

## The Carleton Sentinel

F. B. CARVELL, PRESIDENT.

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## AFTER ONE YEAR

Very briefly summarized, the many thoughtful reviews incident to the close of the first year in the most terrible war of history, all turn upon, and serve to emphasize the persistent fact that in spite of her tremendous organization, her brilliant strategy, her scientific supremacy and her ruthless seizure of every possible advantage, Germany has as yet failed to attain any single object sought by her in this war for which the rest of the world today holds her responsible.

She holds Belgium, but her first terrific blow, aimed to crush France, failed on the very verge of success.

She holds Russian Poland, but even with Warsaw in her hands she has so far, to every appearance, failed in her second great objective—sufficient demoralization of the Russian forces to leave her free from the eastern menace, and release her great eastern armies for a renewed offensive in the west before the ceaseless preparations of the western allies reaches the point of effectiveness.

On the sea her submarines have sent to the bottom hundreds of merchant craft and have destroyed indiscriminately the lives of innocent and inoffensive people, but the troops of her enemies continue to move at will, the commerce of her enemies continues with scarcely an interruption, while her own splendid navy lies useless and the oceans are closed to her trade.

Her colonies, one by one, have been taken from her—a vast territory aggregating half a million square miles in all parts of the world.

But her greatest loss—that which, in the end, is destined to seal the doom of Germany as we know her to be constituted today—is a moral loss; the loss of the world's friendship and admiration.

That fund collected from the lum-

bermen of New Brunswick, added to the amount got from the liquor dealers would purchase a lot of machine guns. Happy thought—will someone bring the matter to the attention of the custodians of those funds?—Times-Star.

Canadian troops should be fully equipped with machine guns and no doubt will be, but many people feel that the Militia Department should provide the equipment for Canada's troops.

The money going to tory booties will buy a lot of machine guns.

The Standard announced that Commissioner Chandler would not investigate the charges, made by Mr. Carter, that money had been paid by St. John liquor dealers to influence certain legislation—And Commissioner Chandler has so decided. BUT THE FACTS WILL BE BROUGHT OUT.

Since the departure of the recruiting officer fourteen men from out of town have called at the armory to enlist, only to find that there is no one to take their application. In view of the fact that the 55th wants men it is rather a strange proceeding to close the office.

The present game is getting us nowhere, and never will. Men who are accustomed to think for themselves, in most things, are beginning to ask what difference who originates a proposal looking towards some form of public progress, so long as the proposal itself gives promise of accomplishing any desired object?

Said Rev. F. S. Porter in the Germain Street Baptist Church, St. John, Sunday evening, "Anyone who is not trying now after a year to bear his share should offer the world an apology for continuing to live in it."

"Base insinuations of Veniot" and Carvell says a headline over The Standard's report of the Gloucester investigation. The fighting member for Carleton, of course, has no connection with the Gloucester charges but it is only natural that The Standard should have him in mind when the hooding of its friends is being exposed.—F'ton Mail.

Droughts, like men, may come and go, and they certainly went in this part of the country with the advent of July 1915. It was the wettest month in many years, but the farmers were fairly successful in gathering their hay crop between times.

The solution of the water problem has been held up, as one councillor aptly remarked, "until there are more deaths."

Mr. Barbour had some of the opponents of pure water in view when he spoke of the "mental attitude" of some citizens. They were heard at the council meeting, Monday night.

The Conservative party in New Brunswick needs a new man at the wheel. Mr. Fleming is not the only one who ought to be retired.

What could you expect of a party whose policy is dictated by the Standard and Gleamer.

Mrs. C. F. Jones as Mrs. Henderson, Jack's mother, in "Jack's Wife" will charm her many Woodstock friends at the Hayden-Gibson, Friday night, Aug. 6th.

Miss Marion Winslow as Edie, and Mr. Gordon Bailey as Harry, in "Jack's Wife" will delight their friends Friday night at the Hayden-Gibson Theatre.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. Mary Smith Plummer was born at Jacksonville, New Brunswick, Aug. 10th, 1855, and died at Cheboygan, Mich., July 11, 1915. At the early age of ten years she gave her heart to God and remained in faithful fellowship with the church all her life.

She was married to Charles W. Plummer, of Jacksonville, about thirty-seven years ago. Their married life was ideally happy. Their home was always open to the Methodist preachers. Last fall, they left the old Eastern home and came to live with their son-in-law, Rev. John Dystant. An ailment from which Mrs. Plummer had been suffering for some years began through the winter to display alarming symptoms. All that tender care and expert medical skill could do was done for her but she gradually weakened until the final summons came.

Mrs. Plummer was a woman of great personal charm and attractiveness, and possessed a keen perception of spiritual things; her sweet evenness of temper endeared her to all those with whom she came in contact. She met her trials with an unflinching trust in God, and during her illness gave frequent testimony to the presence of the Saviour, she looked toward her translation with joyful anticipation, frequently expressing herself in the words of the hymn "I'm going home to die no more." She leaves to mourn her departure, beside her husband, two daughters—Edith, wife of Rev. John Dystant, Supt. of Straits District, Detroit Conference, and Blanche, wife of Rev. H. C. Rice, of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, Canada, also one sister and two brothers whose home is in Butte, Mont.

The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. H. J. B. Marsh, assisted by Revs. Bert Hollidge, Sanford McDonald, J. H. James and William Bleam. Bro. Hollidge sang with tender expressiveness "Hark, Hark My Soul" and "I'm Going Home to Die no More." Bro. Marsh sang "The Beautiful Valley of Peace" following a brief exposition of John 14:27.

She was laid to rest in beautiful Pinehill Cemetery, Cheboygan, "In the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." (Woodstock papers please copy).

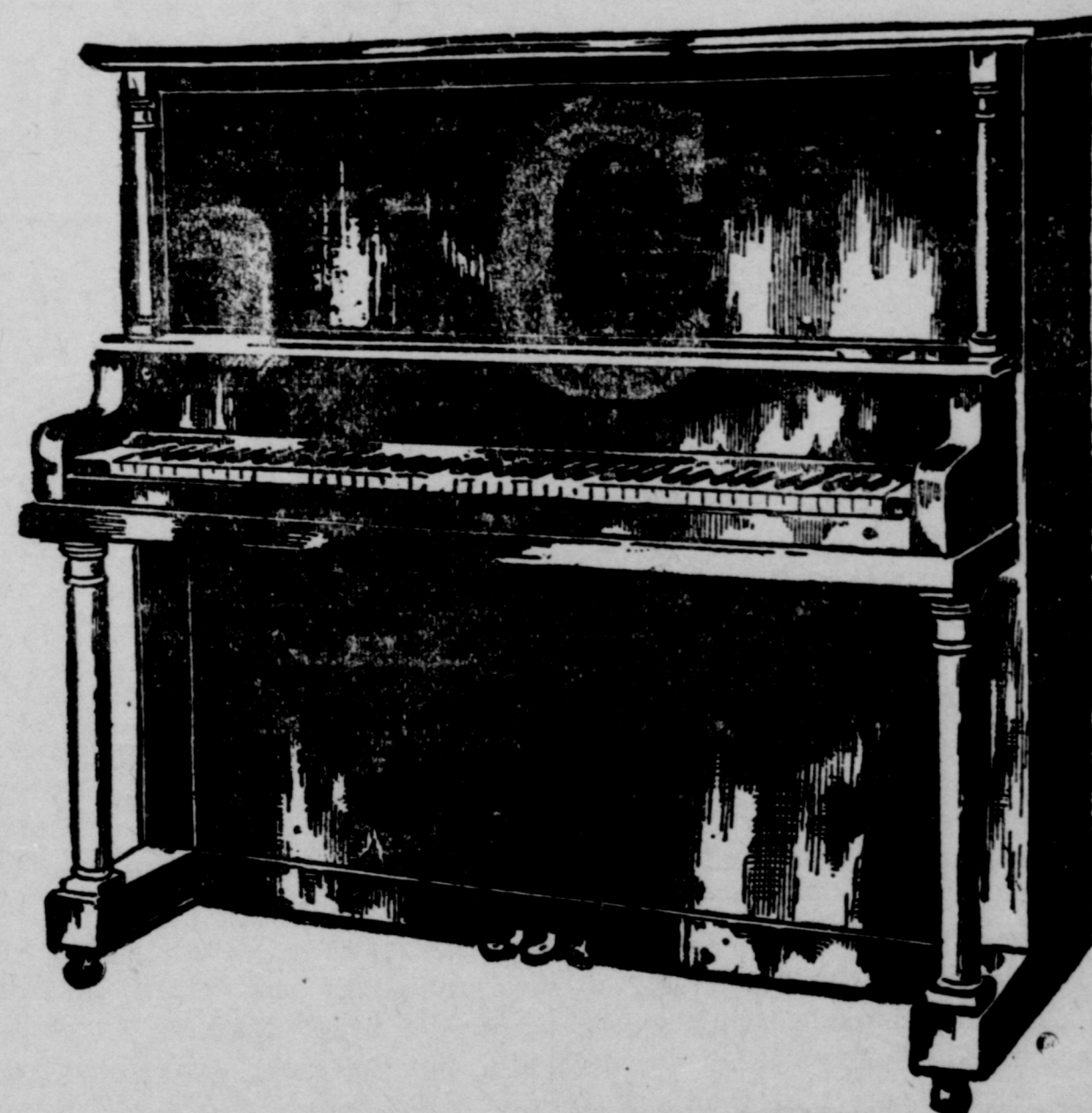
Grand Falls lost another old and highly esteemed resident on Friday, July 23rd, when Michael Harley entered into rest. Mr. Harley, who was 67 years of age, was always a good citizen, bright and intelligent. Considerate of others, at all times, and a fond husband and father, and he lies down to his long rest, among the benedictions of his family and of all those who had the privilege of knowing him during his earthly career.

Among those who mourn his passing is his widow, formerly Miss Elizabeth Jane Malcolm of Grand Falls, Mont., two sons, John T. of Deboraga, Mont., and Alban J. in the States; two daughters, Misses Julia V. and Mary E. at home; two brothers, James at Grand Falls and William in Missoula, Mont., and one sister Mary in Los Angeles, Cal.

The funeral was held the following Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and was very largely attended. A requiem mass was celebrated in the Church of the Assumption by Rev. Father Joyner. The C. M. B. A., of which deceased was a charter member, attended the funeral in a body. The pall bearers were Messrs. Patrick Toner, John Berube, Charles McCluskey, Octave LeClair, James Mulherin and Joseph LeClair. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery. The offering of flowers, many and beautiful, testified to the esteem in which deceased was held in the community.

One of the best character parts ever written into a play is that of Jethro Baxter in "Jack's Wife." It will be in the able hands of Mr. R. L. Bell of the Bank of Montreal, at the Hayden-Gibson Theatre, Friday night, August 6th.

Miss Marion Montague of Newburg passed successfully the Normal School examination for second class, young man, that this fight is as



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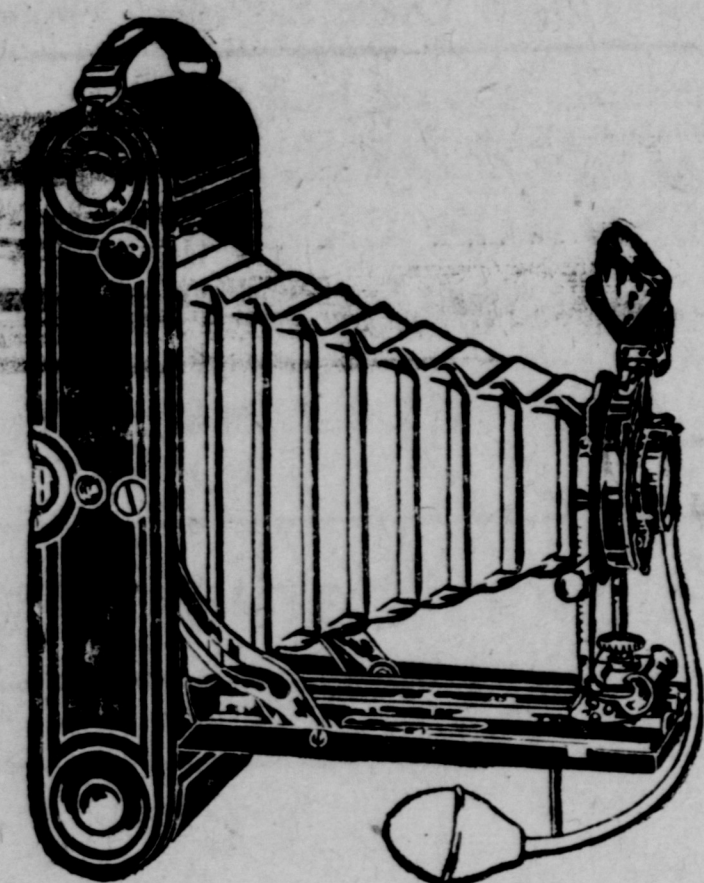
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Laugh! Laugh! You can't help it if you see Miss Cassie Hay as the Old Maid in "Jack's Wife."

Mr. L. P. J. Roy, who is located at the "Royal Bank", will play Wally, Jack's brother, in "Jack's Wife." Don't fail to see his love scene in the last Act. Hayden-Gibson theatre, Friday, Aug. 6th. Children 15c., Adults 50c.

## THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

(Continued from first page)  
ed sword for use on the morrow, but a Peace whose feet rest on a broken blade and a rusted scabbard. Twelve months of activity and we are still in the beginning. Months to come, aye, perhaps years, may make demands on our strength, our manhood, our treasure and all the virtues that spring from self-denial; and we will not temper our devotion or lessen our fortitude until our object be accomplished.

Men, more men! is the cry. Do not keep the boys back. Now is the appointed day, now is the acceptable time. Remember, you father, you will share in the shame of the son who turns a deaf ear to his country's cry. Remember women in Israel—mothers, sisters, sweethearts—that the case of the helpless ravished, murdered women of the North Sea might have been yours, that your purity and your blood might at this moment be invoking retributive justice. Is a noble death more abhorrent than a miserable life branded as shirk and coward? Remember, School examination for second class, young man, that this fight is as

much yours as if you lived at Scarborough or Harterpool, that your companions are calling to you from the trenches for succor and support. What will be your feelings when the page of this glorious enterprise discloses not your name? What will your children think and say of you? Have you no jealous pride for the inheritance bequeathed to you? Is there no inspiration for you in the undying valor of Langemarck?

"They are lost, our guns to the conquering Huns,"  
"Lost? Will you tell us so?"  
In the lingo of the grim Far West

"Tis a word we do not know."  
And they gritted their teeth their lips beneath,

Those Prairie's hard-bit sons,  
As from man to man the catchword ran,  
"We'll have back the captured guns!"

On that quest all bent at the foe they went,  
The lads of the great Far West,  
Their blood on fire with a righteous ire,

As they fought like men possessed,  
One brief hot spell of loosened Hell,  
Hell for the baffled Huns,  
But a time was this of wild, mad bliss

To the Prairie's dashing sons.  
They slew, were slain, yet knew no pain  
In the thrill of the breathless hour,  
When the big guns flash and the bayonet's clash,  
And your gripped in the war-lust's power,  
And the Teutons fought as they should and ought,

All martial Deutschland's sons,  
But the Prairie breed were the men at need,  
And they had back the captured guns

Their fame resounds to the Empire's bounds,  
Lads from the grim Far West,  
Who saved the day in that breadless fray,  
And bettered the foeman's best,  
And methinks that foe will now be slow

To boast of his captured guns  
While accounts are there and still to square  
With the pick of the Prairie's sons.

Thus do the children of Canada—your sons and brothers and lovers—Strike—till the last armed foe expires!

Strike—for your altars and your fires!  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!  
God and your native land!

Oh, the pathos, the tragedy of it, exceeding any eloquence of speech ever dropped from the lips of man! Affection's chord is tender and it is hard to part from our dear ones. If it be, as it is, the will of God let us bow in humble resignation to the decree. We hang no harp on the willow, we chant no mournful dirges by the waters of Babylon; consecrated with tears and blood we immolate our hearts on the altar of patriotism and beseech the Heavenly Father to let the chalice pass and to accept the testimony of our faith as of old he accepted that of Abraham in the tangled woods of Mount Moria.

Mr. Jarvis in seconding the resolution said:

It gives me great pleasure to perform the duty you have assigned me of seconding this resolution.

On this anniversary of our entering the war it is very fitting that we as an unit in this division of the British Empire, should join in expressing our determination to carry it to a victorious conclusion. We fully realize however that patriotic resolutions will not alone win the battle.

Our leaders tell us that our cause will be victorious but it behoves us now—before it is too late—to take stock and consider. Why this confidence? The reason is not hard to find. Our Leaders know that the British Empire and its allies have means sufficient to assure victory and they have confidence that such means will be placed at their disposal. If their confidence is misplaced we will be beaten. We cannot win if we will not fight.

Woodstock has a first class equipment for fighting fire and we live in the comfortable belief that it will protect us from conflagration; but if a conflagration started and the equipment was not used its presence in the town would not save Woodstock from destruction. So with the (Continued on page eight)

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