

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger
over your cup of CHASE
& SANBORN'S SEAL
BRAND COFFEE.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

Men of Good Taste

will appreciate the elegance of
our new Double Breasted Sack
Suits.

The styles are absolutely correct
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attractive by the
Fancy English
Worsted we
have used.

Fit-Reform
B. B. MANZER
Woodstock, New Brunswick.

**ENGLISH
LIQUID PAINT**

An Economical Paint

"English" Liquid Paint, made by Brandram-Henderson Limited, is all paint—there is no adulterants in it to give it extra weight, to thicken it, or to "cheapen" it in any way.

It is 70% pure white lead, 30% pure zinc white, pure linseed oil, turpentine and dryer—100% pure paint.

You get dollar for dollar paint value.

Come in for a color card.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON
Woodstock.

Butter Paper for sale at the
Sentinel office.

Our Weekly Story.

Cornelia Makes a Visit.

ALICE E. ALLEN.

"Have you put in plenty of clothes, mother?" asked Cornelia, anxiously. "O, yes, dear," said mother. She smiled up at Cornelia from the big suitcase she was packing. "You're to stay only a week, you know." "Maybe I can stay two weeks," said Cornelia, digging the toe of her sturdy little boot into the rug. "Cousin Laura said so." "Mother can't spare you," said mother. "A week seems a long time to her."

A week didn't seem a long time to Cornelia when she and Cousin Laura took their seat in the train, and sped away between green fields and woods towards Cousin Laura's home.

Why, in a week there were only seven little short days and seven nights. And nights didn't count because you were asleep and wouldn't even know you were visiting.

Cousin Laura had found a friend on the train. She leaned forward, talking to her. At that moment her voice floated back to Cornelia. "Sometimes," she said "I lie awake all night."

Cornelia looked out of the window. In all her happy healthy little life she had never lain awake in bed more than a half-hour. How could anyone lie awake all night? Suppose she should—one of those seven, away-from-home nights?

The train flew on. Cousin Laura talked. Cornelia looked out of the window. That strange new thought about lying awake brought with it many other new thoughts. Cornelia looked at mother's little gold watch, which, as a special treat, mother had let her carry. It was half-past ten. Cornelia had been gone just fifteen minutes!

A quarter of an hour! And in a day there were how many quarter hours? Cornelia tried to think it out, but she couldn't. Her throat ached, her shoes hurt. There was a queer pain in her left side. She sat very still for a long, long time. Cousin Laura still talked.

Cornelia looked at her watch again. It was twenty-five minutes to eleven. Had the watch stopped? No, it ticked cheerily.

Cornelia did some more hard thinking. After another long, long time Cousin Laura glanced out of the window. "There's the river, Cornelia," she said. "We're almost home now. What a short ride!"

"Yes, Cousin Laura," said Cornelia, politely. She didn't mean that it had been a short ride; but she had to say something, and the "yes" slipped over the lump in her throat as easily as anything.

The lump was growing bigger every minute. It tasted salty like tears. The pain in her side was worse, too. Maybe she was going to be ill.

"Cousin Laura," said Cornelia. Cousin Laura, packages in hand, had leaned over for one last word to her friend.

"Cousin Laura," cried Cornelia again. The train was slackening speed. "I think—perhaps—I'd better go back. I don't feel very well."

"A touch of car sickness, my dear," said Cousin Laura. "You will feel better in the fresh air. Here we are."

"Think—I'll just stay on—and go back," said Cornelia.

"This train doesn't go back, child," cried Cousin Laura. "It goes straight on to the city. Hurry dear."

Blindly Cornelia followed Cousin Laura. Whoever supposed trains didn't turn around and take people home after they had carried them away? How did you get home, anyway?

For a few minutes outside the train things did seem brighter. Uncle Samuel was waiting at the station to drive Cousin Laura home. Cornelia sat up stiff and straight, and drove the pretty brown horse. She

knew at once how to hold the reins and whip. Uncle Samuel chuckled. "She's a born horsewoman," he said. The drive lasted only a few minutes, and then the lump came back, bigger than ever. Cousin Laura hurried Cornelia out into the garden to pull the radishes for lunch.

Back in the house Cornelia made a discovery. Cousin Laura's house, with its pretty rooms, cool porches, vines, and hammocks was only a house. It wasn't a home at all.

Cornelia went out and sat down in one of her hammocks. She listened to Cousin Laura's voice, but she didn't hear much that she said. Over and over on her fingers she counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,"—seven whole days—and the first one not half gone.

"There's a little girl lives across the street," came cheerily in Cousin Laura's voice. "She's just about your age, and—"

Cornelia couldn't hear any more. Almost she hated the little girl across the street.

"I think, Cousin Laura, I'd better go—back home," she said. "I'm—maybe, I'm sick."

"You're hungry," said Cousin Laura. "And lunch is ready. Anyway, Cornelia," she added, as they sat down at the pretty table, "you can't go home until the four-o'clock train, unless you walk."

After lunch Cornelia looked at her watch again. One o'clock—three hours had gone since she left home. Three hours more must go before she could go back—even if Cousin Laura would let her go at four o'clock.

Cornelia was out in Cousin Laura's pretty garden. Cousin Laura had gone to get the little girl across the street. Cornelia stood by the magnificent bed. Its fresh, strong scent made her think of beautiful, cool, sweet twilights, with the first stars coming out slowly, and mother's voice from the door calling, "Come, now, dear, it's bedtime."

Bedtime? Even if these hours were long in passing, bedtime was coming sure and swift. Every minute brought it nearer. That dear, quiet, happy time with mother's voice in it and mother's kiss and mother herself! How could it come without mother?

(Continued on third page.)

Her Skin Was Blotchy

Scaly like pimples covered her face and ruined complexion.

A Speedy Cure.

"When my skin had always been so clear and ruddy, I found it very mortifying to see pesty and pimply patches coming over my face," writes S. T. Ungerer, a well known resident of Wheeling. "Great red blotches came on my chin, grew dry and scaled off. I think my stomach was at fault. Certainly my blood was poor because my lips were white and I had unpleasant fullness and ringing in the ears."

"Noticing in the papers such strong recommendations for Ferrozone as a blood and strengthening medicine, I decided to use it. From the first tablet I took there was an improvement. I felt better and had such a good appetite, improved in color and the old rosy flush slowly returned to my cheeks. Finally the blotches began to leave and the skin grew soft and smooth. I have gained some in weight, look the picture of health and feel as if I had never been ill."

There is no nourishing tonic so sure to build up and strengthen as Ferrozone. It contains concentrated vegetable extracts that supply every weakened system with the element it lacks. Health, vigor, happiness—these are the direct results of using Ferrozone regularly.

Sold by all dealers, 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Get Ferrozone today.

Wicklow.

The weather we are having is very discouraging to farmers. So much rain and cold it is impossible to do anything in the way of farming. We hoped and looked for better things in May, but so far it has been the same as April.

The Ladies Auxiliary met in the Methodist church on Wednesday. They will hold their meetings in the church during the summer months.

Our Sunday School opened on Sunday last with Mr. Wheeler as Superintendent.

CH Estey was in Woodstock on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

The free ferry is running again this summer.

Miss Lillian McCready, Jacksonville, has been spending the past few weeks with her sister, Mrs. H. L. Olmstead.

Mrs. Myrtle Carvell is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. F. Squiers.

Herbert Olmstead and Chas. Estey each had the misfortune of losing a fine mare this spring.

Miss Gladys Estey is attending the school at Florenceville.

Miss Mollie Maddox of New York is spending a few weeks at her home here.

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

Tumor Removed.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvina Sperling, 13 Langdon Street.
Lindley, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.
Kinsey, Kans.—Mrs. Stella Gifford Beaman.
Scott, N.Y.—Mrs. S. J. Barber.
Conwallville, N.Y.—Mrs. Wm. Houghton.
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W. K. Housh, 7 Eastview Av.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Innes, 883 1st St. German.

Change of Life.
South Bend, Ind.—Mrs. Fred Cetta, 1014 S. Lafayette Street.
Noah, Kentucky.—Mrs. Lizzie Holland.
Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Louisgnot, 207 S. Market St.
Paterson, N.J.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 186 Hamburg Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Gamet Street.
Kewaskum, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.

Maternity Troubles.
Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Dosliva Cote, 117 Southgate Street.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. P. Anderson, 1207 E. Pratt Street.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Foster.
Atwater Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muehlaupt.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 2135 Gilbert Avenue.
Megadore, Ohio.—Mrs. Lee Manges, Box 131.
Dewittville, N.Y.—Mrs. A. A. Giles.
Johnstown, N.Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Seaman, 108 E. Main Street.
Burtonville, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenbahn.

Aborted Operations.
Hamptstead, Md.—Mrs. Jos. H. Dandy.
Adrian, Ga.—Mrs. Lena V. Henry, Route No. 3.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Bessie V. Piper, 29 South Addison Street.
South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frieda Rosenau, 544 Melburn Avenue, German.

Organic Displacements.
Mozier, Ill.—Mrs. Mary Hall.
Leontier, Ind.—Mrs. Ella Wood, R.F.D. No. 4.
Melbourne, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Waterman, R. F. D. No. 1.
Bardonia, Ky.—Mrs. Joseph Hall.
Leviaton, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 66 Oxford Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second Street, N.
Shamrock, Mo.—Mrs. Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1.
Marlton, N.J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 3, Box 40.
Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
Oella, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Cribb.
Randolph, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R.R. 44.
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.

Female Weakness.
Williamette, Conn.—Mrs. Etta Donovan, Box 22.
Woodside, Idaho.—Mrs. Rachel Johnson.
Rockland, Maine.—Mrs. Will Young, 8 Columbia Avenue.
Scottville, Mich.—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, R.F.D. 3.
Port Huron, Pa.—Mrs. Mary Jane Skala.
East Earl, Pa.—Mrs. Augustus Lyon, R. F. D. 2.
Vienna, W. Va.—Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. No. 7.
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Mrs. W. P. Boyd, 2109 Seventh Avenue.

Nervous Prostration.
Oronogo, Mo.—Mrs. Mae McKnight.
Camden, N.J.—Mrs. Tillie Waters, 461 Liberty Street.
Joseph, Oregon.—Mrs. Alice Huffman.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. John Johnston, 210 Siegel Street.
Christiana, Tenn.—Mrs. Mary Wood, R. F. D. No. 3.
Pecos, Texas.—Mrs. Ada Young Eggleston.
Graniteville, Vt.—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

A Profitable Profession.

If you are looking for a business opening securing the advantages and independence which generally can only be acquired by risking capital, communicate with The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

The Society offers unbounded opportunities to honest, intelligent and enterprising men.

No capital required, and liberal remuneration granted from the start.

If you have no knowledge of the business you can make a living while learning it. Write to or call upon

A. H. CHIPMAN, - General Agent

oyal Bank Building, St. John, N. B.

House Cleaning Time HAS ARRIVED

AND YOU WILL WANT NEW

Oilecloths, Linoleums, Carpets,

OR A NEW

**Chamber Suite,
Parlor Suite or
Dining Room Furniture,**

Call and see what we have. We take pleasure in showing our goods, for we know our goods and prices are right.

The A. Henderson Furniture Co
QUEEN ST.

A. C. DAY, Manager.

Cornelia crawled under the fence. She ran through the orchard. Broad, beautiful fields lay beyond. Far off was a gleam of blue which was the river. If she could ever reach the river she could follow it home.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PATRONS are reminded that this month ends the Company's year, and prompt payment of all accounts is requested. Accounts in arrears MUST be paid before the end of the month.

Strongest and Most Stylish-Looking

MARITIME Ornamental Fencing and Gates have the quality. There is no gainsaying that. Only first quality tubing is used for the gate frames. We could, like many makers, use second quality and save one-third to one-half the tubing cost. We could also use small wires and save some more. But we use large, strong, stiff No. 9 wire. This wire is more smoothly, thoroughly and heavily galvanized than the wire generally used for fence and gate purposes. You know what that means. Strongest, most lasting, as well as most stylish-looking. Write for free catalogue, showing the different designs, and from them choose a gate you'll be proud of.

THE MARITIME WIRE FENCE CO. Ltd.
Moncton, N.B.

MARITIME ORNAMENTAL FENCING AND GATES