

The Carleton Sentinel.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1917

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are found galore in this "House of Good Jewelry." If you intend making one, see our collection of rings, lavallieres, pins and other ornaments. Put them to any test as to quality, and to any comparison as to real values.



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The high cost of living is being daily reduced by 2,500,000 housewives who cook their meals on New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves.

With Royalite Coal Oil a New Perfection will cook your meal for from 5 to 10 cents

The Long Blue Chimney gives perfect combustion. All the heat goes to the food—no smoke, no waste.

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W. F. DIBBLEE & SON LTD.,
BURTT HARDWARE COMPANY,
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THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
Limited
BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

LEGLESS LIEUT. POURS HOT SHOT AT THE SLACKERS

Tennis Players Are The Butt Of His Scorn—Idling Their Time On Courts Rather Than Do Man's Work at Front.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 31.—It's nothing short of a disgrace fastened on thousands of young men of Canada, that we officers have to go down to the States and try to get recruits for the Canadian forces when there are so many young fellows, absolutely physically fit, playing the part of slackers up here," said Lieut. T. C. O. Williams, M. C., of this city, while sitting in a wheeled chair at the Royal Alexandra to-day. His legs have been amputated at the hips and he was wounded in both arms also.

AFTER TENNIS PLAYERS

"What amuses my ire especially, whenever I think of it," said Lieut. Williams "is the fact that on the very afternoon I left for Chicago, three weeks ago, I was taken out to a lawn tennis club. There I was wheeled up to courts and I counted at least 50 young men, all in the pink of condition, who ought by all means to have been at the front. Their muscular arms bared and their sinewy chests exposed I made up my mind right on the spot that I would at once pass four out of every five of them for the army. In my 21 days' experience in our Chicago recruiting offices I did not meet up with such a likely looking bunch as these fellows, who were passing their time in batting a silly little ball to and fro across the nets.

MAKES BLOOD BOIL

"Right now somewhere in France, the Canadian soldiers are serving six days in the trenches and two out. It used to be eight days in and eight days out. The sole reason for this new order of things is the shortage of men. 'Think of it. Those lads spending a week in damp trenches, getting out for two days and returning again for another week, while these fellows here—it makes my blood boil!'"

Lieut. Williams was in Chicago on the staff of the British recruiting mission. He says that the office was continuously crowded with young men trying to sign on with the Canadians.

"I passed men down there," said he, "who had families of five and six children. The same thing has been happening in Canada since the start of the war, and we have carried it on too great a degree. It is now most certain that the young fellows, with not a care in the world save their own precious lives, should be made to do their bit. My own father, 53 years old, has been in the trenches, so I have nothing to be ashamed of. I would sooner be wrecked and maimed as I am than to have stayed at home and had the finger of scorn pointed at me in after years."

ENDORSES IT ALL

Lieut. Williams was accompanied by Lieut. F. E. Boulton, of Broadview, Sask., who, badly wounded, is on his way home after being on a hospital ship which was blown up while crossing the Atlantic. Lieut. Boulton said that while at the front he had served 26 days continuously in the front lines with a brigade machine gun corps. "The only reason we were there so long without a rest," he said, "was the shortage of men."

OBITUARY.

PARAN W. SHAW.

At his home in Fredericton on Aug. 27, Paran W. Shaw passed this life at the age of 68 years.

Deceased had been in failing health for some months and his demise was unexpected.

He leaves to mourn the loss of a faithful husband and loving father, one daughter, Mrs. Byron Adams of Fredericton one son, Fred, at home, and one grandson. The remains were brought to Lower Wakefield, birthplace. The funeral service was held in the Primitive Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. J. M. Mallory of Middle Simonds; interment was made in the church cemetery.

The bereaved ones have the sympathy of their many friends in this trying ordeal. (Woodstock Press please copy).

Keep Children Well During Hot Weather

Every mother knows how fatal the hot summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and stomach troubles are rife at this time and often a precious little life is lost after only a few hours illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of the Tablets prevents stomach and bowel troubles, or if trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the baby safely through. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CARVELL A MAN WITH MANY OF A LEADER'S QUALITIES

Likeable in Spite of Apparent Sternness and Ruthlessness—Fearless, Honest, Straightforward and Kindly—A Word-Picture of New Brunswick's Liberal Leader.

(Special to Star)

Ottawa, Aug. 29.—Suppose you were tackling single-handed heavy odds and were allowed to choose from the House of Commons some one to stand beside you and see you through to the end, whom would you choose? Suppose, just suppose, you wanted a leader for a forlorn hope, a hard-hitting, utterly dependable, entirely fearless character, who would change that forlorn hope into a certainty of victory, to whom would your mind turn?

Pass in array the giants of the House along: Borden—no, he has been proved lacking in leadership, initiative, and general punch; L. Urquhart—too old now for forlorn hopes and otherwise not suited; White—too egotistical to inspire confidence in others; Pugsley—yes, he has grit all right, but he makes no appeal to the imagination; Fisher—no; Graham—no; Meighen, Lemieux—no, no. Well whom have you got then? Whom? Carvell! What! Frank Carvell, of Carleton, N.B., the man who has just returned from a hard-won victory bearing the scalp of an ex-Premier of his own Province at his belt? Well, to tell you the truth, one never thought of him. Is he fitted to command the crew of Canada's ship of State, or he is not qualified to ever aspire to anything beyond a mere mate's certificate?

STRIKING FIGURE IN THE HOUSE

When you enter the gallery of the House for the first time you lean over and survey the members. There are Borden, White, Foster, Laurier, Pugsley, Graham, Oliver. You recognize most of them at once—they are so very like their pictures. Then you notice a big, hunched-up figure, clad in a dark, long coat, which might have been cut by a tailor of the past, but it is the head, face, expression, and attitude that arrest you. The head is the head of a thinker; the face the face of a fighter; the expression betrays the liveliest interest in the subject being discussed; the attitude some way conveys an idea of strength held in reserve.

The face is a combination of the faces of a fighter, a minister, of a scholar, of a kindly-hearted man. The brushed-back thin grey hair fails to hide a brow that matches in height the weighty jaw below, and helps, with the twinkling eyes, to counteract its pagacity. The twinkle leaves the eyes, which, now deep-set and stern, are focussed on a Minister opposite, possibly the Minister of Justice, unbending himself of a long explanation. The whole head is supported on hand; the fingers have spread round the chin, hiding the full vigor of the face. At last the Minister sits down, the hand comes clear away from the face opposite, and there stands revealed the face of a man who you know will stick through to the end.

ATTRACTIVE SMILE, GOOD VOICE.

He stands full six feet of his splendid fifty-five-year-old manhood, and the loosely fitting clothes do not detract from his presence. He glances round once or twice quickly; his face breaks into such a smile as you never could have expected, and he begins: "Surely the Minister cannot mean—" Then generally follows lucid, forceful argument which eases the Minister's late explanation feeble and faint. The voice surprises you. Instead of being harsh, as you probably expected, it is full and round, pleasant and kindly, with just a suspicion of banter.

The Minister may reply, Carvell is on his feet again, more vigorous this time, but still courteous. The Minister replies again and Carvell again bows at him. He never gives in. Again and again he returns to the attack and will not be beaten. Brains, fighting qualities developed to the tenth degree, vigor, clearness of thinking, staying powers, lucidity of expression, self-control, and in addition, the quality of being intensely human, are an unbeatable combination and Carvell has it in abundance.

HAS THE FORCE OF A LEADER.

Rugged as one of the rocks of his own ocean-washed Province, immovable, imglacable, stern, ruthless, yet kindly, good-natured, agreeable, even-tempered when "off duty," Frank Carvell was born to be a leader. Circumstances may prevent him becoming the leader of the nation now—the Conservatives hate him worse than the Philistines did Samson and Ontario is cold—yet stranger things may happen than that he will some day.

Carvell has time and again proved himself a terror to the Government. He has been responsible for so many inquiries and commissions that when they have

nightmare Carvell must be always the central figure. The Conservatives would have smashed him in the past if they could. They would do it now, but his life and career are too clean.

If Frank Broadstreet Carvell, of United Empire Loyalist descent on his father's side and of Ulster descent on his mother's, barrister, Methodist and Conscriptivist Liberal, became leader of a National Cabinet that Cabinet would be led, and the nation would be led. There would be the fighting, straight-ahead-to-the-goal leadership needed by a fighting nation like Canada in a time like this. There would be no plotting behind his back. There would be no graft in Canada's war business; there would be no profiteering, there would be no useless boots and "painted" horses.

PTE. JOHN H. THOMAS KILLED IN ACTION

Former Resident of Birch Ridge, Victoria Co.

Pte. Thomas was a native of Birch Ridge, Victoria Co., and was 28 years of age. He enlisted in February or March 1916, with the 115th Battalion, and on June 19, left for Valcartier. Twelve days previous on June 7, he was in the trenches near the front line, in the Central Baptist church, by the Rev. D. J. McPherson.

Before going to the front, in March 1917, Pte. Thomas was drafted into the 25th Battalion. On Thursday morning a letter, dated Aug. 9, was received from Pte. Thomas by his wife. The writer was in a very cheerful mood and advised the recipient not to worry.

The deceased is survived also by his parents, several brothers and another sister who reside in the province. Mrs. Thomas, who had been visiting her old home, returned to St. John on Tuesday, and has a large circle of friends who will read with regret the announcement of her bereavement. For the past seven years she has been conducting a grocery and fruit store at 89 St. James street, St. John, and for three years previously had been bookkeeper in F. E. Law's hardware store, Union street, St. John.

St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug. 13, 1894. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant. Yours truly,
DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Get your WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE before night.

TOWN COUNCIL TRANSACTS IMPORTANT BUSINESS

Tenders for Filtration Plant Accepted—Pumping Equipment Also Recommended—Mayor and Town Clerk to Sign Contract—Increased Accommodation for Battery Horses.

The Town Council met Monday evening, Walter Estabrooks and Geo. Flewelling will help the town put the road near the railway station in a "fair state of repair."

A letter was written by J. C. Berrie, at Petawawa, by W. S. Sutton, M. P. P., stating that he had taken up the matter with the council of stabling the battery horses, if the battery should come to Woodstock. He had the matter "under consideration," so had Hon. B. F. Smith. Cousins, Stevens, Flemming and Leighton were appointed a committee to see Mr. Sutton and report Friday evening.

The poor committee were authorized to invest \$400 in young stock on the poor farm.

The tenders and recommendations for the new filter plant, alterations to the power house, pumps and machinery were received, and the Consulting Engineer submitted a report covering his recommendation on them. For the Filter Plant a percentage proposal was received from W. Roy Smith, St. John, and a complete tender from the New York Continental Jewell Filtration Co., of Montreal, for \$501,200, which was recommended and adopted by the Council. For pumping equipment tenders were received from E. Laurie & Co., Montreal, Canadian Fairbanks Co., of Montreal and the Fraser Chalmers Co., Ltd., of Montreal. The tender of the Fraser Chalmers Co., was recommended for acceptance and the recommendation was adopted by the Council, and the Mayor and City Clerk were authorized to sign the contract.

OBITUARY

MRS. GEORGE M'KAY.

The death of Mrs. George McKay, of Hawkesbury, at the Fisher Hospital, Woodstock, took place on Saturday evening, September 1st. Mrs. McKay had been in the hospital some two weeks, having come to the institution in a precarious state of health. The remains were taken to her former home on the Valley train Monday, accompanied by relatives, and by Rev. Frank Baird of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, who, assisted by Rev. Mr. Brown, Baptist, of Hawkesbury, conducted the funeral services, at the house, and later at the Barony Presbyterian Church, where interment was made.

Mrs. McKay was a woman greatly beloved and highly respected. She illustrated in her life of devotion to her home and family many beautiful Christian virtues. Patience, hospitality, kindness, gentleness and perseverance in well-doing characterized her entire life. She is mourned by the whole neighborhood, and her family rise up and call her blessed. Her life was a benediction, and the memory of it will not perish.

The deceased lady had reached the age of 71. She leaves her husband, Mr. George McKay, who has the profound sympathy of a wide circle of sincere friends, and the following children: Miss Muriel McKay at home; Mrs. Geo. R. Moores, Presque Isle; Alex. Samuel, Ross, Rankine, Kenneth and Leslie. The sons are all in the west.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dis-temper.

Just Arrived

New Suits
New Coats
Waists
Dresses
Neckwear

You are cordially invited to examine these up-to-the-minute goods.

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