

For Torpid Liver, Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache, TAKE

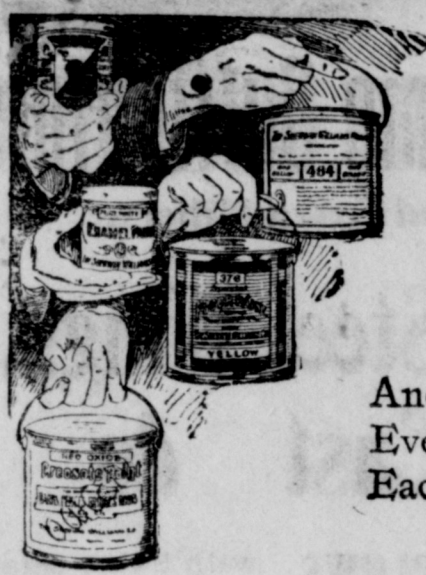
BRISTOL'S Pills

Safe, Mild, Quick-acting, Painless, do not weaken, and always give satisfaction.

A most reliable Household Medicine, can be taken at any season, by Adults or Children.

All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S."

We will be at the Old Stand
TILL THE FIRST OF JUNE, WHERE
THE CHEAP SALE
Still continues regardless of cost.
CALL AND SEE US BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.
BOYER BROS., **CONNELL'S BRICK BLOCK.**
May 10, 1901.



Paint for Everybody

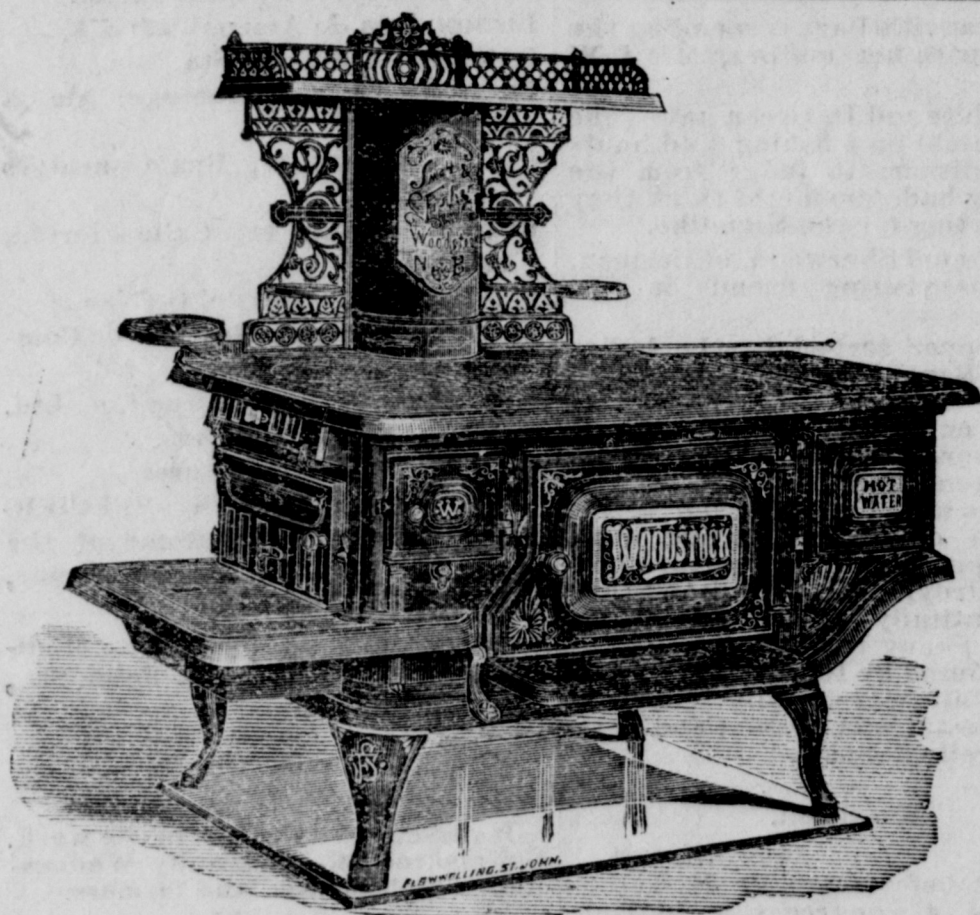
And for everything under the sun.
Every home has need of paint.
Each kind of

**THE
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS**

is specially suited to some home use—either outside or inside.
It's knowing the right kind of paint, and putting it on the right place that makes painting a success. Tell us what you want to paint, and we'll tell you the right kind to use.

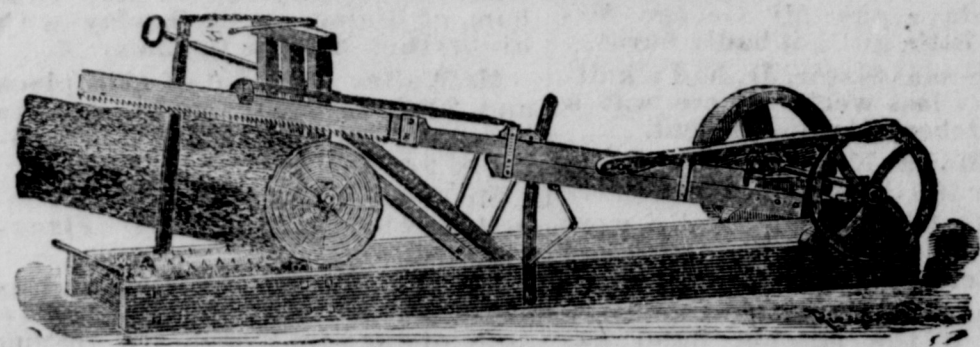
It is true that **Sherwin-Williams Paints** cost more. They are the most economical Paints you can use, because they cover more and wear the longest. Add to this their good appearance and you have perfect paints.

For Sale by **W. F. DIBBLEE & SON, at Woodstock,**
And at their Branch Store at Centreville.



UP-TO-DATE RANGE!

The above cut shows the very latest and UP-TO-DATE RANGE in the market. Made with or without Reservoir, or with or without High Shelf. Has a Towel Rail and Teapot Swing.



IMPROVED DRAG SAW.

3 kinds of Drag Sawing Machines.
Also Circular Sawing Machines,
Shingle Machines, Etc. Etc.

Small & Fisher Company, L'td

Having taken over the entire **TEA BUSINESS** of GEO. S. DE FOREST & SONS, I am prepared to meet all the requirements of the Tea Trade; my business will be in

TEA EXCLUSIVELY,

And if this reaches the eye of a Grocer who wants anything in Tea I shall be pleased to hear from him.

HARRY W. deFOREST, 1 & 3 MARKET SQUARE, St. John, N. B.
DIRECT IMPORTER AND TEA BLENDER. Proprietor of UNION BLEND TEA.

Poetry.

We Kick the Chap That's Down.

This is a queer old world of ours, just as it's always been:
It is made up of hills and dales, of women and of men,
And while a host is ever near the one that wins the crown,
A goodly number are about to kick the chap that's down.

Whoever strives in any line and meets with great success
The world will sit up half the night to flatter to excess,
But woe to him who tries and fails; he gets a chilling frown,
Because so many still delight to kick the chap that's down.

And so I fancy 'twill remain down to the end of time,
Since human nature's 'bout the same in every age and clime;
A man has always been a man, a clown has been a clown;
So there will always be a crowd to kick the chap that's down.

Literature.

The Little Gold Nugget.

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own. "You must take great care of it, darling," said John Archer. "It is for your mother." And Effie stowed the little nugget away in a corner of the old workbox which had been her mother's under the cotton and socks she was darning for her father. She felt duly weighed with the responsibility. She knew that this yellow earth was of great value, for her father, leaving her mother, who was delicate, with some friends in Brisbane, had come a long, weary way to find it.

Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie came out of the hut to see if anyone was near who might have seen her. No one was near who might have seen her, only Billy, the black—King Billy, the aboriginal monarch, who loved rum and tobacco and who was chopping some firewood for her.

This little girl's reason for trusting King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange and worthy of being recorded. She trusted him because she had been kind to him.

But Effie was only twelve. As the child stood in the broad light, her tumbled hay hued hair kissed and illumined by the bold rays of the sun and her round, trustful, blue eyes shaded from the glare by two little brown hands, watching King Billy at his work, a flock of laughing jackasses alighted in a neighboring gum tree and set up a demoniac cackling. What made the ill omened birds so madly merry? What was the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? They failed to explain, but their amusement was huge and sardonic.

"Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie, and the obedient king dropped his axe and threw a faggot of wood at the tree, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merry-makers.

"Billy tired now," said the black, grinning. "Too much work—plenty wood," and he pointed to the result of his labor.

"Yes, that will be enough, thank you. You are a good boy. I'll give you some tobacco."

"Billy's thirsty."

"Then you shall have some tea."

"No tea. Rum."

"No, Billy, rum isn't good for you."

"Good for miners; good for Billy."

"No, it's not good for miners," said Effie emphatically. "It makes them fight and say wicked things."

"Make black fellow feel good," declared Billy, rolling his dusky eyes.

This last argument was ineffective. Effie went into her hut—her father had returned to his work—and poured a little spirits from John Archer's flask into a panikin. Billy drank the spirits with rolling eyes, smacked his lips and then lay down in the shadow of the hut to sleep.

The long afternoon passed very slowly for Effie. Her few trifling duties as housekeeper were soon done. The little hut was tidied and the simple evening meal prepared and some hours must pass before her father returned. How could she pass the time? She had only two books—a Bible and a volume of stories for little girls, which she had won as a prize at school in Brisbane. But she was too young to appreciate the first, especially as the type was very small and it was difficult reading, and she had grown beyond appreciating the stories for little girls, having known them by heart three years before. She would like to have slept. Everything around her suggested and invited the siesta—the steady heat, the brightness of the light without the hut, the distant murmur of miners' voices which came from behind yonder belt of wattle gums, the monotonous hum of the locusts in the forest, the occasional fretful cry of a strange

bird and the regular snores of the fallen king, who slumbered in the shade of the hut. Even the buzz of the annoying flies assisted the general effect and brought drowsiness.

To remain silent for a few minutes would have meant inevitably falling asleep. Effie felt this and remembered the little gold nugget. If she slept some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat and, forsaking the seductive cool and shade of the hut, went out into the brightness and heat.

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the valley, over against the foot of the blue, heavily timbered hills.

About 50 yards distant from it, hidden among the trees, was a high mossy grown rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran—looking back often to see that no one approached the hut in her absence—to bathe her face. In a few minutes she returned, drying her face in her apron and shaking her wet hair in the sun. No one had come, but King Billy was now awake and was slouching lazily off towards the bush. Effie laughed as she saw him, his great head bent forward and his thin narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think of his laziness and that he should look so tired after such a very little wood chopping.

She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old workbox to take another peep at the yellow treasure and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite slowly that the laugh died from her pretty eyes and mouth—quite slowly because of the moment it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible—when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget, saw nothing. Then horror and great fear grew in the blue eyes, and pale agony crept over the childish face and made it old and the poor little heart seemed to stop beating.

Effie said nothing and made no cry but she closed her eyes tightly for a moment and looked in the box again. No, it was no illusion. The little nugget was not there. The first gold her father had found, which had been entrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to her mother—it was gone. She put down the box quite quietly and walked out into the day. But the sun was shining very strangely and very mistily now, and the blue sky had grown black, and the trees seemed to move weirdly and the locusts had ceased humming from fear, but the strange bird was somewhere near, shrieking brokenly, "What will father say? What will father say?"

But as the child stood there despairing her sight grew clearer, and she saw a black figure among the trees, and she was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes watching her through the leaves. Then only she remembered, and she knew who had done this cruel thing. King Billy! And she had been kind to him. Effie suddenly burst into passionate sobbing. The black figure still hovered among the trees, often changing its position, and the dusky eyes still peered through the leaves. And the laughing jackasses flew down to the old tree again and laughed more madly than before—laughed at Effie's trust, at Billy's gratitude.

It was ten o'clock and darkness and quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gums a few gamblers and heavy drinkers were still awake, and their voices raised in anger or ribald merriment might occasionally have been faintly heard from the hut. But Archer, who had down his wild oats, was a true worker, and he had his little daughter, for whose sake he had built the hut, away from the noisy camp.

Archer had come home late and weary, as usual, had eaten his supper and gone to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the little gold nugget. The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent providence would restore the nugget during the darkness and save her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep. Or did she sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overlaid and too cruelly active to allow, when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And yet, when having closed her eyes she opened them again it was still there, hovering about in the darkness less bright now and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away. It was a cruel, mocking dream.

Then was it a dream when the old curtain which divided her corner of

the hut from her father's moved near the ground, bulged slightly towards her? It would be curious to see, and she lay still. From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm and slowly, cautiously, after the arm a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched a face. I think they kissed it, though it was black, for they found in a black hand the little yellow object which had floated in the dream.

It was so real, so beautiful, that the child lay still, scarce daring to breathe lest the vision should melt away, and when in her dream came the voice of her father with the words, "Speak, or I'll fire!" her lips refused to open.

But it was no dream when the shot came and the black king rolled over on the earth dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death agony against his heart, where, too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree, startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and madly, at Billy's honesty.

Will Cross the Atlantic by Balloon.

M. Louis Godard the celebrated aeronaut says that he will soon cross the Atlantic by balloon. He will start from New York city, and basing his calculations on long experience, expects that the aerial voyage will consume four days. M. Godard will take with him three skilled aeronauts to assist in managing the balloon, and will carry six passengers. There will be no difficulty in obtaining these passengers. Every member of the Aero club, incited by the hope of being one of the first to make the transoceanic trip through the air, is anxious to accompany M. Godard.

These passengers will help to defray the expenses of the expedition which are estimated at 200,000 francs (\$40,000).

M. Louis Godard is one of the most celebrated and daring of aeronauts; a member of the Aero Club of Paris, which has promoted ballooning almost to the dignity of a profession; certainly to be a fashionable sport.

Godard is forty years old and an athlete. He was only twelve years old when he made his first balloon ascent and since then he has conducted many of the most important ascensions. He said in an interview with a representative of the Journal a few months ago:

"I feel as if I had been born in a balloon. I am quite at home in one. A journey in a balloon does not provoke the least emotion of fear in me. Why should it? In travelling through the air we are not beset with terrestrial obstacles.

Which reminds one of the heart-felt expression by an ancient mariner in a frightful storm at sea.

"Heaven help the lubbers ashore this night, with the chimney pots a-fallin'."

It is probable that M. Godard will use on his transatlantic voyage a balloon similar to that he called "La France" with which he proposed to set out in search of that other daring sailor, Andree.

"La France" was a huge balloon of which the principal feature was eight reservoir balloons arranged around the equator of the big one. Gas will be stored in these reservoir balloons which can be admitted to the big balloon by means of a system of valves and ropes operated from the car.

Godard claimed that "La France" would remain in the air for sixty days and travel 15,000 miles without renewing its supply of gas. But—he did not set out to find Andree.

Godard's estimate that the voyage will occupy four days is probably based on the longest balloon voyage on record, a race in which he took part, but was beaten. Last October the members of the Aero Club ascended from Paris and raced for the club's grand prize to be awarded to the balloon floating the longest distance. Count Henry de la Vaux and Count de Castillon de Saint Victor travelled without descending, in the former's balloon, the Centaure, to Korosticker, in Little Russia, a distance as the crow flies of 5,113 miles in 35½ hours.

Tour of Lower Provinces.

GOVERNOR GENERAL AND PARTY WILL START ON JULY 10TH.

Halifax, May 29.—Commander Spain has received instructions to have the steamer Minto proceed to Pictou to coal, thence to Charlottetown to fit out, and then on to Quebec, where the Governor General and party will embark on July 10th for a trip to the Lower Provinces. The party will return to Quebec on 9th August.

Enterprise.

A British paper intended to reach the colonies contains an advertisement of an enterprising tradesman who at the end of it announces, "Ministers supplied with goods at cost price if they agree to mention the fact to their congregation."

Subscribe for the SENTINEL.

GRAY



STREAKS

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. ALDRIDGE, Editor, Tex. April 21, 1890.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address: Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The Stone of Scone.

When the coronation of King Edward VII. takes place in Westminster Abbey one will be reminded of an interesting link connecting him with first of England's Edwards.

In 1296, when Scotland fell into the hands of her southern neighbor, Edward carried off to London the large stone called the "Stone of Scone," upon which the Scottish Kings had been crowned from time beyond memory.

Tradition had it that this was the very stone upon which Jacob had slept at Bethel.

This block was taken to Westminster Abbey, where it was placed as a support to the seat of a stately throne chair, and where it has ever since played an important part in the coronation ceremonies of the English sovereigns, that take place in this splendid and historic Abbey, which stands close to the Houses of Parliament and almost as near and within sound of the Thames as it washes the embankment.

LONDON "SMART SET."

INDULGES HEAVILY IN GAMBLING.

London, May 31.—The passion for gambling pervading the smart set in London threatens to lead to much scandal. Stories are already current of well known women in financial difficulties over gaming losses, in one case amounting to, it is said, £8,000 (\$40,000) at a single sitting. The World exposes the universality of the craze, saying:—

"Every one is bent on begging his or her neighbor. It is the smart hostess, who, regardless of all considerations of hospitality and friendship, invites guests to her house for the express purpose of winning their money. Her only aim is to get together those who will play roulette or bridge and can afford to pay up handsomely when the hour of reckoning comes. There is no less danger for the gilded youth in the country house, on his friend's yacht or in a London drawing room than on the turf or at Monte Carlo."

Night after night women encourage gambling in their houses and watch complacently the pecuniary scourging of their friends. To be at home a certain afternoon in the week has become the way of announcing to those who can play and pay that they will find the hostess' drawing room a private gambling saloon, and so firmly has the passion for snatching money from others' pockets taken possession of the feminine mind that women of position no longer hesitate to act as beaters for those who are ready to provide sport if birds are found for them."

Street Car Disaster.

Wilmington, Del., May 31.—Three heavily loaded cars on the New People's Street Railway ran away while going down a steep hill this morning, killing one man, fatally injuring another and hurting 25 others. Josh. Gilman, who jumped from a window of one car, fell under the wheels and his body was cut in two. Elmer Jones the conductor stuck to his post and his legs were broken, one arm broken and internal injuries inflicted. His death is expected. Each car carried nearly 100 passengers. The line is a new one opened yesterday.