The Carleton Sentinel

A weekly newspaper printed and published by the Carleton Sentinel Publishing Company, Limited.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1922

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT HOME

In the windows of some of the stores—and they should be in the windows of all stores—may be seen neat posters bearing the words: "Do Your Christmas Shopping in Woodstock." Below this sentence are the words "Shop Early." The advice ought to be respected.

As to shopping early, one does not have to make any great fuss in establishing its advantage. The prudent customer will visit the stores early when there is offered the greatest variety, and it is much easier and more satisfactory to purchaser and clerk alike if the trading is done when there is not a big rush and the nerves are not on edge. A belated Christmas shopper is a pathetic sight, anyhow.

"Do your Christmas shopping in Woodstock" is right to the point. Of course every man is a free agent when it comes to making purchases, except that he mustn't buy stolen goods. There is no way to make a Woodstocker buy at home if he does not want to. But there are many good and sufficient reasons why the trade-at-home spirit should prevail.

The best and briefest argument is, if a place is good enough for a man to earn his living, it is a place good enough for him to help someone else to live in. It would be a sorry old town, indeed, if the merchants were not here; yet the merchants depend upon home trade. They are, in the aggregate, big taxpayers, and without them our streets, schools, yes, our whole community life, would suffer.

In short, if they have the goods, they are entitled to the first call. And that they have the goods can be determined by reading their advertisements and visiting their stores. And if they haven't just what you want, they will be only too pleased to get it for you. Town loyalty means town progress. Show your town loyalty by trading at home. And this applies as much to merchants as much as it does to those who are not merchants.

A WORTHY CAUSE

An appeal by the Red Cross for contributions towards the annual Christmas tree, for the children of the town, should have a prompt and generous response. Since war-time days there have been many calls for funds, but few have been made in the name of charity. The Christmas tree call is one that should be met graciously and generously. There are no distinctions drawn at this worthy affair and the happiness brought to over a hundred children is only too apparent. Special heed should be given the Red Cross appeal in their praiseworthy effort to bring comfort and happiness to the many kiddies of the town. It is an act that can never be reckoned in this special endeavor and you will derive gratification in the sense that you have done something worth while.

THE BASIS OF OPTIMISM

The pessimists of the world are not those who perform the work of the world. Those who wail the monotonous notes on the gamut of grief are the drones, the spiritual bankrupts, the men with the muck-rake collecting worthless treasures on which they fix their eyes and hearts. The real workers or the real needy, from whom we might expect the plaintive note, are not found in their ranks. Rather do these swell the song of hope as they look up from their toil or sorrow with undaunted courage. It is the experience of life that gives the secret of life. Those who go through the experience find a meaning and a message that the outsider can never appreciate.

The spirit of the Master is waiting and working through the centuries till He could come into the hearts of men, His meaning and His mission understood. It is side by side with life and its problems—side by side with the hardship and pain and suffering—there, those who work learn to know human nature and life is as it is. These pessimists become optimists. Do you want to understand it? Get out of your corner and do something. Do something for your fellows. The reformer sitting in his study can think out more reforms in ten minutes than the collective efforts of men could work out in a century. When later he looks upon the great world—doing what he ought to have done at first—he sets up a mighty clamor because the world does not fit his theories. Why should it? He is away from reality.

HOW TO LIVE TO BE 150

A French doctor has been telling us how to live till we are one hundred and fifty. It is quite simple. You do it by 'auto suggestion." All one has to do, according to our French friend, is to think young and persuade oneself that the one hundred and fifty is quite "natural." So if you are still on the sunny side of a century you will do well to dodge those young cronies of between sixty and seventy who have acquired the "old age habit," and instead of listening to an account of their growing infirmities turn your attention to continuation schools and other places where young men and maidens most do congregate. There is much to be said for the modern stunt of "keeping young." Despite our more strenuous lives, we live a great deal longer than our grandparents and certainly look much younger—as you may easily see—by turning over the family album of fifty years ago, when it was fashionable to talk of "old men of forty." Shakespeare probably knew all about auto-suggestion when he said: "There is nothing good or ill, but thinking makes it so."

"RIGHT-O"—This is an expression brought back after the war from the old country. It should be in everybody's mouth just now.

Be sure you're RIGHT, then go ahead—another timely motto.

"RIGHT WHEEL" is another military expression that might be adopted.

Right is might, now, "TURN TO THE RIGHT."

A Slogan—"Do your Christmas shopping in Woodstock."

A closed season on government interferance with the prohibition act is in order.

Thin ice fatalities are in order. A little parental oversight would not come amiss at this time.

The outstanding viewpoint of governments is "where can we go for a little more money out of the dear people?"

It makes no difference whether Lloyd George sits on the Opposition bench or not. Where MacGregor is, there is the head of the table.

The Turks are having their own way. And to think they are having it with the same aggregation that defeated Germany, Austria and Turkey.

A Detroit minister has installed a negro jazz orchestra in his church to liven up the services. But what a relief a good old fashioned hymn will be to the congregation after the jazzers have finished.

From the atmosphere that surrounds the opening of the liquor export houses, it looks as if the government is in a situation not unlike the hunter who had the bear by the tail but didn't know how to let go.

A German naval officer comes to the United States to lecture. If he can make a go of it, the real shortness of the public's memory will have been established.

He will steer clear of Canada.

The best course for the public to follow would be to elect men to the legislature in whose ability and integrity they have confidence. There are patriots aplenty willing to take up the burdens whatever they may be.

The Turks keep sharpening up their knives for another massacre. While Christian nations back and fill, Christian populations in the Near East are sent to the slaughter house. Surely we have a wonderful civilization.

How to build and maintain roads that will accomodate the heavy motor travel is becoming a question of great concern. It has been proposed that toll roads be built and those who use them for heavy transport shall pay for them. While toll roads are a thing of the past, new conditions may bring their return.

A considerable proportion of the bodily defects could be overcome with systematic physical training, beginning in the schools. It is as important for the nation to have strong sturdy citizens as it is for the country to have educated citizens. Education and physical training can go along together without any conflict and nothing but good will result.

One would judge that the Department of Health should warn of a new noticeable disease, to wit, hydroelectricitis, and urge that it is still raging in St. John and the country districts should take warning. Apparently it is very virulent, and is liable to result in mind disorder of the worst kind. Also, it seems to be contagious, infectious, and highly dangerous.

DR. DUDLEY ATTENDED FUNERAL OF HIS FATHER

Dr. Lionel E. Dudley, who is serving an indeterminate sentence of from 19 to 20 years in the state prison, attended the funeral of his father in Presque Isle last Monday. Upon receipt of news last Friday that his father was at the point of death, Dr. Dudley was granted a reprieve by Gov. Baxter.

Accompanied by State Probation Officer F. M. Fish of Hallowell, Dr. Dudley made a speedy trip to the northern end of the state, only to learn that his father had died one hour before the son's arrival. Under the terms of the reprieve Dr. Dudley was permitted to stay at his old home until after the funeral.

Dr. Dudley was convicted of causing the death of a young woman by illegal operation, after one of the most sensational trials in the state. He has served eight years of his sentence and for good behavior has been allowed many liberties.—Houlton Times.

WEDDING

McINTYRE—McBRIDE

The marriage of Miss Thelma McBride, daughter of Mr. John S. McBride, Easton, Me., and Mr. Hugh B. McIntyre, of Presque Isle, Me, was solemnized at the bride's home, Nov. 16th, 1922, in the presence of thirty guests.

The parlors were beautifully decorated with festoons of white and gold caught up with white bells.

Little Mary Esther McBride, looking very sweet in a gown of pink organdie and carrying a basket of flowers, acted in the capacity of ring bearer. Rev. George Gorwood, pastor of M. E. C. performed the ceremony, the double ring service being used.

The happy couple will reside in Presque Isle. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Haddon Thomas, Mrs. Fred Drake, Houlton; Mr. Vernon McBride, Littleton; Mrs. M. I. F. Carvell, Fredericton; Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Philphair, Presque Isle.

OBITUARY

MRS. B. H. SMITH

A gloom has been cast over the town by the passing away of Mrs. B. H. Smith, at her home here at 11 o'clock on Thursday morning, from a gradually wasting away, aged 91 years.

Deceased was a most estimable Christian woman, in her younger days prominent in Church and philanthropic work, and few persons were better known and more deservedly esteemed in the community. Her gentleness, kindness and cheerfulness not only endeared her to her immediate relatives and neighbors, but gained her the respect and esteem of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances beyond the limits of this town. For young and alll she had always a kind and cheerful word and a friendly smile and welcome greeting for all who entered her hospitable home. She rejoiced, sympathized with those who mourned and stood ever ready to soothe the sick and advise the poor in her quiet unobtrusive way.

Her death has lowered the shadow of sorrow over the happy family circle, where grief can only be partly assuaged by the expression of profound sympathy so freely and sincere ly offered to the children and the surviving brothers and sitsers.

The deceased was a daughter of Captain William Nash, who was connected with the British army. She was born in Cornwall, England, and came here with her father, when a young girl, to this country, he having received a grant of land at Pokiok, York county. She lived with her father on the homestead, until her marriage to a prominent resident of Woodstock, and has since resided here. About the same time as her marriage, her family removed to Woodstock. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. C. L. B. Miles of Lethbridge, Alberta, one brother, Ernest Nash of Topeka, Kansas, three sons, W. Duppa N., B. Harry and C. Allan Smith of Woodstock, and one daughter, Mrs. R. E. Guy Smith of Montreal.

The funeral services at her late residence was conducted by the Rev. H. F. Rigby, and St. Luk's choir. Many of her relatives and firends attended. The floral offerings were very exquisite. The interment took place at Christ's church cemetery. The pall bearers were her three sons, and grand son, Nash Smith.

SAMUEL WALLACE

Samuel Wallace, Main street, died at his home on Sunday morning, of hardening of the arteries, aged 66 years. He leaves a wife, five daughters, Mrs. Herbert Dickinson, Hartland; Mrs. Kenneth Drake, Avondale, Mrs. Guy Williams, North Anson, Me, Miss Della, a graduate nurse, Lewiston, and Miss Etta, training in the Lewiston Hospital, one son, Ora, at home, two sisters, Mrs. James Walker St John; and Mrs Herbert Mooers of this town and one brother, Alexander, Tapley's Mills.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. L. E. Ackland.

ANDREW JAMESON

The death occurred at Williamstown, recently, of Mr. Andrew Jameson, aged 86 years and 7 months.

He leaves an agedwidow, one daughter, Mrs. Robert D. Smith, two sisters, Sarah at home, and Mrs. Fannie Fowler Lakeville. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him. The services were conducted at the house and church by Rev. Hugh Miller of the Methodist church. He was laid to rest in the cemetry adjoining the church. Mr. Edward Savage had charge of the funeral arrangements. The pall bearers were Wm. McWaid, Wm. Page, John and Harry Gillis.

WILLIAM W WALKER

William Whitfield Walker for over 50 years a respected, colored citizen of Woodstock, passed away in Cambridge, Mass., on Friday, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. L. Merchant. The body was brought here accompanied by his sons, William J, and Harry and daughter, Mrs. B. P. Jones and Miss Jones. Services were held Tuesday in St. Luke's (Anglican) church, the pastor, Rev. H. F. Rigby officiating. Interment was in the Methodist cemetery. The pall bearers were George F. Dibblee, Coun. C. M. Augherton, Coun James Gallagher and Chief of Police Owen Kelly.

Mr. Walker was 85 years of age, and is survived by four sons, two daughters and one brother. His wife predeceased him four years ago. For over forty years the deceased worked for W. F. Dibblee and at his death continued in the service of the family. A man of kindly, sympathetic nature he was beloved and esteemed in all circles. Industrious, honest and devoted to his family, and taking a good deal of innocent pleasure out of life, his passing leaves a vacant place in the hearts of hosts of friends The funeral was attended by a large number of citizens all desirous of paying a last tribute of respect to this man of principle and fine christian character.

CHARLES H. WALLACE

The very sad death occurred on the 24th inst, of Charles H. Wallace, at his old home, in Cloverdale, in the 72 year of his age, after about seven weeks' illness.

He leaves to mourn their sad loss a sorrowing wife, two daughters, Mrs Samuel Barter of Avondale, and Mrs. Daniel Coughlin of Hartland, seven sons, George A., Jacob C., Joseph H, Kenneth L., and Minto W., of Cloverdale, Chester H, of Magaguadavic, York Co., and Benjamin S., of Cross Creek, York Co., two sisters, Mrs. Herbert Mooers of Woodstock, and Mrs. Elizabeth Walker, of St. John, one brother, Alexander, of Teeds Mill. His brother, Samuel, of Woodstock, just survived him three days. He also leaves 28 grand children, besides a large circle of relatives and a host of friends.

Mr. Wallace was one of the highly esteemed of his community, and will be much missed by all those who knew him. He was born in Queens Co., coming to Cloverdale over thirty years ago when it was but a vast wilderness, was one of the pioneers, starting right in the green woods, living in a log cabin.

He was blessed with good health, a good wife, a good and very industrious family, who have made their mark, and what Cloverdale is today it owes much to Charles Wallace.

The funeral which was very largely attended, was held at Cloverdale church, Rev. H. V. Bragdon officiating. Mr. Aaron Campbell of Hartlnad, also took part in the remarks. The burial took place at the Cloverdale cemetery. The large concourse of people in attendance speak of the high esteem in which deceased was held.

REMEDIES FOR STAINS

To clean an aluminum saucepan that has become stained from boiling water or fresh vegetables, take a few cranberries and boil them in the stained vessel for a few minutes, and it will be like new, the December Designer says.

To remove ink from material quick ly and without injury to the fabric, spread the cloth over a bowl and wet the ink spot with peroxide, then sprinkle liberally with bicarbonate of soda.

To remove indelible ink from linen, soak in salt water, then wash in water to which ammonia has been added.

To remove scorch from white goods, rub the spot with the cut end of an onion, lay the garment in the sun, and every trace of the scorch will be gone in a short time.

To remove chocolate and cocoa stains, sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water.

In washing white enamel woodwork, try using baking-soda. This removes stains and finger-marks and does not hurt the gloss."

Oil or grease spots on marble may be removed by spreading with a paste made of fuller's earth and water. Allow to remain for two days, wash off and polish.

Spirits of camphor will remove white spots from furniture. Rub well with soft colth and polish with oil.

To remove mildew, moisten the spot with clean water and rub on a thick coating of Castile soap mixed with powdered chalk. Rub in well, then wash off.

Chloroform applied freely with a soft cloth will permanently remove grease spots from white canvas shoes

Wash corduroy in warm white soap suds, hold under running water and hang on the line dripping wet. (Do not wring.) It will look like new when dry.

One tablespoon of kerosene to a quart of lukewarm water makes a splendid solution for washing windows and looking glasses. It saves time and labor as the oil makes them shine quickly and removes all dirt.

When cleaning black satin shoes use alcohol and you will find they look like new.

If you spill alcohol by accident on your highly polished furniture, rub olive oil on the spot immediately.

Anything hot placed on colored oilcloth turns it whtie. To remove these spots, rub with alcohol and polish with a dry cloth.

Watch Out

Watch for the Bean Supper the Pythian Sisters are having December 9th

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"Billy" Finds His Master



"BILLY" is home at last; after years of travel in foreign lands, and long months spent in the mud, rain and water of the Canadian front in Flanders Billy has at last arrived at home—and his homecoming is a thing of romance.

"Billy" is a dog, but a wise little dog and a friendly little dog. He was quite willing to make friends with all nice people, but there he stopped. No one could take the place of his rightful master, and for four long years "Billy" sought his lost best friend on the docks at Quebec.

It was there Billy lost his master the day he arrived in Canada in company with a regiment of returning soldiers that came home on the "Empress of France", and since that day never an ocean ship has come to the Canadian Pacific wharf but that "Billy" was there to welcome it and to inspect every passenger that came off in the hope of finding his long lost owner. Everybody liked "Billy", and time and again a comfortable home was offered him, but back he came to the dock in search for the lost unknown, and seemed content to spend the rest of his life in that occupation.

"Billy" became a public figure—his picture and his story got into the papers, and thus he found his home. Major W. C. Lamson, of the 26th New Brunswick Battalion, read the story and believed that "Billy" was "Don", a wire-haired terrier that had attached himself to the 26th, and had been accepted as a regimental mascot and personal friend by the entire battalion. So "Billy" was sent to Minto, N.B., and on his arrival the recognition between him and Major Lamson was mutual and enthusiastic. Billy's troubles and travels are over and he again answers to the name of "Don" as the soldiers of the old 26th knew him. Before him lies an honored age of restful ease as befits one who has ended his quest successfully.