



"Knack"
"Knack" is not needed to make good coffee every time. Follow the directions in each sealed tin of Red Rose Coffee; and in six minutes the small crushed grains give you the full strength and brisk flavor of this choice coffee. There is no dust, so Red Rose Coffee requires no "settling." No chaff, so no bitter taste. You will surely like
Red Rose Coffee

FOR SUCCESS WITH BEES.

Don't be afraid of them, but don't be rough.
Don't be stingy about equipment.
Don't while away your time with a few hives—get busy.
Don't spend your life rooted to a poor location—transplanting won't kill.
Ten-frame Langstroth hives are as good as the best, and are standard.
Don't extract till the honey is capped—let rip.
Better harness your bees before B. F. D. gets them.
Take plenty of bee journals—and read them.
Better join an association and attend the conventions—you have a lot to learn yet.
To sum up: Better produce more better honey by keeping more better bees better, in better hives and better locations, then sell at better prices.

"Senate reform" is still proceeding. Mr. George Gordon, who gave up his seat in Nipissing to make way for Hon. Frank Cochrane, is the latest politician mentioned for a seat in the Upper Chamber.—Halifax Chronicle.

An eastern paper says that a fly killed now will mean as much as killing several million of them next August. Yes, and a fresh egg two months ago was worth as much as a dozen of 'em right now.—Vancouver World.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation.

Jessup, Pa.—"After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed.

"Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman."—Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.

Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known, before submitting to a surgical operation.

The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Copyright, 1910, By Anna Katharine Robb

(Continued from last week.)

It was the police. The wild night, the biting storm, had been of no avail. An alarm had reached headquarters, and all hope of escape on my part was at an end. Yet, because at such crises instinct rises superior to reason, I blew out the candle and softly made my way into the hall. I had remembered the window opening over a shed at the head of the kitchen staircase. I could reach it from this rear hall by just a turn or two, and once on that shed a short leap would land me on the ground, after which I could easily trust to the storm to conceal my flight across the open golf links. It was worth trying, at least. Anything was better than being found in the house with my murdered betrothed.

I had no reason to think that I was being sought or that my presence in this building was even suspected. It might well be that the police were even ignorant of the tragedy awaiting them across the threshold of the door they seemed intent on battering down. The gleam of a candle burning in this closed up house or even the tale told by the rising smoke may have drawn them from the road to investigate. With a spring I reached the window by which I hoped to escape and quickly raised it. A torrent of snow swept in, covering my face and breast in a moment. It did something more—it cleared my brain, and I remembered my poor horse standing in this blinding gale under cover of the snow packed place. Every one knew my horse. I could commit no greater folly than to flee by the rear fields while such a witness to my presence remained in full view in front. With the sensation of a trapped animal I reclosed the window and cast about for a safe corner where I could lie concealed until I learned what had brought these men here and how much I really had to fear from their presence.

I had but little time in which to choose. The door below had just given way, and a party of at least three men were already stamping their feet free from snow in the hall. I did not like the tone of their voices: it was too low and steady to suit me. I had rather have heard drunken cries or a burst of wild hilarity than these stern and purposeful whispers. Men of resolution could have but one errand here. My doom was closing round me. I could only put off the fatal moment. But it was better to do this than to plunge headlong into the unknown fate awaiting me.

I knew of a possible place of concealment. It was in the ballroom not far from where I stood. I remembered the spot well. It was at the top of a little staircase leading to the musicians' gallery. A balustrade guarded this gallery, supported by a boarding wide enough to hold a man lying behind it at his full length. It would offer me the double advantage of concealment and an unobstructed view of what went on in the hall through the main doorway opening directly opposite. I could reach this ballroom and its terminal gallery without going around to this door. A smaller one communicated directly with the corridor in which I was then lurking, and toward this I now made my way with all the precaution suggested by my desperate situation. No man ever moved lightly. The shoes which I had taken off in the lower hall were yet in my hand. I had caught them up after replacing the cushions on Adelaide's body. Even to my own straining ears I made no perceptible sound. I reached the balcony and had stretched myself out at full length behind the boarding before the men below had left the lower floor.

More quickly than I expected the total darkness in which I lay brightened under an advancing lantern, and I heard the steps of two men coming down the hall. It was a steady if not rapid approach, and I was quite prepared for their presence when they finally reached the doorway opposite and stopped to look in at what must have appeared to them a vast and empty space. When I lifted my head again it was to catch a glimpse of their side faces as they turned to look elsewhere for what they were plainly in search of. An oath, muffled but stern, which was the first word above a whisper that I had heard issue from their lips, told me that they had reached the room and had come upon the horror which lay there.

Maddened by my own intolerable position, drawn by a power I felt it impossible to resist, I crept to my feet and took my staggering way down the half dozen steps of the gallery and thence along by the left hand wall toward the farther doorway and through it to where these men stood weighing the chances in which my life and honor were involved and

those of one other of whom I dared not think.

It was dark in the ballroom, and it was only a little less so in the corridor. All the light was in that room. But I still said along the wall like a thief, with eyes set and ears agape for any chance word which might reach me. Suddenly I heard one. It was this, uttered with a decision which had the strange effect of lifting my head and making a man of me again:

"That settles it. He will find it hard to escape after this."

He! I had been dreading to hear a she. Yet why? Who save myself could know that Carmel had been within these woeful walls to-night? Relieved by the discovery, I drew myself up and stepped quickly forward into the room where the two officials stood. My hands were clean of this murder, and allowing the surety of this fact to take a foremost place in my mind, I faced these men, and with real feeling, but as little display of it as possible I observed:

"You have come to my aid in a critical moment. This is my betrothed wife—the woman I was to marry—and I find her lying here dead in this closed and lonely house. What does it mean? I know no more than you do."

The two men eyed me quietly; then Policeman Hexford, whom I knew, pointed to my shoeless feet and sternly retorted:

"Permit me to doubt your last assertion. You seem to be in better position than ourselves to explain the circumstances which puzzle you."

They were right. It was for me to talk, not for them. But here emotion seized me, and I almost broke down. I was in a position much more dreadful than any they could imagine or should be allowed to.

Their silence led me to examine their faces. Hexford's mouth had settled into a stiff, straight line, and the other man's wore a cynical smile I did not like. At this presage of the difficulties awaiting me I felt one strand of the rope sustaining me above this yawning gulf of shame and ignominy crack and give way. But the courage which had served me in lesser extremities did not fail me now, and, kneeling down before my dead betrothed, I kissed her cold white hand with sincere compunction before attempting the garbled and probably totally incoherent story with which I endeavored to explain the inexplicable situation.

They listened—I will do them that much justice—but it was with such an air of incredulity that my words fell with less and less continuity and finally lost themselves in a confused stammer as I reached the point where I pulled the cushions from the couch and made my ghastly discovery.

"You see—see for yourselves—what confronted me. My betrothed—a dainty, delicate woman—dead, alone, in this solitary, faraway spot, the victim of what? I asked myself then—I ask myself now. I cannot understand it—or those glasses yonder—or those marks!" They were black by this time—unmistakable—not to be ignored by them or by me.

"We understand those marks, and you ought to," came from the second man, the one I did not know. My head fell forward. My lips refused to speak the words. The vision of the one woman bending over the other was a maddening one. I shook myself free from it by starting to my feet. "It's—it's"—I gasped.

"She has been strangled," quoth Hexford doggedly.

"A dog's death," mumbled the other.

"You had better sit down," Hexford suddenly suggested, pushing a chair my way. "Clarke, look up the telephone and ask for three more men. I am going into this matter thoroughly. Perhaps you will tell us where the telephone is?" he asked, turning my way.

(To be continued.)

Why Women Are Not RICH.

Man is a millionaire many times over in the possession of blood cells. Woman is not quite so rich, for scientists have proven that the normal man has five million—the woman only four and a half million to a cubic millimetre of blood.

A decrease in number of red blood corpuscles and a person "looks pale"—in fact, is anemic, the blood does not get the right food and probably the stomach is disordered.

Dr. R. V. Pierce found years ago that a glyceric extract of golden seal and Oregon grape roots, queen's root and bloodroot with black cherrybark, would help the assimilation of the food in the stomach, correct liver ills and in Nature's own way increase the red blood corpuscles. This medicine he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By assimilating the food eaten the system is nourished and the blood takes on a rich red color. Nervousness is only "the cry of the starved nerves for food," and when the nerves are fed on rich red blood the person loses those irritable feelings, sleeps well at night and is refreshed in the morning.

"I was attacked with a severe nervous disease, which was caused by a disordered stomach and liver," writes Mr. JAS. D. LIVERY, of Washington, Tenn., Route 2, Box 32. "All my friends thought I would die and the best physicians gave me up. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and derived much benefit from same. My case had run so long, it had become so chronic that nothing would effect a permanent cure, but Dr. Pierce's medicine has done much for me and I highly recommend it. I heartily advise its use as a spring tonic, and further advise ailing people to take Dr. Pierce's medicines before their diseases have run so long that there is no chance to be cured."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 50 stamps, to pay for wrapping and mailing only.

Freshen Up and Save Your Property

Spring time has become paint time in Canada, to the country's lasting benefit.

There is two-fold virtue in paint—good paint. It makes a home that looked dingy, cheerless and generally "down at the heels," a home of which any man, and his wife too, may well be proud. At the same time it protects the house from decay, adding years to its life and therefore to its value. What is true of the house is true of anything of wood or unprotected metal which is exposed to weather. It unquestionably pays to keep things well painted.

"Well painted," however, does not, as many people suppose, simply mean covered thick with paint. Some paints, like the barnacles on a ship's bottom, may be thick enough but an extremely poor protection; it all depends on the paint, and the paint depends mostly on the White Lead of which it is made.

A house is really well painted when it is covered with B-H "ENGLISH" Paint. This paint is 100 per cent. pure—70 per cent. White Lead and 30 per cent. pure White Zinc, and the White Lead used is Brandram's B. B. Genuine. This lead has been made for practically two centuries by Brandram Bros., London, England, and now by Brandram-Henderson, Limited, in Canada. The process is secret and the product has always commanded a higher price than any other.

A coat of B-H "ENGLISH" Paint forms a thin, elastic film of White Lead and Zinc that expands and contracts freely with changes of temperature, and does not crack. It lasts till it is worn off and affords real protection.

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Clothes Wringers
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Corner Main and Connell Streets

'Royal Cafe'

N. S. DOW, Proprietor.
(Formerly McLean's Restaurant.)

Well Appointed and Centrally Located

Lately Renovated and Re-Furnished. A Clean, Up-to-Date Moderate Priced Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen.
Dining Room Up-Stairs Re-Furnished and First-class in every respect.

3m-6 **EUROPEAN PLAN**

Notice!

Farmers having land in a desirable location and wishing to sell, may find it to their advantage to call on

JOHN A. LINDSAY,
No. 7 Main Street—Up Stairs.

MAY 3rd, 1912

SENTINEL PRIZE CONTEST

GOOD FOR 100 VOTES

For

Cut out this and send to the Sentinel on or before Wednesday, May 15th.

Every Progressive Farmer is a Benefactor to his Country.

Don't Work too hard on the Farm.

WE CARRY Farm Machinery

Especially designed to meet the requirements of the country.

Carriages, Harness, Etc., also in stock

Call or write us for terms and prices.

LITTLE & CLUFF

Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

BICYCLE REPAIRING and Supplies.

Cleveland Bicycles

RUBBER TIRES of all kinds—for Bicycle, Bike, Waggon, Baby Carriages, Etc.

R. S. CORBETT

Connell Street, Woodstock. (1m-18) Opposite Old Stand

New Suits FOR Spring 1912

AT THE NEW STORE

Custom Tailoring Department

We have just received a large range of Ladies' and Misses' Spring Suits and Separate Skirts, some very pretty styles, beautiful cloth and the best of workmanship.

These Suits are products of the best Tailoring Houses in Canada, and cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction.

We are still making Suits to Special Measure and guarantee satisfaction.

We have a good range of Ladies' Satin Underskirts, Sateen and White Muslin; Ladies' Waists in Silks, Net, Linen, Lawn and Cambric.

In Dress Goods we have Black Serges, Blue Serges of finest makes and all other standard makes; also a great variety of other Fabrics for Suits and Dresses.

JAMES S. McMANUS

Agent for Pictorial Review Patterns

We are now showing a large assortment of Spring Goods, including a full line of

Deering Disc and Hoe Drills Fertilizer Drills and Seeders

The famous Bissell Disc Harrow, which is the best made;

The Robins and Aspinwall Potato Planters;

The DeLaval Cream Separator—the world's Standard Machine;

The John Deere All-Steel Two-Way Plow;

The McLaughlin Buick Automobiles;

Besides a full line of Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, and Harness of all kinds.

We invite intending purchasers to compare this line of goods with any of our competitors.

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