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## HER DIVIDED SKIRTS.

THE REASON WHY ONE WOMAN DIS-CARDED THEM FOREVER.

Her Decision Was Hastened by the Decidedly Unpleasant Experiences of an Afternoon on Which She Did Not See Li Hung Chang.

Divided skirts, their advantages and disadvantages, was the subject under discussion, and the woman's club which was discussing it was as divided on the question as the subject could possibly be. There were pros and cons in great number, and presently a small, quiet looking woman got the combined ear of the assemblage and said, "I'd like to turn this into an experience meeting for a moment and tell you of the time I saw Li Hung

"You have the floor," said the chairwoman, and the little woman told her tale as follows: "When I heard that Li was here, I be-

gan to have a great curiosity to see him. "The papers were just full of him, what an important personage he was and all that, and I thought it would be a good thing to see a Chinaman who really amounts to something for once in my life. So when the day finally arrived on which he was to ride through the streets I was up bright and early and got all my work done long before the usual time so as to be sure to get a good place where I could see everything.

"Well, he was expected to pass Madison square at about 4:30 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock I was there, standing where I could get a first rate view of Li's face, and was feeling very contented. I stood there a few minutes all right and already saw the mounted policemen approaching from down the street, so I knew Li was close at hand, when I felt something, I couldn't tell what, going wrong with my clothes, or rather part of them.

"You know," she continued after a moment's hesitation, in which the feelings awakened by her recollection of a former predicament were plainly depicted on her face, "you know, I used to go in for reform clothing, combinations and divided skirts. Well, I had on a divided skirt that day. My pretty ones were all in the wash, and this one was uncompromisingly plain. When I felt something going wrong with me, I looked down to see if I could discover any outward and visible signs of my misfortune, but I couldn't, so I kept on standing and waiting for Li. I thought he never would come, but at last I caught sight of two yellow jackets, two Chinamen on horseback coming up the street, and of course Li must be right behind them, but just at that moment I felt that awful something slip farther and farther down, looked down and saw the-the-well, one-half of my divided skirt appearing under the edge of my gown. And it kept coming down more and more, so there was absolutely nothing for me to do but make a grab for the top of it through my skirt and after one last look down the street make for the nearest seat.

"Fortunately it was only a few steps away, and there was a seat vacant, but on either side of it of course a great, big, lazy man. I slid along over to it, not daring to lift my feet from the ground, and was just going to sit down, when one of the men looked up, looked me over, and 'Madam,' says he, 'you're losing

"I could have killed him. I glared at him. 'I'm well aware of it, sir!' I said and sat down with a bump. I began to fidget about trying to find the band, but the garment had slipped down so far and had doubled over from the top in such a way that it was simply impossible for me to get hold of it. I tried to sit there in the most unconcerned way possible and looked around calmly, but oh! just think how aggravating-there, just a few feet away from me, was the man I had come to see passing by, and I couldn't make a move to see him! The Leople pushed forward, I stretched my neck as high as I could, but stand up I dared not.

"And after he had passed what was I to do? There were those two men staying and staying and not showing a sign of getting up, and how was I ever to get at the placket of my skirt with one of them on each side of me? I hitched and hitched at that unlucky garment under my skirt. I'd pull it up a little and slip the skirt down again and so on over and over, but it was so mixed up some way that I made very little headway. And then I couldn't keep at it long at a time. I had to stop and sit still and look around as if I were enjoying myself immensely. And meantime it was getting later and later, and I'd promised I'd be home by 5 o'clock sure, and you know how particular I am in such matters.

"After awhile the man who had spoken to me before held out his hand without looking up from his paper.

"'Would you like a pin?' he asked. "I took it, but the voice in which I said "Thank you' was as short as it well could be. You see, I was fighting back the tears by this time, and still both those men staid. Finally, after what seemed to me an age, the man with the paper rose and walked off, and I could turn around and slip my hand into my placket to fish for the band of that wretched divided skirt. I got it, too, on the one side and fastened that side with the pin the man had given me, but on the other side-oh, horrors!-it had slipped clear down below my knee, and I could not get at it any way I tried.

"Well, there was no use sitting there forever. In sheer desperation I clutched my skirt and the undergarment at the knee, hitched them up a little, took a fresh hold and started for home. I still dared not lift that one foot from the ground, so I simply crawled along, as you may imagine, and all the way to Fortieth street. I thought I'd never get there, but I did at last after 6 o'clock and crept up stairs, and there was my husband, of

course, in a tearing rage. "Where in thunder have you been?"

"I fairly blazed out at him. 'I've been sitting on a bench at Madison square for two hours holding up my divided skirt.' I said, 'and if you think I did it for my amusement you just go down there and try it yourself, so there!' With that the long suppressed tears of helpless rage began to flow. My husband simply roared. He laughed and laughed till at last I had to stop crying and join in, and, after all,

it was ludicrous enough. "So that's how I didn't see Li Hung Chang, and that's also why I've given up divided skirts.

Would He? It hardly seems probable that a man should suffer from corns on a wooden leg, but if the leg is made of oak would it not be natural that there should be acorn on it?-London Judy.

#### WALL PAPER

How and Where It Was First Made and Used.

While various kinds of printed fabrics were known to the people of most remote antiquity, it was not till the eighteenth century that wall paper in anything like its present form came into common use in Europe, though it appears to have been used much earlier in China. A few rare examples, which may be as early as the sixteenth century, exist in England, but these are imitations, generally in "flock," of the old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets, and hence the style of the design in no way shows the date of the wall paper, the same traditional patterns being reproduced with little or no change for many years. It was not till the end of the last century that the machinery to make paper in long strips was invented. Up to that time wall papers were printed on small square pieces of handmade paper and were very expensive. On this account wall paper was slow in superseding the older mural decorations, such as tapestry, stamped leather and paper

A work printed in London in 1744 shows some light on the use of wall papers at that time: "The method of printing wall papers of the better sort is probably the same now that it has ever been. Wooden blocks with the design cut in relief, one for each color, are applied by hand, after being dipped in an elastic cloth sieve charged with wet tempera pigment, great care being taken to lay each block exactly on the right place, so that the various colors may 'register' or fit together. In order to suit the productions of the paper mills these blocks are made in England 21 inches wide and in France 18 inches wide. The length of the block is limited to what the workman can easily lift with one hand-2 feet being about the limit, as the blocks are necessarily thick and in many cases made heavier by being inlaid with copper, especially the thin outlines, which, if made of wood, would not stand the wear and

tear of printing. "In 'flock' and gold or silver printing sire to please: the design is first printed in strong size, the flock (finely cut wool of the required color), or metallic powder, is then sprinkled by hand all over the paper.' It adheres only to the wet size and is easily shaken off the ground or unsized part. If the pattern is required to stand out in some relief, the process is repeated several times and the whole paper then rolled to compress the flock. Cheaper sorts of paper are printed by machinery, the design being cut on the surface of wooden rollers under which the paper passes. The chief drawback to this process is that all the colors are applied rapidly one after the other without allowing each to dry separately, as is done in hand printing. A somewhat blurred appearance is usually the result."-Paper Trade.

### A LUCKY ESCAPE.

#### An Adventure That Might Have Sent Two Men to the Grave.

"I had a very curious adventure several years ago," said a noted wing shot of this city, "while on a hunting trip with a friend in a neighboring state. We had spent the day in the field and in coming back missed the road and wandered through the woods until almost dark. At last we got our bearings and shortly afterward saw a good sized frame house standing in a sort of clearing. We went up to get some water and, to our surprise, found the place entirely empty. "There were a couple of old cot beds in

a back room and a pile of blankets in a corner, and we concluded from that that the caretakers occasionally slept on the premises. It was then dusk, the town was fully five miles away, and, being thoroughly tired out, we decided to stay there overnight. Accordingly we took possession of the beds, picked out the best blankets we could find and made ourselves at home. I must confess, however, that I didn't sleep much. I couldn't get rid of the impression that there was something uncanny in a house standing open and deserted in such a fashion, and all the ghost stories I had ever read flitted in dismal procession through my

"At the first streak of dawn I got up and walked out of doors. Then for the first time I had a good look at the front of the building, and, to my unutterable they were returned to their own temples, horror, I read lettered over the door, they bore inscriptions testifying to their 'County Smallpox Hospital.' In less defeat and imprisonment. than a minute we were both on the road, white as ghosts. We bathed in a creek, bought new clothes in town and were scared for a month afterward, yet, despite the fact that we had rested on those infested beds and used the pest soaked blankets of God knows how many patients, neither of us caught the disease.' -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Pretty Good Fishing.

A sportsman known to Forest and Stream was once on the beach at the outlet of a creek in New York state looking for shore birds when he saw a colored boy, who was fishing for perch, lay down his pole at the call of his mother to do

The sportsman put his gun aside and took the cane pole and fished, adding a dozen perch to the boy's string and then sneaked off. Presently a second sportsman, happening that way, asked the boy the usual question and received this an-

"Yess'r, dey's good fishin heah. W'en I stop to run to de sto' fo' to get some cawnmeal fo' mam, de perch dey come outen de crick an jes' strings deyselves awn my string. I don' on'stan it, but its funny side, showing itself in most dey's jes' as good fo' breakfas' 's if dey was cotched awn a hook."

### Two Mothers' Bibles.

with an exquisitely bound volume. The | swer-the sun. dealer gave him in return for the book 10 bought that very Bible. It was worth | teacher, sweethearts." something more than \$2. "My mother," he explained, "gave me just such a book two years ago, and this one looks to have been used considerably. When she sees it, she'll think I've been reading it. That's why I want to buy it."-Knoxville Sen-

To Measure Devotion. the extent to which she will make her- Months." I want him to hear how his self uncomfortable for you. The measure of a man's is the effort he will make to have you as comfortable as he proposes to be himself.

Lives Alone With One She Loves. "The woman," said the corn fed philosopher, "who comes nearest to marrying her ideal is the woman who does not marry at all."

#### TROUT COOKED BY A CHEF.

Two Fishermen Who Made a Startling Discovery.

A writer in Forest and Stream tells how he went trout fishing years ago in California and there made a pleasant discovery. After seeking long for trout streams he and his companion came upon a lone shanty, where a Frenchman was swinging in a hammock and smoking his pipe. He was a very much surprised man, for, as he told them, no one had intruded on his solitude for three months.

"Plenty of fish!" he promised them, and they betook themselves to the creek. There they soon filled their baskets and then, having dressed as many as two hungry men could eat, adjourned to the

On inquiring of our landlord if he had such a thing as a frying pan he produced one, and my friend, who prided himself on being a camp expert, remarked: "Of course this tramp doesn't know how to cook a trout. I'll show him."

The tramp looked on, smoking his pipe, but being rather the worse for our day's travel it was suggested that before eating we should have a bath, so, adjourning to the creek, we took a refreshing dip. When we returned to the house, we were surprised at seeing a little rude table set out under the trees. On it were casters, china plates, a white cloth and napkins. Where they all came from was a mystery, but they were there.

"Now for the trout," said my friend. "I'll show you how trout should be cooked."

But then appeared our landlord, bearing a platter filled with nicely browned fish. It was followed by small cups of delicious black coffee. Then we rolled up in our blankets and slept as only tired hunters and fishermen can do. Our breakfast was the supper repeated, with an addition of fine white rolls.

We lost no time in refilling our baskets and prepared to depart. Our landlord would accept no pay, only a few flies and a line and a pocketbook. Then one of us said, with some patronage and a de-

"My friend, there is the making of a good cook in you. Why don't you go to San Francisco and hire out? No doubt you could get a good situation."

There was a twinkle in the Frenchman's eye as he replied carelessly: "Yes, I cook a leetle. I was Delmonico's chef for ten years, and I get what you call tired and come to California to find a leetle rest."

#### GODS CAPTURED IN BATTLE.

Greek Statues Taken Prisoners and Condemned to Death.

Mr. Gaston Maspero, the well known French Egyptologist, has recently written an interesting article on the "speaking statues" of ancient Egypt. He says the statues of some of the gods were made of joined parts and were supposed to communicate with the faithful by speech, signs and other movements. They were made of wood, painted or gilded. Their hands could be raised and lowered and their heads moved, but it is not known whether their feet could be put in motion. When one of the faithful asked for advice, their god answered either by signs or words. Occasionally long speeches were made, and at other times the answer was simply an inclination of the

Every temple had priests whose special duty it was to make these communications. The priests did not make any mystery of their part in the proceedings. It was believed that the priests were intermediary between the gods and mortals, and the priests themselves had a very exalted idea of their calling. They firmly believed that the souls of divinities inhabited the statues, and they always approached them with religious fear and

These priests would stand behind the statues and move their heads or hands or speak for them, never doubting that at that moment their movements and words were inspired by the divine spirit dwelling in the statues. The statues were regarded as so very much alive that in war they shared the fate of those people whose deities they were. They were taken prisoners, condemned to death or given into slavery-in other words, placed in the temples of the conquering. If

### Two Unwelcome Admirers.

A youngish widow, accompanied by a woman friend, went to Chicago not long ago and has related this experience to some home friends. The widow being attractive and her friend none the less so, had the misfortune to excite the admiration of two very well dressed men in the dining room of the hotel where they were staying. Of course no notice was given by either woman, both being uncomfortably aware of the unflattering attention.

When the ladies arose they observed one of the men questioning the waiter, presumably about themselves, and a moment after reaching their rooms were surprised by the knock of a bell boy bearing two cards on his salver. The widow picked up the cards and read aloud, "Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Wilson." Without a moment's pause she turned to the boy, "Tell the gentlemen I am not in need of any sewing machine."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### About Right.

"Every man to his trade." Even the serious business of a clergyman's life has unexpected ways. For instance, here is a good answer given in a Sunday school class by a little midget some 7 years of age. The lesson was on the creation, Late the other evening a tolerably well and the question, "What came out in dressed young man entered a junkshop | the morning?" drew forth the correct an-

"Quite right. And what came out in cents. He had sold his mother's Bible | the evening?" Up goes the little hand for a drink. A few minutes later another whose owner had used his eyes to good man strolled in this same place and purpose and whose answer was, "Please,

Not so far wrong either.

A Horror of the Future. Young Father (in the future)-Great snakes ! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling just

drives me wild! rie, bring in my husband's mother's pho-The measure of a woman's devotion is nograph and put in the cylinder "At Ten voice sounded when he was young.

There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt and puts the stranger at once at his ease .-

Irving. It need not take anybody long to get ready to do his duty. ....

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# Mr.G.O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

# Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

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MESSRS. T. MILBURN & Co.-"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable. "Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician

of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better. "I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping methan anything I knew of. "If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills-not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't

"I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a faty dollar

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere. "The seven boxes I took have restored

me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time." G. O. ARCHIBALD. Hopewell Cape, N. B. In addition to the statement by Mr.

Archibald, we have the endorsation of two weli-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are

50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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