

# MOTHERS

The Skin of Infants causes half their discomforts.

## Baby's Own Soap

Cleanses, soothes and heals irritations—keeps the pores open, and leaves a deliciously fresh sensation to the little bodies.

DON'T BE MISLED—by storekeepers, who to make more profit, sometimes urge the purchase of other Soaps, instead of

### BABY'S OWN SOAP.

The quality and purity of this Soap are such that you cannot buy a better one for any money, nor as good for the price of BABY'S OWN SOAP.

Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs,  
MONTREAL.

## HAYING TOOLS IN STOCK.

## Scythes, Forks,

Grindstones,  
Hay Rakes,  
Mower Sections and Guards,  
Horse Hay Forks,  
Hay Carriers,  
Single and Double Harpoon  
Forks,  
Manilla Rope,  
Porpoise and Castor Machine  
Oil,  
Wholesale and Retail at our  
Stores in Woodstock and Centreville.

## WF Dibblee & Son

## Genuine Carpet Sale!

### BARGAINS IN CARPETS.

All-Wool now 75 cts.;  
former price \$1.15.  
Union, from 25c to 50c.  
Tapestry, 35c.; formerly  
50c.  
Brussels, 69c.; former  
price \$1.15.

## Saunders Bros.

The Prince and Princess of Wales  
will reside in Dublin a portion of each  
year.

## Literature.

### HIS INHERITANCE.

(BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD)

The tones of the elder man's voice ceased, and to John Ringwood, standing before him, it seemed that the whole world was suddenly enveloped in a mist of red shame. When Ringwood spoke, his accents were curiously quiet and constrained, for was he not addressing Molly's father?

"And so," he said, wondering vaguely if he were the same John Ringwood who ten minutes ago had asked so hopefully for the girl's hand—"and so, sir, this is your objection to me—because my father was a—coward"—the word came out with a gasping sound—"you think I must be one also?"

"Blood tells," returned Henry Morris hoarsely. "But remember, lad, I would never have forced this painful knowledge of mine on you if you had not compelled me to say why I could not trust my girl to you. Your father's shame, known only to you and me, would have slept with him in his grave but—you would know?"

"That will do," said Ringwood, thickly. "I am my father's son, as you say. There is no chance here, or I might prove to you that God does not always make us mere copies of those who go before. But that is idle. There is one thing—when I am gone tell Molly that I loved her, that I asked for her hand, but there was a barrier between us. She shall not think I was making summer love to her. She shall not hate me for that."

"Very well," said the elder man, grimly. "But if I had known the girl would interest herself in the first good looking stranger thrown at my gates by a broken ankle I would have taken preventive measures long ago."

"I will take the stage to-morrow," pursued Ringwood. "Until then I must trespass on your hospitality."

"And welcome," said Morris heartily. "You've met what I said like a man. Here's my hand."

"Is that necessary," returned the other briefly. "You might as well avoid contamination when you condemn another into hereditary leprosy."

Morris left the taunt unanswered, and just then the library doors swung open, and a curly haired boy of sixteen pushed in with spoiled freedom.

"Everything's gone to sleep on the ranch, he said pettishly. 'When's Markham and Molly coming home?'

"Your brother said he would bring your sister home by 8 o'clock," returned Morris.

"Gracious! I hope he will," said the boy. But she said they might cut across to Denham's. She wanted to see old Aunt Hannah or some such nonsense. I told her she was going after one of Hannah's love charms, and she turned as red as you please."

"Try to talk sense," said his father, irritably, and Ringwood crossed to the west window and stood watching the sunset fires die to an ashen gray.

"So rose the fire of my hopes," he thought. "Like this, it died in bitter ashes—flung to my father's level! The son, O God, of a coward!"

Eight o'clock came, but neither the elder son nor Molly Morris had returned. At nine a negro groom brought a note saying they would sleep fifteen miles away. A thrill, half anguish, half relief, shot through Ringwood. Best, indeed, that they should never meet again. He would take the stage early next morning.

Then, on the heels of the negro, stumbled in Lee Hung, the cook, who had been granted an afternoon off. Blinded to the palest of yellows he stammered out a tale in his almost incomprehensible lingo, which, translated, ran as follows:—

Coming home on foot, he was aware of a tiny fire at the foot of Sevier's canyon. Inspired by ancestral deities he had crept up to overhear the strangers converse. It developed they had learned of Markham Morris' deposit that day with the express agent at Ravenshoo; that they resolved that this money would circulate better at home and had shot the unfortunate express agent through his window, dead men being proverbially close mouthed; had seized the packet, which waited the midnight express, and now only tarried the rising of the moon.

Young Morris went white with rage and despair. That package stood between his family and financial ruin. His eyes flashed.

"Of course we'll get it back, dad, at once."

"Yes, lad. Lee Hung, how many men were there?"

"Allee samee fingers one hand—no thumb."

"Four. I'm sorry your brother is not here, Stanley. You are a bit young for such work. The foot of Sevier canyon. Let's see; we can be on them in half an hour."

"Take the short cut through the canyon, dad, and we can be at 'em in twenty five minutes."

"No," said his father, decisively. To ride through that canyon trail at full speed means almost certain death. Quick, Lee Hung, and you, boy, to the negro, 'saddle Prince and Firebrand. Stanley, help me get the pistols and a rifle for each."

Only two horses! Young Morris flashed an astounded look on their guest. Was that dogged indifference real? Of course nothing was expected from Lee or the negro, but this handsome Saxon, with frank, gray eyes—could he fall them in such need?

But Morris understood. This was Ringwood's bitter revenge for the stinging brand put on him. The former checked Stanley when he would have addressed Ringwood, and presently father and son swung into their saddles and galloped down the road.

As they vanished in the faint light Ringwood rushed for the barn, loosened his pistols in his belt as he ran. The two servants watched him scornfully as he saddled his gray with incredible swiftness.

"Marse Ringwood scared de fight run down this way," muttered Sam. "He des nuttin' but trash, fo' all so good lookin'." Gord A'mighty, I wish all de boys wasn't gone! Whar ebberybody, Lee?"

Allee samee time off 'cept hunt hills," was the brief return, which meant that some of the men had an afternoon and the rest were after some refractory cattle in the hills.

"Marse Ringwood gone like de debble after him," growled Sam. And indeed the gray was flying at terrible speed.

The far, dim starlight sifted reluctantly down, and the horse's feet reached the ground more by instinct than sight. Ringwood bent over his neck, jockey fashion. For a scant two miles they kept to a badly marked road, then before them yawned the mouth of Sevier canyon, the broken trail merely a gray pencil mark among jagged boulders and treacherous wave washed stones, rounded by old world floods.

A second the gray hesitated, and, in that second, Ringwood distinctly heard again Morris' voice.

"To ride through that trail at speed means almost certain death!" And he exulted that the words flowed in his soul like wine. Then he drove the howls in his horse's flanks, and the grey, in generous anger, plunged down the canyon way at top speed, every beat of his steel shod hoofs striking fire from the rocks. Now they crossed a bed of clay worn slimly smooth by the soft lapping of the low stream, and here a goat might have fallen and taken no shame to himself, but the grey had that suburb and rare quality which carries through everything; he believed in himself. Presently nine tenths of the canyon were behind them, though the frowning walls yet hung above.

But now open woods, the canyon is in the rear, and before Ringwood a tiny fire, with a crude half tent hugging it, and, in its shelter, four men. Thanks to the half mile of soft earth between them and the canyon, thanks to a quarrel already bred among them, they did not hear Ringwood until he was bearing down upon them not fifty yards away.

Then they acted in unison. Four rifles were cocked, a challenge rang out:—

"Stop or—"

It might be a harmless passing stranger, and they did not care for the noise of a fusillade just now.

The answer came clearly on the wind: "D—n you! Throw up your hands!" a command they thought unnecessary, as their hands were up and their rifles in them. They answered with a fourfold volley of shots.

In the next instant the grey was on them, and, in the chaos that ensued, Ringwood was only conscious that he got in several shots, that the butt of his pistol had proved quite useful, that two forms had clung to his knees and had gone down, that the badly scattered fire was catching the edge of the tent, and then he and the gray went down in their turn together, Ringwood oddly thankful, in spite of the fact that sparks (perhaps from the tent fire) swam before his eyes, that the nearest robber made a soft cushion. Then fire and sparks went out blackly.

When light came again, the moon was pouring down her full splendor. Over him bent two anxious faces, while his own reeked of the whiskey used to bathe his forehead and temples. A sigh of relief hailed his open eyes.

"Thank God!" sobbed Stanley. "I thought he was gone! and after setting the four of them!"

"No, only stunned," returned their patient, rising obstinately to his feet but glad to cling to the nearest saddle to steady himself, the earth whirled round so strangely. "I am all right, Mr. Morris. Don't trouble yourself any further by coddling the son of a coward."

Stanley stared, then said nervously, "By Jove, he's off his head!" But his father answered by taking the tall figure in his arms.

"Lad," he said brokenly, "I've learned my lesson. A man is just himself after all—not his father or his grandfather—and I'm hoping my boys may be cowards, some day, like you."

## CLARKE-SOULE.

The Freeport, Me., Sentinel, of the 11th inst., has the following concerning a young man well and popularly known in this county:

So fair the scene when hearts agree,  
When vows are breathed and pledges given  
So sweet are weddings, can it be  
That there are none in heaven?

In the presence of several hundred friends and relatives of the contracting parties, a very beautiful and impressive marriage service was solemnized by Rev. George Merriam in the Baptist church on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Miss Brenda L. Soule, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Soule of Freeport, and Dr. Eugene Botsford Clark, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow B. Clark of Centreville, New Brunswick, were made man and wife.

The altar and organ were almost completely hidden from view by the great mass of greenery and bloom, several hundred roses forming the beautiful color scene, against a solid background of green, while a huge daisy bell was suspended above from gracefully draped ropes of green and white. Miss Stockbridge presided at the organ and to the strains of the bridal march from "Lohengrin" the young couple entered the church, preceded by the ushers, Messrs. Randall, Cushing, Mitchell and Merriam, and a tiny, golden-haired fairy, in the person of Miss Marguerite Grant, dressed in white and carrying a basket almost as big as herself, from which she scattered roses down the aisle and directly in the path of the bridal pair.

The bride, who looked sweet and lovely in her dainty robe of white silk mull and sheer white veil, is one of the most popular young women in this town and possesses a host of loving friends, young and old. She is a graduate of Freeport High school. Dr. Clark is a graduate of Bowdoin Medical college, 1901, and is now settled at Bryant's Pond, where he is meeting with fine success in his chosen life work.

A brief reception followed the ceremony on Wednesday, when punch and light refreshments were served, after which Dr. and Mrs. Clark left for their new home amidst a shower of rose leaves.

The high regard in which this young pair are held was further evidenced by many and choice gifts, comprising silver, cut glass, dainty house linen and home furnishings of every description.

## Splitting Headaches

Can be Stopped and the  
Conditions which Cause  
them Cured by Ferrozone.

Poisons accumulate in the blood and spread with it every moment to all parts of the body. The brain becomes congested, the nerves, irritated and the result is that awful headache so well known to the female sex.

Most of these poisons are absorbed into the blood from the waste matter that has accumulated in the intestines resulting from indigestion. Matter, which should be promptly passed from the system through natural channels.

Ferrozone cleanses the entire intestinal tract, and the liver and kidneys as well. It cures constipation and its many attendant evils. It makes the body strong and the blood pure, induces natural sleep, and enables one to eat and drink anything at any time without risk of headache, nervousness or skin eruptions.

Ferrozone is nature's own remedy for headaches. It is a lasting potent tonic and the greatest health maker the world has ever seen. It masters all female derangements, and restores weak, sickly women to a healthy, vigorous condition of mind and body.

No other remedy so effectually meets the requirements of a health giving tonic and regulator as Ferrozone. Every woman and growing girl can derive marvellous benefit from its regular use, and if you suffer from Chlorosis, Anemia, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, Nervousness or female disorders of any kind, you can make no mistake in selecting Ferrozone for a cure.

Every reliable druggist recommends and sells Ferrozone for 50c a box. Be sure you get the genuine article, and refuse a substitute. Remember the name and insist on only Ferrozone. Sent to your address if price is forwarded to N C Polson & Co, Kingston, Ont.

Clergyman (after being rescued from the shipwreck)—Mr. Smith, did I really appear scared when we thought all would be lost? Mr. Smith—I can't say that you were scared, to get to Heaven all these years, you appeared most reluctant to accept the opportunity.

A Pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.

"Test it?"

"Save the Tags, they are valuable."

Customer—Look here! You said that horse you sold me was fast. Dealer—No; I didn't.

"You said your man drove the horse to Slopbury, twenty miles, and you went by train, and the horse got there before you did."

"Yes, but I didn't start till two days after."



## Perfect Health

BY THE USE OF  
**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**  
Mrs. H. A. Ashbrook, of Austin, Lennox Co., Ark., writes: "After five months of great suffering with female weakness I write this for the benefit of other sufferers from the same affliction. I doctored with our family physician without any good result, so my husband urged me to try Dr. Pierce's medicine—which I did, with wonderful results. I am completely cured. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.'"

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Have You A Picture

THAT YOU WANT TO GET

## Enlarged?

IF SO, TAKE IT TO

## G. A. KEITH,

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

FIRST-CLASS WORK  
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## Homeseekers

## EXCURSIONS

## TO THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

Second-Class Round Trip Tickets will be issued from Woodstock, N. B.,

To Winnipeg, \$28.00

To Estevan, \$30.00

To Regina, \$35.00

To Moose Jaw, \$40.00

To Yorkton, \$40.00

To Prince Albert, \$40.00

To McLeod, \$40.00

To Calgary, \$40.00

To Red Deer, \$40.00

To Strathcona, \$40.00

Tickets good going June 25th, July 15th.

Good to return two months from date of issue.

Further particulars on application to C. B. FOSTER, Dist. Passenger Agent, St. John, N. B.

## THE BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

(Incorporated 1830.)

CAPITAL, \$500,000.00

RESERVE FUND, \$700,000.00

East Florenceville, N. B.

General Banking Business transacted.

Deposits received and interest allowed.

Collections made on most favorable terms.

Operate a Savings Bank Department.

Correspondence invited.

E. P. STAVERT, MANAGER

3m-18.

## Intercolonial Railway.

Tender for Addition to Blacksmith Shop at Moncton, N. B.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Addition to the Blacksmith Shop," will be received until

THURSDAY, THE 31st DAY OF JULY, 1902,

for the above work.

Plans and Specification may be seen at the Chief Engineer's Office at Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., 15th July, 1902.

The best advertising medium in the Northern Counties is SENTINEL.