

WEST END NEWS

THERE ARE JUST FOUR

Things we want to speak of this week and it's important that you should know these four things—at least we think it's to YOUR ADVANTAGE or we would not ask you to read the following.

- 1. The STARCH season is approaching, and we are anxious you should use the best Starch—RUBBER STARCH. It's not necessary to buy a package—ask for sample and try it.
2. BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—another reasonable article. We handle Ireland's Self-Rising in package, because it's the best. 2 packages for 25 cents. Try it.
3. A portion of our NEW SPRING SHOES has arrived. Drop in and see what we have and compare our goods and prices, that's all we ask—the rest we leave with you.
4. Our REPAIR Department turns out the neatest work. We will prove it to you if you give us a chance. Don't forget us when your Shoes need repairing.

W. M. ROBSON,

NEW MILL.

Davidson's Mill, near Little Britain, is refitted and in good running order. Chopping done every day. Come early and take your GRIST HOME WITH YOU. D. CHRISTIE & CO.

Music Lessons!

MISS R. ROBINSON,

For several years past teacher of Music at Brooklyn, N.Y., has opened classes in Lindsay at 38 William St., north, and will receive a limited number of pupils. Terms made known on application.—32-6.



Spinning Wheels

Will be fashionable again soon. The HANDSOMEST, UNIQUEST and STRONGEST among them will be....

THE "SINGER"

It is made in Toronto. The Crank-hanger is globe-shaped (an entirely new thing). It has a roller chain, and the Watson seat post, which is an acknowledged novelty. Look in and see it. Also the RAMBLER and IDEAL.

CARROLL'S

One Door West of the Benson House.

WARM HEARTS COLD WEATHER

ENGAGEMENT RINGS WEDDING RINGS WEDDING PRESENTS!

Headquarters for THE VERY BEST THE VERY NEWEST

GEO. W. BEALL,

The Watchman-Warder

THURSDAY, MARCH 16th, 1899

Planting Corn for the Silo.

From the silo corn may well be planted in drills about 3 1/2 feet apart and with kernels from two to six inches apart in the row. In a very wet season a heavier crop may be harvested from plots drilled with a grain drill, every tube sowing, but the greater yield of protein and other valuable nutrients was found in experiments at the Michigan station to be in the crop planted with less seed per acre. Frequent cultivation prevents the evaporation of moisture from the soil and secures its retention for the use of the corn plant.

Distance Apart For Turnips.

From the results of experiments with Swedish turnips conducted six years in succession at the Ontario station the general conclusion is drawn that as the distance between plants in the row increased from 8 to 30 inches the average yield decreased, but the average weight per root increased. The average yield of plants 4 and 8 inches apart was 17.26 and 17.58 tons of root per acre respectively. The average results for six years showed that drills 20 inches apart gave a better yield than drills 26 and 32 inches apart.

FANNY AND THE FIREMAN.

BY CY WARMAN.

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CHAPTER I.

"Sit here, please," said Fanny, and she stood with her shapely hands upon the back of a chair that she had drawn a little way out from the table. It was the boast of the proprietor that he had the handsomest lot of table girls on the road, and the queen of the collection was Fanny McCann. That's how she happened to be head waitress, for she could not know much of the business. She had come to the eating station partly because her widowed mother was poor and partly to gratify a consuming desire to pose as the prettiest girl in the place, for she had been consulting her mirror.

The fireman frowned, but took a seat next the proprietor of the Mint Julep. The fireman's face, newly washed and hard rubbed, glistened in the glare of the electric light, and the same light played upon the jeweled hands and immaculate shirt front of the Julep man. The fireman bowed coldly, and the other, feeling a certain superiority in the matter of dress and personal appearance, smiled.

The head waitress, faking a position at one of the windows, stood looking at the two men, both of whom had made love to her. She had purposely seated them so as to get their faces in one frame, as it were, for she had been unable to forsake one and cleave to the other. She respected the fireman—she had loved him once and had acknowledged it to him—but she was dazzled by the handsome, well-groomed proprietor of the Mint Julep. Once or twice the fireman ventured to look up, but each time he saw her gazing upon his rival, and his heart was filled with dread.

"What time shall I call?" he asked as Fanny punched his meal ticket. "Not before 9. I detest being first in a ballroom."

"Suppose we say 8:30? It will be 9 by the time we reach the hall."

"Nine," said Fanny, smiling and nodding at the Julep man as he passed out, with his chinchilla thrown gracefully over his shoulders.

"But I'm on the reception committee."

"Then go and recep and come back for me. I shan't leave the house before 9. My, how jay you are!"

The fireman went out with a heavy heart. Fanny was getting on. She had not used such language to him before, and it cut him to the quick. He had felt it himself, but to have her see it and tell him of his shortcomings to his

stine to her husband, "what a beautiful young lady! Who is she?"

"She ees not what you say—a lady. She ees waitress fun ze eating house."

"And who is the handsome gentleman writing on her card?"

"He ees not one gentleman, my dear. He ees ze proprietor of ze Mint 'Julep.'"

Now Mrs. Wolfstine marveled that this man should be there dancing with the daughters of the best families in this growing western town. But why should he not be there? Every fireman on the division had sold or tried to sell him a ticket to the annual ball.

Society had not yet become stratified, and this wolf was still allowed to romp with the lambs.

After the ball, when honest people were asleep, he would go and mingle with his own kind.

The fireman was surprised upon taking Fanny's card to find that his rival had already written upon it. A half hour later he took the card again to select a number and found the face of it black with:

"Julep."

"Julep."

"Julep."

This man had been called by that name so much that he had come to answer to it and write it. Indeed few people in the place knew that he had another name.

It was two hours after midnight when the fireman opened the gate in front of the little frame cottage where the girl's mother lived.

"Well," said the girl, putting the gate between them, "was the ball a success?"

"For some people I think it was a decided success."

"And for others?"

"A flat failure."

"That's too bad," said Fanny, with provoking carelessness.

"Oh, I don't know. Where there are so many smooth runs and smooth runners there must always be a few wrecks and failures."

Fanny yawned and ended it with a forced, half apologetic laugh.

"Fanny," said the fireman, "I want to ask you one question before I go, and I would like a frank, honest answer."

"Well?"

"Do you love me?"

"I have said that I did."

"And you have shown that you do not."

"Then why do you ask me?"

"For your answer. If you can say truthfully that you love me now, fresh



HE TOOK THE CARD AGAIN TO SELECT A NUMBER.

face was crushing. He remembered how he had begged her to keep out of the eating house and tried to hint to her mother that the place was full of lures.

"It's only a short step in the direction of danger," he said. "A public dining room, camp meeting, the skating rink and—"

"Stop!" said Fanny's mother. "I will not have you hint even that Fanny is capable of being bad."

And so the fireman had been powerless to prevent the pure young girl from putting herself in this Eden so freighted with poisonous fruit.

Promptly at 9 o'clock he called for Fanny. She would be out in a moment, her mother said.

During the half hour in which he waited for the expiration of a woman's "moment" the fireman noticed a number of new pieces of furniture; also he noticed that Fanny's mother was a little mite remote. Fanny herself, while amply deliberate, was irritable and nervous. Conversation seemed to go slowly with them, like a heavy train on an up grade, and when he shut off they appeared to be going back.

When they entered the ballroom, the fiddlers were already fiddling, and they fell in line for the opening walk around. Over in one end of the hall there was a bank of plants and ferns, loaned by leading citizens for the fireman's annual ball, and just in front of the oasis stood the Julep man, immaculate as ever and wearing the only evening dress suit in the room. My, but he was radiant, and all the more so by comparison, for not a few of the respectable black suits worn by the fireman and their friends were beginning to take on that unmistakable shine that comes with age!

"Oh, Isaac," exclaimed Mrs. Wolf-

from the radiance of that tinsel god Julep, I shall trust you."

"Oh, you don't need to trust me if you don't want to! I'm sure I never asked you. Good night!"

"Fanny," exclaimed the fireman, stretching his arms over the gate, "is this the end of my dream?"

The girl twisted the little gold engagement ring from her finger and thrust it across the gate. Now the fireman wondered that he had not until now noticed the beautiful diamond that sparkled even in the pale moonlight.

CHAPTER II.

How strangely sad the organ sounded in the man's ears! He could scarcely remember when he had been inside of a church. "It's all rot, Fanny, ole girl," he had said. "S'nough to give a man the jimjams."

"Mother of God," wailed the woman, falling upon her knees beside the small white coffin, "take my baby, my baby!" And then she lay and sobbed above this mite of cold, cold clay.

The man turned his bloated, distorted face from the window, drew a silk handkerchief from his pocket and flicked the dust from his patent leather boots. And that's how the Mint Julep man happened to hear the organ.

CHAPTER III.

Fanny had just returned from the little stony graveyard that had grown up with the town. The grass of two summers had grown green upon the grave of her dead baby. Her husband, the Mint Julep man, was no more. His light had gone out in the midst of delirium, and his body had been sent back east to his people.

They had seen men carrying a man

on a stretcher from the train across the river to the hospital.

"Engineer hurt!" shouted a freckled boy going past the cottage, proudly spreading the news.

"Who is it?"

"Dunno," said the boy, without slowing down.

"Yes, it's him," said Fanny's mother, coming back from one of the neighbors; "caught under his engine—leg broke and badly scalded."

Fanny put her chin in her hand, and the tears began to run down her pale face. If only she could go to him, but she had no right. Besides, he might not care to have her. She had seen him but once since they parted in the moonlight at the gate. That was the day her baby was buried.

Lifting her eyes from the grave that was closing over the white coffin, she had looked into his face, and, seeing a look of sympathy there, she had almost thrown herself into his arms, so utterly lonely and miserable did she feel, but he turned away, probably to hide his own tears.

It was a week later that the kind hearted surgeon consented to allow her to visit the injured man.

He was asleep when she entered, and she sat down silently beside the little iron bed. The sight of his pale but honest face so affected her that she took his hand and held it in hers. The sleeper stirred slightly, and she put down the hand, but not until she had left two tears upon it. When he could collect his weak and wavering mind, the sick man looked upon the pale, but still beautiful face of the woman and whispered the one word, the one name, that had been the sweetest name in the language to him in his youth. He had taken her hands and now drew her toward him. She turned her face away.

"Ah, Fanny, don't you think you could learn to love me again?"

"I have never ceased to love you," she said, with her honest eyes upon his.

"It was all a mistake—an awful, horrid mistake."

"Here, here!" said the doctor entering. "If you're going to cry, I'll send you away."

"No, you won't," said the engineer, smiling and taking her hand in his. "She's going to be my nurse."

The Weight of Rain.

It is not until we take the rainfall in the bulk that we can realize what a stupendous quantity of water showers down in Great Britain and Ireland in one year, and even when we have the figures before us it is difficult to realize their magnitude.

To say, for instance, that 9,262,370,000,000 cubic feet of rain on an average fall annually on the United Kingdom conveys little or nothing, though it implies something moist, and when we further learn that the weight of the same amounts to 258,126,500,000 tons, except for a feeling of thankfulness that it did not fall on our toes all at once, we are only conscious that it makes a very pretty row of figures.

With the laudable intention of making these figures look small we will merely say that the total weight of the rain that falls in one year on the British isles is only equal to 1-119 part of the weight of one paltry square mile of the earth's surface, from the surface to the center of the earth. When we consider that there are 121,000 square miles of such surface in the United Kingdom alone, one can understand what an infinitesimal fraction of the total weight of the British isles the annual rainfall would amount to. Why, 4,300,000 Forth bridges would almost equal it.—Ludgate.

His Vocation.

In a well known college in one of the gulf states an old negro named Timothy and called old Tim by the students had for many years served them in the various duties of general servant. Of course the petty larceny which he steadily practiced as a prerequisite of office was winked at by the students, who made him the butt of jest and ridicule. One day a student who had received a box of edibles from home missed half of the ponderous fruit cake which his mother had prepared especially for him. He knew the thief, and when old Tim came in sight he exclaimed:

"Now, Tim, what did you steal that fruit cake for? All of us share our good things with you, but I suppose you had rather steal them. Ah, old fellow, you are bound for the evil one! Say, what are you going to do, sir, when you get down in his regions?"

"I dunno, Mars Ed," answered Tim, "douten I jes' keep on waitin on de students."—Exchange.

Indian Hop Pickers.

It is the proud boast of the state of Washington that her hopfields are the largest and yield the best quality of hops in the world. At all events, hop picking time is the most joyous season of labor. The bulk of the hops are picked by Indians, who have a deftness and skill never equaled by the white man. Old Indian women in their dotage and almost blind will pick their three boxes of hops a day, while the most expert white man can seldom fill two.

The white pickers go into the business mainly for the beneficial effect. Pale seamstresses, nervous housewives, grow strong and rugged in the hop-fields.

Some Paradoxes.

"As big as a whale" might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long. Nor does the expression "as awkward as a crab" apply on some of the south sea islands, for the crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.

Nor does "the busy little bee improve each shining hour" down in Mexico. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there, there is no necessity for laying in a store of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.—Exchange.

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