burden; reading, Maud Stipp; piano solo, Grace Hagerman; solo, Jessie Foster; reading, Jennie Smith; solo, Mable Sharp; duet, Mable Atherton, Iva McKinney.
Lieut Neville Vince, of the 1st Kings Regiment, arrived home on furlough on Friday evening. The regiment has been transferred from India to Ireland.
The officers bowling alleys in the Armoury will be open to the public this week.

Frances Haven—and Failure.

IDA F. THURSTON.

Frances Haven laid the ten yellow-backed bills on the table, and looked across them at her mother.

'There's one hundred,' she said, slowly, 'and I've five hundred more in the bank. It represents two years of teaching—and I hate teaching.'

'I know, dear,' her mother assented.

The girl went on gravely: 'With pinching it, it will take me through one year in New York—one year of hard, splendid work in the Art School.' She learned forward, her eyes full of eager pleading.

'Mother, will it be mean and selfish of me to use the money so—the money I've earned myself?'

'No, no, child,' her mother's response was quick. 'You have a perfect right to use it so; only, dear, I'm wondering how it will be at the end of the year if you find that you cannot do enough, with your painting—' She paused, unwilling to finish her sentence. The girl promptly finished it for her.

'If I find that I haven't enough ability to earn a living in that way?'

Her mother nodded in manifest reluctance.

'Well,' Frances answered slowly, 'if it should be so, mother, I'll try to be brave enough to take my failure in the right spirit.'

'If you can do that Frances, I shall be satisfied whatever the result. It is right that you should have a chance at the work you most want to do, and I shall be more than glad if you succeed in it; but I'd rather you'd be a good dressmaker—anything really good, than a poor artist, dissatisfied with your work and unable to make a success of it.'

'Yes, mother—the girl's tone was meek, but the flash in her eyes belied it as she added, whimsically: 'I'm not to be too conceited.'

'I only want to save you from bitter disappointment later, dear,' her mother said, with grave tenderness.

A week later Frances was in New York, living in a bare little hall bedroom, where she took her very economical breakfasts and suppers, getting a substantial noon meal at a restaurant. She was strong and well, and determined to succeed if hard work could bring success. She made no friends—she told herself that she had no time for friendships; she went nowhere except to an occasional exhibition of paintings.

At first she had high hopes, but as the weeks and months slipped away she found herself fighting an evergrowing discouragement. Her work was technically correct, but she herself realized that it lacked something that gave individuality—life—to the work of a few—only a few in the class. Frances, comparing her work with that of others, saw that hers was as good as the average, but no whit better, and her common sense told her that one who was no better than the average in a class of thirty would never make a success as an artist. Still she worked on doggedly; she would not give up while a chance remained. Perhaps—perhaps she might yet develop that elusive something which made all the difference between success and failure.

Her weekly letters home gave no hint of discouragement. They were as brave, bright and hopeful as she could make them; but the keen mother's heart was not deceived. As the months went on, Mrs Haven watched more and more anxiously for the letters, and laid them aside with a sigh when they had been eagerly read and reread.

The last quarter there was a prize competition. This, Frances told herself, must decide the matter for her. If she could win even the second or third prize, she would take that as a sign that she might hope for final success, in time. But if she should fail?

'O, I can't—I can't fail!' she cried out many a time, alone in her room.

No other girl in the class worked as Frances Haven did; this last quarter she worked with a feverish energy, often quite forgetting to stop for dinner. She grew thin and pale, and dark shadows came under her eyes. Even the nights brought her little rest, for in her sleep she dreamed of her work and won and lost the prize a thousand times.

And after all, she gained only 'honorable mention,' and she had a horrible suspicion that even this was due rather to the kindly feeling and sympathy of her instructors than to real merit in her work.

The last day she took her courage in her hands, and went to the head of her department. He met her with a pleasant reference to the honor she had gained, but she brushed the courteous words aside as if she had not heard them.

'Mr Clark,' she said, gravely, 'I have come here to ask you a plain question, and I want a plain, frank answer. Will you give it to me?'

She could see that he shrank a little but he replied: 'Yes.'

'I think you know what my question is,' the girl went on. 'You know how I have worked this past year?'

'You have worked—magnificently,' he said quickly.

'I have done my best,' she returned, 'Mr Clark, have I any chance at all? Can you advise me to keep on painting?'

For a brief second he hesitated; then he inquired: 'You would have to depend upon painting as a means of support?'

She nodded breathlessly—she could not.

His eyes were full of compassion as he shook his head.

'Miss Haven,' he said, 'I am dealing with you as I would want another to deal with my daughter if she stood in your place to-day. You have indomitable perseverance and determination. You have a correct eye and a genuine appreciation of artistic ideals, but you can never do original work that will be enough above the average to find a market. I believe me, Miss Haven, I would be more glad if I could conscientiously give you encouragement to keep on, but I can't.'

Frances' face whitened as she listened, but her eyes looked bravely into his when she rose and said, steadily: 'I thank you, Mr Clark. You have done a hard thing very kindly. Good-by.'

As the door closed behind her the artist wiped his damp forehead.

'Hope I'll never again have to pronounce sentence to a girl like that,' he thought. 'But what a plucky one she is! She has failed as an artist, but she will surely succeed somewhere in the world.'

Frances did not look like 'a plucky one' when, half an hour later, she shut herself in her little hall bedroom to face her failure and her future. She did not cry—her misery was too great for the relief of tears. She flung herself down on her hard bed, and lay there staring with wide, hopeless eyes at the ceiling.

'Oh, why, why?' she questioned dumbly. 'Why should the longing to create be given me without the power to do it? It isn't fair—it isn't fair! I asked so little—just the chance to work ever so hard to win a little success—only a little—and it is denied me. And now what have I to hope for? To spend my years in some work that I hate, drudgery of one sort or another! How can I bear it?'

Hour after hour she lay there thinking bitter thoughts, till night came and darkness blotted out the dreary details of the room. Then sleep brought her a few minutes of merciful oblivion—only a few minutes, for she dozed so lightly that she was aroused by a low voice outside her door, saying:

'It's a telegram. Her mother's dead. Mrs Reid read it and sent me to tell her.—I hate to awfully.'

With a quick gasping breath Frances sprang up, and flung wide her door. 'Give it to me—quick!' she cried, imperatively, her voice thick and unnatural.

The maid with the yellow envelope in her hand and the boarder to whom she had been speaking,

stared at Frances with startled eyes as she snatched at the telegram.

'Oh, Miss, it ain't for you—it's for the girl in the room over yours,' the maid said, hurriedly.

Without a word Frances slipped back into her room, and shut the door; and then the tears came, a blessed shower which washed away the first bitterness of her failure.

'I don't deserve it,' she acknowledged to herself, humbly, 'but O how glad, glad I am that I've got mother yet! If I'd won the prize and lost her, how little joy it would have given me! But, oh, that poor little girl up-stairs—I must go up and do what I can for her.'

There was much to be done for her, dazed and bewildered as she was by the shock of her great sorrow. Frances, helped her pack her bag, and dress for the sad journey home and went with her to the great noisy station, bought her ticket and put her on the train, slipping into her hand at the last minute a little note of sympathy to be read on the lonely way.

It was strange how changed the world and her future looked to Frances Haven as she went back alone through the lighted streets. She had failed, yes, but that did not make her a failure. She lifted her head and threw back her shoulders. She would not be a failure. Somewhere in the world there was work waiting for her to do. She would find it—the work that she could do—and she would do it so well that she must grow to love it. She had her own way, and had come to a blank wall; now she would just quietly wait till a way should be opened for her, and in that way she would walk and do her best. And always there was mother to work for! Her eyes filled suddenly, thinking of the lonely little girl going back to the home where 'mother' was not.

The next day Frances went to the Art School to get some of her belongings. Several of the students were there, among them the one who had won the first prize. She was a very pretty girl—Frances had often envied her both her beauty and her talent, but to-day she looked far from happy.

'Did you see Lucile Morris?' another girl said to Frances as the two left the classroom together. 'I guess you or I wouldn't look as she does if we had won first prize?'

'What was the matter with her?' Frances inquired.

'Why, don't you know? She doesn't want to come back here next year, but her father says she must. All she cares for is parties and a good time generally. That's the way things go in this old world. Now I'd have given my eyes almost to have won that prize. Oh, there's my car, good-by,' and she hurried away.

Frances sighed as she walked on; but after a little her eyes brightened, and her head took its old brave poise. She went home the next day,

and again a wave of thankfulness swept through her heart as she met the glad welcome in her mother's eyes.

'I'm the bad penny back again, mother,' she said, to her cheerfully. 'Yes,' replying to the unspoken question, 'I've found out that I can never be even a second-rate artist, but I know there's work in the world for me, and I'm going to find it. There's only one thing I will not be, and that's a failure!'

'No child, you'll never be that,' her mother said, with eyes hungrily searching the girl's strong earnest face. 'You wait patiently, and you'll find your place, and work in which you can be happy, too.'

'Mother,' the tall girl laid her hands on her mother's shoulders, and looked gravely down into the tender eyes; 'mother, I've made a discovery. It's nice—yes, it's splendid to have work that you really love and can do well—better than anybody else, maybe, but after all, I guess, the happiness must be in yourself—not even in your work. Ah, wise little mother, I see you've known that all along, but if you'd told me so a year ago I should never have believed it, should I?'

Middle Southampton.

Hugh Savage of Lower Southampton who had his residence, store and barns destroyed by fire, has moved his family to the residence of his wife's parents, Mr and Mrs Ezra Mills, of this place.

Henry C Farnham, who was visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs A E Farnham, of the Central house has returned home to Fort Fairfield. Mr Farnham has purchased a large farm one mile and half from the Fort and it is his intention to plant twenty-five acres of potatoes next spring.

Ernest Moxon, is in the village taking orders for enlarging pictures also selling furs, fur coats, and sleigh robes.

The following officers were elected by the L O L at its last meeting: B W Akerly, W M J F Freeman, Fin Sec; F R Brooks, D M; F C Brown, R S; Isaac Paterson, Treas; W K Oldham, Chap; E A Farnham, D of C; A A Ingraham, Lect and John H Fox, chairman of committee.

The Oyster Supper given by the Orangemen was a success.

Mrs J W Brother who was visiting her sister, Mrs J F Freeman, has returned home to Lower Southampton.

The worst snow storm of this season commenced on the 15th and continued for three days and the road master, John H Fox has the snow plough on the road to-day.

Rev M Rutledge held service in the United Baptist Church last Sunday afternoon.

There is quite a business in pressed hay this winter. Quite a number are hauling to Canterbury Station for export.

Quite a lot of lath wood going to Grants mill at Temple.

Mr and Mrs J F Freeman are being congratulated by their many friends on the arrival at their home on the 19th inst of a young daughter.

Mrs Wm Munro, of Lower Southampton, is visiting her daughter Mrs J F Freeman.

Colin King, sr., and his brother, James King, both of Lakeville, are reported as dangerously ill.

DISINFECTANTS

Red Cross Chlorides
Formaldehyde
Chloride Lime
Sulphur Torches
Creolin
Carbolic Acid, etc.

GARDEN BROS.

DRUGGISTS,

Main St., Woodstock, N. B.

Regent St. Woodstock, N. B. Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.