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JAS. A. PALMER, M.A.,

Sackville, N. B., July 9, 1902.—2m-2b.

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NOTICE.

THE Fourth Annual Meeting of the Woodstock Carriage Co. Ltd. will be held at the office of the Company, on SATURDAY, the Ninth day of August, next, at 2 p.m., for the purpose of receiving the report of the Directors and the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for all other general business of the Company.

J. T. ALLAN DIBBLEE,
President.

Woodstock, N. B., July 26, 1902.—6b-7b.

Poetry.

Maiden, Come and Let Us Wander.

Maiden, come and let us wander
By the crystal brooklet yonder.
Low, the balmy air o'even,
Whisper to the willows, leave-n
Traces soft, as gently waving
Colored buds, their blossoms bathing,
In the mystic, mellow beauty
Of the young eve, clothed in duty.
And the twilight, softly lingers
Touched by nature's mystic fingers—
And the shadows, stealing over
Fields, rich strewn with blossomed clover;
From the hill-tops, slow descending;
To a darker hue protruding,
Giving youth a richer token.
Whispering of a love unspoken.
Maiden, come, and let us wander
By the rippling brooklet yonder.

ROBERT G. FERGUSON.

Literature.

THE POMEROY AFFAIR.

I stood at the window of my poor little meanly furnished surgery. There was scarcely a patient worthy of the name on my books, and my little stock of savings was nearly exhausted. In fact, it began to look as if the medals and distinctions I had won at college and the "spital" were useless, for I had nearly made up my mind to abandon all hope of working up a practice in Dewhurst.

As I looked down the whole length of the High Street I saw one of the Pomeroys dogcart turn the corner by the market place. It contained a groom, dressed in their well-known dark blue livery, and he drove the thoroughbred chestnut up the street at a splittling pace. To my surprise, he stopped at the door of my humble surgery, ordered a boy who was standing near to hold the horse, and sprang out.

"Will you please come up to the castle at once?" he said breathlessly. "The earl has cut his hand very badly."

I believe I went scarlet with astonishment.

"Dr. Thornton generally attends his lordship," I said with hesitation.

"Yes," said the groom; "but the dowager countess has had some words with Mr. Thornton, and she particularly begs you will drive back with me."

A moment later I was seated in the dogcart, speeding away to the castle, not knowing that that simple summons to attend a wounded hand was to lead to the most extraordinary incident of my career.

I was received in the morning room by the dowager countess, a woman of about forty years of age, who was still in possession of the wonderful beauty which had made her famous throughout Europe. I should mention that the present earl was her stepson. His young wife, a girl of about twenty, was in the room when I arrived, but she had very little to say, and I understood at a glance that the person to be conciliated was the dowager, who appeared to rule everybody. The conversation was of the ordinary type; the earl had wounded his hand somewhat severely with a huntingknife. He was at present in the library, and they would like me to go there at once. I was about to leave the room, when the dowager called me back.

"There is one other little matter, Dr. Lightfoot," she said. "We very much fear that the earl's heart is seriously affected."

She stopped, and I looked properly sympathetic.

"Could you manage to make an examination without alarming him? He is very nervous, because heart disease is in the family."

I promised to do my best. The earl received me most cordially. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, healthy and strong looking, though somewhat pale, the result of leading a studious life. The wound in his hand was not of much consequence, and within a quarter of an hour it was sewn up and bandaged. Then I approached the heart question, of course, very delicately. He laughed.

"I don't think there is anything the matter with my heart; but you are welcome to sound it, if it's only to please the ladies."

Now, if there is an organ which I profess to understand with some thoroughness, it is the heart. But I could find nothing in the world the matter with his. The action was somewhat weak, but that must be expected in a man who spends almost all his time in the library. So far as I could ascertain, there was not a trace of disease.

"There's no heart disease in our family," said the earl cheerily.

This was a direct contradiction of the dowager's words, but I had paid little attention to it at the time. Every doctor knows how unreliable patients are in their statements. There are some who take a delight in exaggerating every trifling ailment, there are others who take an equal delight in minimizing them. Before I left I had come to the conclusion that the earl was one of the

best fellows I had met. There was not a scrap of affectation or nonsense about him.

His great hobby was sketching. I have never met a man with such remarkable talent. Every thought that passed through his mind seemed to be transferred to paper. For instance, while we were chatting he sketched my likeness. It was quite a little work of art, with the characteristic signature, "Pomeroys, December 20th, 1895."

"We are both students, Dr. Lightfoot," he said warmly, and if we don't become very intimate, it will be your own fault. I am quite glad I cut my hand. It has been the means of introducing us."

That concluded my interview with the Earl of Pomeroys.

The same night, at ten o'clock, the dogcart again dashed up to my surgery. This time the groom was white with excitement.

"Come at once, sir," he said huskily.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"The earl is dead!"

For a moment I gazed at him in stupefied silence. Dead? A man whom, only a few hours earlier, I had seen in the prime of life and in sound health! It seemed impossible.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"His lordship went to the library after dinner as usual. He fell asleep in his armchair before the fire—and about an hour ago the housekeeper found him, sir. He was dead!"

Tears were trickling down the man's face as he spoke. I felt that my medical knowledge must be in some way altogether at fault, but it was no time for idle conjecture.

I sprang into the dogcart, and three-quarters of an hour later stood in the castle hall.

Everything was, of course, in confusion. The servants were horrified. The young countess, overcome with grief, had been carried unconscious to her room. The only person who showed any nerve and presence of mind was the dowager. She looked pale, but cool and collected. In fact, she was one of those determined, strong-minded women who can face any emergency.

She led me at once to his bedroom, where he had been carried. I shall never forget the scene that followed. He lay on the bed, his face just as I had seen it in the morning, except that it was now pale and rigid.

"How is it, Dr. Lightfoot," she said sternly, "that when you saw the earl this morning you were not to foresee this calamity?"

"I don't believe it was possible for any medical man to foresee it," I replied firmly.

"But I warned you that the earl suffered from his heart!"

"I found nothing amiss with the earl."

"We hoped that in sending for you," she said bitterly, "we should have better advice than could be obtained from an old practitioner like Dr. Thornton. Evidently, our confidence was misplaced."

She swept contemptuously from the room, and left me there, feeling more perplexed than I have been before or since.

I knew quite well that I was not in any sense of the word to blame for what had happened. The question was, ought I to grant a certificate? If I certified that the earl died of heart disease, I stultified myself. If I refused a certificate, a coroner's inquest would be required, and the whole countryside would be indignant at what they would call my clumsiness in not avoiding it. I was turning the position over in my mind, when the butler entered, begging me to go to the servants' hall, as the housekeeper had been taken ill.

It was she who found the earl dead in his chair. Fully two hours passed before I was able to leave her, and by that time it was nearly one o'clock.

When, at last, the butler conducted me from the housekeeper's room across the great corridor, it was only dimly lighted, but to our great surprise we saw a figure emerge from the library, and walk slowly and noiselessly across the corridor. It approached the door of the earl's bedroom and then, turning round, looked at us. It was the white, stern, rigid face of Lord Pomeroys!

I heard the butler—a stern old Scotsman, who had been with the family since boyhood—whisper a prayer under his breath, I seized his arm.

"Come with me to the earl's bedroom," I said. "I shall want your help."

We entered the room, and found him lying just as I had seen him when the dowager countess took me into the room. But there was no change. The bunch of flowers which had been placed on his breast was lying on the ground.

I pointed this out in silence to the butler, who trembled violently, and for the first time showed signs of fear. Placing my fingers on the earl's heart, I felt after a moment a slight movement. He was alive!

I began to see there was something mysterious in the whole affair. Between us we applied restoratives until the faint gleam of life became more steady.

Seeing that there was no immediate danger, I decided to leave the butler with his master, while I visited the library. While still unconscious it was evident that Lord Pomeroys had visited that apartment. I was curious to know what had happened there.

I found the electric light burning brightly. He had switched it on on entering, just as he would have done in the ordinary way. Nothing was disarranged. I went across to his writing table, and there I found, perhaps, the most remarkable piece of evidence that ever fell into man's hand. It was a half a sheet of note-paper, with three sketches drawn in the earl's masterly way. The first was a sketch of a little medical syringe, the second was a poppy—the opium plant; the third was a portrait—exact and unmistakable—a portrait of the Dowager Countess of Pomeroys.

I understood the meaning of it at once. To sketch whatever was in his mind was a kind of a second nature to the earl; he would do it almost unconsciously. The meaning of his sketch was that somebody—the dowager countess—had used a syringe to inject a drug, and the drug was opium.

But the countess had made a miscalculation. She had injected sufficient opium to cause the appearance of death, but not sufficient to kill.

I could only marvel at the diabolical cunning of the woman who had attempted the crime. Her motive was clear—she wished to see one of her own children inherit the title and estates.

The method in which she had approached the crime was masterly in its long-sightedness. She first quarrelled with the family doctor; then, taking advantage of a trifling accident to the earl, she sent for a young and unknown practitioner, who would naturally be somewhat easily led away by anything that was said by such a great lady. Her design had been frustrated by the accident of my being detained in the house, for if in the morning she had seen signs of returning consciousness in the earl, she would, no doubt, have finished her work.

I had now two tasks before me—to restore the earl to health and to prevent recurrence of an attempt on his life.

The first was comparatively easy. At the end of a couple of hours he was able to take nourishment, and his mind appeared quite clear, though, of course, he remembered nothing that had happened after the time he fell asleep in the library. I told him what had happened.

"But the matter must be hushed up, Lightfoot, for the sake of the family," he said eagerly.

"Quite so," I said; "but we must also take care that it does not happen again. I suggest that the dowager countess be sent for at once and confronted with you."

My plan was carried out, and succeeded better than I expected, instead of attempting to deny it, she entirely lost her self-possession, and, falling on her knees, begged forgiveness.

I pointed out that in remaining silent I was compounding a felony and jeopardizing my future career, so I insisted on the dowager countess retreating altogether from society, and living on her own property in the North of England.—London Answers.

BBY'S OWN TABLETS.

FOR WEAK AND SICKLY CHILDREN DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

Thousands of children die during the hot weather months, because summer complaints and stomach troubles come suddenly, and mothers do not have the means at hand to promptly check and cure them. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used, these precious little lives can be saved, and no home where there are infants and young children should be without them.

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, and are a great relief to teething children. The Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. Crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to a new born babe. Mrs. R. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have found them the best medicines I have ever given my children. My baby has always been small and delicate and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. Then he was attacked with dysentery, a feverish skin and cough. As the doctor's medicine did not help him, I sent for Baby's Own Tablets and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly. I gladly give my experience for the benefit of other mothers." If your druggist does not keep these Tablets they will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

There was another terrible earthquake at Kingston, St. Vincent, on the morning of the 21st.

Subscribe for the SENTINEL.

The Unloveliness of Haste.

Whether it be sweetness, or dignity, or reserve, or pretty frankness, that is considered the most pleasing womanly characteristic, each and every one of them is totally incompatible with haste. The women who are always in a hurry are the ones we laugh at, indulgently perhaps, but also pityingly. They never get the full benefit of anything, nor do justice to it. Life seems made up of a succession of minutes to be saved instead of hours to be enjoyed. The haste and flurry leave on face and mind traces as irrevocable as those of trouble or sin. Friends and acquaintances are kept in a chronic state of gasp and wonder. Certainly there is nothing womanly in all this.

Take life, mental and physical, with a certain amount of ease and quietness if you would get the most from it and be the highest development possible of your nature. Angles come with haste, curves from quietness. Don't switch from one room to another; move softly, and people will watch with a smile, not a pucker of the forehead. Why, even in drinking a glass of milk, haste is disastrous. Milk becomes a hard, cheesy mass immediately on entering the stomach. If a whole glassful is poured in at once, the big cheese can only with difficulty be acted on by the gastric juices, but if sipped with deliberation the number of single cheeses formed are much more quickly affected. Think how nature silently preaches against haste. Its chief beauty is in gentle, natural, evolution. Things develop; they do not burst from one stage to another. Sometimes they seem to, but it is only because the slow process has been hidden from us. Which is the rain we all look for, the sudden, dashing storm that beats down the trees and flowers, washes seeds out of the ground and destroys roads—or the soft, slow, deliberate shower, that comes up gently, and sinks softly into the thirsty earth, refreshing everything and bringing benefit, not destruction, with it?

The loveliest music ever written is spoiled, no matter how accurate the notes and expression be reproduced, if the time is hurried. How can a woman expect to be the one exception to this universal rule? Haste is nearly always ludicrous as well as ineffectual, and what is so hard to bear as ridicule? Picture a woman running for a horse car. She waves her bundles frantically in the air to attract the conductor, steps in some mud and spoils her boots, bumps into everybody in the way, loses her hairpins and her temper, passes a friend she wanted to see, and reaches the car all of a tremble, her fingers too shaky to hand out her fare, hat awry, dignity and womanliness gone and perhaps three minutes saved. It would serve her right if the cars were blocked for an hour at the next corner.

A very beautiful thing in my eyes is the slowness with which the higher works of God are reproduced. The lower forms of nature and animals reproduce themselves quickly, while that which has a soul and is the image of the Creator cannot hasten. It has time given it to realize the wonderful thing which is coming to it. Please don't think I am advocating a too slow, phlegmatic mind or body. Keep on the alert, live with every breath and every drop of blood in your veins, use every opportunity that comes to you, but don't waste them by only nibbling a bit here and there. Make the whole loaf yours in the only true way by coming to it with an appetite born of proper exercise, not exhausting rush, and give yourself time to benefit by every morsel.

BRICK LAYING MACHINE

A CANADIAN'S INVENTION.

Washington, July 16.—Commercial agent F. S. S. Johnson, of Stanbridge, Canada, reports a recent invention, which consists of bricklaying by machinery instead of by hand. He says: "The machine, worked by two men and a lad, will lay 400 to 600 bricks per hour. Door and window spaces cause only a slight delay. The machine is suited for all plain work, such as walls, sheds, mills, factories, rows of cottages, piers of bridges, etc. Considerable pressure is put on the bricks, and it is claimed that the work is more firmly done than by hand.

"The invention will do the work of six or seven skilled bricklayers, and it is believed that a machine adapted to build a factory about 60 by 40 feet could be put on the market for \$500.

"The apparatus can be readily worked after a fortnight's instruction.

Ireland is steadily losing population. The decrease last year was 31,435, entirely accounted for by emigration.

A native steamer capsized in the West river, Hong Kong, and two hundred persons were drowned.

A Strong Man

Is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from indigestion or some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs of digestion and nutrition.

For when the stomach is diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man doesn't feel just right, when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous and irritable, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength. Such a man needs to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, stimulates the liver, nourishes the nerves, and so gives health and strength to the whole body.

Mr. Thomas A. Swartz, of Sub. Station C, Columbus, Ohio, Box 103, writes: "I was taken very sick with severe headache, then cramps in the stomach and my food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble and my back got weak so I could scarcely get around. The more I doctor the worse I got until six years passed. I could only walk in the house by the aid of a chair, and I had given up to die. Then one of my neighbors said, 'Take my advice and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself.' The first bottle helped me and after I had taken eight bottles in about six weeks I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) pounds, and I am as stout and healthy today, I think, as I ever was."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

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