

For Goodness Sake Wear Granby Rubbers

The Rubber that has the largest sale in Canada, simply on account of its goodness. Made from (File is Important) new rubber.

"Granby Rubbers wear like iron"

FOR GOOD HEALTH

To preserve or restore it, there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripans Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripans Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, every-day folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripans Tablets have become their standard family remedy. They are a dependable, honest remedy, with a long and successful record, to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, habitual and stubborn constipation, offensive breath, heartburn, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheumatism, sour stomach, bowel and liver complaints. They strengthen weak stomachs, build up run-down systems, restore pure blood, good appetite and sound natural sleep. Everybody derives constant benefit from a regular use of Ripans Tablets. Your druggist sells them. The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

R-I-P-A-N-S

The High Price of Wood

Makes Economy in Heating a Necessity.

HAVE
YOU
SEEN
OUR

Yukon Heaters?

It will Pay You to Call and Inspect Them.

We Have a Variety of Furnaces,

Latest Up-to-date types. Best Heat Producers,
and Most Economical of any in use.

SMALL & FISHER.

Canada's Best Value

UNION BLEND TEA

THE OLDEST BRAND ON THE MARKET.

25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60c. In Lead Packets only.

HARRY W. de FOREST,

Direct Importer and Tea Blender, St. John, N. B.

UP TOWN GROCERY!

THE undersigned desires to announce to his friends and the public that he has purchased the store and stock of L. A. VAN WART, and has replenished it with a full and fresh stock of

Groceries, Canned Goods, Sugars, Teas, Coffee, Flour, Molasses, Fish, In fact everything usually found in an Up-to-date Grocery. With Fresh Goods, Reasonable Prices, and a desire to accommodate his patrons, he respectfully solicits a share of patronage.

GREELEY A. SHEA.

Woodstock, Dec 9, 1902—50.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of this Province at its next session, for the passage of an Act incorporating "The Bath Bridge Company," with power to erect and maintain a Bridge across the River Saint John at the Village of Bath, in the County of Carleton, and with powers to collect tolls from passengers.

Dated December 3rd, A. D. 1902.
CHARLES E. GALLAGHER,
for Promoters.

Have You A Picture

THAT YOU WANT TO GET

Enlarged?

SO, TAKE IT TO

G. A. Keith PHOTOGRAPHER.

Enlarging done in Crayon, Pastel, Water Colors or India Ink.

FIRST-CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

WANTED—A Second-class Female Teacher, for School District No. 3, Parish of Woodstock. Apply, stating salary, to the Secretary to Trustees.
CHAR. H. L. PERKINS,
Dec. 20, 1902—31-B. Woodstock, N. B.

Literature.

Harry Hatch's First Faux Pas.

Harry Hatch was one of those handsome, chivalrous, rollicking, harmless fellows whom everybody likes—especially the women. He had been best man at more fashionable weddings than any man in town. But thirty years old, he was already godfather to a score of cherubic children of "chums" and young women who had once laughed and gloried in his unselfish companionship. Harry knew how to make love without going too far. His jokes never miscarried. He was everybody's friend and everybody was his. He was "not a knocker" among men, and he had the "confidence" of all the dowagers, young matrons and belles of his set. His wit was proverbial, and his jokes, practical or conversational, were the envy of men and the delight of the women. He seemed to be absolutely impartial in his gallantry. Rich or poor, plain or pulchritudinous, every woman seemed to be a queen in his eyes, and as a result to any or all of them he was an unanimous "hit."

Though they never said so, there were many elderly men of his acquaintance who thought, however, that Harry would never amount to much. He was too vacillating, too reckless, too merry to "cut any ice." Women with marriageable daughters never took him seriously, because, they said, he had nothing. And he was poor. A clerkship in a bank had sufficed to enable him to twinkle merrily at receptions and even shine at the head of cotillions. He danced like a faun, laughed like Momus, sang and played like a troubadour. A vote of the women who knew him would have established his pre-eminent popularity, but—none of them could think of him as an "eligible parti." The dullest man of his class never thought of him as a possible rival in love. In a word, he was a delightful trifle, a butterfly of mankind, a blue-eyed, yellow-curl, dancing, laughing failure. Of course he didn't seem to care a rap, such men never do, and so it was all right.

It was his good fortune never to come into contrast with other men till Stephen Hatch, his cousin, came back from college, a swarthy, eyeglassed, serious, saturnine young man, rich in his own right, ambitious, hypercritical, with a patronizing, superior attitude toward women and a tolerant, deprecating air with men. Here, indeed, was a personage whom all women must regard and all men consider. And they did so, all except Harry, to whom he appeared casually as a mere incident in the general scheme of enjoying life. Harry put up jokes on him, laughed at him, made all the nice girls "acquainted" with him and in time saw him devote his luminously morbid mind and ample means to the wooing of Dorothy Carr, the fairest, most amiable, most loyal and enthusiastic of Harry's many "girl friends." As a matter of course, when the engagement was announced, Harry was mentioned as leading man. Stephen had no "particular objection," but Dorothy would hear of no other.

It was some time afterward, just while his cousin was in the absorbing throes of ante-nuptial business that Harry Hatch met Dorothy quite by chance in the corridor of the Albemarle Hotel.

"The very man I wanted to see," she laughed. "Stephen will be down on the two o'clock boat to take me to the matinee, and I want to have a tete-a-tete with you, anyhow. It may be our last chance, you know, Harry!"

And so they got into a snug little corner of the cafe and chatted and laughed till the conversation turned upon the tiresome preliminaries of weddings, and Dorothy said she thought the "funniest thing," about it all was getting the license and seeing one's name in the paper. And she said that Stephen was worried to death about the license, thought it was undignified and vulgar to have to go into a public place and bandy his name and hers and pass money for a common document such as peddlers, teamsters and others, might get for a paltry dollar. But Harry laughed and said that he would regard it as a proud privilege to be able to ask for and get a license to marry any good woman, but that if her (Dorothy's) name was to appear on the document side by side with his he would consider his glory supreme and perfect, etc. And she laughed as she quizzed him how he "dared" her to go with him right then and there to get a license.

"Come on, Dot," he urged, "it'll be a new experience. I know the clerk and he'll cancel the thing for me and keep it out of the papers, and when you see it done you can tell Steve how easy it is and how proud I was. Come, let's try it."

And they laughed some more, and I think the waiter brought in a little silver pail with beads of icy water upon it and a golden green bottle-

Coated

Look at your tongue. Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:



Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement the day following. You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists. "I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."
Mrs. M. E. TALBOT,
March 30, 1890. Arrington, Kans.

neck peeping out of the ice, but anyway they marched across to the city hall, and she blushing and tittering and he quite ridiculously solemn looking, they asked for, and paid, and got a license, and went back to the hotel bubbling with enjoyment of Harry's latest "joke." Stephen was waiting for them, very impatient and important, and Dorothy thrust the folded license into her bosom and with a quick warning to Harry went away with her fiancé to the theatre.

Then Harry went back to the marriage license desk and called the clerk aside so he could explain the joke, and that, of course, he didn't want the license at all, and that it mustn't get into the papers.

"I just thought I'd come and tell you to make sure the reporters don't find it out. We're going to tear up the license and—"

"But it's too late, Mr. Hatch," said the clerk, "the afternoon papers have got the names already. These list are public property, and, anyhow, the license is issued, is out and is bona-fide until you bring it back."

"Then I must bring it back to be cancelled!" exclaimed Harry, and not waiting for more than a nod, he darted off towards the theatre, where he knew Dorothy and Stephen were attending the matinee. He didn't find them, missed them in the crowd later, and when he went rushing to her house at dinner time and found her mother in tears and the house in a bedlam. The reporters had been there! The story of the license was out. Harry rushed back, pell mell, to the newspaper offices to have it "stopped," but when he got out of the carriage and bought late editions of the evening papers the story was there, looming black, sensational and prominent. "All about the sensation in high society," Harry read it over and grinned! "That won't do a thing but put a crimp in Steve!" he muttered.

He pleaded with the city editors and insisted that the whole business was a joke. They promised to do their best for him, and interviewed him and sent reporters to interview Stephen. It was an awful mess! Harry, out of breath and anxious to pacify the Carrs, hastened back to Dorothy's home, to find confusion worse confounded. Stephen had been there in a towering rage. He had scolded Dorothy, read a lecture to old Mrs. Carr, cursed Harry and left in a sudden huff. Dorothy's mother glowered at poor Harry and then burst into tears.

"That for your jokes, you mischief-maker!" she screamed at him when he tried to explain, and then, for the first time in his life, Harry Hatch was abashed, disconcerted, ashamed.

But Dorothy, too, was in a passion. Not at Harry, but at Stephen. She even forgot proverbial filial respect, and when her mother resumed her tirade at the scapegrace, said with shrill vehemence:

"Stop! How dare you scold him? What is it after all but a tempest in a

teapot! A few paragraphs of silly sensationalism in the newspapers. It might have been a source of fun for anybody but an owl-faced block-head like Stephen Hatch. I wouldn't marry him now if he had all the money in the world. I'm of age and the whole thing was my doing, and I'm glad of it. So there!"

And she and Harry walked away into the garden silently, but very confidentially. Mrs. Carr didn't speak to Dorothy till the very day of her marriage to Harry, but the old man Carr, "Dad," as Dorothy called him, who liked the scapegrace and finally convinced "mamma" that he would rather have Dot married to a good Indian like Harry than to a coupon-clipping, joss-like Stephen, fixed up matters so adroitly that the wedding turned out to be the swiftest, happiest, most promising affair that even the practical joker himself had ever "assisted at."

"You're all right, Harry," said papa, when the bride and groom were going away, "you're all right, but—well, that was a — of a joke on Steve!"

ST. JOHN LETTER.

The Reverend Jernegan, who a few years ago swindled New England people, and several New Brunswickers, out of hundreds of thousands of dollars, with his "gold from salt water" scheme, at Quebec, is now an instructor of youth in the Philippines. As the teachers in those far-away islands are sent out by the U. S. government, it is presumed that that government endorses Mr. Jernegan's mathematics and morals. It is in this way that civilization slops over and expands its area. With a half dozen Jerneigans in the Philippines, the Filipino will soon become an adept in all sorts of swindling games and will be able to meet the manipulators of trusts and labor unions and bogus mining and insurance companies, etc on terms of equality. In brief, he will become a man, and a brother to the men who dominate all others in the sphere which they occupy. The Rev. Jernegan is a well chosen representative of the day's civilization.

Union teamsters hauling snow from the streets have struck because a few non union men are employed. The world over labor is labor's worst enemy.

It is said that a prisoner in the north End police station nearly perished from cold last Tuesday night. The station is not quite so luxuriously furnished as the Royal Hotel, and as almost everybody has heard, fuel is scarce and high.

Murderer Higgins' death sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life, his assumed youth being the principal plea that was made in his behalf. There are people here who say they have known him for sixteen or eighteen years and that he cannot be less than 22 to 24 years of age. The murder was premeditated, unprovoked and altogether atrocious.

About 2,000 head of cattle arrived here this week by the I. C. R. for shipment to England.

Last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were the coldest days that have been known here in December for many years. On Wednesday the mercury rose from eight degrees below zero to 25 above.

George S. de Forest & Sons quote:—
Manitoba flour \$ 4 80 per bbl
Ontario patents 4 25 do
Oatmeal 4 65 do
Cornmeal 3 10 do
Clear pork 24 50 do
Mess pork 22 50 do
Plate beef 15 00 @ 15 50 do
Beans 2 30 pr bush
Standard Gran. Sugar 4 05 per cwt
Austrian sugar 3 95 do
Bright yellow 3 75 do
No 1 yellow 3 45 do
Dark yellow 3 30 do
P. R. molasses 31, 32 @ 33 per gal
Barbadoes molasses 27 do
Burning oil 21, 20, 20 do

Four columns in the Gazette of last Monday were occupied with the names of consumers of Union Blend tea, to whom Harry W. de Forest had, as is his custom at this season of the year, just despatched each presents in various sums. Presents of \$20 each went to two persons in this province, two in Nova Scotia, one in Newfoundland, one in Quebec and one in Maine, while about 500 other people received smaller sums. Mr. de Forest believes in publicity and knows the value of the good will of his customers and the great tea drinking community.

EDWARD EDWARDS.

St. John, Dec. 13.

Minister—Yes, children, we all have besetting sins. So have I, like the rest. Now what do you suppose is my besetting sin?
Bright Boy—Talking.

You asked her father for her hand?

Yes.

And he refused you?

No, he didn't. He said I could have both of 'em.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated
COUGHS,
COLDS,
CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.

Ten Days Cheap Sale

OF

DRY GOODS

We have a large stock of Dress Goods.

In order to reduce our stock of Dress Goods and make room for other goods coming in, we have decided to make

A CHEAP SALE FOR TEN DAYS.

Don't fail to come, and you can get goods at prices never heard before in this town.

Saunders Bros.

JOHN T. G. CARR,
HARTLAND.

BUYS ALL KINDS Country Produce.

Hay, Oats, Butter, Cheese, Pork, Beans,
Poultry, Beef, Hides, Goose Feathers, &c.

CASH PAID IF GOODS NOT WANTED.

THE PIANO TUNER.

A lady stepped into a piano warehouse recently to engage a tuner, but before doing so insisted upon the strongest assurance that the tuner was responsible. She was so determined that the manager became curious to know the reason for her disbelief in the reliability of tuners. She gave her experience with the last tuner she had, and this is the story as she told it:

He had finished tuning the piano when he looked up and said: "Your instrument was in awful condition. You ought to have sent for me sooner."

"It was tuned only three months ago."

"Then the man who did it certainly didn't know his business."

"No?"

"No, ma'am. He had better be doing street cleaning than tuning pianos. Why, my dear madam, a delicate instrument like a piano needs fingers equally delicate to handle it, combined with an ear of unerring accuracy. The individual who attempted to tune this instrument last evidently possessed neither of these. In fact, I am free to say he did it more harm than good."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed he did. May I ask who it was who so abused your instrument?"

"It was yourself."

"Madam, you are wrong. I never tuned a piano in this house before."

"Probably not, but you tuned that instrument nevertheless, or made a botch of it in attempting to do so. It belongs to Mrs. Jones, who sent it here while she is out of town. She told me you always had tuned it and to send for you when?"

But the unhappy man fled with such haste as to make his coat-tails a good substitute for a card table.

The best advertising medium in the Northern Counties is SENTINEL.