

Jim Dumps a little girl possessed
Whom loss of appetite distressed.
"I des tan't eat!" the child would
scream.
Jim fixed a dish of "Force" with
cream;
She tasted it, then, joy for him!
She begged for more from "Sunny
Jim."



Force

The Ready to Serve Cereal

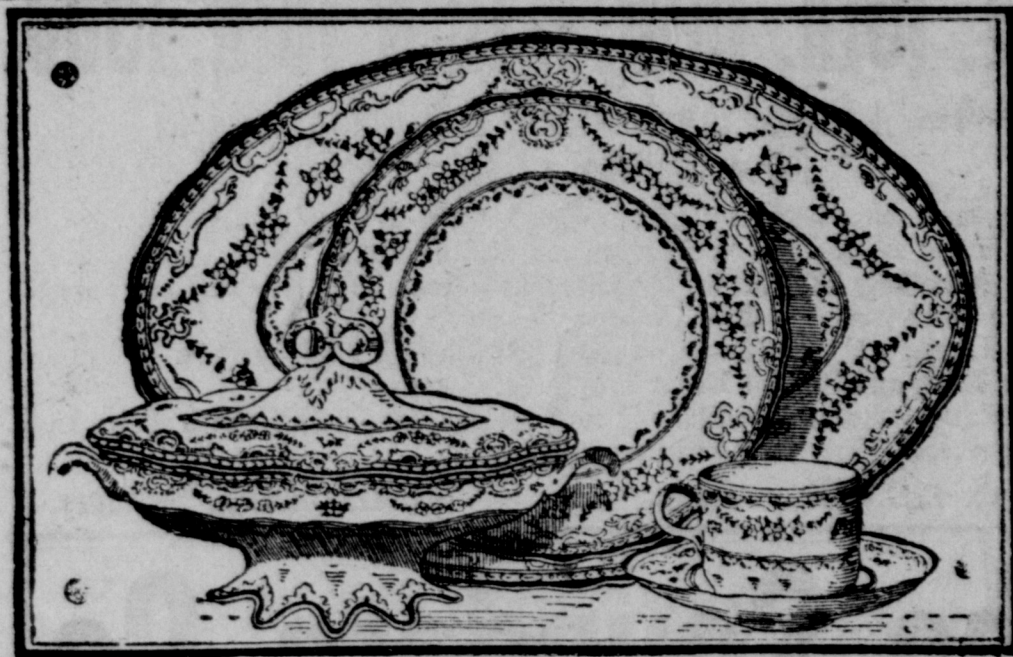
a good fairy to
all youngsters.

Perfect Food for Children.
"Wheat is a perfect summer cereal, and
efforts should be made to teach children
to eat it."
LOUISE E. HOGAN,
in "How to Feed Children."

30 DAYS CHEAP SALE OF SUMMER GOODS, COMMENCING Saturday, July 25th, 1903.

DRESS GOODS, WHITE AND COLORED SHIRT WAISTS AND BLOUSES;
LADIES' WHITE UNDERWEAR;
COLORED MUSLINS, BLACK MUSLINS, WHITE MUSLINS;
PRINTED MERCERIZED SATEENS AND LAWNS, GINGHAMS;
LADIES' RUBBER RAIN COATS;
CHILDREN'S WHITE AND COLORED DRESSES AND COATS;
Do STRAW HATS AND TAMS;
A lot of MEN'S HATS AND ALL THE SUMMER GOODS have been
Marked Down and must be cleared out.

McMANUS BROS.



Dinner Set Free!

BY BUYING FOR CASH AT
NOBLE & TRAFTON'S.

See Sample in their Store Window.

Come in, Examine and Learn Terms.

FOR GOOD HEALTH

To preserve or restore it, there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripans Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripans Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, every-day folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripans Tablets 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 Tablets. 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

I. O. O. F.
Carleton Lodge No. 41, Woodstock, meets
every Thursday night at 8 p. m.
Officers for present term:
I. W. FISHER, N. G.
V. G.
CHARLES COMBES, Rec. Sec.
H. D. STEVENS, Fin. Sec.
Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

Poetry.

Song for a Summer Twilight.

When the primrose of eve parts the
green of its husk,
And the great primrose moon flowers
above in the sky,
I long (how I long!) for her face in
the dusk,
And her voice to my voice making
loving reply.

Ah, I know she will come by the bird
on the bough,
And I know she will come by the
clear cricket chirr;
Ah, I know she will come,—she is
nearing me now!
By the breath of the night blent of
star and myrrh!

A moment—and then will be paradise
won;
Hark the beat on the grass of her
hastening feet!

As a lily that leans towards its lover,
the sun,
Are her lips lifted up—O my sweet!
O my sweet!

Clintine Scollard, in Lippincott's
Magazine for August.

Literature.

PRINCE CHARMING.

Clare Worthington sat before the
fire in the great oak paneled library.
She had tried to read, but her book
had slipped, unheeded, to the floor,
while her thoughts wandered to
that evening a week ago when the
man whom she was now awaiting had
asked her to be his wife. She
had begged for a few days in which
to consider her answer and, after a
week of severe mental struggle, she
that morning had mailed to him the
following letter:

"My Dear Mr Staunton—It seems
best to write what I have to say, as I
have an explanation to make with-
out which I should not feel justified
in giving you an answer. I was al-
ways a complete failure as an ac-
tress, and so my only safety lies in
entire frankness. I trust it will
prove best in the end for both of us.
"I am not in love with you, and it
has always been a part of my creed
that marriage without love is a ter-
rible mistake. I have seen the girls
with whom I have grown up make,
one by one, what the world call 'ex-
cellent matches.' I, meanwhile,
have clung desperately to my ideals
and waited for the Prince Charming
who should carry me off to his magic
castle in Wonderland. But Prince
Charming has never come. And
now is it best to wait for him any
longer? It is very doubtful whether
he will ever come, and even if he
did, would Wonderland be a Won-
derland after all to a woman of
thirty-two years—or more? I think
not.

"But I believe in marriage, and I
believe in it for myself. I lead a
busy, happy life, but I long for wider
scope, bigger usefulness, closer
friendship. Above all, I need to be
needed as only a married woman
can be needed. And so I come to tell
you that I will be your wife. You
are too generous to misunderstand
my motives or to think that I would
consent to marry you if I could not
give you complete honor, confidence,
and trust. I feel for you, too, a lik-
ing more cordial than I have ever
felt for any one else—man or woman.
Oh, we are good companions—are
we not? Do you remember that first
walk we took in the park and what
fun we had—what sheer, unadulter-
ated fun? A man and woman ought
never to marry, I think, unless they
enjoy each other, unless they have
good times together. But you and I
always do. And, do you know, I am
only just beginning to realize what
earnestness lies underneath all your
merry boyishness?

"Oh, you will give me richly, rich-
ly all that I need, and I shall make
you happy. I will make you happy.
If I did not feel that, I would not
marry you. You know that. So you
will not be hurt about Prince Charm-
ing and we will bury him deep—
deep—and I. Who knows what
spirit of peace and happiness may
rise out of his grave?"

"CLARE."

When this letter had slipped out
of the girl's fingers into the box and
she had heard the lid snap upon it
she had felt as though an era of her
life had closed. The old order had
changed, yielding place to the new.
But though she was sacrificing the
ideals for which she had so stoutly
fought, she knew that her motives
were pure and her heart clean. It
was her wisdom alone that she
doubted. Even as she waited now to
hear her lover's step upon the flags
outside she was conscious of a vague
fear, a vague yearning for the
"might have been."

A quick footstep in the hall start-
led her out of her reverie. She
glanced at the clock on the mantel.
It was not yet 8, and Sprague Staun-
ton rarely called before half after 8.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

Pond's Extract

Over fifty years a household remedy
for Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises,
Coughs, Colds and all accidents li-
ble to occur in every home.

CAUTION—There is only
one Pond's Extract. Be
sure you get the genuine,
sold only in sealed bottles
in ball wrappers.

Then it flashed across her mind that
this would be eager to reach her as
soon as possible, that he would not
sit there in the straight backed chair
on the opposite side of the fireplace
and talk with her with formal politeness,
as he had always done before.
He was coming with a lover's rights.
He would take her in his arms—she
felt herself trembling as the step in
the hall came nearer. The maid en-
tered with a note. Clare tore it
open with fingers that shook:

"My Dear Clare—I cannot let you
marry me. When I tell you this you
will realize, perhaps, as you have
never done, what my love for you
means to me. I love you passionat-
ly, entirely, with all my strength,
and that is the reason that I must
give you up. Thank you—oh, thank
you—for being honest with me.

"And wait, dear, for Prince Charm-
ing. If he never finds you, you will
at least have been true to what is
best in you. In being false to that, I
am sure you would never find that
wider scope and the bigger useful-
ness for which you long. Some
would, in your place, perhaps, but
not you. You see that instead of be-
ing a crusty old bachelor, as I ought
to be, I am a young idealist still—
but that is all your fault.

"I am going to drop in soon after
my note reaches you, just for a quiet
goodbye. I find that I cannot go
away without that. There is a piece
of work in London that must be look-
ed after, and I am glad to take the
chance of a sea trip.

Faithfully yours,
"SPRAGUE STAUNTON."

As the girl finished reading the
letter, the fire, crackling noisily,
threw a spark at her feet. She
watched it slowly bore its way into
the Persian rug, then flicker and
go out. She realized with a start
that she had not extinguished it.
Rising she swept the hearthstone
clear of ashes and arranged the
fender to protect the rug. Stepping
to the glass she pinned a stray lock
of hair into its place. Then she sat
down and tried to think. But her
mind seemed strangely blank. Even
the crackling of the fire annoyed her.

She could not have told whether
she had sat there a minute or an
hour when the maid brought her
Sprague Staunton's card.

When he came in, the room seem-
ed to brighten. There was a sun-
shine about his personality which
every one felt without quite under-
standing. This evening his face was
clouded. The girl look at him and
wondered. Was this the man whose
letter lay on her lap?

"You got my note? Is it all right?"
he asked her. She nodded silently.

Then, with a quick change of tone:
"Thank you," he said, "and now I
am off on a sea trip, old sea dog I am.
I can fairly smell the salt already."

"You ought to have been a sailor,"
she said, quickly responsive.
And so they talked of the trip, of
his stay in London, and of her plans
for the coming winter—of every-
thing save of the one subject that
lay heavy on both their hearts.

When he rose to go Clare rose,
too, and stood before him, her back
to the fire. As the light struck sud-
denly upon his face she saw that his
eyes were full of tenderness. But
his voice did not break and the grip
of his hand was firm when he bade
her goodbye.

As she heard his quick step ring
along the hall the room began sud-
denly to swim round her. Her throat
grew dry, her heart seemed to stop
beating. In a moment the heavy
front door would open and close
again and Sprague Staunton would
be gone out of her life forever.

Mastered by an emotion such as
she had never known, she stretched
out her arms blindly and called his
name. She heard the front door
open. Oh, if he should not hear!
She forgot she could recall him by a
note on the morrow, forgot every-
thing save that he was going from
her and that she must not let him go.

"Sprague!" she cried desperately.
"Sprague!"

In an instant he was beside her
and had gathered her into his arms.
"I love you! Oh, how I love you—
Prince Charming!" she whispered.

Mr Chamberlain's warning that
the people of Great Britain, "are on
the eve of a great economic fight,
and that it behooves everybody to
keep cool as long as possible, and
not turn an economic fight into a
personal fight," reads as if it were a
hint that a little later we may ex-
pect to see some fireworks. Evid-
ently Mr Chamberlain has no inten-
tion of abandoning his campaign for
protection and colonial preference.

MEN OF THE DAY.

Colonel John Harrington, who has
just presented to the Emperor of
Abyssinia, to whose court he is ac-
credited as Minister resident, a su-
perb and perfectly trained Indian
elephant, as a token of friendship
from King Edward, is the only chief
de mission in the diplomatic service
of Great Britain who has risen to
that office from the position of a
common soldier in the ranks. In
1888 the Colonel, who received the
Order of the Bath some years ago,
and is now about to become Sir John
as a Knight Commander of the Order
of St Michael and St George, was a
private in the Middlesex regiment of
infantry. A year later he won a
commission, and eighteen months
afterward was transferred to that
picked body, the Indian Staff Corps.
Before long he volunteered for ser-
vice as Vice-Consul at Zailah, a pes-
tilential place, which serves as one
of the seaports to Abyssinia, the post
in question being avoided as much as
possible by the other members of the
corps, by reason of its loneliness and
unhealthiness. So good was the use
which Harrington made of his op-
portunities that he was able to ren-
der invaluable assistance to the
special mission of Sir Rennell Rodd
to Emperor Menelik in 1897, striking
up a great friendship with Lord Ed-
ward Cecil, the soldier son of Lord
Salisbury, who formed part of Sir
Rennell's staff. The result was that
when the British Government re-
solved upon establishing a perman-
ent Legation in Abyssinia, where Bri-
tish interests are exceedingly im-
portant, both Sir Rennell and Lord
Edward Cecil warmly recommended
Lieutenant Harrington for the post.
He has since received military pro-
motion, and the influence which he
has been able to acquire over the
dusky potentate to whom he is ac-
credited is so great that it has com-
pletely relegated into the back-
ground that of Russia and of France,
which formerly predominated at
Addis Abeba.

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

Why It Is a Dangerous Time for
the Little Ones.

Baby's second summer is consid-
ered a dangerous time in the life of
every infant because of the distur-
bance to the digestive functions
caused by cutting teeth during the
hot weather. In slightly less degree
every summer is a time of danger for
babies as is shown by the increased
death rate among them during the
heated term. Of great interest to
every mother, therefore, is a com-
paratively recent discovery of which
Mrs David Lee of Lindsay, Ont.,
writes as follows:

"My little girl had a hard time
getting her teeth. She was feverish,
her tongue was coated, her breath
offensive, and she vomited curdled
milk. On the advice of our doctor I
gave her Baby's Own Tablets and
she began improving at once. She
did not sleep well at night for about
three months, and I was almost worn
out caring for her. Nothing did her
any good until I gave her the tablets.
Now her food digests properly, her
breath is sweet, her tongue clean,
and she is quiet and good. I can
strongly recommend the tablets to
other mothers as they cured my
baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all
dealers in medicine or will be sent
postpaid at twenty five cents a box,
by the Dr Williams' Medicine Com-
pany, Brockville, Ont.

The Great Kiralfy's Best.

Possibly no other city in the world
so well lends itself to spectacular ef-
fect as Venice. Its history is full of
romance, while the city itself is set
in a halo of picturesque. It is a
city wherein the art of the poet and
the art of the painter are the keen-
est rivals. Its palaces are magnif-
icent and its public buildings re-
nowned the world over for their
beauty of construction and archi-
tecture. Mr Kiralfy chose well,
therefore, when he selected the Car-
nival of Venice for the subject of the
great spectacle which he proposes to
reproduce at Toronto Exhibition to
be held this year from August 27 to
Sept. 12. Mr Kiralfy, who is the
acknowledged world's master of
spectacular effect, says that he pro-
poses to outdo any former effort and
that he will introduce a number of
effects which will startle the specta-
tor both by their brilliancy and
originality. One of these features
will be a transformation scene on an
immense scale, the like of which has
never been attempted in the open
air before.

Skin Lotions.

For open pores the following is a
nice lotion which may be used after
steaming the face; Orange flower
water, six ounces; tincture of ben-
zoin, one dram; add a little water
very slowly. Here is an excellent
cream to rub into the pores at night
when exposed to the wind; it makes
the skin elastic instead of allowing it
to harden: Take lanolin, half an
ounce; oil of sweet almonds, half an
ounce; tincture of benzoin, a tea-
spoonful. Mix the ingredients and
apply.

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

THIN



HAIR

Lots of
people
have thin
hair. Per-
haps their
parents
had thin
hair; per-
haps their
children have thin
hair. But this does
not make it necessary
for them to have thin
hair.

One
thing
you
may
rely
upon—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

makes the hair healthy
and vigorous; makes
it grow thick and
long. It cures dan-
druff also.

It always restores
color to gray hair,—
all the dark, rich color
of early life. There is
no longer need of
your looking old be-
fore your time.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"As a remedy for restoring color
to the hair, I believe Ayer's Hair
Vigor has no equal. I have always
given me perfect satisfaction in
every way."
Mrs. A. M. STEPHENSON,
Aug. 10, 1898. Hammondsport, N.Y.

Write the Doctor.

He will send you a book on The
Hair and Scalp Free, upon request.
If you do not obtain all the benefits
you expected from the use of the
Vigor, write the Doctor about it.
Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

A NATURE NUMBER.

Birds and fish are the leading sub-
jects of the August Canadian Maga-
zine. 'Pike, Pickerel and Muske-
lunge' is the title of one illustrated
article; 'Birds of the North Woods,'
by C W Nash, is another, and 'Pho-
tography of Birds' Nest,' by O J
Stevens is a third. But these nature
articles are not the only attractive
features of the issue. The sketch of
Hon W S Fielding by H Franklin
Gadsby, will attract many readers.
'Imperialists of Yesterday and To-
morrow,' by the Editor, is timely and
illuminating. 'Why business Col-
leges Succeed,' by P D McIntosh,
places some features of our educa-
tional system in a new light. James
P Murray deals briefly with the
question of Apprentices—a topic of
some importance in view of our in-
dustrial expansion. 'Automobiles in
Canada,' by A Grant Brown, with its
numerous photographs, indicates the
growth of this new sport and its
possibilities in this country. Besides
all these features there are several
short stories, some excellent poems,
and the usual brightly filled depart-
ments.

Subscribe for the SENTINEL.

A LITERARY TRIO.

Three literary women, all of whom
have made successes, in one family
is rather rare. In history of other
days the Brontës were the nearest
approach to it. To-day there are
Mrs. G. K. Duer, her married daugh-
ter, Mrs Miller, who signs herself
Alice Duer Miller, and her unmarried
daughter, Miss Caroline Duer. This
trio of women have written several
novels and novelettes and some ex-
cellent short stories and essays, and
there is hardly one of the popular
periodicals which does not contain
the name as a contributor of at least
one of the three.

SAFE

In any Climate and at
any Season

McGALE'S

BUTTERNUT

PILLS

They stimulate the Liver and Kidneys; Cure
Bile Headache, Fast or Disordered Stomach,
Habitual Constipation, Cleanse and Purify the
Blood and render the Skin clear and Healthy.
They are purely vegetable.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE, 25c PER BOX,
OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF.

THE KING OF ALL PAIN REMEDIES.

Cure Rheumatism, Cuts, Sprains
and Neuralgia.

For sale everywhere, price 25c per bottle.

Sole Importers, The Windsor Chemical
Co., Limited, Montreal, Canada.