

The Sentinel for 50c.: 3 FOR ONE DOLLAR.

We will send **The Sentinel** to any address from the present date to 1st January, 1905, for only 50c.; or, in clubs of three, for One Dollar.

We ask every reader of **The Sentinel** to assist us in increasing the circulation of **The Sentinel** at the present time. They can do this by bringing this announcement to the attention of their friends and neighbors. Will you help?

The Sentinel will do its part to keep the farmer's interest to the front, and the wider its circulation the more it will be able to accomplish. A little effort by each reader will greatly help in the work. The more our readers do for **The Sentinel** the more **The Sentinel** will be able to do for them.

Send in Three! Do it Now!

YOUR BOY'S OUTFIT FOR \$6.00 AND A WATCH FREE.

THE OUTFIT IS MADE UP AS FOLLOWS:

Single-breasted All-wool TWEED SUIT, - - - \$4 00
Dark Check Pattern, - - - 80
Extra Pair Knee Trousers, - - - 35
Cloth Cap, - - - 25
One pair Heavy All-wool Stockings, - - - 35
Pair Suspenders, - - - 25
Necktie, - - - 25

Total, \$6 00

Cut this advt. out, send it to us—giving name of the paper in which you saw it—and enclose \$6.00, and we will send you by express this boy's outfit, any size from 9 to 17 years, and a WATCH FREE.

After you receive it, if you and your friends do not say it is **The Best Boy's Outfit you ever saw for the money**, or if it is not as good as you can get from your local dealer or elsewhere for \$8.00, or if it does not please you in every way, you can return it to us at our expense and we will immediately return your money.

We make this extremely low bargain price merely as an advertisement of our Boy's Clothing Department, for we know if we get your order for this that we will not only secure your business, but that of your friends and neighbors as well.

A Watch Free

will also be sent as a present to the boy—a splendid Ingersoll Yankee Watch, in perfect running order and a first-class time-keeper, free of charge, and guaranteed by the maker for one year.

Send \$6.00 at once—to-day—and secure this great bargain.

Greater Oak Hall,

King Street, ST. JOHN, N.B.

SCOVIL BROS. & Co.

Diabetic

Patients will hear of something to their advantage by writing to the Diabetic Institute, St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E. C.

NOTHING TO PAY

Probate Court,
County of Carleton,
Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable of the said county—Greeting:

WHEREAS Alexander Shannon, late of the Parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton, was appointed Administrator by this Honorable Court of the estate and effects of one William Shannon, late of the said Parish of Wicklow, who departed this life intestate, on or about the Twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1901.

And Whereas the said Alexander Shannon, on or about the Twenty-eighth day of November last past departed this life, having previously entered upon the administration of the estate of the said William Shannon, and Whereas Isabella Shannon of the said Parish of Wicklow, widow and executrix under the last Will and Testament of the said Alexander Shannon, hath filed in this Court a Petition praying that she may be appointed Administratrix de bonis non of the estate of the said William Shannon.

You are therefore required to cite Elizabeth Shannon, the Widow of the said William Shannon, and also the heirs, next of kin of the said deceased, and all of the creditors and other persons interested in the said estate, to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton, at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of Carleton, at the Office of the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on **THURSDAY, the Twenty-eighth day of JULY** Next, at the hour of Ten of the clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Isabella Shannon should not be appointed Administratrix de bonis non of the estate of the said William Shannon, set forth in the said petition.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court, this Thirteenth day of May, A. D. 1904.

LEWIS P. FISHER,
Judge of Probate for County of Carleton.
JAMES MCANUS,
Registrar of Probate for County of Carleton.

In the Probate Court of York County.

To the Sheriff of the County of York or any Constable within the said County, Greeting:

WHEREAS William Swin of the Parish of Hilsfield, in the County of Northumberland, Esquire, one of the heirs of Amelia Jane Swin, late of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, Province of New Brunswick, Spinster, deceased, hath by his petition bearing date third day of March last past, prayed that Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of the said Amelia Jane Swin deceased, may be granted to him in due form of Law.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the Estate of the said Amelia Jane Swin deceased, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office in the City of Fredericton, within and for the County of York, on **THURSDAY the FOURTH day of JULY** Next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why Letters of Administration of the Estate of the said Amelia Jane Swin deceased, should not be granted to the said William Swin agreeable to the prayer of his said petition.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Court this nineteenth day of April, A. D. 1904.

H. W. McLELLAN,
Registrar of Probates for the County of York.
Wm. F. TAYLOR,
Proctor for Petitioner.

Literature.

MY FIRST SCHOOL.

BY JOHN M'CORMAC.

(Continued from Last Week.)

I had often travelled over back, bleak country roads, and to some extent through woods, but never till after travelling alone for what seemed an age, through a dense forest, listening to the wind's sad wail through the tall pines, had I any conception of the awful loneliness of a desert, or of that depression it brings which I had often heard caused strong men to weep, not knowing why. At starting I had no fear, the snow though deep was compact, scarcely an impression marked my footsteps as I moved lightly over it. Bears I knew slept during the winter and no other animal to be feared had been seen or heard of in this part of the country for many years. But now everything terrible seemed possible and probable. Why, in heaven's name, had I undertaken this dreadful journey? Would I turn back? More than half the distance must have been accomplished, but that had been explored and what fearful things might there not be in advance? I was still moving on, striving to shake off the dread that, like a nightmare, had crept over me and which I knew was groundless, when a shot near by broke the stillness, and in a few seconds a great beast broke through a thicket nearly opposite to where I stood. It was a moose, with head thrown up so that the great antlers rested on its shoulders, but exhausted to the last degree. I could hear it pant and see the quick jets of steamy breath from its nostrils. At sight of me it held up an instant and swayed as if to follow the open road but a bullet had cut short what strength remained after a hard chase through four feet of snow, and the pause though slight seemed to have broken the momentum of its motion and life; it could go no farther and fell.

From the instant I heard the shot till the beast lay dead or dying, my mind was a turmoil of surprise and fear, and before I had collected my scattered senses, a hunter, rifle in hand, leaped through the open. I knew him at once, Frank Harris, my schoolmate of old. At sight of the moose he stopped short and raised the gun as if to fire, but suddenly changing his mind gave a whoop that resounded through the forest. It was answered in different directions by two, one of which came from an Indian's throat. I had heard the wild note once before and had never forgotten it.

As yet I had not been noticed but a slight noise as I moved from a tree behind which I had crouched attracted his attention. At a glance he recognized me.

'Great Scott!' he exclaimed, calling me by name, 'how in heaven's name did you get here?'

The familiar voice and knowledge that others were at hand, had so quickly and completely dispelled my fears and restored my courage, that his look of utter astonishment provoked a laugh as I answered, pointing to my foot gear, 'about the same way that you have, I suppose.'

'Yes, but what in creation are you doing here?'

'Going to school,' I answered.

'The d—l you—beg pardon, but tell me?'

In a few words I explained the situation.

'All right,' he said. 'My chum Charlie Coy and our Indian guide will be here presently; they can dress the animal which must be done before the ground is frozen, so we can start for the settlement at once and be fellow tramps on the road. But I must call again. This was answered close by, both having struck the trail were coming together. Charlie's astonishment at seeing me was quite equal to that of his friend, but the Indian gave no sign. 'Bleed him,' he inquired, pointing to the moose.

'By jove!' said Frank, 'I forgot about that.'

'Ugh!' grunted the aborigine, and with a disapproving nod toward me, muttered, 'squaw.'

A peal of laughter followed this inuendo in which however the Indian took no part, but whipping out his hunting knife quickly performed the work referred to.

'We can't permit the lady to go on alone, or keep her waiting here,' said Frank to his companion, 'so I won't be able to help dress the game but I will have a good hot supper ready at Mr Smith's when you reach the settlement—anyone there will direct you to his place. Don't you think Tomer,' he continued addressing himself to the Indian, 'that you could put on an extra spur and get through and out of the woods before it gets quite dark?'

'Sartin,' was the laconic reply. As boy and man Frank Harris was the best specimen of male humanity I ever knew, never desiring to pose as a hero, but honorable always, under every circumstance and on all occasions. That he loved me from almost childhood I was well aware. But alas! for the daughters of Eve, these sterling but negative qualities are seldom appreciated or understood.

'I have been cooped up in a counting house for over a year,' he remarked, as we journeyed along, 'and have been longing for just such a chase as we had to-day—it was immense, and then to have met you, that caps the climax.'

Apart from other circumstances I was in no mood for sentiment; the long walk and variety of sensations through which I had passed were telling fast.

'How much further must we travel?' I asked abruptly, altogether ignoring his remarks.

'Not far now, I can see the opening from here, we will soon reach the Main Road, then you can take off your snow-shoes; the change will be a relief.'

'I am to board with a Mr Jackson, do you know in what part of the settlement he lives?'

'Yes, only a very little way from where this road strikes the Highway, so keep up your courage, we will soon be there.'

'That's Jackson's,' he said, after we had reached the Highway and traveled what seemed a long way, pointing to a little log house in the distance with a straggling heap of firewood in front.'

Especially to young people brought up in a city or town, country life is seldom a happy one, however humble their previous condition may have been. Much of course depends on circumstances, a comfortable home, decent fare and kindness generally compensate for real or imaginary pleasures lost, and reconciles them to the changed condition. To what extent these blessings were in store for me, of course I knew not, but certainly the exterior of this domicile was not encouraging.

'I will go in with you,' said my companion, 'and see how things look inside, and that I am not mistaken in the place.'

In response to his knock the door was opened by a middle aged woman, who bade us come in, and after a few words of explanation informed me that the Mrs Jackson, and that arrangements had been made for my board.

'I must have something ready for the fellows we left in the woods when they get here,' said Frank as he rose to leave, 'so good-bye till tomorrow.'

My landlady was not by any means a woman of many words, asking few questions and making few remarks as she moved about preparing the evening meal, of which I partook but little and soon after crept into a little bed separated from the general room by a cotton screen, and knew no more till called to a late breakfast, the following morning, being Sunday.

I shall not weary the reader with details, few will fail to take in the situation of being lodged in a small log house in a back settlement with a family consisting of husband and wife, four children and a grandmother. At the time of which I write when luxuries were nil and the necessities of life of the plainest kind, and none too plentiful.

After dinner Frank called and proposed a visit to the seat of learning, as he called it. 'You can do nothing in the teaching line till you get the hang of the school house,' he said and the day being fine I agreed.

'I am afraid,' he said, as we walked along, 'that things will be very unpleasant for you here, I have heard considerable talk about the new teacher and it seems that a great many object to you on account of your being a Catholic.'

'Why should that be an objection,' I said, 'I am not here to teach or preach theology of any kind and have no desire to meddle with creeds. Whatever my failings may be they are not because I am a Catholic, but because in that respect I am not.'

'I understand all that quite well, but you know, or perhaps you don't know, that a great many Protestants are prejudiced more or less against people of your faith. They have an idea that you are all a sort of Jesuits, dangerous plotters and capable of doing all kinds of terrible things. I thought so once myself and this prejudice has been made worse by the introduction of a society, at whose meetings your creed is set forth in the worst light, and all the mis-deeds laid to its charge rehearsed, and certainly there seems to have been a great many of them.'

'How could there be other than a great many,' I replied a little nettled by his remark, for besides the distorted and false accounts of prejudiced writers, there always have been and it seems there always will be bad men to work evil in the name of religion but considering the millions of people and ages of time over which these records extend, at times too when people were only emerging from barbarism. How

much better do you think the record would have been had any modern church or sect been in full control, even leaving out Mormonism and several go-as-you-please religions, which now in these days of advanced civilization, with scores of different churches and creeds, each acting as a check on the others, many scandals crop out?'

'Now don't be angry Lu, I spoke more in regret than reproach; there is certainly a great deal in what you say.'

(To be Continued)

ITEMS FROM DIFFERENT SECTIONS.

BY CALVIN GREEN.

Mr and Mrs Wm Grant, Loyalists, selected a farm in the wilderness on the St John river, eight miles below Woodstock, now called Northampton, some 124 years ago. Then there were no conveniences except the river. The couple settled down and went to work with pluck and courage; they succeeded in farming and lumbering; they were blessed with a large family consisting of ten boys and six girls. Then there were no roads, no towns, no churches, no court houses nor jails—they did not need such buildings then. Mr Grant assisted and guided a great many people from Oldtown to Houlton, the former town being some sixty miles this side of Bangor. The first settlers came to Houlton by the way of Eel River, some 20 miles to Fish Lake, then from there it is some 20 miles to Madawaska. The farmers made their own plows and harrows—they made everything used indoors and out. It was a hard struggle for Mr Grant and wife with sixteen children to take care of. A meal then consisted of baked potatoes, hot or cold, without meat or butter, corn cake, dry, hot or cold; there were hundreds of similar cases to this one. The 16 sons and daughters all were comfortably settled; their offsprings numbered 100; the offsprings of the second generation about 200; of the third generation 300, and of the fourth 400 children.

Richmond is 20 miles long and six miles wide. The Hodgdon road is called the centre. The opinion is general that we have the best half. It is a question whether we have the best land or not. The north part of Richmond, when it was a forest, consisted of maple, butternut, birch and basswood and a good sprinkling of ash. The timber here spoken of grows on good strong soil. The Watson settlement has splendid farms, good buildings all well painted. Some people think the north is the best, others the south. In the near future we will try and decide which is the most productive of all kinds of grain.

On June 12th, Cavalier London's son Leroy, at Red Bridge, picked field strawberries for tea, and the writer enjoyed them very much. Mr London is a very good friend; his son has a splendid horse and good fit-out, including a fine harness and carriage. He drove me some five miles in 40 minutes, for which I am very thankful.

In Plymouth I called at Mrs James Turney's place. As I was leaving, she called my attention to her incubator, where her chickens were coming out. I was more than surprised to see one; from 100 eggs, there will be about 60 or 75 chicks come out, and some chicks and goslings too. She says it has to be learned how to run it or you cook the eggs as she did at first. The incubator is from a Canadian firm.

Some 90 years ago Captain Lloyd and Mr Faulkner came to America on the same ship; they were both young men and schoolmates; of course this country was then a wilderness. With courage they went to work under a great many disadvantages; they helped to make this country what it is to-day; they made good homes for their children and gave them a good education. Capt Lloyd's family consists of three sons and six daughters, seven children living, all comfortably situated. Mr Faulkner had 12 children, 9 living, all comfortably situated. Those two families settled in Hodgdon; they received religious instruction and it still lives in their families.

In my visit to Forest City, a few days ago, I had the privilege of seeing Miss Carrie Hayes, who weighs 502 lbs; she wears a No 3 shoe.

From the Foster Corner, so called, to Forest City is about 10 miles; good hay farms noticeable and splendid scenery. At this place the Grand Lake waters empties into the Scoudac waters; truly, it is a fine sight here in the summer season. There is a saw mill and lath mill. Mr Foster has a store to supply the wants of the people; he has a good variety from a sunshade to groceries of all kinds. Mr Gould has a blacksmith shop doing a good business. A hotel, the proprietor of which is Mr Allan Markey, a very obliging



BABY'S OWN SOAP
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
A Safe Soap for a TENDER Skin
A Good Soap for ANY Skin
Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.
There is no other just as good.

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office, in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Tuesday, the Thirtieth day of August next, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at Law or in Equity, of The Britton Mining Company of New Brunswick, of the Parish of Wakefield, in the County of Carleton, being a portion of the land situated in the Parish of Wakefield in the County of Carleton, described as follows: Beginning at the centre of the road leading from Woodstock to Forcesville, two rods along said road, up stream from the north line of land owned by Robert Melvin; thence by the magnet of the North eighty three degrees and forty minutes West four chains and twenty eight links to a point in two rods of two sapling white maple trees; thence north one degree West, five chains and two links to a marked cedar tree; thence North forty one degrees and twenty minutes West six chains and seventy four links to a hemlock stump; thence South eighty five degrees and fifteen minutes East six chains and forty one links to a brook; thence South easterly down said brook to the highway road first above mentioned; thence Southerly along said road to the place of beginning. Containing seven and one tenth acres, and being same land deeded to the said party in the County of Carleton, by and for The Britton Mining Company of New Brunswick, by deed dated twentieth day of October, 1890, and registered in Book O, Number 180, of the County of Carleton Records, on pages 103 and 104, the ninth day of October, 1890, and also, "That Tract of Land Situate in the Parish of Wakefield, County of Carleton, and bounded as follows, to-wit: On the North by lands owned or occupied (in 1890) by Newman Shaw and the widow Clark on the South by lands owned or occupied by M. J. Melvin, John Britton and Robert Melvin, on the East by a small brook, being the Southwesterly boundary of Charles Birmingham's land, on the West by lands owned or occupied by Samuel E. Freeman, containing in the whole one hundred acres more or less, near Lane's Creek, and more particularly described on the annexed plan, shaded blue. The last mentioned and described piece of land having been leased under above description to the said The Britton Mining Company of New Brunswick, by deed dated the fifth day of September, A. D. 1890, and registered in the office of the Provincial Secretary on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1890, as Number Seventy five, with the right to dig and raise gravel, and other minerals from said land, together with all the rights of the said Company in the said lease. The same having been executed and taken under the seal of an executor of John Fisher, deceased, against the said The Britton Mining Company of New Brunswick, on a judgment rendered by the said John Fisher in his lifetime, against the said The Britton Mining Company of New Brunswick. Dated at the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, this sixteenth day of May, A. D. 1904.

Wm. A. HAYWARD,
Sheriff of County of Carleton.

SCHOOL SECRETARIES.

Send your orders to us for School Tax Bills and Receipts.

40 CENTS PER 100, POST PAID.

THE CARLETON SENTINEL, Woodstock, N. B.

gentleman; he carried me in his carriage 8 miles to the city.

The Meductic river from Woodstock to the falls is some 8 or 10 miles. Beautiful farms and splendid scenery on each side of the river. There is a good substantial bridge some six miles from Woodstock; this bridge connects Richmond and Woodstock; the bridge is boarded up and will last a lifetime. I saw two fields of potatoes with leaves almost ripe and soon the potatoes will be ready to dig. The farm houses impress me with the fact that the secret of success to every farmer is a good cook and housekeeper to keep everything straight.

Almost Crazy With Nervous Headache

Mrs. Edwards was pale, nervous, irritable, and reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone.

Mrs. R. W. EDWARDS, 53 Murray St., Brantford, Ont., writes:—'For five years I suffered more than words can tell from nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia and exhaustion. The pains in my head would at times almost drive me crazy. I could not sleep nights, but would wake the day after, and be so weary until I fell exhausted and unconscious.'

Sometimes I could take no food for four days at a time. I was pale, nervous, irritable, easily exhausted, was reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone, and being so weak, I was about to stop beating. For nine months I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and for a considerable time I have not experienced a headache, or any of the symptoms mentioned above. From a mere skeleton this medicine has built me up in flesh and weight, until now I am strong and well, do my own housework, walk out for two hours without feeling tired, and am thoroughly restored to health.'

Note your increase in weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box.