



Merritt's

CANDY OF MERIT

Comes to Town

Merritt's, the toothsome chocolate—hidden delicacies that have long been sold exclusively in Montreal, are now at our own doors.

For years, Merritt's Candy of Merit has been known in Montreal as the utmost in deliciousness—the acme

of daintiness. The makers have been unable to keep pace with the demand.

But the new up-to-date plant that has now been completed enables Merritt's to take care of some of the larger towns and cities and the rights of sale for these exclusive candies have been awarded to

Edmundston Pharmacy
O. C. Johnson
Stevens Brothers
Chapman & Morrell

Edmundston, N. B.
Perth, N. B.
Woodstock, N. B.
Crand Falls, N. B.

MARITIME DISTRIBUTORS
Campbell & Lewis Sales Company, St. John, N. B.



MAKING HOME BAKING EASY

A Book that Makes this Art of the Olden Days a Modern-day Delight.

From all parts of the country come reports of a great increase in home baking. In fact, it has again become the fashion, as it was in grandmother's day, for women to take pride in telling about the good things they bake at home.

To encourage this great economy, and to make it easy for the beginner, as well as to give the experienced home bakers the benefit of the most modern discoveries, the Royal Baking Powder Company has published a most unique book which, in itself, is almost a course in the art of cookery.

Turning the pages there is included a wealth of information most unusual in baking and cookery. Old and famous recipes have been improved and simplified, and on nearly every page there is something entirely new to serve as a surprise. Economy and ease of preparation are the keynotes of the book.

Indeed there is so much of value in this contribution to good living that one wonders how it was all worked out. We find in the introduction that it is the result of three years of constant research and experimenting by the Royal Educational Department, which is conducted for the benefit of all housewives interested in the health, economy and betterment of the home table.

Subscribe to the Sentinel

Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Saw Wood--It Pays

WITH DUNBAR MACHINES

Drag Saws
Circular Saws
Pulp-wood Saws

DUNBAR ENGINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

Groceries of Quality At Lowest Possible Prices

Fresh Fruit

Tokay Grapes	35c lb
Canadian Grapes	20c lb
Oranges	75, 80, 90c doz
Lemons	45c doz
Large Grape Fruit	15c ea
Small Grape Fruit	10c ea

Dried Fruit

Fancy Seeded Raisins	32c pkg
Choice "	30c pkg
Seedless Sultanias	35c lb
Cleaned Currants	29c pkg
Cooking Figs	20c lb
Evaporated Apples	25c lb

Shortening

3 lb. Kettle Cottosuet	85c
5 " "	1.40
10 " "	2.75
30 " "	5.25
Crisco per lb	38c
Silver Leaf Pure Lard	35c lb

Cheese

Primrose Brand Cheese	37c lb
Roquefort Cheese	2 3 & 40c Jar
MacLaren's Cream Cheese	10c pkg
MacLaren's Pimento Cheese	10c pkg
MacLaren's Pimento Cheese	10c pkg
Golden's Mustard	Large 15c 25c Jar

A Few Specials

Swift's Premium Oleo	45c lb	Sweet Potatoes	9c lb, 3 lbs 25
Sweet Nut Oleomargarine	45c lb	Borden's Milk	17c can
Canned Mackerel	30c Tin	Cranberries	20c qt
Pink Salmon	25c Tin	Salted Peanuts	7c pkg
Red Salmon	40c Tin	Salted Peanuts	50c lb
Daisy Brand Lobster	55c Tin	Jumbo Roasted Peanuts	33c lb
P. E. I. Chicken	55c Tin	15c Matches, 2 pkgs	25c
Lobster Butter	23c Tin	Imperial Soap	11c cake
Oleo Butter (Small Jar)	23c	White Laundry Soap	10c cake
Oleo Butter (Large Jar)	45c	Lennox Soap	10c cake
Best Shelled Walnuts	75c lb	Brooms	85c, \$1.10 each
Pearl Tapioca	17c lb	2 cases Old Dutch	25c
Sago	17c lb	2 pkgs Lux	25c

10 lb. Best Granulated Sugar \$1.85

Gerrard's

A Dyspepsia Cure

M. D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation can cure themselves by taking fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots after each meal and at bedtime. This remedy is known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in the drug trade." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

French Matches.

French matches are now even poorer than usual, because the French Government, in a laudable desire for economy, sold the timber of several condemned barracks to the matchmakers. Nobody remembered that about ten years ago the timber in these barracks had been thoroughly fireproofed.



Florists' Agency



Having accepted the agency for Newell's, the Florists in Houlton, Me., I am prepared to take orders for flowers for any occasion, the same to be furnished within 12 hours notice. Sprays, Pillows, Wreaths, Clubs, etc., Bridal Bouquet, can all be obtained at any desired price, at any time.

Isabel K. Watts
Phone-Office, No. 55-41. Residence, No. 138-21.

Woodstock Hotel For Sale

Hotel in the Town of Woodstock known as the Woodstock Hotel owned by Robert Jameson. Apply to Holyoke and Squires, Real Estate Agents.



It is not HOW MUCH you know—it is the useful knowledge that counts. No education comes so near to meeting the needs of the average young man or woman as a business education. It costs little and pays big. Right now is the time to get it. New up-to-date courses. O. A. HODGINS, Prin., Houlton, Me.

A Weird Argument.

The following "Appeal to the National Democratic Party," is sent out from Detroit on a postcard, "signed" by Looloo Lessinski and one hundred others, mostly American citizens:

"We the members of the States rights and Personal Liberty wing of the National Democratic Party, hereby represented by Governor Edward of New Jersey, view with alarm the rapid depletion of our rank through long terms of incarceration in the Canadian jails. And we earnestly and solemnly appeal to the leaders of the National Democratic Party to help stay the tide of our members to Canada and the Canadian jails by immediately issuing a promise to restore the open saloon in the United States at the earliest possible date."

RELIEF AT LAST

I want to help you if you are suffering from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles. I can tell you how, in your own home and without anyone's assistance, you can apply the best of all treatments.

PILES TREATED AT HOME

I promise to send you a FREE trial of the new absorption treatment, and references from your own locality if you will but write and ask. I assure you of immediate relief. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box Windsor, Ont.

SATISFACTORY PLUMBING

We are at your service

Our charges are right

J. P. PICKLE

Near Atherton and McAfee's drug store
Phone 59-41

PULP WOOD WANTED

We are in the market for the purchase of PEELED SPUCE AND FIR AND PEELED POPULAR PULPWOOD during the season of 1920-21.

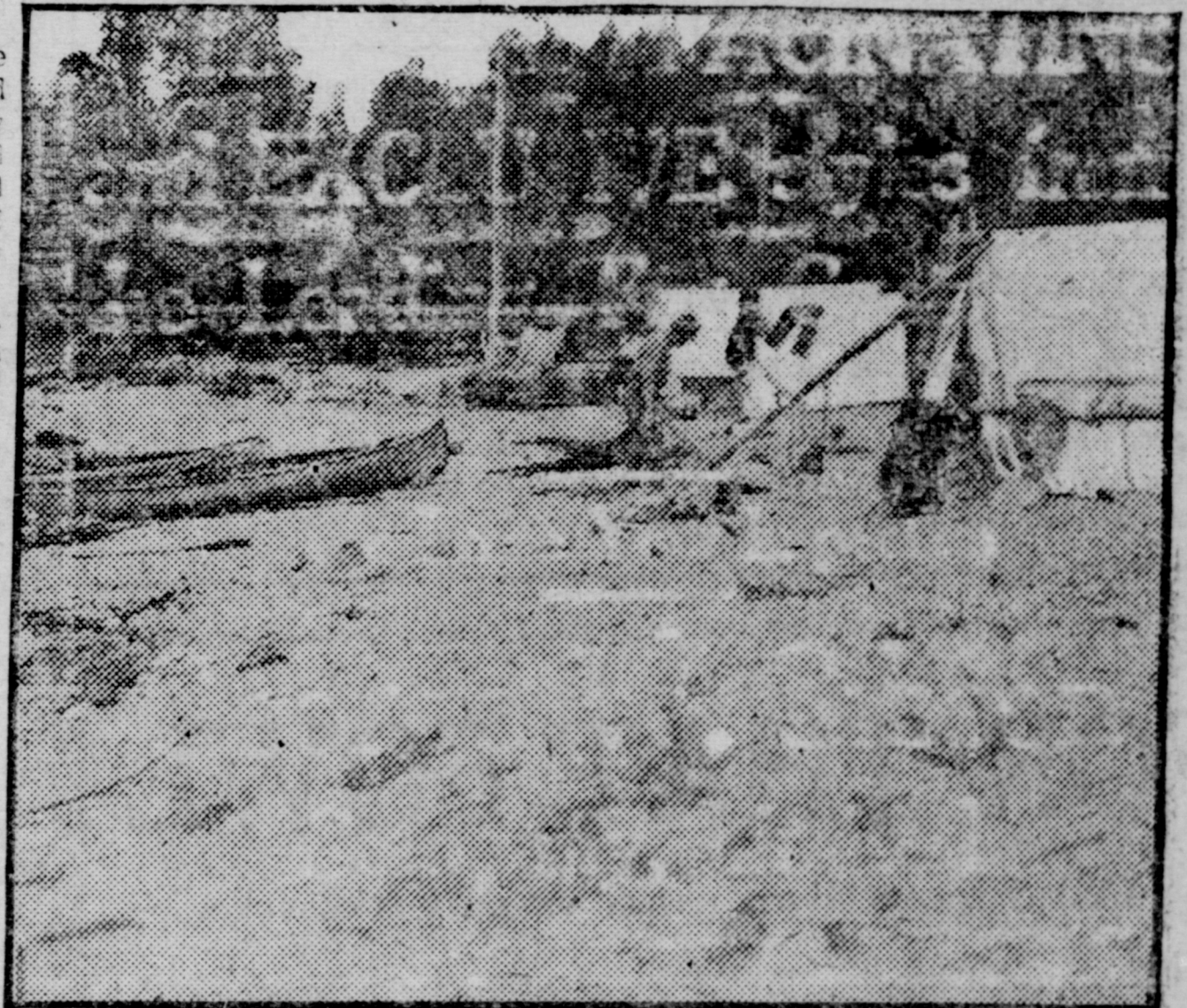
It will be to your advantage to see our representative before disposing of your wood. CANADIAN REALTY CO. Ltd. Fredericton, N. B. 14-3w

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

The ailments of childhood—constipation, indigestion, colic, colds, etc.—can be quickly banished through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which instantly regulate the bowels and

sweeten the stomach. They are guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs and can be given to the youngest baby with perfect safety. Concerning them Mrs. Alcide Lepage, Ste. Beatrix, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets were of great help to my baby." They regulated her bowels and stomach and made her plump and well." The Tablets are

CANOEING IN CANADA



Canoes and fishing-rods: these inveigle most men; they sit up and beam at mention of them—not only men who live with them and by all of them exist, but men who travel up to the office every morning and to whom the word "fish" means only the course before the entrée. Man, a happy evening have I spent in reading of such things—reading in some traveller's book of canoes and fishing-rods, of rifles and the crackle of the camp-fire. And now the fates permit me to write, if not a book, an article on these, as I have of late had many days in their company. For their friends and acquaintances I write this, especially for those who can't, just at the moment, arrange their affairs so as to get away from the desk to be among them.

I do not suppose it would be gross free advertisement to give the name of the canoe in which I set out, for it is mentioned in most accounts of Canadian travel; but I will not run the risk of being suspected as a shareholder in the company that makes it, or subsidised it. Suffice it, then, to say that the beautiful craft was of the size that caused it to be stamped, on the little bit of decking at the bow, not merely "Canoe", but: "The So-and-So Canoe Boat", can be rowed, if necessary, by two pairs of oars and has a place (in that foot of deck at the bow) for a short mast that carries a long, low triangular sail. It is—I was on the point of saying "light as a feather," at any rate, it can be pulled up on the beach, or set adrift, with one hand. It is certainly amazingly light and buoyant.

I chose to row it; and the one pair of oars in which I sent it gliding rapidly through the waters with its load of tent, tent-poles, and blankets; kettles, billy, and frying-pan; flour, rice, and seedless raisins; "tin cow," "canned corn," tea, coffee, salt and sugar; three fishing-rods (one for flies, one for spoon, and one for spinner); a heavy six-shooter; and Squaw in stern. Bush fires were shimmering away in the ranges, so that we had to take the further peaks for granted. The nearer mountains stood solemnly up with their green fronts and fringes of summit-poles and timber against a grey-blue background, the drifting smoke of the fires.

After all, though the sun was hidden (very much as in a London November haze) its light sifted through somehow, and lit very impressively the slopes of fir and the outstanding chunks of rock on the slopes. Weird, fuzzy reflections ran down into the deep water, a water smoky-blue and jade-green.

As for the canoe, it seemed a living thing. Soon it and I were in touch with each other, had an understanding. It is a sensitive, polished, exquisite thing. It is full of response and yet it is not easy to wreck. Of the whirl of an eddy it told me with a tremble. At the narrow turns and fringes of sunlit main Kootenay Lake in British Columbia it behaved as though eager to show it was in partnership with me. It leapt to the ripples. It dipped to them. It told me, almost in a telepathic fashion, without speech: "Pull, friend; and I'll do the rest." This may sound wild writing to those who have not adventured on eddy or current in league with such canoes; but it is not really as wild as it seems. I rowed in towards shore and continued in a backwater till the lake spread out again. When I pulled it up on a spit of sand and little stones that night I marvelled again at its lightness. And when camp was made—and I sat on a fallen tree while the billy boiled and the fire

crackled, and the sun, a disc of old gold, went slipping down in dun-grey behind a hump or "hog-back," (to use the local phrase)—just to look at that canoe-boat was a delight. Even to that dulled sun it responded with a sheen of gold along its hull. Without Canoe I would have been, there, like a man on the plains without horse. In the wilds these both seem alive. It was a three-some party: Squaw, self, canoe. The fishing-rod is different. The trolling-rod (or even the spinner) is definitely dead. One just lets the line run out astern and then paddles round and to and fro and the fish catch themselves, immolate themselves upon the hooks while trying to fight the spoon, or to ally their curiosity regarding the spinner; and when enough have done so they are brought ashore to the frying-pan. The fly-fishing rod is nearer toward having entity. In the dancing water where "Coffee" (the name of the Kootenay Lake I did once or twice mistake my own sham flies for real flies) was cast, the little wave-tops, But, frankly, I am not a sportsman in the sense of liking to kill. When I have fished my supper, like an Indian, I desist. He only goes on fishing beyond the requirements of one meal when he wants to smoke fish for future ones.

The heavy six-shooter I had brought merely as a defensive weapon, as it was our intention to wander up in the surrounding mountains, both for their majestic presence and for huckleberries; and although bear generally run from human beings, ever and again they don't. Bears are fond of huckleberries, and sometimes they think they own a whole patch. If they see a human being picking they come with a "Woof!" to drive him away; not often—but still they do so now and then. The shooting practice had to be kept up, and every here and there, where there was some wild natural wall, I would stick up an empty tin (canned corn was, as I mentioned, part of our supply), and have the pleasure of seeing it fly as the six-gun kicked, and considering (once more in the language of the country) as I culled the battered can and set it up again: "If that was Mr. Bear his name would be Dennis!" But even ride or six-gun is only an instrument, a beautiful, callous, perfect instrument. There is a certain pleasure in sitting by the fire in the evening, with a little bottle of oil and a pull-through, attending to its toilet, and looking

through it for a speck, while Squaw sits opposite on a couch of lopped fir-branches (lopped by Friend Axel); but it has no response—for a kick cannot be called a response. The little fraction of a suggestion of life in it is not friendly, like the great suggestion of life in Canoe. Rifle and six-gun are in the same world as Frankenstein.

But the chronicle of the trip is peaceful enough, despite the presence of six-gun in the party. The bears kept out of our way. It is the chronicle of searable chattering to us at every landing, in what sounded like small invective—a sound like the winding up, for a long time, of a clock-work toy; of the grunts of deer flickering away through the woods, their bodies hardly discernible, only to be discovered by the aid of these twinkling tails; of chipmunks chirping and frisking; of soppers (hated by farmers except as indicators of winter coats, but mighty pretty) coming close to look at the little creatures under a foot high when sitting up on haunches, with neat little heads—something like polar bears on a small scale—one paw stiffly out like a straight twig, a small stump, and one pendant of a fish hawk that went past one evening, its head moving left and right and returned about five minutes later with a fish in his talons—like a bird flown away with its perch; of Canadian robbers that came dancing along the shore, raising their heads to see if we discarded any choice crumbs; of a blue Jay, crested, bright as a parrot, brilliant in the dusky green woods alongshore and the smoke-sifted sunshine; of the dusk falling over the sliding water where the trout rose after flies and fell with a plop that made the quiet of the rocky shores more impressive; of the zig-zag flight of mosquito hawks and then the flutter of bats' wings over the smoke of our fire; and, when the world was blotted out beyond the limit of our fire-sheen, of the musical, almost bird-like bubbling voice of the bull-frog.

That is the chronicle of the trip. And always there was the great quiet of the hills, the limpid loneliness of the waters; always there was the tremendous disorders of gale and creek, with the fallen trees, from many a storm in the peaks, tilted at wild angles from shore to mid-stream rock, or even shore to shore above the foaming and roaring rivers.

—F. N.