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One of the most popular Floor Coverings, especially for Bed Rooms.

Delightfully cool looking and pleasant for summer and has an air of comfort and cosiness in winter. Easily put down and kept clean. Can be turned so as wear both sides. With a good thickness of paper under, it wears well—the better the quality the longer it lasts. We have a large assortment this year at very finest prices. About a dozen different qualities and patterns.

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**Ramsay's Ready Mixed Paint.**

For Outside or Inside use.

Any person can apply this brand.

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**DRANDRAM'S**  
AND  
**ELEPHANT**  
PURE  
READY  
MIXED  
**PAINTS**

These Mixed Paints are made of PURE WHITE LEAD and LINSEED OIL. No chemical combination or soap mixture.

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**BEST WORK**  
At Most Reasonable Prices  
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Cor. Main & Connell Sts.  
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I am not acquainted with, nor do I know of by reputation (except two veteran Gurney writers), a single rapid and accurate writer who is not a Pittman follower. Frank D. Curtis, Official Stenographer, New York City. The entire English staff of the Canadian House of Commons are writers of the Isaac Pittman system. Chas. F. Larkin, official stenographer.  
The Isaac Pittman system is the only one used in this gallery. Chas. A. Matthews, vice-president Press Gallery, Ottawa.  
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**JOHN T. G. CARR,**  
HARTLAND.

**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST**

**Homestead Regulations.**

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,  
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Ground flat containing five rooms. Also kitchen and woodshed. Will rent for \$3.00 per month.

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May be found at office of  
Hon. W. P. Jones,  
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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

## The Destruction of San Francisco.

GRAPHIC STORY OF REV. PROF. E. A. WICHER,  
A Canadian Professor in California.

(From Toronto Globe.)

The writer of the accompanying letter is Rev. Prof. E. A. Wicher, formerly of Toronto, and the author of a series of letters to The Globe descriptive of a tour in Japan a year or two ago. Mr. Wicher is now Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, Cal. The college premises, being out of the city, escaped disaster from the earthquake or fire, but Prof. Wicher writes that the endowment and income have been wiped out. At the time of writing the professor was penniless, "and my bank checks," he remarked, "are worthless." The letter is a vivid picture of the great disaster.

I am writing, proceeds Prof. Wicher, from the deck of the San Salito ferry as it plies backward and forward between San Salito and the ferry building of San Francisco. It is now 3.30 a.m. on Friday, April 20th. I see before me a wall of fire two miles in length, reaching from the lumber yards on the waterfront up over Telegraph Hill, down into the valley again on the other side, over to the north shoulder of Nob Hill, dipping into another valley and raising again to the full majestic height of Russian Hill, which it crosses to disappear from sight behind the ridge. Every class of building lies along the line of flame. Passing from things nearer to things more remote, it blazes from docks and lumber yards, along the waterfront, wholesale warehouses and ragged Italian settlement, brothels and saloons of the Barbary Coast, hotels and churches, art galleries and elegant residences upon the streets of the wealthiest. The fire is no respecter of persons; it takes rich and poor alike, and it is in no hurry. It has been burning now for fifty-six hours, at no time more fiercely than at present. It simply devours house by house, seizing one and finishing it; then proceeding steadily and directly to the next one. And wherever it passes it leaves an awful devastation behind.

Some three hundred thousand homeless people will sleep in the open air in the parks to-night—perhaps a hundred thousand more than last night. Here are witnessed some striking scenes. There are families standing among the few scanty possessions which they have been able to rescue and carry thither with them upon their backs. Trunks and animal pets are the commonest objects. One man has a pet hen, another a parrot, another a white mouse, another a goat; cats and dogs abound, and are reconciled by their common disaster.

And the favorite household possessions are there. One good lady has saved a Chippendale chair, another a clock; here is a young Italian with the crayon portraits of the family, and here an old Spaniard with a Roman Catholic family Bible in the one hand and a guitar in the other. Some fortunate people have saved tents and set them up in the square; some other fortunate people have been able to buy them, but the great multitude is camping in the open air. Some people have food and some have none. A friend of the writer, a delicate lady, stood in line for two hours in the heat to get two boiled eggs and a piece of bread, to be divided among her two babies and herself. There is an elegantly-dressed lady yonder opening a tin of preserved corn, for which she paid five dollars. But, thank God! in this land of California the famine cannot last long, and to-morrow there will arrive abundance of food for all. The scarcity of water is the greater hardship. No one in the parks has washed hands or face since the earthquake. Last night there were thirty children born in the open air in the Alta Plaza alone, and among the new mothers was the wife of one of America's richest millionaires.

Under pressure of common suffering the masks of conventional life fall aside and the inherent characters of men appear. As the crowds pass us toiling painfully up the western hills, with their trunks upon their shoulders, one hears some men cursing the hardships of their fate, others praying to heaven for alleviation. But most of them are neither cursing nor praying, but simply chatting, laughing and bearing up against their misfortune. The light-heartedness of California has never shown itself in better advantage. The magnificent courage of this people refuses to believe that the beautiful city on the hills or the beautiful suburbs of flowers have suffered an irredeemable defeat. They will face the future confidently and bravely, being well assured that hard work and a cheerful heart can restore their city to more than its former splendor. Already the banks are making their plans to meet the financial situation; already the business men are buying lumber with which to construct themselves wooden booths in which to conduct business as soon as the embers have died out.

But it is everywhere evident that there is a new reverence. The sudden destruction of material wealth has moved the thoughts of California with new seriousness to the permanence of the spiritual life. Men are praying again who have not prayed for many years, and they are not praying simply because they are afraid, but rather because they have had a new vision of the significance of time and eternity, of life and death and destiny.

Since 11 a.m. on Wednesday the government of the city has been in the hands of the military authorities. The evil gang which infests the lower regions of every great city, and especially of every great seaport, started out to drink free whiskey and to pillage. The authorities at once placed the city under military rule, and several toughs who were found with loot upon their persons were shot dead in the streets. Thus perished some of the worst men out of jail in the State. Under military law every man found idle in the streets is made to work. No sightseers are allowed. A company of curiosity-seekers was watching the fire in the city from the summit of Nob Hill, when a young captain of the Presidio, at the muzzle of his revolver, compelled every man of them to go to work and rescue the splendid art treasures contained in the Mark Hopkins Institute. Posterity owes to that young officer a debt equal to her consolidated debt to all the artists.

Indeed, the action of the authorities has been admirable throughout. Every trace of lawlessness has been stamped out; prompt measures have been taken for the relief of the hunger and thirst of the people and their safe conveyance to retreats across the bay. Thousands have been conveyed to San Mateo and San Rafael, and tens of thousands to Oakland and Berkeley. Upon the grounds of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo there is now the entire Chinese Christian Orphanage of San Francisco. The variegated costumes of the little Celestials make most picturesque combinations with the flowers and trees and the doorways of the grey stone pile.

As the ferry receives its passengers at the San Francisco dock we stand at the after railing and watch the

### NERVOUS CHILDREN.

St. Vitus Dance, Neuralgia and Headaches Common Among School Children.

St. Vitus dance is a disease that is becoming more and more frequent among school children. Young people tire the nerves with study and the nerves cry out. Sometimes the trouble takes the form of neuralgia, headache, nervous exhaustion, weakness of the limbs and muscles, and what we call "being run down." In other cases St. Vitus dance is the result, and the sufferer frequently loses all control of the limbs, which keep up a constant jerking and twitching. There is only one way to cure this trouble—through the blood which feeds and strengthens the nerves. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine that can make the new rich, red blood that feeds the nerves and strengthens every part of the body. The case of Flossie Doan, at Crowland, Ont., proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Doan says: "A couple of years ago my daughter Flossie was dangerously afflicted with St. Vitus dance. She became so nervous that after a time we could not let her see even her friends. She could not pick up a dish, lace her shoes, or make any movement to help herself. She had grown thin and very pale, and as she had been treated by several doctors without benefit I feared she would not recover. A friend advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after she had used a couple of boxes I could see that they were helping her. We gave her nine boxes in all, and by that time she was perfectly well, and every symptom of trouble had passed away and she is now a strong, well developed girl."

If your growing children are weak or nervous, if they are pale and thin, lack appetite or complain of headaches or backaches, give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily the rich, red blood these pills make will transform them into bright, active, robust boys and girls. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A PRETTY MATRON OWES HEALTH TO PE-RU-NA.



MRS. ANNA N. KAISER,  
Had Suffered Severely From Pelvic Catarrh—Cannot Praise Peruna Too Highly—Read Her Letter.

MRS. ANNA N. KAISER, Two Rivers, Wis., was a sufferer from pelvic catarrh to such an extent that she could scarcely do her own work. In describing her symptoms, she wrote: "I have such terrible backaches and pains below my shoulder blades, way down my back and across my hips, and at times pains in the pelvic organs, so that I am not able to lie down or sleep. I also have pains through my left side and am afraid I may be getting heart trouble."

After taking Peruna and following Dr. Hartman's instructions for several weeks, Mrs. Kaiser reported as follows: "I feel much stronger and do not get nervous as I used to. The pain is entirely gone, except when I work a little too hard. The medicine has done me wonderful good. I am taking Peruna and Masealin. My bowels are also in good condition."

### Reports Her Cure.

After continuing the treatment a short time longer, Mrs. Kaiser reports her cure, as follows:

"I must drop you a line to let you know that I am well now and cured with your medicine. I must thank you for the advice you gave me."

"The medicine is something wonderful. I cannot praise it enough for the good it has done for me and I hope many others will be freed from their suffering."

"I have advised others who are suffering as I did to consult you and many are taking my advice. If ever I need medicine again, I know that Peruna will help me."

### Dr. Hartman's Advice.

To every woman suffering from the symptoms above indicated, Dr. Hartman extends an earnest invitation to write to him for medical advice.

crowds of refugees and their belongings as they enter the boat. There is a mingling of horses and waggons and men. Team after team draws its freight of household goods under the deck. These goods are chiefly bedding, but there are also mirrors, family portraits, plush albums, plush rocking chairs, gramophones, dogs and parrots. Some of their goods are luxurious, others are pathetically lawdry. All are unmistakably the hastily-gathered possessions of the refugees.

Below me stand three men talking and laughing together. One of them draws from his pocket a bunch of keys; he holds them out in his palm, turns them over and calls the attention of his companions. They give another laugh, when he throws the whole bunch high in the air and watches them fall into the sea. He will never need those keys again. Then his voice rises higher, so that I can hear his words from where I stand.

"What matter," he says, "I am young and strong, I have the best little woman in the world for a wife, and between us we can make our way. The light itself is interesting."

Then the elder man of his companions said solemnly, "May God bless you in it, Harry."

And the younger man said, "Amen."

No, Californians are not afraid. They have faith, and therefore shall they see.

### Tennyson's Prediction.

Tennyson predicted the day of his death. Just a year before his death friends of the poet were visiting Aldworth House. The late Lord Selborne turned to Tennyson and remarked, "You ought to be happy here." "Ah," sighed the poet, "I have only a year to live!" His hearers laughed at the remark, but it was a prophetic assertion that was verified to the minute.

### THERE IS PLENTY OF COAL.

Every now and then some statistician with too much liver utters figures showing that the world's coal supply will last only a few hundreds of years. Make it many, many thousands. China has coal to burn—400,000 square miles of coal fields, some say. Japan has plenty more. Roumania has enough for the Balkan states if ever they stop burning powder and one another's horses. America's bin will be full for centuries on centuries. Great Britain and Germany will not be coalless soon. Let us worry about something else.

The Carleton Sentinel is a quick seller for the merchants. Advertis.

### TELEPHONE SHOUTERS.

(Chatham World.)

Life would be better worth living to every man with a telephone in his office if half the people who speak to him through it didn't make their words indistinguishable by shouting. Some of them shout loudly enough to make themselves heard two or three blocks without the telephone. Women are the worst offenders, and, though the unfortunate man at the other end of the line may ask them, time after time, to speak lower, they invariably persist in the shrill shriek with which they begin, thus making it very difficult to understand what they are saying. A Chatham merchant, the other day, after vainly asking his wife to speak lower, dropped the phone, ran to the street door, and heard her, two blocks away, telephoning to him that she had company for tea and wanted him to come promptly at a quarter past six. It was a warm day and the windows were up in his residence. He hopes to get her educated to speak naturally in the phone before winter sets in.

### AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.

In the name of God, Amen. I Tim, othy Doolan, of Barrydownerry, in the county of Clare, farmer, being sick and weak in my legs, but of sound mind and warm heart—Glory to God—make my first and last will, and old and new testament:

First, I give my soul to God when it pleases Him to take it (sure, no thanks to me for I can't help it then) and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownerry Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me and those that live after belonging to me, are buried. Peace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their ashes. Bury me near my godfather, Felix O'Kaferty, betwixt and between him and my father and mother, who lie separated altogether at the other side of the chapel yard. I have this bit of ground containing ten acres—rable old Irish acres—to my oldest son, Tim, after the death of his mother, if she lives to survive him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Pat O'Reagan, are to get the white sow. Teddy, my second boy, might have got the pick of all the poultry, but he's gone.

I bequeath to all mankind the fresh air of heaven, all the birds of the air they can shoot; I leave them all the sun, the moon and the stars; I leave to Patrick Rafferty a pint of poteen I can't finish and may God be merciful to his soul.

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