Made right from the real cider. No injurious acids in it, but good pure cider ripened into vinegar. Try

Pure Spices

It largely depends on the quality of the spices you use how good your pickles will be. We sell nothing but the purest spices.

Green Peppers

Cauliflowers, Pickling Onions, etc. We can deliver to you tresh from our own garded.

Our Boot and Shoe Store...

A look through our stock will convince you that our store is the place for SUB-STANTIAL, SERVICEsome BARGAINS-(mark gilded the meadows and the smile of that word, it's seldom we use it) -in Boys' and Men's Boots and slippers.

REPAIRING

W. M. Robson

WEST END STORES

Telephone 82

Remember

that you cannot possibly be happy or successful unless you sleep soundly, eat heartily, and digest what you cat.

Remember

that if your nervous system needs toning you will be miserable yourself and make those you come in contact with miserable.

Remember

that in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills you have a remedy that has never yet failed to cure any disease caused by impoverished blood, such as Pale Nervous Prostration, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia and Stomach Disorders, Headache, Depression of Spirits, Lack of Energy, Puffiness and Dark Circles under the Eyes, Pain in the Back, Kidney and Liver Disorders, and Catarrh.

so cts. per box, five boxes for \$2. All druggists, or Sam Williams & Co., Toronto, Ont.



These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood.

They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swelling of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fag, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Com-nd. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 8-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 is sald in Lindson by S Perrin, A Higinhotham, Mugan Bros. and E Gregory, anaggists.

Subscribe for Watchman-Warder

Oh, sleep, the certain knot The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe, The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release, The indifferent judge between the high and low! With shield of proof shield me from out the

Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw; Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease; I will good tribute pay, if thou do so. Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed; A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,

A rosy garland and a weary head, And if these things, as being thine by right, Move not thy heavy grace thou shalt in me, Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see. -Sir Philip Sidney.

BEATRICIA AND THE IMAGE VENDER.

A Tale of Italy and New York.

The snow flurries were blinding the eyes of the passing throng, but Pietro stood valiantly at the curb holding out his plaster images for sale. It seemed bitterly cold to the muffled, scurrying crowd, but it was warm and balmy to Pietro. Though the hands which held out the little white image of the winged victory or a bust of Beethoven were blue and stiff and the narrow shoulders of the thin frame were doubled together in an attitude of cringing subjection, yet the eyes of Pietro were looking far beyond the brilliant shops of Fifth avenue. In his imagination he was wandering in the Elysian fields ABLE SHOES. We have with his Beatricia where the sunlight

> Oh, valiant heart of Pietro! For two years now he had molded plaster casts and images and sold his wares on street corners and hoarded the meager gain to be able to get back to his Beatricia. On the banks of the Tiber he had left her picking grapes with the men and girls in the Roman vineyards, and he had come to seek an El Dorado before he claimed her as his bride.

For one long, sad year of separation she wrote to him. She upbraided him for his slowness in winning the wealth they had dreamed of, she scolded him for only lukewarm affection, she wounded his sensitive soul with repeated attacks on his loyalty and love, and gradually these criticisms, emanating from the restless, passionate soul of the young girl, tender, but selfish, giving much, but demanding more, crushed the ardent spirit of the young Italian, and he drew his love within the recesses of his heart and brooded over it, and ceased to pour out the soul's desires in the little message which he sent occasionally across the

Finally, when she believed her love too little appreciated, she ceased altogether to write. Pietro had been waiting and watching and counting the days for the letter which she owed. Weeks went by, then months, and no word came to lighten his labors and his oneliness. The first sharp pain of disappointment gave way to a long, dull, ceaseless agony that filled his hear to the brim and made it throb wildly at times within the tender walls. "Oh, beloved Beatricia," he would cry out in the wakeful watches of the long night, "have you forgotten your Pietro?"

The plaster Venuses and Mercurys and Sacred Marys stood side by side along the shelves of his shop, gazing down on him from their classic grandeer with cold, unpitying eyes. Some times at night he thought that he saw Greenish or Sallow Complexion, the imperious Milo shake her head disdainfully when he cried aloud. Mercury sneered, and a dimpled Cupid's head, by Praxiteles, broke into amused mirth. Once in his grief he knelt before a Mary, which he had himself molded that very day, and he prayed wildly and despairingly, and, as if in compassion, it seemed to him that the sacred lips of the image moved to intercede. He lived alone. Others in "Little

Italy" sought to know him and to draw him out of himself. He was a handsome youth, perhaps 22 years of age, and many of the American born young Italian girls cast amorous glances at him. He did not even notice them. He looked far beyond them and saw a little dark eyed girl, with a clear, white, transparent skin, more beautiful than the day-a cameo with but the merest blush of pink.

"He no gooda; he no gooda," shouted | torious General Weyler: the mob of merrymakers, tossing back their heads in unbridled, mocking laughter. They would look at one another when he passed silently, and and smile with knowing, conclusive smiles as they touched their foreheads with a finger.

Pietro scarcely knew of their presence. He used to hear their uproarious laughter, but it did not attract him. He had no respect for them. Many were but provincial born, and he, why, he, Pietro Gonzales, had been born in Rome itself, above the shop where Gonzales the elder had chiseled the heads of prelates of the Vatican from the finely veined, dazzling white ribs embarked. Lack of funds delayed the of marble from Italy's own hills and attempt. Finally we chartered a tug had been a true artist in his day and in Key West, but the owner drew back had loved art and labored for it in the at the last, and just as another boat pure joy of creating. Money to him was offered Weyler was recalled. was nothing. He did not know how to earn it well, or to keep it. Art was everything. He deemed it worth the sacrifice of his son, whom he forced to go to America in order to extract a for-

tune from the new world. that fortunes are slow in coming, even little quiet fun. A pompous and loud day. We see two pigs killed and a genin young, thriving provinces, and his art was more than the art of chiseled | chambers. marbles or of plaster casts. His love

him for his devotion. Often as he sauntered along the city

would stop with a startled look and search the face of some passerby that reminded him vividly of his Beatricis. He saw her often in this way, for her SUFFERINGS CAUSED TO SAILORS AT image was really never absent from his mind's eye. In his reveries of her she used to appear to him, and, as in the old days, she would wind her soft, gentle arms around his neck and whisper, "Beloved Pietro, thou art a

For a year now he had not heard from her. "She must be dead," he thought at times. "If she were alive, she could not feel the power of my love, though an ocean lies between us." But, like all lovers, he was selfish and sensitive, and he had sworn on his honor never to write to her again, and he could picture her often making love to Marcello and Valentino and others in the vineyards, as she had made love to him.

A second summer of silence came, and Pietro wandered out into the country and walked among the wood ferns, go and spend days under the sky, begging for food as he went. He could not work. He was steeped, saturated, overcome by the accumulated longing within him. The army of laughing fairies and Dominican monks stood on their shelves, a neglected array, undusted and unsold.

The citizens of "Little Italy" forgot his very existence. When he did not appear, they concluded that he had returned to Italy for a time, and they did not even care to inquire. One day a little, old woman in shabby black. with a coarse veil tied around her head so that her face was wholly concealed. came to "Little Italy" and inquired for Pietro. She could speak no English, and she seemed greatly agitated. The women were consumed with curiosity, and led her willingly Pietro's little workshop. Her terror was pitiable when she found that he had gone and had not been seen for a month. She called on all the saints in the calendar to help her, and then on death to relieve her, and she flung herself on Pietro's own couch and moaned for hours. She barred the door and covered the window so that the curious ones could not watch her from without, and she berself only emerged when she wanted to buy food.

It was some days after this occurrence that Pietro, walking in the country, saw a vision of his Beatricia stretching out her arms to him and crying out to him in a sad, distressed way. The vision was so distinct that for a moment he thought it was real.

"She is dying," he cried to the sky. "and she is sorry and would ask m; forgiveness, and I cannot go to her. O God of the poor, I cannot go!" It made such a powerful impression

upon his mind that he turned about immediately and began to retrace bis way back to the city and to his shop. When he reached "Little Italy," a dozen eager men and women rushed upon him, seized him bodily and dragged him toward his abode. "Thy mother, thine old mother, is

here," they screamed. "Ungrateful fellow, she is alone and waiting thee. For the first time in many months Pietro smiled. "My mother," he whispered, "is with

the saints and happy! What caust thou mean?" "Go, look for thyself, half witted

sluggard and beggar," they bawled out. And they pushed him toward the door. The little, old woman who had imprisoned herself within caught the shouts and the voice of Pietro, and her heart gave one wild bound, and she stood trembling at the door, ready to fling it open.

Pietro stepped cautiously and touched the handle. He did not know whom he might encounter, so his advance was timid. As the door swung back he gazed stupidly for a moment. Then a cry of joy and pain broke from his lips as he laid his hand on his heart to still its awful beating.

"Beatricia, my beloved! Is it thou! he gasped. "Dost thou love me?" "Madly, Pietro!"

"Thou didst come to find me, Bea tricia?" "Thou, alone."

"Thou hast come to stay, Beatricia; "Always!"

The Scheme Falled. In "Under Three Flags In Cuba," b Musgrave, the author tells how

scheme was hatched to capture the no-General Weyler walked nightly down the Prado with only an aid and three

secret police sauntering behind. Some Cubans often debated with me the then raise their eyebrows significantly | feasibility of seizing him there one night, dragging him down the steps to the Punta beach and shipping him down the coast to Gomez, to be held as a hostage for all Cuban prisoners. This would have been easy in the darkness with a launch and a tug in the offing that could race the obsolete boats in the harbor.

We worked persisently in planning this. The guards were to be overpowered by sudden onslaught from the rear, the general seized, pinioned and

His Unfriendly Suggestion.

Augustus Van Wyck of New York was an able and popular member of the supreme court bench. Though always dignified when presiding in court. But Pietro was beginning to learn he occasionally waived the rule by a voiced lawyer rose one morning in tleman buried."

"This, if the court please, is a curiwas his ambition. He placed it above ous case. I am retained in it'- Here his art, above his duty, above life itself. he paused for a word. There was a And the object had only grown to mock painful silence, ended by the mag-

istrate's inquiry: "Is it curious for you to be retained streets, absorbed in thoughts of her, he | in a case?".

SICKENING CARGOES.

SEA BY THE SHIP'S LOAD.

Coffee Is Bad Enough, and Pine Lumber Is Still Worse, but the Fumes From Warm, Moist Sugar Are Enough to Kill an Ordinary Man.

It was in one of the little river front eating houses in Brooklyn frequented by sailors from the coasters which are loading or unloading. A big, powerful sailor who looked as if he had never in his life known what it was to be sick for a day entered and took a chair opposite a longshoreman who had already ordered and was waiting for his dinner. As the sailor was looking over the bill of fare with that critical and hesitant eye that characterizes Jack ashore from a long voyage with a discriminating sea appetite upon him, the waiter brought in a cup of steaming coffee and set it down before the longshoreman. As the odor crushing them to his breast with his of it reached the sailor's nostrils he bent passionate love of beauty. He would upon the cup a gaze of concentrated disgust and hatred. Then he turned deadly pale, rose from his seat and staggered toward the door. "Been drinking a little too much for

your tonnage, mate?" asked the proprietor, helping him to the door. "Haven't had a drop today," said the man huskily. "It's that coffee."

"What's the matter with the coffee?" asked the proprietor angrily. "There ain't any better coffee than that on the "That's all right," replied the sailor

with an effort, "but I just got in off a

coffee ship this morning." "Oh," said the proprietor comprehendingly. "If that's the case, I'll fix you off in the corner, where you'll be all right." A table was set for him far from the others, and there he ate his dinner in apparent peace. Now, there was in the

eating house a landsman of an inquiring turn of mind who failed to understand the wherefore of all this, so he questioned the proprietor, who has been long on the river front and is himself a graduate from before the mast and has sailed in many waters of the world. "Nothing queer about that," he said in

response to the landsman's question. -"He's been out on a coffee ship; that's all. He won't want to see or smell coffee for weeks, let alone taste it." "Do they feed them nothing but coffee

on the coffee ships?" asked the landsman in the innocence of his soul. "Feed 'em? 'Tisn't the feed; it's the smell that knocks 'em. For a week or

ten days it isn't bad; it fact, it's rather a pleasant smell, that of the green berry, but after that it begins to get on your mind. In damp weather, if it's a long voyage, it's something terrible. "There's other cargoes," continued the

ex-sailor, "that's just as bad. You might think guano was one of 'em, but it isn't. Guano's Rose of Sharon perfume compared to sugar. Didn't suppose there was any smell to sugar, eh? Well, you take it in a bowl and there ain't. But take a cargo of it and let it steam in a temperature of from 90 to 110, with plenty of damp to work it up, and I'd like to see what you'd think of it then. You get so mortal sick of the sweetness of it, which you smell and taste, too, with every breath, that you'd be glad to fill up with anything that would offset it, even if it was wormwood. I've seen the time I felt as if I could drink a gallon of vinegar flavored with lemon juice at a gulp. That voyage was a sufferer, sure enough, We couldn't live between decks at all, and we all berthed as near the stern rail as we could get and even put out the small boats when it was still and lay in them to get relief.

"When provisions had to be got out of the hold, the cook went down with jute bagging tied over his nose and mouth to keep out the fumes, but after a couple of trips he fainted, and they sent me in. Two descents laid me out. I thought I was going to die. In my time I've seen folks that were tolerable seasick, but all they did was a maiden's sigh to my performances. If it wasn't convulsions, it was so mighty near it that I thought I was gone and felt like I couldn't go too quick to suit myself. They brought me around with lime juice, but it was weeks after landing before I wanted any

sweetening in mine. "The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of tinges existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man'll dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on shipboard. But pine lumber really takes the cake when it fairly gets into everything. I never happened to suffer much from that sort of cargo myself, but I saw a crew that came just as near death from too much pine resin as men can come and pull through. "We were in port at Rio when a ship came in laden with pine lumber. More than that, the fool of a skipper had let somebody supply him with pine water butts. Well, the resin began to get into the water, and first they knew the crew was pretty well poisoned with it. Then they got so that they couldn't swallow the water at all, or if they did they couldn't hold it down a second. And there wasn't any other water aboard. They were in mighty great danger of dying of thirst with plenty of water aboard just because the old man was new to that kind of voyaging. Rio happened to be the nearest port, and, though it was far out of their course, they put for it as the only chance of saving their lives. I'd hate to see again such a looking lot as they were. They were dried out like mummies and so weak that I don't see how they ever worked the ship at all, When they got in, we thought at first it was black smallpox, they were such fearful looking objects. When they did get sweet water again, they drank till I thought they'd burst, and how they did fight when we tried to get the pannikins away for fear they'd kill themselves! Some of 'em died in the hospital from the effects. I never shipped on a pine loaded ship after seeing that."

A Happy Day. Two little London girls who had been sent by the kindness of the vicar's wife to have "a happy day in the country." narrating their experiences on their re-

"Oh, yes, mum; we did 'ave a 'appy

Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor-I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here.

Proprietor of Old Fashioned Inn-Yes, sir; an he be the laziest man I ever come across. He do nothing but dror an paint all days

THE COW IN SUMMER Unless Given a Well-Balanced Ration Her

Milk Yield Will Shrink. Comparatively few farmers would think of working a team of horses hard during the summer months without feeding a liberal allowance of grain along with pasture. But when it comes to feeding cows the reverse is true. Just as small a number feed their cows a grain ration while running on a pasture.

The horse is fed grain from which to draw material to supply the system with force and energy. Farmers have learned from experience that grass alone does not afford the proper amount of ouscle-makers to repair the waste and give strength to a horse at constant hard work, and they resort to feeding grain.

The cows, as a matter of course, does not expend so much for muscular strength in the elaboration milk as does the horse in a hard day's work, but the draft on her nervous system is greater than that on the muscular system of the horse. Before one can reasonably expect a to do her best day after day and year after year, she must be liberally furnished with food that will supply the system with strength and energy to stand the draft made by the nervous forces on her system.

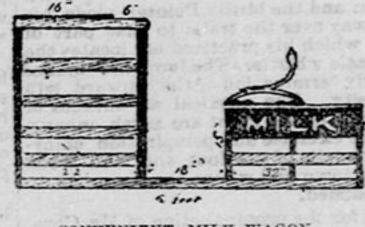
We hear a great deal about balanced rations for winter feeding and but very little about a baranced ration during the summer months. cow needs the same material during the summer as during the winter. She needs a balanced ration in May and June as much as in December and January. During the winter we that her wants are supplied During the summer she is, as a rule left to shift for herself, and if she does not respond liberally when pasture-no matter what the nature of the pasture, whether it is clover, blue-grass, timothy or wild grassshe is condemned, when the fact is. she is doing the best she can under the circumstances.

AN OPEN MILK WAGON.

Directions From Which Any Intelligent Dairyman Can Build One at Home.

The wagon is a short reach, side spring, light vehicle capable of handling 100 quarts in bottles or quarts in cans. The body can be made, by anyone handy with tools, at home, although I had a carriage maker build this one, as I was too busy at the time to do it myself. Instead of a wagon box, the foundation is a bed similar to the bed of a cart body, half-inch rods being used instead of slats. Rods are better than slats for the bed of a cart body.

Here are the specifications of the wagon body: Length, 6 feet, width. 3 feet. Three 11/2x2-inch by six feet ash sticks and two 112x2-inch by 3 feet as sticks and two 112x2-inch by 3 feet ash sticks; 6 rods 1/2-inch by feet (scant so as not to come through the sides), and 2 half-inch boards,



CONVENIENT MILK WAGON.

from the bed. Mortise sticks together. drive in rods and staple boards to rods. Instead of a dashboard the front is built up solid 29 inches high with half-inch boards fastened to the corner stakes mortised into the bed 22 inches back from the front. Another stake 29 inches high is mortised into bed, and 5 slats, 2 inches by 9-16, on each side connect the side stakes.

On top 16 inches is tight-boarded, rein holes go through the front close to the top, and in the centre under the top board is a pigeon hoie 8x7x16 inches, with a 31,-inch strip

ecross the bottom front; handy for mail, account other odds and ends. On will pay yo a space for a 40-quart room to turn it over can without hitting the travelling, cans larger than thirties are lower front would do

our

protects the cans from sun At the back the posts are ches high. The front post inches from rear end. trance 18 inches wide will explain the detail The end board is 15 inches ted, hinged to drop dow with catches. strap-bolted to the b whole body is very firm can be made stationary or as desired.

to the thoroughness With task is performed, not only farmer, but by all those borhood, for your neighbor supply you with weevils it are infested and remain no In order to kill the week beans should be threshed

Extra Work Always Pan.

When milk is made into her home do not think that a live tra pains will not pay. To termines the value of hometer ter and cheese. Have the moulded into regulation size then have parchment wrappen the owner printed thereon alone will be sufficient to a trons to refer some friend ; brand of butter, or other this duced at the home dairy. Farmer.

Look for borers and punch s

Is there a scale on the bark of your trees that you have ticed before? Be careful and se it is exterminated, or it me minate your trees. ICIL WIL

The Effects of Overbearing A tree has a certain amount

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What Angora Goats Need

Dr. Stanley says: Angora quire much the same care goats are not so dainty and thrive Angora goats will Angoras are not grazing and sheep, but browsers, leaves and weeds to nice gra fact they run over grass to and weeds. Goats eat lea weeds for feed and then grass then a few weeds for condi goras dislike rain and mud, cold and even snow

Soothes the irritate bowels, settles the ston ach, gives prompt rela from pain, prevents of lapse, and cures Diarrhou Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Summ Complaint, Cholera Infair tum, Nursing Sore Mouth of Infants and all bowe complaints of young at old more safely and speed ily than any other remedy.

DANGEROUS DYSENTERY.

Mr. John L. Carter, of Bridgetown,

tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild

17 YEARS IN USE. Mrs. Middleton Wray writes in Schomberg, Ont., as follows: Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawber N.S., in the following letter, tells is the best remedy I know of fine Spi how it saved his kie: "I had suffer-Summer Complaint and Bowell ed with dysentery for four weeks and eases of children. I have used could get nothing to cure me. I then our family for the past sevente years and never had occasion to the Strawberry, and I feel that it saved in the doctor for these troubles at the Fowler's Extract always works my life. It restored me to health when everything else failed. I consider it a wonderful remedy that like a charm.

should have a place in every home." Always ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and relations.

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We can c