



You surely do not want to go through life continually bothering some body for the time o-day.

Why not have a ~~gold~~ jeweled Elgin watch of your own? They are the best watches made. We have them also a choice stock of Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, etc.

## SCHOOL SUPPLIES

—IN—

**SCRIBBLING BOOKS,  
SLATES, SLATE PENCILS,  
CRAYONS, White and Colored  
BLACKBOARD ERASERS,**

and all the necessities of the schoolroom

**GEO. A. LITTLE,**

BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE

### G.T.R. LOCAL TIME-TABLE DEPARTURES.

	5:50 a.m.	6:15 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	5:15 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	6:45 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	8:15 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
Bellefonte Mixed.																		
Port Hope Mixed via Bethany.																		
Toronto Mixed via Whitby and Port Perry.																		
Toronto Mixed via Galt.																		
Port Hope Mixed via Peterboro.																		
Toronto Mixed via Lorneville.																		
Haliburton Mixed.																		
Toronto Mixed.																		
Cobourg Mixed.																		
Port Hope Express via Peterboro.																		
Whitby Mixed.																		
Bellefonte Mixed.																		

### ARRIVALS.

Bellefonte Mixed.	8:45 a.m.																	
Toronto Express from Port Hope.	8:55 a.m.																	
Port Hope Mixed from Toronto.	9:05 a.m.																	
Cobourg Mixed.	9:55 a.m.																	
Port Hope Mixed from Port Hope.	2:05 p.m.																	
Toronto Mail from Port Hope.	6:15 p.m.																	
Port Hope Express from Toronto.	7:55 p.m.																	
Whitby Mixed.	8:55 p.m.																	
Bellefonte Mixed.	10:15 p.m.																	

## Bargains...

All Over The Store

IN

- Watches,
- Clocks,
- Jewelry,
- Silverware,
- Spectacles,
- Engagement Rings
- Wedding Rings
- And Wedding
- Presents.

—AT—

**W. F. McCARTY,**  
77 KENT STREET.

## Begin Right

When you buy a poor thing it worries you as long as it lasts. When you buy a good thing you are glad of the few extra cents, or possibly dollars, you spent for it every day you possess it. We have no poor, mean goods in our store. Everything is the money's worth most abundantly. You will be glad you bought it here, and you will come again.

### Doctors' Prescriptions

and Family Recipes carefully compounded. Only the purest drugs used. Bring your prescriptions to us.

**H. J. LYTHE,**

Fenelon Falls Drug Store.

THE KNOTT

—GOLD MEDAL—

Washing Machine

Free Trial Given.



Organs, Pianos and Sewing Machines.

**J. J. WETHERUP,**

General Agent, Lindsay, Box 415, Cor. Sussex and Peel Streets.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound**  
is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It is a safe, reliable medicine. Price, No. 4, \$1.00 per box, No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2 mailed on receipt of price and two 5-cent postage stamps. We send No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 sold in Lindsay by E. GREGORY, Druggist.

I went to work and made him as comfortable as I could, thinking mean while of the least brutal way in which to tell him that the long night must soon come. I was a bit surprised that he was sane, since the wound must have been very snug to the brain cells, but he was fully conscious, though in great pain.

"Finally I asked him if he wished any particular thing done or any one sent for. Motioning for a pencil, he wrote:

"Nothing to be done. I shall live for years yet, and there's no hurry. I looked at him closely, believing that, after all, he was not precisely level. I had examined the curious wound carefully and wouldn't have insured his life for 48 hours on any terms. But, boys, Big Griggs lived with that iron in his head for more than six years. During all that time I attended him carefully, and we had long sign voice discussions about our mutual belief in fatalism. He predicted very closely the date of his death, and later I procured this somewhat ghastly photograph."

He drew from the envelope a photograph of a skull pinned through by an iron bar, and in turn we examined the picture. As it was passed from hand to hand each face mirrored the depressing thought of the years of unceasing suffering which had preceded the awful nakedness of the skull.

The punch bowl received renewed attentions, and the talk broke away into forced and aimless chancels, difficult for men to sustain long. At last one of them, in well intended effort to lighten the mood of the hour, said:

"Well, doc, when have you figured on reaching the limit of your earthly mission? Try and plan to finish this hunt with us, for we are bound to strike a moose before we are through."

The doctor had gazed into the coals without a word since the telling of his story, but his lips now parted in a slow and melancholy smile as he calmly answered:

"I fancy, boys, that it will come tomorrow. So sure am I of this that I shall ask you before we have a good night to join me in what I believe will be our last toast together. It will be to your comf'rs, friends, if you can dismiss my statement as but the vagary of an overtalkative comrade who finds himself in strange mood tonight, but we shall see." He continued to murmur to himself:

"It's a pretty world, senor, but not all has been happiness. I have seen of the travail of my soul and am satisfied."

He rose and filled his glass. "Fill and drink, boys," he called, and as they gathered around without volition to resist his whim he continued: "Drink to the unsolvable riddle of life; to the unfathomable arbitrament of fate and to the untroubled sleep which follows all in God's good time."

Three glasses were replaced with brimming edge untouched upon the table, one—the doctor's—lay shattered on the hearth. Hurried good nights were said and a half an hour later quiet ruled the camp. But one unsleeping member of the party went an hour later to view the skies and judge the morrow's weather. And there he found another sentinel, who growled:

"My theory is, boys, that a man

lives until his time's up, and no longer,

and that it makes little or no difference in his length of life what he does or doesn't do. I seldom air this theory.

In fact, I don't generally like to speak of death, an experience which strangely bears out my theory and which lies many years back.

"I had just fairly settled into the business left me by an old practitioner in a small mountain town in Vermont. It was not a town of wealth or great morality, and I was not a busy man.

Still, my reading kept me occupied for the most part, and I had just enough of our side work to give exercise and maintenance. Even then I had formed opinions and read widely upon the doctrine generally referred to as fatalism.

I had observed nothing which consoled my ideas, while there had come to me much in their support.

Early on a blustery, stormy evening I was lounging in my easy chair before a roaring fire, pondering over a very strange deposition which I had just read, when my thought was interrupted by the sound of wheels and a moment later there was a determined knock on the door and I opened up. A quarryman whom I knew by sight was my caller.

"For God sake, do he said, 'come over with me to the quarry and help Big Griggs out of his misery. He's got a tamping iron clean up through his head.'

"I got my case, slid into a heavy coat and we were off. The overlook quarry was six miles distance and during the drive I gathered particulars. Big Griggs had been drilling for a heavy blast all afternoon, and had loaded for an early morning firing just before he knocked off. He had been tampering down the powder charge, short time had made him careless and the e was a premature explosion. The tamping iron had been driven up through both jaws and through the top of the cranium and still remained in the wound. I mentally concluded that my driver was either drawing the tale o'erstrong through excess of excitement or else that there would be no need of my services when we reached the patient.

"But I found his statement of conditions literally correct. Poor Griggs sat there with jaws locked firmly together and with about seven inches of iron protruding from his chin and a similar length from the apex of the skull. The bar was round, two feet long, with a diameter of one quarter of an inch at one end and one and one quarter inch at the other. It must have weighed seven or eight pounds.

## A SERIOUS EXPERIENCE

PASSED THROUGH BY ONE OF BROCKVILLE'S BEST KNOWN MEN.

HIS LEGS GAVE OUT AND WHEN SAT DOWN HE HAD NO CONTROL OVER THEM—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED HIM TO ACTIVITY.

From the Brockville Recorder.

There are few men in Brockville or vicinity better known to the general public, and there is certainly no one held in greater esteem by his friends than Mr. L. deCarle, sr. Mr. deCarle came from England to Canada forty four years ago, locating in the county of Glengarry. Eight years later he removed to Brockville and has made his home here ever since. He established the large marble business still carried on by his sons here, and is himself one of the most expert stonecutters in the Dominion of Canada. He is also well known as an artist in other lines and as a draughtsman has few equals and no superiors. Ample evidence of this is afforded in the fact that when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad was begun Sir Sanford Fleming, chief engineer of that great trans continental road, requested him to join his staff. Mr. deCarle accepted the position at Sir Sanford's request and remained with the company for nine years, during which time he drew nearly all the profiles of the road and the plans of the bridges between Ottawa and Thunder bay. His work was commended as the best done by any draughtsman in the company's employ. Since leaving the company's service Mr. deCarle has lived a retired life, enjoying a well earned competence at his cosy home in the west end of the town. Mr. deCarle is possessed of a rugged constitution and had always enjoyed the best of health until the fall of 1896. Then he was stricken with an affection of the limbs which much alarmed him. Speaking with a recorder representative the other day the conversation happened to turn upon this event, and the circumstances connected therewith can best be told in his own words. "Last fall," said he, "my legs became in such a condition that when I sat down I had no power over them. I could not move them one way or the other, and was naturally much alarmed. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had read of their curing cases similar to mine and so I decided to give them a trial. I purchased a supply of the pills and commenced taking them according to directions. I had only taken them a short time when I found that I was regaining the use of my legs and could raise one up and cross the other without much difficulty. I also remarked to my wife that the pills were doing me much good and she was both surprised and delighted when I showed her what ease I could move my limbs with. I continued taking the pills for about a month and by that time I had full control of my legs as I ever had—in fact was completely cured. I have never had a symptom of the trouble since and am now as well as ever I was. I attribute my cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact it must have been the pills for I took nothing else in the way of medicine, and I cannot too strongly recommend them to anyone afflicted as I was.

FOR TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

PROFITABLE GESE

Gray African geese are by many raisers considered the most profitable of all geese to keep. They grow the heaviest in the shortest space of time and are ready for market in ten weeks, weighing at that age between eight and ten pounds.

They are very much like the Pekin duck in this respect and as compared with other geese give the most satisfactory returns for