



GRAY'S HAIR VIGOR

Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using—

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

1.00 a bottle. All druggists. "I have been using Gray's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and I can heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence." Mrs. G. L. ALDERSON, April 25, 1899. Ector, Tex.

Mount Allison ACADEMY, Sackville, N. B.

Will re-open after the summer vacation on THURSDAY, SEPT. 11th, 1902. A thorough preparation is here given for Matriculation into the various Colleges of Arts, Medicine, Dentistry, etc., etc.

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JAS. A. PALMER, M.A., Principal, Sackville, N. B., July 9, 1902—2m-2b.

THE VALUE OF APPLES.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every one has not an apple orchard, where trees will grow at all, is one of the greatest mysteries. Let every family in autumn lay in a good store, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary supplies. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled bacon and cabbage require five hours. If taken freely at breakfast, with brown bread and butter, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidity and cooling off febrile conditions more effectively than the most approved medicines. The most healthful desert that can be placed on the table is baked apples. If families could be induced to use the apple—sound, ripe and luscious—in the place of pies, cakes, candies and other sweetmeats with which children are too often stuffed, there would be a diminution of doctors bills sufficient in a single year to lay up a stock of this delicious fruit for a season's use.

A diabolical story of revenge comes from Granzendorf, Austria, where a man called Balika tied his enemy, Joseph Balan, to the wheel of a wagon and then drove at a fast pace down the street. When the villagers hurried to stop the horror, it was too late, for Balan was already dead. His murderer was at once arrested.

An alleged divine healer and prophet named Perkins, who has been posing for ten days as an angel of Christ, who he declared would appear in a few days, was taken out of Texarkana, Ark., Wednesday night by Whitecappers, flogged, the hair cut short, and he was then given thirty minutes to leave town.

Be a SENTINEL advertiser if you wish the very best results from the money you intend investing.

Poetry.

WHEN FEELIN' KINDER BLUE

(John R. Silvernail, in Buffalo News.)

When you're feelin' kinder blue,
Everything seems dark to you;
Sun don't shine so bright;
Nothin' seems to go just right.
Can't tell what's come over you—
When you're feelin' kinder blue.

Some days birds sing sweet and clear,
Seems to fill your heart with cheer;
Nature wears a pleasant smile,
Seems to jest your soul beguile,
Life is nice and sweet to you,
When you ain't a-feelin' blue.

But off-days are sure to be
An' you can no reason see
Why all things look dark and glum,
But such days are sure to come;
Everything goes wrong with you,
When you're kinder feelin' blue.

When you're kinder feelin' blue,
Everything just bothers you;
Kinder techy all the while,
Rather cry than laugh 'n' smile;
Everything jest peters you,
When you're feelin' kinder blue.

When you're feelin' kinder blue
Think of others besides you
Who have trials 'n' pains 'n' care,
Sometimes more than they can bear;
Think of them compared to you,
When you're kinder feelin' blue.

Brace right up 'n' be of cheer,
For the clouds will disappear,
Brighter, sweeter bloom the flowers,
Sunshine will replace the showers,
Nature'll don a brighter hue,
Though you now are feelin' blue.

Literature.

MR. FITFIELD'S SECRET.

The general opinion in Falloway village was that Mr Fitfield had made a small fortune in business and retired. He had the sober, respectable appearance of a tradesman who had done sufficiently well in his 'line' to retire at the age of forty-five. Of course, Falloway, like almost every other village, had its scandal-mongers, and the Falloway branch of this huge corporation were won't to say that Mr Fitfield's 'line' could hardly have been respectable since he was so extremely reticent as to what it was.

And it must be frankly admitted Fallowayian scandal-mongers had no little excuse for being suspicious of Mr Fitfield, for he was something of a mystery. His past, his antecedents, ancestors, source of revenue, were all alike mysterious. All that was known of him was that he had lived in the creeper-clad cottage next to Sexton's for three years; that he arrived there from some unknown place; that he was a widower, with an unusually pretty daughter of eighteen, named Jinny, who was the apple of his eye; that he was a highly respectable looking and civil, well-spoken man; that his credit was good at the Falloway general stores, and that he made fairly frequent journeys in almost every direction radiating from Falloway.

Mr Fitfield would very probably have escaped suspicion if he had not so resolutely, though tacitly declined to talk about himself. Though far from being unneighborly or tactless, no one in Falloway was ever able to extract from him the most trifling bit of information as to his private affairs.

There was a strange fact of which Falloway had not even the faintest suspicion—that Jinny was as ignorant as anyone as to how Mr Fitfield made his money and what took him away from home from time to time. Moreover, Jinny knew her father did not wish her to be acquainted with the facts, whatever they were, and, being as good a girl as she was pretty, she never tried to find out. She respected her father's secret as she loved him, and in course of time found another subject for her thoughts.

This subject was by name John Clements. Clem as he was known, locally, was a young farmer—a great hearted, honest yeoman, whom everyone liked.

Clem fell in love with Jinny one day when he was on the way to church in his black coat and silk hat, and she was gathering carnations in the front garden. Clem had met Mr Fitfield once or twice ere that and the two men had got on very well together, but until that Sunday Clem had never troubled to look twice at Fitfield's cottage or garden. After that Sunday, however, Clem had looked well into the garden and up at the windows every time he passed the cottage, which he certainly did much more frequently than he had any occasion to do.

Whatever point of the compass happened to be his destination, somehow it always seemed that the shortest way was along the broad, white-dusty road by Fitfield's cottage. And he always walked on Fitfield's side of the road, because it was the shorter curve. A thousand surveys could not have convinced him that there was not a two-strides difference between the two curves. And it is queer how circumstances sometimes adapt themselves to people! Clem fell in with Mr Fitfield much more frequently after than before that memorable Sunday when he first set eyes on pretty Jinny.

The two men met at all sorts of unlikely places, and Clem laid himself out to win golden opinions. But somehow, Mr Fitfield proved himself to be a difficult man to handle. He was pleasant, cheery and friendly, but not sufficiently so to satisfy Clem, who, failing to draw Mr Fitfield over to his farm, began to despair of ever getting an invitation to sit at table with Jinny. Clem tried prize cattle, fine crops, poultry, and pigs to allure Jinny's father to the farm, and got deeper and deeper into the slough of despond as he discovered that none of them had any magnetic powers over Mr Fitfield.

One bright, victorious day Clem discovered Mr Fitfield "fancied" carnations. Until that moment he had not known the difference between a carnation and a pink; but in one wild swoop there passed over him a passionate regard for carnations such as none but a grower could entertain. He received an invitation to inspect Mr Fitfield's carnations on the following day. He parted from the strange man to go straight off to the neighboring town, where he bought a number of the most showy carnations in the possession of the local florist. The pick of these found their way into Mr Fitfield's garden a few days later, for the latter went over to the farm to inspect the flowers which Clem artfully described to him while bending over Mr Fitfield's flowers and stealing looks at Jinny. And poor Clem gave himself many a headache reading late into the night books about carnations and their culture. He did not mean to be caught napping.

In this way Clem knew Jinny loved her, and taught her how to love. In a short time Jinny knew more about love than Clem. "This woman's whole existence."

One evening Fitfield did a strange thing—strange for him. He went over to the farm and searched for Clem until he found him.

Clem was pleased at this until he noted the strange light in Mr Fitfield's eye, when he felt uneasy, wondering what was coming.

"Mr Clements," said Fitfield, after a pause, as heavy as the summer air, when they had exhausted ordinary topics, "I've noticed, or I've fancied I've seen, an affection springing up between you and my Jinny."

"Mr Fitfield, may I be frank with you and say I love your daughter with all my heart?"

"Sorry for it. Sorry, more than sorry, that she's fond of you. A marriage between you is absolutely impossible."

Fitfield's tongue suggested only regret; he showed no anger, but his manner was very firm.

"Impossible? Why sir?" Clem demanded. "If Miss Jinny and I love each other, and I can make her a good home—Look round my farm! It is unencumbered—I haven't borrowed a penny, but I've lent very many pounds. Ask the bankers how I stand with them. As to character, ask the rector or Mrs Chimmers, who have known me all my life, if I'm a fit man to take Miss Jinny for my wife. Point to a shabby spot in my jacket, and I'll undertake never to speak to Jinny again. But my fortune's sound, and my character is sounder; and I love Jinny with all my heart and manhood, and I won't admit there's anything in this world to be a bar between us."

"Well spoken, Mr Clements; I like to hear a man boast that his reputation's sound. But—Mr Fitfield sighed deeply, looked at the ground between his feet, at Clem's leggings, at his own finger nails, and sighed again.

"But Jinny's not a fit wife for you—or any other honest man."

"If you weren't her father I'd knock you down for that!" cried Clem, in a hot passion.

"Because you don't understand me—or won't; because you want to draw out of me what I cannot, will not tell you. Jinny's the best girl that ever lived, and few men love their daughters—even when, as in my case, they're all they have to love—as I love mine. But she is not a fit woman for an honest man, because—because she's my daughter."

As he ceased speaking Fitfield turned his back upon Clem and trod down a worm-cast with the point of his toe. His face was white as death.

It was as much Fitfield's manner as his words that held Clem speechless.

"There's a secret about me, Mr Clements," Fitfield said, treading down another worm-cast, "which if it became known would turn everyone in Falloway against me and Jinny—and you would be one of the very first to shun us. Jinny does not know the secret—doesn't even suspect it, and I pray Heaven she never may. If you love her you'll help me to keep her from suspecting. I cannot let you go on courting my Jinny, Mr Clements, for you can never marry her—nor would any other honest man—so long as her father lives. I couldn't let Jinny marry a man with it still a secret, to be betrayed some day, perhaps, and ruin her happiness and her husband's. And if I confessed the secret it would make any man

who loved her shun her. That is the position. I ask you to refrain from pressing me to say more, and to believe me when I say that for your own good, for Jinny's good, and for my peace of mind you had better see very little of her in future."

"But Jinny and I are avowed lovers, Mr Fitfield!" Clem cried, hardly understanding all he had just heard.

Fitfield turned round quickly and knit his brows.

"I've been a fool," he cried. "I've let you two play with fire because I saw it made Jinnie happy. And now it must burn you both."

"Jinny loves me with all her heart."

Fitfield nodded slowly and sighed deeply.

"I will speak to her to-night," he said. "And I will come over in the morning to see you."

He held out his hand. Clem looked at it and hesitated.

"It's a clean hand, Clem," said Fitfield, reproachfully; "it never did any man an injustice or committed an unlawful deed. You don't know the secret; you only know one exists, and yet you refuse my hand! I can ask for no greater proof that you would turn away from Jinny and me if you knew what I know."

"No, Mr Fitfield," cried Clem, eagerly. "I don't turn away from either of you; I was only wondering."

They shook hands heartily, but sadly, as men over a grave, and, without a word, separated.

That same evening Fitfield spoke of Clem to Jinny. He had done so often, but on this particular evening his serious thoughts gave him a grave tone and manner in spite of himself, and Jinny blushed most becomingly.

"I quite think he'll be coming here quite so often after what I said to him this evening," said Fitfield awkwardly.

"Not coming here? Why, father, what did you say to him?" she exclaimed, with undisguised astonishment.

He went to where she sat sewing and, leaning on the table, looked earnestly into her eager face.

"Jinny do you truly love him?" he asked. "Don't hide anything from me."

"Why, father, if he never came again—the little choking sound in her voice told her heart much more truly than her added, 'I should miss him more than I can say.'"

Fitfield raised himself from the table and walked over to the window. His glance passed over the neat little garden, over the thick privet hedge, and fixed itself on some vague point in the line of hills in the distance. His face was white and haggard.

"Why should I stand between a man and my Jinny, who depend for their happiness upon a union to which I am an absolute bar?" he thought to himself. "If I went away or died the secret would never be known. She would miss me. She would miss me; but how does a father compare to a husband? Somehow or other the truth is sure to come out sooner or later, and her life will be ruined—she might turn against me in horror; and he might desert her and leave her shamed before everyone who knew her. Clem could grant her every wish—he would be good to her. Jinny, he said, aloud, you might put the usual things together in my bag for me, I'm going away for a day or two to-morrow."

He went out straight to the farm and explained to Clem that he might be away longer than usual. Would Clem give Jinny a look in once a day for him and see that she was all right?

Clem's heart jumping into his mouth precluded him from answering, but the handshake he gave Fitfield emphatically meant 'Yes.'

Clem saw Fitfield to the gate. Very few words passed between them, for one was revelling in his happiness to come and the other was weighing his pleasures past. Men cannot say much at such times.

Fitfield lingered at the gate moodily. Clem lent on the top bar and fidgeted with the latch. He was beginning to feel the awkwardness of the total lack of sympathy between him and Jinny's father.

"Clem," said Fitfield, at last, speaking in a hoarse voice, "I don't want Jinny to know, but the journey I'm going to make entails some risks—some danger. If anything should happen—if anything should prevent me returning, you would marry my Jinny, wouldn't you, and be good to her? Eh?"

"Mr Fitfield, you may stake your life on it!" Clem replied, almost fiercely.

Fitfield nodded drearily. "But where are you going to face danger? What danger?" Clem asked, a trifle suspiciously.

"I cannot tell you, Clem, I needn't tell you—of course, I'll get back safe enough! But—but lest I shouldn't, I should like you to know from me that each one of the things the fools of this village hint at as being an explanation of what they cannot un-

derstand is wrong—false, utterly and abominably false; I have no crime to haunt me; no disgraceful past behind me; no—He broke off suddenly, and saying 'Good-night, Clem,' in a husky voice, hurried away.

Clem looked around about expecting to see someone who had caused Fitfield to suddenly cease speaking and depart. But there was no one in sight, and after a few minutes he returned to the house to think over all the strangeness and mystery into the midst of which his love had plunged him, and to count the minutes till the morrow which would give him a right to call upon Jinny as her protector.

Three weeks passed, and Falloway saw nothing, heard nothing of Mr Fitfield. Clem was a great support and comforter to Jinny during those weary weeks of waiting. He went to see her every day, but he never mentioned to her the conversation he had had with her father the night before he went away. Every word Fitfield had spoken to him that night, however, had sunk deep into his mind, and at the end of the three weeks he felt sure Jinny's father would never return. He gently urged Jinny to marry him, and finally she consented to fix a day, for she was all alone in the world; she could not deny herself the pleasure of Clem's visits, the help of his advice, and she feared the gossip of the village.

Clem set to work to find out what had become of Fitfield. There was little material to work upon. He was traced to a town forty miles away, and there the thread snapped.

Every day the conviction that Fitfield was dead, obtained a stronger hold upon Clem, and one day he started to hunt the truth, working on this hypothesis. He made all his inquiries himself, because he feared to employ professional agents lest Fitfield's secret should be stumbled upon.

After many weeks of wasted energy Clem found himself inquiring into the identity of every corpse upon whom a coroner's jury had sat since the time of Fitfield's disappearance. It was a huge task, but Clem had a sort of instinctive feeling that it would lead him right in the end. It did.

One day Clem stood in Walworth Police Station inquiring into the death of a man who had been run over on the line between Walworth and Braysleigh on the night following Fitfield's disappearance. Clem had read up the report of the inquest. The body had not been identified, but the evidence admitted of no other verdict than that of suicide. The description of the body seemed to Clem very like the appearance of Fitfield.

"Yes; we've got a photo of him, taken after death," said the inspector whom Clem saw. "But I don't think you can throw any light on the matter. The identity has been established since the inquest. That's the photo."

Clem took it, and started. It was Fitfield, without a doubt.

Clem tried to hide his agitation.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Well, we had an official hint to say nothing about it; but between you and me the poor fellow was Mr Masters, the public hangman."

Clem reeled and went pale.

"Did you know him?" the inspector asked, kindly.

Clem gurgled something and left.

He went straight home to Falloway, straight to Jinny.

"Jinny," he said, it is as I feared."

"He is dead," she whispered.

"He met with an accident. He was a strange man, and you and I must respect his wish not to attempt to solve his secret. Jinny we can respect his memory at the same time."

He took her in his arms. "Jinny, my darling," he said, "I will be both father and husband, and we'll leave Falloway, so it will be easier for you to learn I can be both and more to you."

—London Tit-Bits.

Out of 120 students entered on the roll of the Ontario Normal School at Toronto last week only 14 were males.



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