

## What's This?

A SET OF FURS  
or a Lady's Cloth COAT  
AT COST!

We are selling the balance of our stock of  
FURS and LADIES' CLOTH COATS at a  
Greatly Reduced Price.

We have also a fine line of

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS,  
Ready Made Skirts,  
Ladies' and Gents' Underwear,  
Hosiery, &c.

Also a lot of

Fancy Rugs and Carpets,

Which we will offer very low  
during the Holidays.

G. W. VANWART.  
KING STREET.

GREAT  
HOLIDAY SALE

OF  
CHINA  
AT  
L. A. Vanwart's  
103 MAIN STREET.

The entire stock must be sold at  
once, and GREAT BARGAINS will  
be offered during the CHRISTMAS  
SEASON. 11-19

## CHAIRS

Give Ease by day, as  
good Beds do by night.

## It Isn't Every Day

You find an article that is just  
what it should be in all respects,  
but that is exactly what our  
CHAIRS are, so good and  
easy that they couldn't be any  
better—just what is wanted for a

## Christmas Present.

A. Henderson Furniture Co.  
Queen Street.  
Woodstock, Nov. 28, 1901.

The Carleton Sentinel \$1.00  
The Montreal  
Daily Herald 3.00

And a Splendid Picture of  
King Edward VII. . . . .50

ALL FOR \$1.75

This is the greatest combination offer ever  
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fortunate in securing the exclusive privilege  
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Canada's great papers. Established in 1808, it  
has long been the leading Liberal paper of  
Eastern Canada. It is now a great family  
newspaper, each day giving full news of the  
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ters of peculiar interest to the family. Its  
commercial intelligence is complete and re-  
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THE KING'S PORTRAIT is the best ever  
published in Canada, and will make a hand-  
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is produced by a new process and is not one of  
the flimsy colored portraits so common.  
As the regular price of The Herald is \$3.00 a  
year, the liberality of our offer is self-evident.  
ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO  
THE SENTINEL, WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Subscribe for the SENTINEL.

## PRISCILLA'S PECULIARITY.

"Odd to hear from him again, af-  
ter all these years! I wonder what  
made him write directly he reached  
Southampton!"

Priscilla Baberly glanced inquir-  
ingly from the open letter in her  
hand to the mirror over her drawing  
room mantelpiece as though her re-  
flection might possibly answer the  
query.

The wistful melancholy of her ex-  
pression was due to an illness which  
had left her almost totally deaf;  
though the fact was scarcely notice-  
able, thanks to the knowledge of lip  
reading she had acquired, and when  
this means failed she resorted to the  
use of an ear trumpet, or an ingen-  
iously constructed fan.

"Oh, dear! If only I hadn't been  
deaf; men have a horror of deaf old  
maids! But I needn't let him know  
just at first—he always spoke dis-  
tinctly and was clean shaven, which  
means a great deal to me now. I'm  
sure I can manage it," she resumed  
meditatively. "I will set him talk-  
ing of his campaigns."

She crossed the room and touched  
the bell.

"Catherine," she said to the maid,  
"Major—I mean Colonel Ewart will  
be here presently. Send up hot  
toast with the tea and extra cream."

A moment after the maid held  
aside the heavy plush portiere and  
a tall, military looking man, with a  
flowing gray beard and mustache,  
filled up the doorway.

"Good gracious—a beard as well!"  
Miss Baberly murmured, horror  
stricken, as she caught up her fan  
and went to meet him, holding it  
gracefully to her lips.

"Ah, major—colonel, I mean!"—she  
corrected herself agitatedly—"de-  
lighted to see you! It's like your  
good nature to call so soon. How  
you have altered! I should scarce-  
ly have known you."

"You haven't changed in the least  
degree," he said gallantly, shaking  
her hand between both his. "Why,  
it seems only yesterday that we said  
'good-by' at your sister's garden  
party."

His tone was gruff, but hearty, and  
somewhat above the normal pitch,  
and she managed to catch a word  
here and there as she watched his  
lips anxiously, holding the fan to her  
own.

"Yes—er—I have a little garden  
here," she rejoined hesitatingly.  
"But come and sit down. I want to  
hear all about yourself and your  
campaigns. Of course I learned a  
great deal from the papers, but it  
isn't the same as a personal narra-  
tive, so you must just tell me from  
the very beginning." She seated  
herself opposite him, her eyes still  
fixed on his face.

"Really, Celia—I may call you the  
old name, may I not?—there is noth-  
ing to tell, just the usual changes  
from the hill stations to the plains,  
and vice versa; then the outbreak,  
which we quelled after some sharp  
fighting and losing some of our best  
fellows, and that's all. You don't  
suppose," he resumed in a lower  
tone, "that I've come here, directly  
I set foot in the old country, to talk  
about my campaigns?"

She heard the note of interrogation  
and dropped her eyes rather discon-  
certedly, murmuring an unintellig-  
ible monosyllable.

"I want to talk something far more  
interesting," he continued softly—  
"that concerns you as well as my-  
self. You've no idea what pleasure  
it is to see you again—and to find  
that you—that you are not married."

"Really?" she exclaimed after a  
slight pause, cleverly simulated sur-  
prise in her tone.

"Yes, it has always been in my  
thoughts," he rejoined eagerly, his  
courage rising. "I should have  
spoken before I went away, but do  
you remember remarking once that  
you never intended to marry unless  
the man who asked you had some-  
thing more to his credit than a bank-  
ing account. That was why I ex-  
changed and went abroad. I did  
think of writing when I was out  
there, but until these frontier affairs  
were quite settled I thought it fairer  
not to ask you to tie yourself to me,  
as if I'd been hit it might have been  
a blow to you. Of course that was  
taking for granted you cared a little  
for me." And he concluded smiling  
rather shamefacedly.

"Indeed!" She smiled also, feign-  
ing astonishment.

"Now, confess, Celia, this is not  
altogether a surprise to you. Even  
if it is—you do not find it disagree-  
able?"

"Dear me—how strange!" she ex-  
claimed hesitatingly, after a slight  
pause, still keeping her eyes fixed  
on his face, while she bit the tip of  
her fan nervously.

She broke the silence at last with  
a little regretful sigh,  
"Is that all? It is most interest-  
ing."

"Ah, Celia," he sighed, "you are  
just as tantalizing and stand offish  
as ever—but I like you all the bet-  
ter for it." And he leaned forward  
with an admiring glance at the fair  
face and shapely head, crowned with  
neat dark brown coils.

"Yes, many people have told me  
the same," she replied complacently,  
catching the end of his sentence,  
and, noting the appreciative glance,  
she concluded that he alluded to the  
modern style of hairdressing she had  
adopted.

"But you needn't be stand-offish  
with an old—er—admirer," he ad-  
ded quietly and reproachfully.

"I—I beg your pardon—what did  
you say?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he re-  
sponded hastily, fearing he had been  
too precipitate. "What a charming  
room this is!"

"Now you must have some tea,"  
she said, after rather an awkward  
pause, laying down her fan, and  
moving to the table. "Being an old  
maid I'm rather fussy, so you must  
not talk while I'm making it—it dis-  
tracts my attention," she added with  
a forced little laugh.

He watched her with growing  
pleasure as her hands busied with  
the cups, the lamp rays touching  
the gold in her hair.

"It's like old times, watching you  
make tea, Celia. I wish it would be  
my privilege always."

"I told you not to talk," she said  
with playful severity.

"But I must. Don't be so tantaliz-  
ing, dearest. I'm not to touch tea  
till I've had your answer, till you've  
promised, in fact—" his voice drop-  
ped to an earnest whisper, and he  
crossed the room to her side, "to be  
my wife."

She glanced at him bewildered.

"Er—er—in fact, of course, scarce-  
ly in theory," she said vaguely.

"Celia," he exclaimed, "what on  
earth do you mean?"

A dead silence followed. She saw  
by his face that something was  
wrong, and her agitation increased  
when he commenced to pace rest-  
lessly about the room, muttering to  
himself in an undertone:

"Ever since I've been abroad I've  
lived and worked in the hope of one  
day winning you, but now it seems  
as though—"

She looked up puzzled. "What  
did you say?" she asked desperately.

"I did not quite catch it, but it  
is your own fault. I told you not to  
talk while I made tea—two lumps of  
sugar, isn't it? You see, I've re-  
membered the correct number—and  
half the cream jug—you were always  
terribly greedy, colonel! There!"

She handed him the cup and caught  
up her fan. "Now you must begin  
all over again. I don't think you've  
lost the spice of humor." And she  
flushed a nervous little smile over  
the top of the fan.

"Celia," he said slowly, raising his  
voice till it rang through the room,  
"this is not a time for joking."

The anger in his tone and his hurt  
expression frightened and bewildered  
her; with a gesture of despair  
she turned away.

"If only it hadn't been for the mus-  
tache!" she murmured, half audibly.

"Mustache!" he exclaimed eagerly,  
hopefulness staring into his tone.  
"Is that your only objection? How  
I wish I had known before I came!

But I'll have it off directly."

He was standing before her again,  
and now he rested his hand on her  
shoulder; but she shrank from his  
touch and turned away, half crying  
and wringing her hands.

"I thought I could have managed,  
but I shall have to tell. I can't go  
on like this," she sobbed.

"Tell me what? That there is  
someone else?"

He turned abruptly away, and  
flung himself in the armchair, bury-  
ing his face in his hands.

"Just my luck," he said brokenly.  
"But it's hard after all this time,  
and now when it seemed all plain  
sailing to hear that—that I have a  
rival. But," reproachfully, "you  
needn't have kept me so long in sus-  
pense, Celia."

A moment's silence followed.  
Then she left her seat and walked to  
the fireplace and stood looking down  
at him, toying nervously with her  
fan.

"I can't hear what you say," she  
said at last desperately, flinging the  
fan from her. "I should have told  
you—I am deaf, but I couldn't bear  
to use my ear trumpet just at first,  
because I thought you would regret  
having come. I know men have a  
horror of deaf old maids."

She laughed hysterically as she  
produced the trumpet from the little  
bag at her side and adjusted it.

"It was my silly pride," she con-  
tinued quickly, "and I thought I  
could manage with my fan. You  
see, it has this tube in the center,  
which carries the sound through my  
lips—and then—I understand lip  
reading—if it hadn't been that your  
mustache conceals yours!"

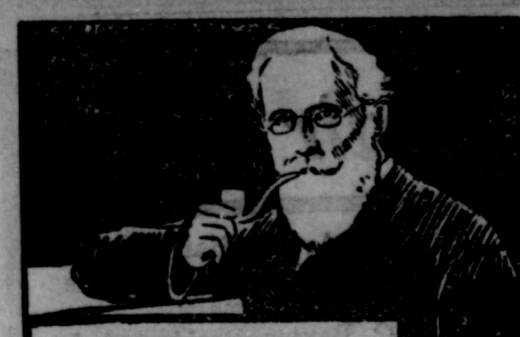
"Is that all?" he interrupted eager-  
ly, starting up and placing his hands  
on her shoulder. "There isn't any-  
body else?"

"Anybody else, where?" she asked,  
bewildered.

"I mean any one you care more for  
than me—whom you intend marry-  
ing?"

"No—no—" she faltered, the color  
rushing into her cheeks; "but what  
an odd question."

"Not at all," he answered delight-  
edly. "Can't you guess, Celia, what



**Old Age  
IS MADE  
Vigorous  
BY THE USE OF  
DR. PIERCE'S  
GOLDEN  
MEDICAL  
DISCOVERY.**

"I suffered for six years with con-  
stipation and indigestion, during  
which time I employed several phy-  
sicians, but they could not reach my  
case," writes Mr. C. Popplewell, of  
Eureka Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I  
felt that there was no help for me,  
could not retain food on my stomach;  
had vertigo and would fall helpless to  
the floor. Two years ago I com-  
menced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden  
Medical Discovery and little 'Pellets,'  
and improved from the start. After  
taking twelve bottles of the 'Discover-  
y' I was able to do light work, and  
have been improving ever since. I  
am now in good health for the first  
age—60 years. I owe it all to Doctor  
Pierce's medicines."

I have been asking you, or—' and his  
eyes twinkled merrily—"shall I begin  
all over again?"

But it was scarcely necessary, for  
though she blushed still deeper she  
did not now resist when he took her  
hands in his.—*Mainly About People.*

## COUGHING ALL NIGHT.

It's this night coughing that breaks  
us down, keeping us awake most of  
the time, and annoying everybody  
in the house. Lots of people don't  
begin to cough until they go to bed.  
It gets to be so that retiring for the  
night is an empty form, for they can-  
not rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam  
makes life worth living to such peo-  
ple by its soothing effect on the  
throat. The "tickling" sensation  
promptly disappears when the use of  
the Balsam is begun, and the irrita-  
tion goes with it. This medicine for  
cough hasn't a disagreeable thing  
about it, and it does efficient service  
in breaking up coughs of long stand-  
ing. It is prepared from barks and  
roots and gums of trees, and a true  
specific for throat troubles.

Handling coughs is a science that  
every one should learn. Not know-  
ing how to treat them has cost many  
fortunes and many lives. In Adam-  
son's Balsam, there are the elements  
which not only heal inflammation,  
but which protect the inflamed parts  
from further irritation. The result  
of this is that the tendency to cough  
does not manifest itself, and you are  
surprised at it. Afterward you  
would not be without Adamson's  
Balsam at hand. This remedy can  
be tested. 25c. at any druggist's.

## DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

The experiment was not a success.  
Frequently she had complained  
that he was not as he used to be; that  
his love seemed to have grown cold  
and that he was too prosaic and mat-  
ter of fact. So when he found one of  
his old love letters to her he took it  
with him the next time he was called  
away from the city, made a copy of  
it and mailed it her.

"John Henry," she exclaimed when  
he returned, "you're the biggest fool  
that ever lived. I believe you have  
softened of the brain. What did  
you mean by sending me that trash?"

"Trash, my dear!" he expostulated.  
"Yes, trash—just sickly, sentimental  
nonsense."

"That isn't how you described it  
when I first wrote it and sent it to  
you," he protested. "You said then  
it was the dearest, sweetest little  
letter ever written, and you insist  
now that I have changed and you  
haven't. I thought I would try to—"

"Well, you didn't succeed," she in-  
terrupted, and she was mad for two  
days. Sometimes it is mighty diffi-  
cult to please a woman.

## Nervous and Sleepless.

Two horrors crowded into one life,  
the product of poor digestion, and  
the poisons that are thereby formed  
within the body. There's just one  
method of cure for this terrible con-  
dition—plenty of food, but, mild,  
food properly digested. That's the  
difficulty—the digestive power of the  
stomach must be improved. Rich,  
red blood formed, strength given to  
the organs to drive out poisons; then  
comes strength, vigor and endur-  
ance. Ferrozone does all this and  
more: it makes sick people well;  
weak people strong. Sow Ferrozone  
and you reap health. Sold by Gar-  
den Bros.

Lieut. Heyle, a young German cav-  
alry officer, has ridden on hereback  
a distance of 1,400 miles, from Metz to  
Bucharest. He covered this dis-  
tance in twenty-five days, and on  
arrival in Bucharest his horse was  
too weak to stand.

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

## GET A HOBBY.

HOW IT WORKS OUT FOR GOOD IN AT  
LEAST ONE CITY.

Last night in the kitchen in one of  
Toronto's best homes a grey-haired  
gentleman bowed before a tub on his  
hands and knees and tried to bite an  
apple floating in there with his teeth.  
And every time he tried he missed,  
and every time he missed the young-  
sters laughed, and every time he  
missed mother laughed, and every  
time he missed the servants laughed,  
and Jack the terrier joined in the  
merriment.

The children jumped on his back,  
and he gave them a ride about the  
room, and they ran and got his cane,  
and as he played horse he went gee,  
haw, whoa, and back at command.

When he got up his knees were  
dirty, but he brushed off the dirt  
and the joy remained.

Last night a millionaire ducking  
for apples with the youngsters.

To-day a man of affairs.

Last night riding babes on his back  
like a pack horse.

To-day it is "Drive on, James,"  
and a matched team step out to-  
gether.

Lucky fellow!

He has lots of the rhino, and his  
soul is as fresh as those youngsters  
that are playing out in front of my  
window as I write.

Money hasn't warped his ideas or  
seared his soul.

Why?

There is nothing that lifts like an  
ideal, and there is nothing that rests  
like a hobby.

This fellow is an idealist, and has  
his hero; he is a faddist and has his  
hobby, and it's the fad we are talk-  
ing about now—the hobby. This  
rich man chums with children when-  
ever he can.

What's your hobby, neighbor?

Have one, if it's only keeping white  
rats.

This man forgot he was a million-  
aire when he ducked in that tub last  
night, forgot he had cares and corns,  
and was a child again.

His confreres say: "Doesn't  
Blank hold his age well?"

Hold his age! His hobby holds it  
for him.

Have a hobby. Life is earnest,  
but it isn't so terribly earnest that  
we can't tear ourselves away a little  
every day from the grind. Have a  
hobby, and, because you have, life  
will seem brighter.

They give an engine rest some-  
times, and engines are made of steel  
and iron.

I knew a man whose hobby was  
to walk, and he walked long miles  
daily, walked out of a crank into a  
lovable fellow, with a good appetite  
and a good digestion to back it up.

I knew a man whose hobby was  
music, and he forgets it all in a  
few simple tunes that he has known  
for years.

I know a man whose hobby is the  
gun, who is happy when he hears  
the hounds bark and sees the quarry  
coming to him.

I know a man whose hobby is a  
book, and away to the quiet corner  
alone, he lives the characters as  
he reads of them.

There is nothing that lifts like an  
ideal; there is nothing that rests  
like a fad.

What is your hobby? What is the  
particular little thing that lends you  
wings to sail above the world with,  
neighbor?—*Charlie Churner, in To-  
ronto Star.*

## Public Ownership and Local Self-Government in Russia.

As regards the land, the peasants  
in Great Russia are better off than  
those of many other countries, for  
the little they have belongs to them,  
their cottages and the ground at the  
back are their own. From time im-  
memorial the land has been the com-  
munal property of the village. There  
are no private owners except the  
squire and the few who have bought  
some land from him, and the old-  
time custom of supplying every in-  
habitant of the village with some  
land is still strictly observed.

While woods and pastures are used  
in common, the arable land is di-  
vided into three parts, according to  
its quality, and each household is  
allotted a fair share in these three  
parts. The size of each allotment  
depends in the first instance on the  
quantity of land held by the com-  
munity, and then on the number of  
male workers in the family. Each  
household cultivates its plots inde-  
pendently, but no hedges are grown  
between the divisions, only a small  
furrow marking them off; and for  
this reason Russian grain fields, al-  
though cultivated in small allot-  
ments, are well adapted for the use  
of steam implements.

Only poverty and ignorance pre-  
vent the peasants of Great Russia  
from growing their grain with mod-  
ern methods and improvements. In  
South Russia, where the peasants are  
a little better off, the fields in many  
places resound with the whirl and  
whistle of labor-saving machinery.

This system of property in land  
has developed a strong village or-  
ganization, called the mir. All that

## Stop the Blight

It is a sad thing to see fine  
fruit trees spoiled by the blight.  
You can always tell them from  
the rest. They never do well  
afterwards but stay small and  
sickly.

It is worse to see a blight  
strike children. Good health  
is the natural right of children.  
But some of them don't get  
their rights. While the rest  
grow big and strong one stays  
small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion can stop  
that blight. There is no  
reason why such a child should  
stay small. Scott's Emulsion  
is a medicine with lots of  
strength in it—the kind of  
strength that makes things  
grow.

Scott's Emulsion makes  
children grow, makes them eat,  
makes them sleep, makes them  
play. Give the weak child a  
chance. Scott's Emulsion will  
make it catch up  
with the rest.

This picture represents  
the Trade Mark of Scott's  
Emulsion, and is in the  
wrapper of every bottle.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE,  
TORONTO, CANADA  
50c and \$1. all druggists.

concerns the village, as a whole, is  
decided by the mir and carried out  
by the community. It is not an elect-  
ed body; its members are made up  
of all those workers who have at-  
tained their majority. Every head  
of a household, women included, if  
there is not a son of ripe age, has a  
voice in the assembly.

There is no voting in the mir, no  
chairman, no secretary, no special  
time or place of meeting. Whenever  
a matter turns up which concerns  
the whole village, the men and wom-  
en gather together at some place of  
their own choosing—in summer-time  
this is always out of doors—and talk  
over the affair until they arrive at  
an agreement. If the subject be one  
of importance, the meeting will be  
convoked again and again until it is  
settled; for unanimity is indispens-  
able in the mir decisions.

Besides questions concerning the  
division, purchase and renting of  
land, the mir decides about the  
building of churches, the opening of  
schools, the digging of wells and  
making of roads and bridges. It  
also fixes the dates for plowing, hay  
making and harvesting. When these  
are arranged, men, women and chil-  
dren all turn out and work to the  
accompaniment of cheery laughter  
and songs. Indeed, in passing  
through a village when some com-  
munal work is in hand, such as  
building a bridge or repairing a  
road, one might easily fancy the  
villagers were out for recreation, so  
bright and merry do they look and  
so easily does the work seem to be  
done.—*Youths' Companion.*

Sleepy grass is found in New  
Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a  
most injurious effect on horses and  
sheep, being a strong narcotic or  
sedative, and causing profound sleep  
or stupor lasting from twenty-four  
to forty-eight hours.

When you want Job Printing of any  
kind, call at the SENTINEL office.

## Feeble, Wasted Nerves Aroused to New Life.

A Sufferer For Years From Weak  
Heart, Exhausted Nerves and  
Sleeplessness Cured by Five  
Boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Whether weakened and wasted by  
overwork, worry or disease, the re-  
sult of exhausted nerves is felt in  
neuralgic pains, nervous headache and  
dyspepsia, serious functional derange-  
ments and ultimately in paralysis, epi-  
lepsy, locomotor ataxia, prostration or  
insanity, the remedy is found in Dr.  
Chase's Nerve Food, as is proven in  
the case referred to below.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que.,  
writes:—"For years I have been a  
great sufferer with my heart and  
nerves. I would take shaking spells and  
a dizzy swimming feeling would come  
over me. Night after night I would  
never close my eyes, and my head  
would ache as though it would burst.  
At last I had to keep to my bed, and  
though my doctor attended me from  
fall to spring, his medicine did not  
help me."

"I have now taken five boxes of