

We make Granby Rubbers and Overshoes out of pure new rubber.

Can as much be said of any other make? We find it pays in the long run, because

**Granby Rubbers**

last longer, and give better satisfaction in every way. It costs us more, but it costs you less, for one pair does the work of two pairs of ordinary rubbers.

"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 Tabules. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripans Tabules are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, every-day folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripans Tabules 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 Tabules. 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**

## 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.

To the Public!

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING  
ON  
CARRIAGES OR SLEIGHS  
AT LOWEST PRICES.

SHOP on KING STREET,  
Opp. Wrapper Factory.

Will be pleased to have you call any time. Should your Carriage need Repairing or Painting give us a call.

We have leased our Paint Shop to Mr. JOHN McKEVIE, who is well known and has a wide reputation for doing good work.

**Hull & Glidden,**  
KING STREET.  
Woodstock, Jan 27, 1903.—5.

CHEAP SALE OF  
BOOK and  
SHEET... **MUSIC!**

A nice selection of new Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, at 25c and 50c.

A number of Folios at 35c.  
Call early and save money.

Also, Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines sold on very easy terms.  
NEEDLES, OIL and REPAIRS always on hand for all makes.

REPAIRING DONE TO ORDER.

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

The best advertising medium in the Northern Counties is SENTINEL.

## Poetry.

### THE WINTER KING.

Behold the ice-throned Winter-King,  
As in the Northland he is seen,  
Whose palaces are glistening  
For his Aurora, Northern-queen.  
He makes the Southland feel his might;  
At his command come swiftly forth,  
Throughout the long, long Arctic night,  
Those icy vandals of the North.  
Upon the fierce North-wind they ride,  
And forest, valley, hill and plain  
They touch with death at every stride,  
And bind the rivers in their chain.  
Each cliff, each rock still naked covers,  
As if remembering ancient scars.  
Again have perished grass and flowers  
To make us gaze upon the stars.  
Ho! ho! the sun comes marching back,  
His million spear-points gleaming far,  
With peace and plenty in his track,  
And joy that cometh after war.  
Retreating now, those vandal hosts,  
No more in woods their war-songs chant;  
We see how life were their bonists  
And Winter-King a suppliant:  
"O mighty Sun, I own thy sway;  
My rule is over temporal things;  
My power is melting fast away;  
Have mercy on me, King of Kings."  
The great Sun answered with a smile,  
As heaven touched that Arctic scene,  
And vowed to spare him for awhile  
To his Aurora, Northern-queen.  
—Edwin E. Kinney.  
Lowell, Feb. 1st, 1903.

### THE BRIDE'S LETTER.

Dear Helen, you will be surprised  
To get a note so soon—the first  
Bridal edition, unvisited—  
And scribbled at my very worst.  
I've but a pencil, as you see,  
A leaf from Harry's diary torn,  
And then I'm writing on my knee  
And feel a little bit forlorn.  
We're on the train still. I'm alone;  
Harry is in the smoking-car  
These last two hours. My time's my own;  
But, Helen dear, how strange men are!  
Three days ago—time quickly flies,  
And yet it somehow seems like years—  
Since all the kisses and good-bys,  
And all the trembling hopes and fears.  
Of course, he likes to smoke, but then  
You always used to say, you know,  
Women were different from men.  
Ah, yes, indeed! I find it so.  
Most of my dreams seem disarranged;  
Of course, I'm happy—only life  
Looks altered now—the world is changed;  
I can't believe I'm Harry's wife.  
And yet I know I am, for here  
(What tiny thorns one's wreath may mar)  
I'm sitting quite alone, my dear,  
And he—in the smoking-car.  
—Madeline S. Bridges.

## Literature.

### When Sarah Ann Rebelled.

Sarah Ann was washing in the shed kitchen. The roof was low, and although it was yet early, the June sun streaming upon it made the heat of the small room almost unbearable. The steam from the boiler of bubbling clothes only added to the discomfort. There was an unusually large washing that had to be finished before noon. Then there was dinner to get, dishes to wash and Jane Harriet to be made comfortable for the afternoon.  
Sarah Ann's scant calico dress hung in limp folds, her grey hair was strained severely back and her thin lips were set in stern lines. Life looked difficult this June morning, and in Sarah Ann's usually tranquil soul was a faint uprising of rebellion. She could not help questioning why the hard things and never the easy ones came to her; why other lives should be so full and rich and beautiful, her own so poor and bare and limited.  
Sarah Ann was forty-seven years old, and had never married. She lived now with her sister whom she had brought up. Jane Harriet had once been a pretty girl, but she had married young, and married a poor man. Under the shiftless management of her indolent, improvident husband, she lost her beauty and her bloom and her ambition. At thirty-three she was a chronic invalid with five small children. It was that Sarah Ann left her own little home and came to the rescue. It was not likely that she would lack for something to do in the narrow, pinched household.  
As Sarah Ann plunged the clothes-stick into the bubbling boiler, her spirit of rebellion deepened. Just then there came a tap at the door. A young girl in a shady hat and a rose colored dress. Her cheeks matched her gown.  
It was pretty Charlotte Dent, one of the young members of Sarah Ann's church.  
"Good morning, Sarah Ann!" she said, in her cheerful voice. "I knocked and knocked at the front door, but as nobody came, I thought I'd better come round here."  
"Jane Harriet's asleep," replied Sarah Ann briefly. "She had a bad night and the children are playing next door. Well, she added a little brusquely, 'what is it? Something about the church, I know. I can't ask you to come in, you'd smother.'"  
Charlotte's face took on a warmer hue. She felt the resentment of Sarah Ann's manner and hesitated a little. What had altered the usual unassuming humility of Sarah Ann?  
"We're going to have an ice cream social, Sarah Ann," she began shyly.

## ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated  
**COUGHS,  
COLDS,  
CRUP.**  
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.

'It's to be at the town hall, Friday night, and we want to know if you'll come over and wash dishes for us.' Sarah Ann took up her gingham apron and slowly dried her knotted hands. Then she turned, and with something tragic in her gaze, looked into the pretty face, noting its freshness and beauty. She saw the whiteness of the slender hands and the gracefulness of the girlish figure. "And I—I might have looked like that once," she thought with a passion of longing, "if everything hadn't been so hard."

After a moment's silence she spoke. "Help you?" she said in a harsh tone. "No, I won't!"

"You won't!" cried Charlotte, in surprise. "Why, Sarah Ann, you always have!"

Sarah Ann stood still, tall and grim; her usually meek brown eyes were flashing.

"Yes," she retorted, "I always have! For twenty seven years I've been a member of the church. I don't believe in all that time I've ever missed washing dishes once at anything that's come up. I've worked faithful at every supper, every social, every bazaar we've ever had. Look at my hands! Do they look as if I'd shirked my duty? Oh, yes, when there's work to be done you always come for Sarah Ann! She's used to it; you think she don't mind it. Why shouldn't I have a good time like the rest of you?" she went on bitterly.

"Why should I be always drudging and washing dishes? Is it because I'm old and poor and ugly? There's Mrs. Judge Macon. Ask her to wash your dishes and see what she'll say!"

"When the ladies gave that dinner and supper election day," she went on more quietly, "I stayed all day. The rest of you left, and I washed dishes alone until twelve o'clock that night. I could hardly drag myself home, and the next day Jane Harriet had a bad spell that lasted a week. Now let somebody else wash your dishes. I'm tired."

The face in the doorway flushed and quivered under Sarah Ann's words. Then the girl came in suddenly and put her arms about Sarah Ann's shoulders. At the gentle pressure the poor, overtasked woman broke into sobs, heavy tearless sobs that shook her thin figure.

"There, there, Sarah Ann," whispered Charlotte, soothingly, "don't cry! I ought not to have asked you, and Sarah Ann, it isn't as if we hadn't appreciated what you've done; we just didn't think—that's all."

A second later she was gone, with a new pity and thoughtfulness upon her face—a thoughtfulness brought there by the picture of a gaunt, tired woman with toil-worn knotted hands.

On the night of the social the moon shone clear and bright. It had been a hot day, and poor Jane Harriet had been unusually trying. But it was over now. The children were asleep. Jane Harriet was safely settled for the night and Sarah Ann could take a minute's breathing-time.

As she sat in the doorway in the soft stillness of the moonlight, she was thinking of the social, and of Charlotte Dent. I ought to have gone," she whispered slowly. "They can't get anyone to wash dishes but me. I needn't have told Charlotte the things I did, either."

"There are lots of people here," said Charlotte, as they went in. "We think we are going to make a good deal this time. We want to get that Sunday School piano paid for if we can. They are pressing us for another payment. Did I tell you?"

"No, you didn't," murmured Sarah Ann.

She would have washed dishes willingly if she had known that, she thought.

She folded her hands in her lap and sighed heavily. As she sat there the gate clicked. Some one was coming up the walk; some one in a white dress. It was Charlotte.

"Get your bonnet, Sarah Ann," she said shyly. "We have imposed on you, and you have had so much to do at home! Come, get your bonnet!"

Sarah Ann rose stiffly. It had been a hard day.

"Are you sure you want me?" she said wistfully.

"Quite sure, said the girl. A few minutes later they went up the quiet street together. The hall was lighted, the windows open, and as they passed up the steps there was a hum of voices.

It was a pretty sight that her eyes rested on. All about were scattered white-covered tables, at which people were eating ice-cream and cake. Sarah Ann thought she had never seen so many pretty dresses in all her life.

Charlotte lead her to a seat. "Sit here, and I will wait on you," she whispered.

She pushed her gently into a chair and departed hastily. Sarah Ann sat stiffly upright. She had never been waited upon before, and she thought that it was not such a blessing, after all, to sit with folded hands.

Charlotte came back in a few minutes, carrying on a tray a generous pyramid of ice cream and a supply of cake.

"I brought you the best cake we had, Sarah Ann," she whispered, as she deposited her burden. "Do try this banana cake. Mrs. Bright made it, and you know how good her cake always is. Good-by. I will be back again if I can, but we are very busy."

Left alone, Sarah Ann slowly ate her ice cream. She tasted her cake, but left most of it. She felt strange and out of place, for in all her recollection this was the first time that anyone had ever waited upon her, and she did not like it.

As she sat at the white-covered table among the well-dressed, light-hearted people, the conviction came home to her that it was not too late to change matters after all. With an odd restlessness, she wanted to be up and doing as she had always done. In the camp of the Israelites there had been hewers of wood and drawers of water, and perhaps they were just as necessary to the well-being of the camp as the priests and the psalm-singers, and perhaps they received as great a reward.

And now she knew that she must bury her longings and her dreams, and be content with the humble things. He who planned all lives knew best.

Rising, she made her way steadily through the crowds to the rear room. Nobody was there but Charlotte Dent and she was standing over a huge pan filled to the brim with dishes. Her delicate face was flushed, and there was a weary look in the sweet eyes.

She glanced up at Sarah Ann entered. It is weary work, Sarah Ann I never knew how hard until I tried it. I have been thinking about you

## Poison—

In the Blood brings  
Humors and Boils, Salt  
Rheum, Eczema and  
Scrofula,

**WEAVER'S  
SYRUP**

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

**Blood.**

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,  
MONTREAL, PROPRIETORS, NEW YORK.

all the time while standing here, she said, smiling faintly.

Sarah Ann went over to Charlotte and took her hands resolutely from the dish pan. "Give me your apron, child, and go and enjoy yourself. You are not fit for this work," she said.

Tying the gingham apron about her own waist she plunged her calloused hands into the water. The dishes came out with astonishing rapidity, clean and bright.

There was a relieved yet reluctant look on Charlotte's face.

"I don't like to leave you, Sarah Ann, it does not seem right," she said slowly.

"Yes it does, too! You go!" cried Sarah Ann.

She watched Charlotte as she made her way among the people—a small, slight figure, with a delicate face, not fitted for the rougher work of life.

"Bless her!" murmured Sarah Ann; and then she turned to her work. Her rebelliousness was gone, and in its place was a new peace.

"Are the ice cream dishes ready, Sarah Ann?" called a chorus of gay voices, and three or four girls came fluttering in.

"What should we do without you? Nobody can wash dishes as you can. There is a whole crowd of people come up from Harmony, and they want ice cream right away. Come girls we must step lively."

Sarah Ann handed the bright, clean dishes rapidly to the waiting girls. Her face shone with a new light. The mutiny was over, and Sarah Ann had slipped into her niche again, a workman that needeth not be ashamed.

Great Pulp and Paper Mills.

St. John, March 6.—Prospects are good for the establishment in Gloucester county of a \$2,500,000 pulp and paper making industry by the Messrs

## TREACHERY



A persistent cough is at first a friend, for it gives warning of the approach of a deadly enemy. Heed the warning before it is too late, before your lungs become inflamed, before the doctor says, "Consumption." When the danger signal first appears, help nature with

**AYER'S  
CHERRY  
PECTORAL**

Don't delay until your lungs are sore and your cold settled down deep in your chest. Kill the enemy before the deadly blow kills you. Cure your cough today. One dose brings relief. A few doses make the cure complete.

Three sizes: 25c. for an ordinary cold; 50c. for the harsher colds; \$1.00 the most economical for older cases.

"I consider your Cherry Pectoral the best remedy for colds and coughs and all throat affections. I have used it for 30 years and it certainly beats them all."

D. R. LUNNEY, Union, N. Y.

Dec. 20, 1898.

**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 reply, without cost. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

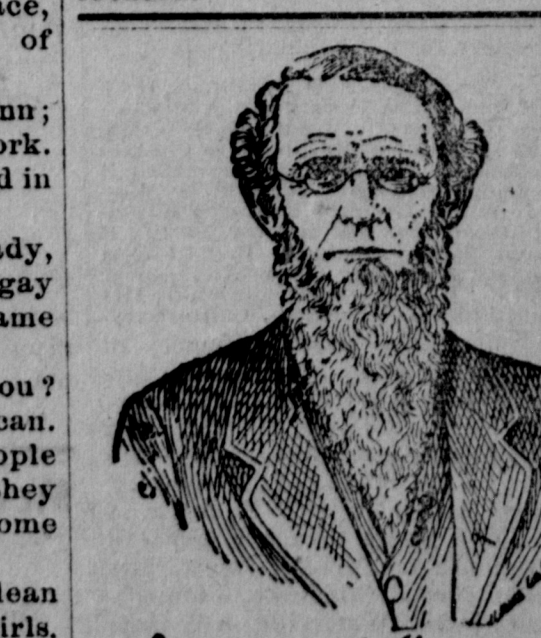
Harmsworth, proprietors of the London Daily Mail, London Evening News and other British newspapers and periodicals.

A representative of the Messrs Harmsworth will meet the New Brunswick government either in this city to-day or in Fredericton on Wednesday next regarding this important matter, and it is hoped before long that work will be begun on what will mean a new and extensive industry for this province.

The location of the proposed new pulp and paper works is at the Grand Falls on the Nepisiguit river in Gloucester county, and the Messrs Harmsworth have an engineer now at work there determining the capacity of the water power which will be available for the works they may establish. The time is favorable to them for this work and it is understood that the water power is the only thing to be determined before all conditions will be suitable to the firm's wishes so that on the engineer's report much will depend.

The Harmsworths use about 1,000 tons of paper a week in issuing their various publications, and did they establish the talked of pulp and paper works in Gloucester county, the output of the mills would be exported to England for use in their publication business. Since last fall they have had under consideration the matter of their New Brunswick supply of paper, and the present is the first announcement of a practical result very likely to follow.

Should all go well, it is understood the Messrs Harmsworth will invest some \$2,500,000 in the enterprise, and give employment to a large number of men. They would build a sulphite pulp mill of 300 or 350 tons a week capacity, also a mechanical pulp mill of some 600 tons a week capacity, besides a mill for turning pulp into paper ready for their use. So it can be seen that such an industry means considerable to the place where it is located.



**DR. CHASE'S REMEDIES**

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 50 cents a box. Five boxes for \$1.00.  
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box.  
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box.  
Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 75 cents a box.  
Dr. Chase's Liver Cure, 75 cents a bottle.  
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box of the genuine. At all dealers of Edmondson Bates & Company, Toronto.