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THE RATHBUN CO. WINDSOR AND COLEMAN'S SALT IN BARRELS. BEST QUALITIES PORTLAND CEMENT, Star Brand, PLASTER PARIS, Albert Brand. QUANTITY OF - HARD BURNT CELLAR FLOORING. - SUPERIOR PRESSED BRICK AND - HOLLOW TERRA COTTA for partitions. For sale at a reduction to make room for other goods. DOORS, SASH, MOULDINGS and other inside finish. Rough and Dressed LUMBER, Shingles, Sash, Etc., Etc. COAL—Egg, Nut and Blacksmith. First-class HARDWOOD, Long and Best. DRY MILL WOOD. The company have built a large shed and will be prepared to supply dry mill wood during summer. TELEPHONES—Office, No. 77; Mill No. 78. G. H. M. BAKER, AGENT.

E. & D. CYCLES Are winning more popular favor than any other wheel in Canada. It has more practical improvements, so it therefore should. It will be found a great hill climber. Ride one and have satisfaction. J. RIGGS, Agent, Lindsay. Money Lent on Mortgages. Straight loans at FIVE PER CENT. on satisfactory security. Terms of payment suit the borrower. Mortgages negotiated. MOORE & JACKSON BRANCHES—HONEY TO ORDER.

A GIRL WORTH HAVING "Your father is better now Miss Marcia, and I'm going to let you sit with him a little while, so that your mother can rest. But be careful that you don't let him talk too much, won't you?" "Yes, doctor. But do you think papa will ever be well again, just as well as he used to be?" "It will be a long time before he will be, and he may never be, but I hope he may be quite strong, and able to get much enjoyment out of life even if he must spend the rest of his days as a cripple." Marcia winced a little at that word, and the tears filled her eyes, but she bravely forced them back. She did not intend that the doctor should see her crying; she was afraid he would think she was not womanly enough to help take care of her father. "It will be hard for him to be a cripple, and hard for us to see him helpless, but it is so much better than for us not to have him at all, that I can't feel an other way than thankful about it." Even as Marcia spoke, her voice trembled with suppressed feeling, but her lips smiled as pleasantly as usual, and that was very pleasant. "Papa," she said, cheerily, a minute later, "I've beaten them all; they just had to let me take care of you. They couldn't hatch up another excuse to prevent it. That's what comes of persistence. The doctor said you mustn't talk, but he didn't say I mustn't; neither did he forbid my kissing you, just once. There?" "She'll do," said the doctor to himself, and he started off. He had been playing eavesdropper, to find out if it were really safe to leave a 16 year-old girl in charge of his very sick patient. Marcia had only seen her father once before since he had fallen from the high building on which he was helping to build a chimney, and she had been hastily summoned from school, because they thought he was dying. The old doctor had feared that she would "make a scene," when she did see him. But the wife was tired, the sick man would have no strange nurse, and he had been calling for Marcia, so it had been thought best to try her. "If that bright eyed girl had only been a boy, there would be a little brighter outlook for poor Morris," mused the doctor, as he rode towards the next patient's house, "for then there would be a prospect of help at some future time; but now it certainly looks very dark for him." It surely did look dark, and the sick man in spite of the repeated injunction not to worry, could not help wondering over and over again what was to become of them all, and how they were to keep out of the poorhouse. A workman, with a family to feed and clothe and educate, and who had only his own hands to depend upon, can generally manage to lay up but little for the proverbial "rainy day." But when the rainy day has not only put in its appearance, but has rendered the head of the house forever unfit for labor, the outlook is far from pleasant. The Morris family were fortunate in having their little home all paid for, and enough money to help them through the first week of their great trouble; but, in the eyes of their neighbors, they were unfortunate in having no boys in the family. "If Marcia had only been a boy, and could go to work," had been said in her presence over and over again, when sympathetic friends had dropped in with well meant advice and suggestions as to the best way for the troubled family to earn their daily bread. "Why can't I work, if I'm not a boy?" demanded Marcia. "Why, you can of course," was the answer, "but what will it amount to? Girls get so little for their work; but with a boy it is different. A boy of 16 is capable of earning very good wages." "Never mind, girls," Marcia would say, "we won't cry because we're girls till we're very sure that girls are no good, will we? I believe we can help papa and mamma just as much as if we were boys." "So do I," answered each one of the sisters, who always believed everything Marcia said. But let us go back to the sick room and see how Marcia is getting along in her new role of nurse. "As I said before, papa, you mustn't talk, but there is no reason why you shouldn't listen. At least the doctor didn't say you shouldn't. I've been thinking of something for two or three days, and now my mind is made up to try it, if you are willing. That was one reason why I was so determined to take care of you all by myself. I haven't said a word about it to mamma yet, for she is so perfectly distracted that she can't think of anything else but just you. But I'm not heartless, thank fortune! I speculated on what you were thinking about, and was sure it was money you've been worrying about how we were going to live, haven't you? Wink your eyes fast this way, if I've guessed right. There, I know it all the time. Are you tired? Just shake your head, but don't speak. Oh, papa, don't laugh! don't, for anything! for that will excite you, and then I'll get scolded, and they won't let me see you again!" "You're most too careful," said the sick man. "I have been allowed to talk a little all along, and I guess it

won't hurt me to say yes and no now." "Oh, won't it? I'm awfully glad, for it was almost too much for my gravity to see you lying there, blinking like a sleepy owl. But I know you mustn't talk much, or the doctor wouldn't have laid such fearful commands on me. Well, what I wanted to say is this: I believe I've thought of something I can do to help support the family. I'm going to be traveling saleswoman for a grocery store." Mr. Morris looked at his daughter in amazement and opened his mouth to echo her last remarkable statement, but a plump hand instantly covered it and a merry laugh sounded in his ear. "Oh, papa, don't speak, please don't! I suspect I have spoiled everything by giggling out in that way, but you did look so funny! Actually, papa, you did look too horrified for anything. Do you suppose anyone heard me laugh, I hope not, for I haven't got half through with you yet. Now be patient, and I'll explain. I was thinking how easily Mr. Bailey made a living. You know he is travelling salesman for a grocery store; and I came pretty near wishing that I was a boy so that I could go and do likewise. Guess I should have wished it, if I hadn't been taken with the idea that I could do it anyway, so I called on Mr. Allen at once—your look of horror grows more intense, but don't you dare utter a syllable—and laid the plan before him with many misgivings, much trembling, and a few tears on my stubby eyelashes. Honestly, papa, I was pretty nearly frightened to death; but Mr. Allen says he will give me ten per cent commission on all the groceries I can sell, and I am to deliver everything but flour and everything of that sort. I thought if I could make Dobbin useful, then we shouldn't be obliged to sell him, and you will need him when you are able to ride out. There's a great many people in this city, and it seems as if I could persuade a few of them to buy their groceries of me, doesn't it? What do you think of the plan? Are you willing I should try?" Mr. Morris nodded his assent. There was no need this time for his daughter to warn him not to speak, for he couldn't have said a word had he tried. "All right, papa," answered Marcia, "I'll begin to-morrow, and oh, how I do hope I shall succeed! I might go out as a child-nurse or housework girl, but I couldn't earn much, and I don't want to go away from home. I want to earn as much money as a boy you see, if I can work up in this, Gertie can help me after awhile." Mamma came in just then, and was informed that papa was much better, for he had been receiving treatment from an excellent mind-cure physician, whose service he wouldn't exchange for a dozen Mr. Wilsons. Marcia went at her new work energetically, just as she did everything else. She found many disagreeable things about it, and met many impolite people, and experienced not a few discouragements, but she would not give up, and she finally succeeded in earning a very good living for her family. Every forenoon is spent in taking orders for groceries; every afternoon in delivering them. She is prompt, businesslike and pleasant, and is welcomed in many homes where a man would not be tolerated. As fast as she got regular customers whose patronage she was sure of, she put them on her list to be visited on certain days of the week, and gradually Gertie was brought to be of use in taking their orders, while Marcia went into new quarters to "drum up new trade," as she delighted in calling it. Mr. Morris is not able to work, and never will be again, but their pretty little home has not been mortgaged, as the neighbors said it would have to be; the horse and buggy have not been sold, the family is not in debt, nor do they depend on their neighbors for help, and everyone is obliged to confess that they got along quite as well as they could have had Marcia been a boy.

He Remembered. It is said that no man ever had a more marvelous memory for faces than Henry Clay. The instances given to prove this are numberless. On one occasion he was on his way to Jackson, Miss., and the cars stopped for a short time at Clinton. Among the crowd who pressed forward was one vigorous old man who insisted that Mr. Clay would recognize him. He had lost one eye. "Where did I know you?" asked Mr. Clay, fixing a keen glance on this man. "In Kentucky," was the reply. "Had you lost your eye before then, or have you lost it since?" was the next question. "Since," answered the old man. "Turn the sound side of your face to me so I can see your profile," said Mr. Clay. "I have it!" said Mr. Clay after a moment's scrutiny of the profile. "Didn't you give me a verdict as juror at Frankfort, Ky., in the famous case of the United States versus Innis 21 years ago?" "Yes, sir," cried the old man, trembling with delight. "And isn't your name Hardwick?" queried Mr. Clay after another moment. "I told you he'd remember me!" cried the old man, turning to the crowd. "He never forgets a face, never forgets a face!"—Youth's Companion. A Droll Letter. One of the droll letters ever sent to a sovereign is probably the following, received by the queen of England: "dere Mrs. Quean, I lost my doll in the big whole in the mountain people say you own the other side of the world too and want you please tell them to look for it." The queen thought it rather less trouble to send the little petitioner a new doll.

AN ORIGINAL POEM ON THE ISLAND OF ARRAN. BY REV. JOHN MACMILLAN OF MT. FOREST. Arran, oh Arran, the isle of my birth, Which God so blessed with beauties and worth, Thy cloud-capp'd mountains I oft liked to see, And learn of the treasures embedded in thee. In thy varied strata as science tells, Thy mystic knowledge of geology dwells, And may of all climes be found in thy rocks, Concealed revelation of God's mighty works. Your mountains so many and varied in kind, Within such a compass who can find? And the view from Goat-fell so high and bright, Tourists say, elsewhere there's no such sight. The Druids of old, of fame and renown Gave you of all islands the golden crown, And legend and story abundantly tell, The royal diadem suited you well. In Scotland's history you play'd your part, And Bruce in his exile from you took heart, To renew the conflict in Liberty's cause, Retrieve the lost crown and the right of his laws. Cromwell found in you an arm of strength, And left in you castle a guard for defence, But their conduct stained their claim to worth, And you justly despised the clan and the cloth. But praise of the kind I have found to give; I leave it for those who have time to live, Midst your rich treasures with hammer and pen, And teach them to others as such only can. I pass by your heather so fair and fine, Though to my fancy far sweeter than wine; Your gowans and flora I dare not review, Already described by lips that are true. But praise I would give you with all my heart, For parents and people come from your part, So taught and trained in God's holy way, As to live their religion day by day. Of your early revivals let Edwards tell, How humbly and lowly your patients fell To worship the Lord in church, hill and cave, And magnify Christ for mercy to save. Religion's power went deep in your heart, From many a vice it made you depart. Clean from these was the use of the still, With its vile whiskey, the drunkards to fill. Of thy sons many followed the deep, In boat and warship, with courage to meet The storms and perils of commerce and war, And bring to their lov'd homes treasures afar. But, better than this, I feign would relate, A host of ministers went out from your midst, Who preached the great gospel far and near, And led lost sinners to a Saviour dear. The dust of my ancestors—all but the last— Sleep in you ceillan and lie in your breast; But some have fallen on this foreign shore, With hope of re-union when time is no more. In my old age I compose you this rhyme, With no hope to see you inside of time, But, looking straight to you, I wave my hand, And wait a trust, a tribute to your dear strand. Arran, oh Arran, the gem of the Clyde, Be of all islands the model and pride, Let your sons and your daughters in every land Weave around your brow a Christ-Rike band. THE SHEEP OF LEBANON. They Are Fattened Like the Famous Geese of Strasbourg. Harry Fenn, the artist, has written for St. Nicholas an account of his visit to the famous cedars of Lebanon, which place is also noted for its silk. Mr. Fenn says: Whenever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there is a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and hardy sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. The crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By patient and dangerous industry, have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that. The two owners purchase one of those queer big tailed Syrian sheep, the tail of which weighs 20 pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness, and then a strange stinging process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strasbourg geese. When the sheep can eat no more, the women of the house feed it, and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call leading her sheep by a string and carrying a basket of mulberry leaves in her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaw up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half a dozen goats of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged at the same operation. Of course the sheep get immensely fat, and that is the object; for at the killing time the fat is tried out and put into jars as meat for the village. His Narrow Escape. Many times Blondin walked across Niagara on his shoulders, pushed a loaded wheelbarrow and did all sorts of tricks out there over the roaring, foaming current and did similar feats throughout the country. While here at McVicker's theater he told an anecdote of that establishment of an incident connected with his Niagara performance that the attaché, now an elderly man, repeated to this writer within the last few days. Blondin said: "Ze people at Niagara one time present me a vera beautiful medal of gold, set wif diamond, and when I was carry ze man on my shoulders across Niagara I wear ze medal. One time when we were 'bout half way 'cross I think I slip ze medal slip as ef he was falling to ze waters below. My first impulse was to catch at ze medal, him to save, but I think betters and say to myself, betters let ze medal go zan ze man. Zat man neva know to dees day how near he come to go to ze bottom. But, after all, ze medal not slip and him I have yet. Of course I could ze rope, ze cable and save myself had I loze ze balance, but ze man on my shoulder he would not see his home some more."—Chicago Times-Herald. His Style. A clerk in a Chicago bookstore was surprised not long ago when a young lady came into the store and said to him, "I want to buy a present of a book for a young man." "Yes, miss," said he. "What kind of a book do you want?" "Why, a book for a young man?" "Well—but what kind of a young man?" "Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties!"—Exchange.

Just Arrived.. EXPECTING that a duty would be placed on Teas, we have bought heavily of late, and our consignments, which consist of the finest values in Japans and Blacks we have ever been able to procure, arrived this week. As you are well aware, no change has been made in the tariff which will affect this line, so while these goods are extra fine value, being all new and the cream of the market, we are left with a stock far too heavy for this season of the year. To overcome this difficulty it will be necessary to convert at least one half of our enormous stock into cash within the next thirty days, and in order to do so we propose giving our patrons the advantage of the following price list: Finest Uncolored Japan, 1896 Crop, equal in every respect to regular 35c line.....25c Choice Young Hyson, good value at 35c.....25c Choice English Breakfast Congou.....25c Choice Ceylon, regular price 50c...40c

RAM LAL'S CELEBRATED INDIAN... TEA IN 1 LB. AND 1-2 LB. PACKAGES ALWAYS IN STOCK. TRY IT! AS TEA MERCHANTS we need no introduction to the public of Lindsay and vicinity, having been before you in this capacity for the last 22 years. You have shown your appreciation of our efforts to please by favoring us with a liberal share of your patronage, and during this sale we will strive to maintain the reputation we enjoy, of giving just a little better value than can be obtained elsewhere.

SPRATT & KILLEN, Grocers THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE..... ESTABLISHED OVER 22 YEARS "THE BEST.. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines In the market, and the cheapest according to quality, are sold by W. W. LOGAN, GENERAL AGENT, 170 Kent Street, Lindsay, Ontario.

LAND PLASTER. OSWEGO Grey Plaster, the best in the market. LAND SALT! IN SACKS. Easy to load at our Warehouse on William Street. Our 25c JAPAN TEA, as usual, the best value in town.

A. CAMPBELL, KENT-ST., LINDSAY. FAMILY GROCER VICTORIA PLANING MILL FRAMES.. SASH.... DOORS... MOULDINGS TURNINGS ETC., ETC. CALL AND INSPECT WORK AND GET PRICES. J. P. RYLEY