

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.

St. John Markets.

WANTED

Choice Butter in Roll or Tub;
Cheese, Poultry, Eggs, Fresh Pork.
Will buy Butter or sell on commis-
sion. Ship your Butter early. Prompt
returns when sold.
Reference, Bank Nova Scotia, here.

L. A. HOPPER,
Commission Merchant,
City Market,
St. John.

2mp-42.

Are You Going to Purchase a

PIANO, ORGAN or SEWING MACHINE?

If you will save money by calling on me.
I am Agent for the Celebrated EVANS BROS.
PIANO, TRUMPETS, and SEWING MACHINES,
which stand without a rival;
also other makes.

The Latest Music
ALWAYS ON HAND.

M. BREWER,
No. 6 Connell St., Woodstock, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON and after SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12th, 1902
Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains Leave St. John.
No. 2—Express for Halifax and Camp-
bellton 7:30
No. 4—Mixed for Point du Chene 13:15
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene, 16:30
Halifax and Pictou 12:15
No. 8—Express for Sussex 17:40
No. 14—Express for Quebec & Montreal 18:00
No. 10—Express for Halifax & Sydney 23:25

Trains Arrive at St. John.
No. 9—Express from Halifax & Sydney 6:20
No. 7—Express from Sussex 9:00
No. 13—Express from Montreal & Quebec 13:50
No. 3—Mixed from Point du Chene 16:30
No. 25—Express from Halifax & Pictou 17:40
No. 1—Express from Halifax 18:40
No. 31—Express from Moncton, Satur-
day only 24:35

All Trains run by Atlantic Standard
Time. 25:00 clock is midnight.
Moncton, N. B., October 10th, 1902.

New Cash Store LAKEVILLE.

CARVELL BROS.
Have commenced doing a business in

**GENERAL DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HARDWARE, &c.**

They find it to the advantage of both cus-
tomers and themselves that the business be
conducted on a Strictly Cash Basis.
All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN
in Exchange for Goods at Highest Cash
Prices. CARVELL BROS.
Lakeville, March 27, 1902.—H-13.

Do Not Forget
THAT
FERGUSON & PAGE

Have a very Large Stock of
**WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID
SILVER and SILVER PLATED
GOODS,**

And can fill all orders at

14 King Street, - St. John.

CAMERAS FOR AMATEURS.
Just the Thing for the Holidays.
PRICES: KODAK SAFETY EYES, GLASS, &c. &c.
\$10.00, \$25.00, \$50.00, \$75.00, \$100.00, \$120.00
ORDER AT ONCE. State price desired.
LAWRENCE & CLARKSON & CO.
(Wholesale and Retail)
117 Mansfield St., Montreal, Q.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

THE REID HOUSE, on Conhill Street—
Will be sold at a great sacrifice. Pos-
sion given 1st October. Or will rent at a reas-
onable rate. B. B. MANZIE
Woodstock, Sept. 11, 1902.—H-37.

Subscribe for the SENTINEL.

Literature.

BEAUTY OR DUTY.

He sat at the organ in the dim, old
chapel, resting after the day's work.
As visions of his boyhood swept over
him the notes strayed into Scotch
melodies, and sang he of erags, lochs,
braes and heather.

Suddenly the sound of sobbing came
from the back of the room. He had
heard a woman's step enter the
chapel soon after he began playing,
but this, like his surroundings, had
been forgotten. Now he turned,
moved toward the woman swiftly,
and said, 'What is the trouble?'

'Your music makes me—so—so un-
happy,' she stammered.

'You are—you live here?'

'Yes; and I come in often, for I can-
not stay away from your music,
though it breaks my heart. Perhaps
it is because I used to play. I am too
nervous—too miserable now.'

'I play because I am unhappy, he
answered significantly.

'Oh, but music is a cry; it is the
holding out of one's arms to friends
in the hopeless distance—to things
out of our world, you know.'

'Yet by holding out the arms one
may gather in some happiness.'

'All imaginary!' she cried.

'But is not imaginary good better
than none? he asked quietly, laying
his hand upon hers, as it rested on
the pew. 'Come, let us go out doors
and hear what the trees have to say
about it.'

Thus, this young man and young
woman who had never met before,
passed out of the chapel hand in hand
to a rustic bench among the trees
and bushes of the wide lawn.

'How the leaves sing,' he exclaimed.

Imaginary! All our good is imagin-
ary!' she reiterated, bitterly. 'It is
this unreality that is killing me! Oh,
God! to go insane and forget!'

With this hysterical cry she threw
herself upon the ground and sobbed,
while he sat motionless upon the
bench as unmindful as she of the fact
that her face rested on the large let-
ter 'I' of the words 'Blind Institute.'

The grass and flowers talk to the
blind children, but they must write
out what they would say to the see-
ing people that pass by.

After her passionate tears, he said,
'Come here and tell me—no let me
tell you of my life.' She obeyed like
a little child and he went on:

'When I was a boy eleven years old
my parents were killed in a railway
accident. Having no brothers or sis-
ters or near relatives in Scotland, I
resolved to find an uncle who was in
America, and with all my worldly
possessions in a satchel, I started
across the sea. But almost crazed
by grief and loneliness I soon fell ill.
I hid my condition from the ship's
officers, and was nearly dead when
they found me. The complication
of diseases and lack of prompt atten-
tion resulted in blindness, and when
we landed in New York, the doctor
brought me at once to this institu-
tion. Here I expect to stay as long
as I live—I am now twenty-four—but
with my music, thank God, I can pay
for all their care and teaching and
be no charity pupil. Oh, pardon, I
meant no unkindness!'

'I understand. But my people are
wealthy. I am no charity pupil,
either,' she answered quickly.

'To think that you have been blind
for thirteen years and I less than
three months! Every day is an eter-
nity! How have you borne it?'

After a moment's silence he said:
'When God shuts one door He opens
another. Now tell me about your-
self.'

'My home is in the suburbs of Bal-
timore. I was in college last March,
expecting to graduate in June, but
when several of us girls were experi-
menting in the laboratory we caused
a frightful explosion. All escaped
but me. It had only killed me!'

'No, no! There is still much to en-
joy. Why, is that the candle call?'
as a bell rang out from the main
building. 'It must be dark out
here!'

'Dark everywhere, always,' she
said plaintively, rising to go in. Then
she laughed slightly. We don't
even know one another's names!'

'Sure enough! I am Neal Ben-
ham.'

'And I am Donna La Sands. May I
come again to hear you play?'

'It will make you any happier,'
he answered, as they separated at
the entrance and groped their ways
down the long corridors.

During the days that followed Neal
Benham was unusual busy with new
pupils in the school and special mu-
sic for the church in the city of
which he was organist.

Since taking the latter position his
salary had been greatly increased,
the church officers recognized that
through the organ his intensely wor-
shipful soul preached real sermons
to the great congregations. So busy
was he that there was only a brief
time each day for his vespers song.
He always knew when Donna La
Sands was present, she slipped in and
out so quietly that only of the ear
the blind could have heard her.

Once she interrupted, crying 'Don't
play that! It was one of our college
songs. Oh why was I left neither
dead or alive!'

He stepped to her side to say some
soothing word, when she exclaimed:

'You don't know you have been
blind so long, you are used to it. I
had never had a sorrow, I was rich,
beautiful—it isn't vanity to say it
now is it? and loved by many.'

'Describe yourself to me,' he said
tactfully, 'and do not be afraid to use
adjectives, for I like to carry pretty
pictures in my mind.' So he soon saw
Donna La Sands as her schoolmates
loved to remember her.

'Now, what are you like, Mr Ben-
ham?'

'I don't know. I wonder how I
do look! I was a lank, awkward boy
when I saw myself last, and I have
even forgotten what sort of a face I
had then. Since they taught me mu-
sic there has been so much to think
about.'

'And I have nothing to think about
except the past and what might have
been.'

'Let me teach you music.'

'I can play, though not as you do,
and only on the piano,' she replied.
'I love the pipe organ, for it has so
many voices, while the piano has but
one voice in many moods.'

The conversation drifted on to mu-
sic, and gradually in the days that
followed, he won her back to her
old-time devotion to it. So the acute
suffering was over, and through these
mutual ties a great love for each
other dawned in their dark lives.

But a still happier thing awaited
him. A noted oculist chanced one
day into the church and became in-
terested in the blind player. After
a short conversation with him the
man said: Let me examine your
eyes to-morrow—just for my own sat-
isfaction.

When the examination was over,
the oculist said slowly: 'Young man,
you should have been made to see
years ago. There is no question about
it.'

Trembling with excitement, Neal
broke the news to Donna in the shad-
owy chapel that evening.

'Her first cry was of joy, then came
the wail, 'Oh, then you will leave
me!'

'No, no,' he declared, clasping her
arms tighter about his neck. 'I will
see only to care for you! I will love
you all the more tenderly for your
blindness. To think that I have seen
your beautiful face only in a dream,
and that soon I shall study it close-
like—this—with eyes instead of fin-
ger tips!'

Then came the day when Neal
was under the doctor's care, while
Donna waited in an agony of sus-
pense for the doctor's verdict.

Half delirious with joy, he looked
out at a real world again. Two weeks
later he hurried to the place where
he thought he would catch a glimpse
of her he loved. But as he drew
near he halted among the bushes
and peered at the girlish figure on
the seat. Beautiful? She was hideous!
—frightful to look upon! Her eyes
were colorless and distorted, her
'golden hair,' snow-white; her once
clear complexion all scarred vividly
red. Was this the reality of his
vision?—his wife-to-be? He grew
white to the lips as she rose and
stood in the pathetic attitude of the
listening blind. Could he desert such
a one? Yet could he who worshipped
the beautiful, who had seen all things
as beautiful through his own soul-
lens—could he marry so ugly a crea-

Change of Life.

A Time of Interest and Great Importance to all Women.

Wrecked health is produced by ne-
glect during this trying period, and
small wonder that women look for-
ward with dread to its coming, for,
if not properly passed, it is but the
beginning of an endless chain of
troubles.

As soon as the unmistakable signs
known to all women make their first
appearance, Ferrozone should be
used regularly, and if persistently
taken will be a guarantee of happy,
healthy, old age.

Nothing can bring more pleasure
than to know that the days of sick-
ness and suffering are over. This
can best be accomplished by build-
ing up the system with Ferrozone,
which produces blood, muscle, tis-
sue, and strength to resist and ward
off disease.

Ferrozone increases the appetite,
strengthens and improves nerve
tone, and digestive processes, there-
by strengthening and invigorating
the whole system. It gives tone to
the heart, regulates its action, re-
moves distressing palpitations, and
it lays the sound foundation of per-
fect health.

Ferrozone is a sensible and efficient
tonic; it brings back strength very
quickly, and few people are so strong
and healthy, that they would not be
benefitted by using it.

Be advised and try Ferrozone. It
is very pleasant to take, one tablet
after each meal. All reliable drug-
gists sell it for 50c per box, or three
boxes for \$1.25. By mail from N. C.
Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

ture? A long and awful battle waged
in his breast.

At last, stepping forth, he said
'Donna! Donna! I see you!'

The gladness of his welcome com-
pensated for much, but he kept his
eyes closed through the greater part
of the interview.

Several months later there was a
marriage in the dim old chapel.
When the minister said, 'Neal Ben-
ham, do you take this woman to be
your lawful wedded wife?' the young
man closed his eyes and said, 'I do.'
He was marrying the Donna of his
dream.

But she, happy to the finger-tips,
never guessed the struggle, never
knew that she had not the same
pretty face that had smiled back at
her from the mirror in days gone by.
None that loved her could bear to
hint at any change, and in the home
that Neal had made ready for her
the servants were strictly enjoined to
silence on the subject.

Two happy years passed. She be-
came very ill, and realizing that the
end was near she clung to her loyal
husband, crying:

'Oh, Bonnie, you have been so
good! You made a star-lit night of
the blackness, and saved me from
blindness of mind as well. Besides I
know you do not love me for my
beauty as others did.'

'The truth, thank God!' he cried
under his breath. 'Heaven forgive
me lies to her.'

'I could not bear to leave you, Bon-
nie, were it not that soon I, too, shall
see. Think of it! I wonder if God
does not take us apart at a time—our
sight, our hearing, our breath—so as
to make us willing to die? But soon I
shall see heaven for you as you have
been seeing earth for me, and I shall
talk to you about it through the or-
gan.'

People often wonder why Neal
Benham played his sweetest music
with closed eyes, but others always
reply, 'Oh, that is just a habit result-
ing from his long blindness.'

ARE YOU MAKING BUTTER FOR PROFIT?

Your success and profits from but-
termaking depend largely on the
quality of coloring you use during
the autumn and winter seasons. If
you use Wells, Richardson & Co's
Improved Butter Color, your butter
will bring a higher price than if col-
ored with any of the imitation colors
now sold by some merchants for the
sake of large profits. Poor colors
produce a bricky shade, rancidity
and a mottled appearance. Any of
these results will condemn your but-
ter. Wells, Richardson & Co's Im-
proved Butter Color always gives the
natural June tint and never fades
from the butter. Ask for it and take
no other make.

Cultivate Small Pleasures.

'The people whom I read most as
guests,' remarked a woman noted for
her generous hospitality; 'are those
who have no capacity for small
pleasures.' Any one who is accus-
tomed to entertain much will easily
recognize the class to which the
speaker referred. They are the per-
sons who are restless unless some-
thing is continually 'going on,' as
they express it. They cannot enter
into the quiet enjoyments of the fam-
ily in which they are visiting. A
walk, with no special object in view,
is to them the tamest sort of recrea-
tion. They cannot understand an-
other's delight in finding a new flow-
er; they wonder why you go out on
a verandah to view a fine sunset; the
arrival of a new book—these are
trifles beneath their notice. If there
are children in the house, they pay
no attention to their little ambitions
and accomplishments. Mary's am-
ateur playing, or John's crude at-
tempts at painting, have little inter-
est to the visitor who has no gift for
finding happiness in small pleasures,
but to find it thus enables people to
grow old gracefully, and in every
way is a gift worth cultivating.

Many of us are grumblers, but few
of us use to the full the resources of
happiness that are available. Happi-
ness depends upon the treatment of
what we have, and not of what we
have not. Happiness is made and
not found. It comes from within,
and not from without. The poet
teaches us that, if we would after a
certain age find enjoyment in life,
we must become again little children,
open our hearts to the healing in-
fluences of Nature, and cease to de-
spise simple pleasures.—E. J. Hardy.

The King is said never to forget a
name or a face. Queen Victoria
made it a point in his education that
the development of memory be a
carefully considered feature. Many
persons have been surprised at the
King's remembering and singling
them out for recognition in the pre-
sence of a throng of people. They
tell a story in Rome of the King hav-
ing noticed in a cafe there, while
travelling incognito, a restaurant
proprietor who had attended upon
him elsewhere. The man, all un-
conscious of the identity of his pat-
ron, so the story runs, slapped the
Prince, as he than was, upon the
back, exclaiming delightedly, 'Bless
you, sir, you're the only man that
puts foot in this place who remem-
bers my being at Ostend!'

PRESS AND PULPIT

Is a somewhat hackneyed theme, but
not outworn. Each age has its own
leaf to turn over. Gains mean a new
attitude, a new starting-post. The
old order changeth giving place to
the new. To-day as never before is
this seen. We say it is the same old
world. Yes! but a new knowledge,
new eyes, have given us a larger
world. Things are not what they
were and both Press and Pulpit feel
the influence, of this golden age, a
stepping stone, to the next better.

The Press in its growing advance-
ment and enlargement, stands for the
best things. Argus-eyed, its gaze is
in every direction. Revealing the
better things, and sometimes the bad
things.

Publicity has as to the bad things
a corrective power, and has to the
good things a stimulative and en-
couraging power. The record of the
press as the record of Christendom,
the faithful page of real history, is a
mixture of good and evil, and the
good transcends the evil.

Much of the Press is a creator and
maker of good. Is all through on
the side of that which is excellent
and of good report. Gives time, zeal
and thought to the good things of
'the Kingdom.' The winged mes-
sage of the Gospel finds a place, and
the Press becomes an ally to the
Pulpit. Yet! strange to say, rarely
is heard a public prayer in the sanc-
tuary for a blessing to rest on the
Press of our land. This great, this
mighty agency for good or evil, is
strangely overlooked. This should
not be so! For what cause of right-
eousness has been aided and brought
to success, without the invaluable
aid of the Press? Can one be named?
Scarcely! Then why should not the
Press be remembered? It is not of
design, but, as Tennyson says,
'want of thought.'

The power of the Press was never
more manifest than to-day. Some
think it might be far more independ-
ent, especially as to political educa-
tion, acts and doings. Perhaps! but
even as to that it is not by any
means second best to the Pulpit.
True, the independence, so called,
is often of a partisan character, and
so limp and ineffective. Even with
that limitation, truth and righteous-
ness are not the monopoly of the
Pulpit. Very often the Press stirs
up 'the pure mind' of the Pulpit,
and provokes it to zeal and good
works, and time and again the Press
has had an educative influence in
making the sermon a living thing
for present day use. The crispness,
vividness, directness of the Press in
mirroring passing events has made
an impression upon the Pulpit. So,
in so many ways, the Pulpit is in-
debted to the Press.

But, withal, the Pulpit still re-
mains the peer. Nothing can take
the place of the spoken word. And,
to-day the Pulpit stands not only for
the best things of the 'one Book,'
and the 'one Name,' but the needed
'now' things, on which to rest and
to float all good things to a noble,
useful and blessed life and a blessed
and prosperous nation.

Decadence of the Pulpit can never
be so long as human hearts can feel
the Divine touch of healing grace,
and life receive the quickening life
of 'the Eternal Life.' 'Preach the
Word' is at the forefront of 'the
Kingdom.' They are bound to-
gether, *Parri passie* they keep step.
Protestantism was form of a preach-
ed Word. Savanorba's splendid
work was of his kingship on the
throne of the Pulpit. Whitfield,
Wesley, Knox, Chalmers, Spurgeon,
Beecher and Moody, their grand and
enduring fame and work, was 'the
Divine Word in human personality.'

The grace of a preached Word has
given to us the best things, the
treasured things, and the most bless-
ed things of life.

Sacramental grace, as first things,
may be of doubtful value, but not so:
'The entrance of Thy Word giveth
light.'

No! to use the phrase of the man
of the street, so terse, so full of
meaning, 'The Pulpit is all right,'
and doubly so, if there is not a nar-
row necked 'vessel' within, free
from cracks.

T. H. SIDDALL.

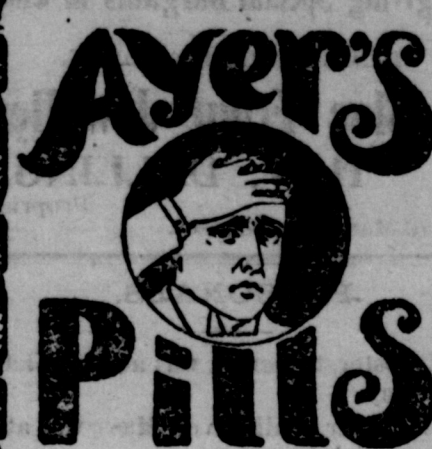
A BIRD KILLER.

Every spring and fall large num-
bers of birds are killed by the Wash-
ington monument. The city of
Washington seems to be directly in
the route taken by many of the mi-
gratory birds in the flight between
the north and the south, and twice a
year thousands of feathered song-
sters meet their death by flying
against the tall marble shaft in the
night. Just now the fall slaughter is
at its height and every morning many
birds are to be seen about the base
of the monument. The dogs and cats of
that part of the city have learned
that the base of the monument is a
good place to get an early meal in
the morning without trouble, and
many of them are regularly on hand.
Most of the birds killed are yellow
and black throated warblers and
small thrushes.

HEADACHE

Pain back of your
eyes? Heavy pressure
in your head? And are
you sometimes faint and
dizzy? Is your tongue
coated? Bad taste in
your mouth? And does
your food distress you?
Are you nervous and ir-
ritable? Do you often
have the blues? And
are you troubled about
sleeping?

Then your liver is
all wrong.
But there is a cure.
'Tis the old reliable



They act directly on
the liver. They cure
constipation, biliousness,
sick headache, nausea,
and dyspepsia. Take a
laxative dose each night.
For 60 years they have
been the Standard
Family Pills.

Price 25 cents. All Druggists.
'I have taken Ayer's Pills regu-
larly for six months. They have
cured me of a severe headache, and
I can now walk from two to four
miles without getting tired or out
of breath, something I have not
been able to do for many years.'
S. E. WALLACE,
July 13, 1890. Salem, Mass.

Write the Doctor.
If you have any complaint whatever
and desire the best medical advice you
can possibly receive, write the doctor
freely. You will receive a prompt re-
ply without cost. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

TO PROTECT THE GRAVES.

Noblesville, Ind., Nov. 14.—The in-
vasion of cemeteries in Indianapolis
and the gas belt of Indiana by ghouls
and the recent stories of their doings
have inspired the adoption of some
novel methods to forestall the
marauders in the future.

In some cemeteries, for instance,
electric lights have been installed
and are kept burning all night for the
purpose of betraying the grave rob-
bers in the event they renew their
incursions.

In some cases electric bells have
been connected with devices on the
coffin lids, which, if disturbed, will
cause an alarm to be sounded auto-
matically.

But it has remained for J. E. Hod-
gin, of this city, a well-known attor-
ney, to devise a plan which will ef-
fectually prevent any would be body
thieves from carrying out their
plans.

Mr. Hodgins' wife died recently and
the body was buried in Summit Lawn
Cemetery, near Westfield.

So exercised has he been by the
tales of the ghouls' wholesale depreda-
tions in Indiana that he concluded
to so equip the coffin containing
his wife's remains as to make it im-
possible for the grave robbers to steal
the body and sell it to the medical
colleges.

He consulted the cemetery trustees
who demurred at first, since nitro-
glycerine is the agency he employs
to protect the corpse, but when he
explained the mechanism of his de-
vice, they concluded to allow it to
be buried with the casket.

The details of the mechanism are
lacking, but it is explained that in
the event the grave containing Mrs.
Hodgins' body is re-opened, the nitro-
glycerine will be exploded in such
a way as to deal death to the des-
poilers of the tomb, without injuring
the coffin in the least.

Poignant as is Mr. Hodgins' grief
over the death of his beloved spouse
he has the satisfaction of knowing
that the sanctity of her final resting
place cannot be safely invaded by
human agency.

The ghouls have occasioned such
terror to the living in Indiana that
devices promise to become quite gen-
eral, and in many cases, Mr. Hodgins'
device will be adopted, since