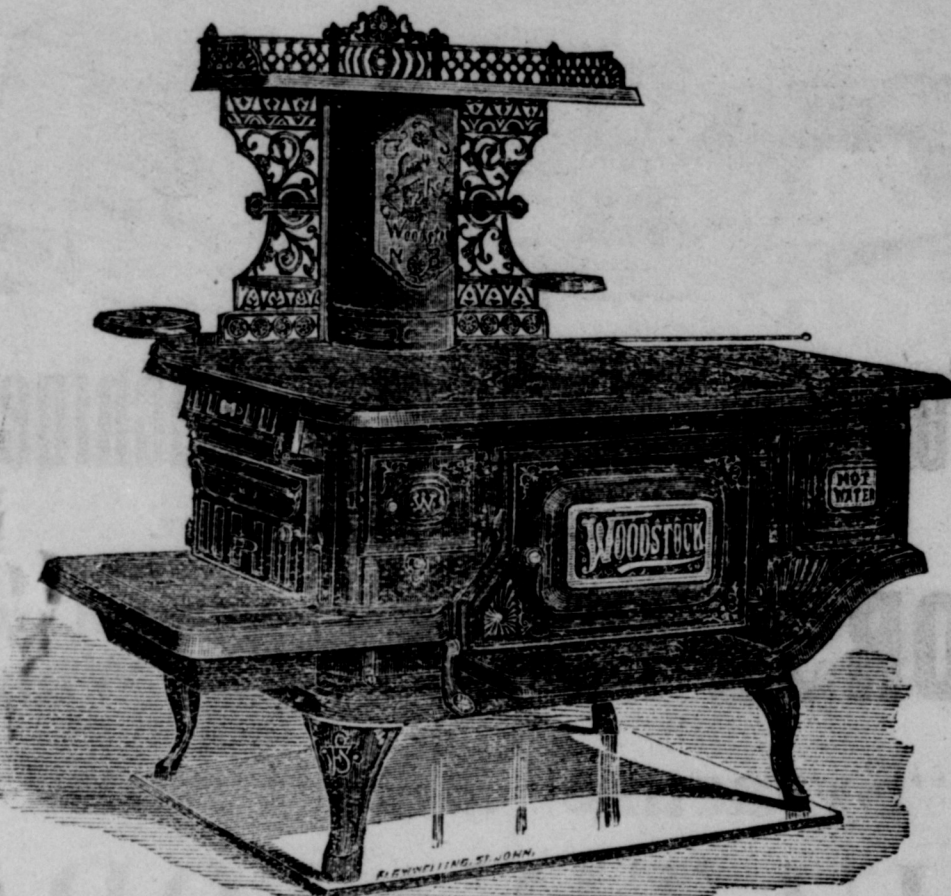




### Solid Comfort Shoes.

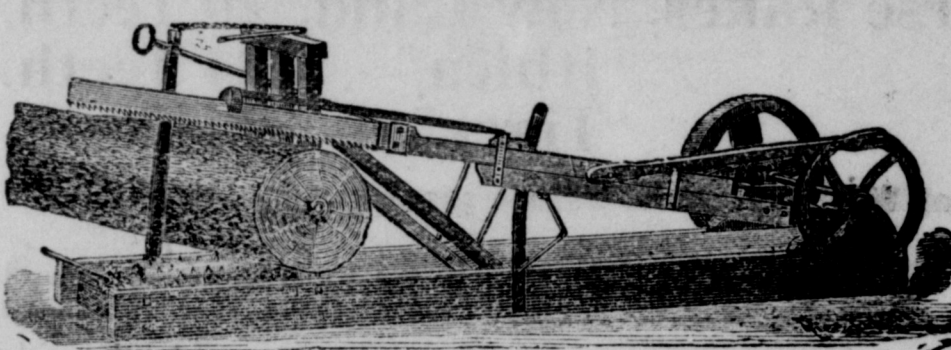
Goodyear Welt shoes, with Sleeper Insole. There are two kinds of shoes, Goodyear Welt, and all other varieties. In a Goodyear Welt there are two kinds of Insoles; one is Leather, and the other is a Sleeper Patent Flexible Insole. There is only one shoe that represents a perpetual comfort, whereby a shoe takes the place of a slipper in the house, or a boot on the street—this is the Goodyear Welt that is made with the Sleeper Insole. The Sleeper Patent Flexible Insole, which is made from 15-ounce Duck, is soft and pliable, perfectly waterproof, and shapes itself to the foot in such a manner as to afford the greatest possible comfort. The Sleeper Insole will not harden with perspiration, as leather insoles do, and is always ready for immediate wear. The J. D. King Co., Limited, have the exclusive right for Canada.

BAILEY BROS., LOCAL AGENTS.



### UP-TO-DATE RANGE!

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



### IMPROVED DRAG SAW.

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

Small & Fisher Company, L'td

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EVERETT'S BOOK STORE.

A large and varied stock of TOYS, GAMES, NOVELTIES, DOLLS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, BIBLES, &c.; CHINA WARE, CUTS, and SAUCERS, DRIVING CARDS, WORK BOXES, &c., together with a large stock of Useful and Convenient Articles too numerous to mention. **CALL AND SEE.**

**W. H. EVERETT.**  
No. 6 MAIN STREET, NEAR BRIDGE.

FOR BEST RESULTS, ADVERTISE IN THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

### Attention, Breeders!

If you want to Breed for Speed, breed to **RED GLEN**  
If you want to Breed for Road purposes, breed to **RED GLEN**

For his colts trot when young, and for road purposes are excelled by none. Lady Glen, 2:19 holds the championship of the Maritime Provinces as a four and five year old; also the championship of Amherst County of 2:19. She won every race she started in last season but one, and got second in that. She has trialed a mile better than 2:14; has paced a quarter in 30 seconds flat, a two minute clip. Where is there another one in this County that can do in all of her races, and that was caused by accidental means. Gentlemen, I want you to understand that RED GLEN is the best bred Pacing Stallion that stands in this County. In the first place his sire is the greatest sire in the Wilkes family, being Red Wilkes. He has to his credit 169 2:30 performers, including Ralph Wilkes 2:06, the fastest trotting stallion in the Wilkes family; Fred W. 2:08; Thurlow 2:09; Thurlow 2:09; Thurlow 2:09. RED GLEN's third dam is Maoria (thoroughbred) by Imported Australian, sire of the second dam of Altona 2:27, sire of Martha Wilkes 2:08, Harrietta 2:09, second dam of Lexington, sire of the dam of Sunol 2:08, J. C. 2:06. RED GLEN's fourth dam is by Lexington, sire of the dam of Truman 2:12, Billy S. 2:06, Lightning 2:06. RED GLEN's sixth dam is by and better, including Manager 2:06 (P). You see on RED GLEN's dam's side, as well as on his sire's side, he carries the blood of the greatest trotting families in the world. Note the record 2:00 (pacing). He held the world's record for four years, when Star Pointer trialed a 2:10 as a four-year old, Sally Towner 2:07. His daughters have produced Onouka 2:05, Cecily 2:05. Red Wilkes, his sons and daughters have produced 25 2:10 performers, and an excellent large list of 2:20 performers.

RED GLEN is a horse of very high mettle. No horse living has more nerve force. He is a beautiful bay, carries his head well up, good strong limbs, good feet, a very fast walker, a very desirable horse to breed to, both for speed and road. He has colts that weigh 1150 pounds or more of medium size. His colts command good prices. RED GLEN has a trial mile mark far below 2:30. The past season he had 70 patrons, showing that the public are getting their eyes open to the good stock that this horse is getting.

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FOR BEST RESULTS, ADVERTISE IN THE CARLETON SENTINEL.

### Poetry.

#### The Penny Ye Meant To Give.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man  
Who was none too good, but might have  
been worse,  
Who went to his church on Sunday night  
And carried along his well filled purse.  
When the sexton came with his begging  
plate,  
The church was dim with the candle's  
light;  
The stingy man fumbled all through his  
purse,  
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.  
It's an odd thing now that guineas should  
be  
So like unto pennies in shape and size,  
I'll give a penny, the stingy man said;  
The poor must not gifts of pennies de-  
spise.

The penny fell down with a clatter and  
ring!  
And back in his seat leaned the stingy  
man.  
'The world is full of the poor,' he thought;  
'I can't help them all—I give what I can.'

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled to be sure,  
To see the gold guinea fall on his plate!  
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was  
wringing,  
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

'No matter,' he said; 'in the Lord's account  
That guinea of gold is set down to me.  
They lend to Him who give to the poor;  
It will not so bad an investment be.'

'Na, na, mon,' the chuckling sexton cried  
out;  
'The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee  
well!'

He knew it was only by accident  
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell!

He keeps an account, no doubt for the pair;  
But in that account He'll set down to thee  
Na but o' that golden guinea, my mon,  
Than the one bare penny ye meant to  
give!

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—  
A serious side as well as a joke;  
A comfort for all the generous poor,  
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord  
knows  
How generous we really desire to be,  
And will give us credit in his account  
For all the pennies we long to give!

### Literature.

#### LEARNING A LESSON.

'I can't get along with him, I'm  
very sure,' said Joscilind Darkridge,  
'Nobody could get along with him!'  
chortled the three other Miss Dark-  
ridges in unison.

Uncle Black was the personage of  
whom they spoke—a crabbed, ill-  
tempered, little old man—who lived  
in a superb old country seat among  
the Catskills. He had money to  
leave, but his nieces and nephews  
secretly believed that it would be a  
deal easier to go to California or  
Golconda or some of the fabulous  
places and dig fortunes out, nugget  
by nugget, than to stay at home and  
earn them by making themselves ac-  
ceptable to an old gentleman who  
had as many angles as a diamond  
rose, and as many prickly spikes of  
temper as a porcupine.

Naomi Darkridge had tried it first.  
Naomi was a soft-voiced, slender  
girl, with a head which reminded  
one of a drooping lily. But in three  
weeks Naomi came back half-  
frightened out of her wits.  
Magdalena Darkridge went next;  
but Magdalena, although a fine, tall  
girl, with a spirit of her own, was  
cowed by Uncle Black's savage eyes  
in less than a week.

'I'd sooner sweep crossings for a  
living,' said she, 'than be Uncle  
Black's heiress.'

And so she came home without loss  
of time.  
Rhoda Darkridge, in no wise  
abashed by the successive failures  
of her sisters, was the third one to  
try Black Grange and its possibili-  
ties. But she also succumbed be-  
fore the terrible scourge of Uncle  
Black's savage tongue.

'It's scold, snarl, snarl, scold, from  
morning till night!' said Rhoda, as  
in three days' time she tearfully re-  
lated her experience to her parents.  
'Oh, hang the old scamp!' said  
Mr. Darkridge, who was of a free-  
and-easy nature, and thought his  
girls a great deal too sweet and nice  
to be snarled at by any rich old  
miser. 'Let him alone. My  
daughters needn't go begging for  
any man's money.'

But here Joscilind, the youngest,  
tallest and prettiest of the four girls,  
spoke up:

'I'll go,' said she.  
'I can get along with him, I'm  
very sure.'

And she packed up her little trunk  
and went to Black Grange.

It was sunset—a red, flaming sun-  
set like one of Gifford's pictures—  
when she came up the terraced flight  
of steps that led to the house.  
Everything blushed blood red in  
the deep light, and Joscilind could  
see how lovely was the scenery,  
how substantial this old gray house,  
with its square towers and semi-  
circular, colonnaded porch. Uncle  
Black stood on the steps.

### Kills the Bugs Feeds the Plant



Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897,  
and Jan. 25, 1898.

**Bug Death** Kills Potatoes, Squash  
and Cucumber bugs;  
Cucurbit and Tomato Worms; and all  
bugs and worms that destroy the leaves  
of Plants.

**Bug Death** keeps the plant  
green and growing.  
It produces a large crop and better  
quality.

**Bug Death** is in the form of a  
powder which can  
be sifted or shaken  
on to the plants, or it can be mixed with  
water and put on with a spray.

**Bug Death** is sold in one, three,  
five and twelve and  
one-half pound packages.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.  
**BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO.**  
Sole Proprietors for Canada,  
St. Stephen, N. B., Canada.

'So you are Joscilind?' said he,  
surveying her with little twinkling  
eyes, like glass beads.

'Yes, I am Joscilind,' said the  
bright-cheeked girl, giving him a  
kiss.

'You're late,' said Uncle Black.  
'I am late,' said Joscilind. 'I  
thought the old beast of a stage  
never would have got here. The  
horses fairly crept and the roads  
were horrid.'

'It's a dreadfully warm day,'  
growled Uncle Black.

'I'm almost roasted,' sighed Jos-  
cilind.

'The whole summer has been in-  
tolerably warm,' said the old gentle-  
man.

'We might as well be in the  
tropics and be done with it,' re-  
torted Joscilind, flinging off her  
shawl and fanning herself vehemently.

Uncle Black gave her the keys  
that night, just as he had three  
times before given them to her three  
sisters.

'I shall expect you to take charge  
of the whole establishment,' said he.  
'The servants are miserable—'

'No more than one might expect,'  
interrupted Joscilind, with a depre-  
catory motion of the hand. 'Serv-  
ants are mere frauds nowadays!'  
'And nothing goes right about the  
place.'

'Nothing ever does,' said Josce-  
lind.

Uncle Black eyed her queerly.  
This was quite different from the de-  
termined cheerfulness and systema-  
tic good spirits of her sisters.

At breakfast next morning Uncle  
Black began to scold, as usual.

'Fish again!' said he. 'This  
makes four mornings this week we've  
had fish.'

'I detest fish!' said Joscilind,  
pushing away her plate with a  
grimace.

'And the rolls heavy again!'  
growled Uncle Black, breaking one  
open.

'Please give me the plate, Uncle  
Black,' said Joscilind, and she rang  
the table bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, made her appear-  
ance.

'Betty,' said Miss Darkridge, 'be  
so good as to throw these rolls out  
of the window.'

Betty stared.

'Do you hear what I tell you?'  
said Miss Darkridge, with emphasis.

And Betty flung the rolls out  
among the rose bushes, where they  
were speedily devoured by Cato, the  
Newfoundland dog, and Rob and  
Roy, the two setters.

'But what am I to eat for break-  
fast?' bewailed Uncle Black.

'Crackers, of course,' said Josce-  
lind. 'Anything is better than im-  
perilling one's digestion with such  
stuff as this! And, Betty, if you  
send up any more fish in a month,  
you may consider yourself discharg-  
ed—do you hear?'

'But, my dear, I am rather fond of  
fish,' put in the old gentleman.

'One can't eat fish the whole  
time,' said Joscilind, imperiously.

'Here, Betty—this coffee isn't fit to  
drink! and the toast is burned; and  
you must have put the cooking  
butter on the table by mistake! Let  
these errors be rectified at once.'

Betty retired with an ominous  
rustle of her stiffly starched apron.

'My dear,' said Uncle Black, ap-  
prehensively, 'Betty is a very old  
servant, and—'

'I don't care if she is the age of  
Methuselah,' said Joscilind; 'no-  
body can be expected to put up with  
such wretched cooking as this!'

'I really think she is not so bad,  
if—'

'Oh, pray don't apologize for her,  
Uncle Black,' said Joscilind. 'They  
are all shiftless, lazy creatures, who  
must be discharged promptly if they  
don't do their duties.'

Uncle Black began to look frighten-  
ed. He had kept Betty, Sylvia and  
old John for ten years. Was it pos-  
sible that he had scolded at them  
for ten years only to have Joscilind  
Darkridge outscold him now?

'I wouldn't be too short with 'em,  
my dear, if I were you,' he remon-  
strated.

'Then let them do their duty,'  
said Joscilind, with the air of an  
empress.

Uncle Black ate the rest of his  
breakfast with but little appetite,  
Sylvia, the housemaid, was finishing  
dusting his library when he entered  
it.

'Not through yet!' growled Uncle  
Black, the fretwork of wrinkles once  
more coming into his brow.

'Sylvia,' said Miss Darkridge,  
severely, 'if this happens again I  
shall dispense with your services! Look  
at that clock! Is this the time  
of the day to be dawdling about the  
rooms with a broom and duster? Re-  
member, Mr Black does not pay  
exorbitant wages to lie in bed until  
noon!'

'My dear,' said Uncle Black,  
'Sylvia is generally a very good  
girl, if—'

'Dear Uncle,' interrupted Josce-  
lind, 'pray permit me to be the  
judge of these matters. You have  
ruled your household with a slack  
and indulgent hand altogether too  
long. I shall now institute a re-  
form.'

And poor Sylvia had never moved  
about so briskly as she did that day.

Old John, the gardener, was not  
exempt from his share of the gen-  
eral turmoil. Miss Darkridge chanced  
to hear her uncle reproaching the  
old man for some fancied neglect in  
the flower beds, whose diamonds,  
ovals and crescents of brilliant colors  
were the pride of his horticultural  
heart, and she promptly came to his  
aid.

'Gardening, indeed! Do you call  
this gardening?' she said. 'Uncle  
Black, I'm astonished that you keep  
such a man as that about the place!'

And the torrent of taunts and re-  
proaches which she showered upon  
the luckless head of poor John was  
enough, as that individual observed,  
'to make one's flesh creep.'

'My niece is a young lady of spirit  
and energy,' apologized Mr. Black,  
when at last Joscilind had gone back  
to the house.

'Verra like you, sir, verra like  
you!' said old John, scratching his  
head.

'Like me!' said Mr. Black, slowly.

And he stood full five minutes,  
quite speechless and motionless,  
staring at the mossy rim of an  
ancient sun dial half sunk in the  
velvet grass. And at the end of five  
minutes he spoke two other words,  
and only two—

'Like—me!'

'There's no knowin' the masher,  
he's that changed,' said Betty in  
the kitchen, a week or two later.

'He's as mild as a lamb and as  
peaceable as a kitten.'

'Sure, isn't that what the young  
lady told us,' said Sylvia, 'when  
she came down into the kitchen that  
first morning, after the fire was  
lighted, and told us she was goin'  
to try an experiment, we wasn't to  
mind a word she said, cause it was  
all by contraries? He don't know  
what his temper has got to be,' said  
she, 'and I'm going to show him.'

And, bless her sweet heart, her plan  
has worked like a charm.

It had, in good truth. Uncle Black  
was a changed man. And Joscilind  
had relapsed into the original sun-  
shine of her temper—and all the  
domestic wheels of Black Grange  
seemed to revolve on velvet.

But Uncle Black took all the credit  
to himself. He never knew that  
Joscilind had taught him a lesson.

'We can get along very nicely,'  
said he, 'now that my niece has sub-  
dued those little tempers of hers.'

And Joscilind was his heiress and  
darling after all—for he will always  
believe that it was he 'who formed  
her character.'

South Africa War Ribbon.

It is calculated that about 75,000  
yards of ribbon will be issued with  
the South African war medals. This  
estimate is made on the assumption  
that about 300,000 men will secure  
the medal, there being nine inches  
of ribbon served out with each med-  
al. It is served out in rolls to each  
regiment and then cut up into nine-  
inch strips and handed to those who  
are to receive it. It is about an inch  
and a quarter wide and is made of  
ribbed silk of three colors—red on  
the edges, dark blue next and orange  
in the centre. The last mentioned  
color has half an inch to itself, and  
is, therefore, the most prominent of  
the three.

Dr. A. W. Chase's 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased  
parts by the Improved Blower.  
Heals the ulcers, clears the air  
passages, stops droppings in the  
throat and permanently cures  
Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower  
free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase  
Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Must be clear from Buckwheat and well  
cleaned, for which Cash will be paid.

FOR SALE,  
CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,  
Also Bran, Shorts  
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J. M. FRIPP.

Woodstock, May 13, 1901.—(1729)

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**Parsons Pills**  
Doctors recommend them for Bilious-  
ness, Sick Headache, Constipation, all  
Liver and Bowel Complaints. They  
cleanse the blood of all impurities.  
Mild in their action. Of great benefit  
to delicate women. One pill is a dose.  
Thirty pills in a bottle enclosed in  
wood—25 cents; six bottles, \$1.25. Sold  
everywhere or sent post-paid.  
L. S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

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**PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION**  
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Lv. Woodstock 4 40 P. M. daily except Sunday  
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All Tickets good via Niagara Falls and good  
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Double Berth, St. John, Montreal, \$2.50  
Parlor Car, seat Montreal to Buffalo, 1.50

**\$23.00 Round Trip.**  
Tickets on sale until June 30th, good for re-  
turn fifteen days from date of issue and good  
to stop over at MONTREAL AND WEST  
THEBES.

For Tourists Tickets, good to stop over  
and to return until November 1st; also for  
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information in reference to train service,  
hotels, etc., write to

A. J. HEATH,  
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VIA MEGANTIC.

Lv. St. John 5 15 P. M. daily except Sunday  
Ar. Quebec 9 00 A. M. " " Monday  
Through sleeper and coach.

Apply to  
C. D. JORDAN,  
Agent C. P. R., Woodstock.

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We have prepared a magnifi-  
cent display of all kinds of  
**Sterling Silverware** this  
month, eminently suited for  
Bridal Presents. Everything  
for the Toilet Table. Every-  
thing for the Dining Table.—  
The Newest and Choiceest of  
this year's patterns are here at  
the most moderate prices.

All Goods Hand Engraved Free.

Marriage Licenses and Wedding Rings.

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THE JEWELER,

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**DEPARTMENTAL STORE!**

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**General  
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IN THE VILLAGE.

Goods bought right and sold on reasonable  
terms.

Heavy DIRECT IMPORTATIONS just re-  
ceived.

Goods as represented or money refunded.  
Last year's Furniture Business was the  
largest in our experience. We hope to go  
'one better' this year.

Call and see us.

Hartland. J. T. G. CARR.

(15)

**Wanted to Buy**

A LOT OF

GOOD WHEAT

Must be clear from Buckwheat and well  
cleaned, for which Cash will be paid.

FOR SALE,  
CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,  
Also Bran, Shorts  
Chop Feed.

J. M. FRIPP.

Woodstock, May 13, 1901.—(1729)

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Alfred Beardsley's. All are cordial-  
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