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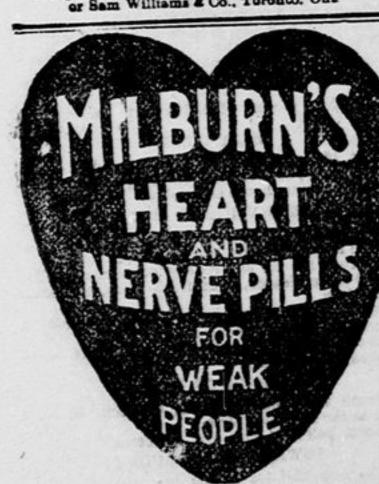
WEST END STORES

Telephone 82

## Heart Humbug

It is fashionable to-day to have a new heart scare every 24 hours. The commonest symptoms of dyspepsia or nerve trouble, such as palpitation, weak spells, loss of appetite, and poor circulation, are magnified and distorted into serious signs of heart trouble, with the object of frightening the public into taking this or that heart remedy. If a hundredth part of the heart trouble we hear about were real, the cemeteries would be filled in a month. A wrong construction is put upon common ailments in order to humbug e people into the belief that heart sease is prevalent, whereas real heart trouble, which is so sadly and suddenly fatal when it does occur, is a rare disease. Lopsided arguments cannot convince an intelligent people. Iron is the vital element of the blood. | past her into the road to escape his Too little iron means weakness, lack pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of of spirit, pallid cheeks, shortness of about 12 years, yet thoughtful and breath, sleeplessness, nervousness, loss of vital force, ending in general break-down. The iron in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills is in the soluble form you need, in combination with other curative agents in such a manner that disease can't resist their action. You feel yourself getting well when you take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

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NOT WORK, BUT WORRY.

It is not work, but the worry, That wrinkles the smooth, fair face, That blends gray hairs with the dusky And robs the form of its grace, That dims the luster and sparkle Of eyes that were once so bright, But now are heavy and troubled With a weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry, That drives all sleep away, As we toss and turn and wonder About the cares of the day. Do we think of the hands' hard labor Or the steps of the tired feet? Ah, no! But we plan and ponder How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry, That makes us sober and sad, That makes us narrow and sordid When we should be cheery and glad. There's a shadow before the sunlight And ever a cloud in the blue; The scent of the roses is tainted, The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry, That makes the world grow old, That numbers the years of its children Ere half their story is told, That weakens their faith in heaven And the wisdom of God's great plan. Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry,

That breaks the heart of man! -Inez May Felt in Somerville Journa...

#### A NEW ENGLAND HEROINE.

She Would Not Lie, but Prevaricated to Save

When the British and Tories attack ed New Haven, Conn., and set a price ABLE SHOES. We have on the head of Governor Griswold the some BARGAINS-(mark latter fled to the town of Lyme, where taat word, it's seldom we his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him for some days in a farmhouse. But a length the foe discovered his retreat, and one sunny afternoon in May he was routed from his hiding place by the tidings that a band of horsemen was approaching to capture him.

His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek which emptied itself into the Connecticut river just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants, hidden beneath the high banks of the creek.

The distance from the farmhouse to the boat was two miles of the usually traveled road. But a little path across the farmer's orchard would bring him to the road only a mile from the boat and save a quarter's length of his fear-

ful run for life. Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road Hetty Marvin sat bleaching her household linen. The long web of 40 yards or more, which was diligently spun and woven during the long winter months. was whitened in May and thus made ready for use.

The business of bleaching was well economized, being usually done by the younger daughters of the family, who were not old enough to spin or strong enough for the heavier work of the kitchen or the dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy plot beside a spring or meadow brook. There it was thoroughly wetted and spread upon the green turf, to take the best heat of the sun by day and the dew by night. The little maiden who tended it would sit near it.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Governor Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang was frightened by the headlong haste with which the governor rushed across the meadow. But she quickly comprehended the scene and instantly quieted her faithful Towser, who, though a friend of the family guest, thought i becoming to bark loudly at his hur ried footsteps.

Her wise forethought arrested th governor's notice and suggested scheme to elude her pursuers.

"Hetty," he said, "I am flying for my life, and unless I can reach my boat before I am overtaken I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. But you must tell those who are chasing me that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon, which will soon be along, you know. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin," said the little girl in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie-indeed I cannot. Why did you tell which way you were going?"

"Hetty, child, surely you would not betray me to my death? Hark! they are coming! I hear the click of their horses' feet. Oh, Hetty, tell them have gone up the road instead of down, and heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never blesses those who speak falsely. But I will not tell them which way you go, even if they kill me. So run as quickly as pos

"It's of no use. Unless I can deceive them I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth. They'd never think of looking here for you. Come, get down as

and stand sprinkling my linen." Angry that their expected prey had escaped from the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the girl in the meadow the leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you Is successfully used monthly by over | seen a man running hereabouts?" "Yes. sir," replied Hetty, trembling

and flushing. "Which way did he go?" "I promised not to tell, sir." "But you must or take the conse quences."

"I said I wouldn't tell, if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl. "I'll have it out of her!" exclaimed

the furious officer, with an oath. Same ibe for The Watchman-Warder guide. "I know the child, I believe oure much for it now.

asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir." "And this man that ran by you a few minutes ago is your mother's cousin, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir; he is." "Well, we are friends of his. What did he say to you when he came along?" "He-told me-that he was fleeing for

his life." "Just so. Hetty; that was very true

I hope he won't have to fly far. Where was he going to hide? You see I could help him if I knew his plans." Now, Hetty was not a whit deceived

by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would consist with his safety, and she judged that her frankness would serve her kinsman better than her silence, so she answered her questioner candidly: "My cousin said he was going down to the river where he had a boat and wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him that he had gone the other way to catch the mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he told you, then, when I asked you where he had gone?" thundered the officer fiercely. tearful answer.

falsehood?"

tray him to his death."

were killed for it?"

road as quickly as possible?"

went, sir."

any more." chance, child, and I'll get down as you,

they rightly interpret the language which she had reported, she sobbed aloud and hid her face from sight. Her tormentors did not stay longer

to soothe or question her. They al. immediately pushed rapidly on down to the river. Now, the governor had arranged a

signal with his boatmen that a white cloth by day or a light by night displayed from the attic window of his hiding place, which was just visible at the mouth of the river, should inform them if he were in trouble and put them on the alert to help him.

As soon, therefore, as he started from his cousin's, it floated from the window to warn them. And when they saw the pursuing party dash mad ly down the road to the river and rec ognized the British uniform of the leaders they pulled swiftly out to sea The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the boat with two men in it nearly out of sight, and, supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile the victim lay safe and quiet where the shrewdness of the lit tle cousin had hidden him until the time came for her return for supper Then he bade her go as usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother to place the signal lamp as soon as grew dark in the window for the boat men and send him some supper with his valise, which, in the hurry of his departure, he had left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which after twilight had ventured in sight o the shore and the farmhouse, and the governor quietly made his way to the river in safety. When he rejoined his father in a secure home, he named his infant daughter, which had been born in his absence, Hetty Marvin, that he might be daily reminded of the little cousin whose truth and shrewdness saved his life.-Exchange.

The Poor Englishman's Oxford.

The poor man's varsity is the polytechnic, a word meaning "many arts." and the things which are not taught there are hardly worth knowing. London alone there are 11 of these splendid schools, where men and women can learn, at small cost, useful trades, music, painting, and the art of thinking. There are clubs for cy cling, football, and all the games; there are cheap excursions to all parts of Europe, so that people can learn by travel; there are concerts and entertainments, and a little religion on Sundays. For the best students there are prizes and certificates, which help people to get on in the world.

The idea is spreading all over the country, because a graduate from polytechnic is apt to get better wages than a graduate of Oxford. Cambridge has 7,000 students, Oxford 3,000, but the polytechnics of London have a ready 45,000 students, and both in the metropolis and in the provinces the system is growing rapidly.-London Answers.

Not a Savage Indian.

As an illustration of that sort of salutary reproof which is sometimes administered by an "inferior," Our Dumb Animals prints an incident com municated by a South Dakota minister The clergyman had been asked to receive an Indian boy into his family for a few weeks, and had consented to keep the lad if he did not prove to be "too much of a savage." He turned ness in calling and archly confessed out to be a pretty good boy, so much st that one day, as a great treat, the to take a holiday and go hunting.

"he Indian shook his head. "No." ie said quietly. "Me belong to Band thimals, only rattlesnakes."

This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given; The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues of even, And love and hope and beauty's bloom Are blossoms gathered for the tomb-There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers on a stormy day, From wave to wave we'te driven, And fancy's flash and reason's ray Serve but to light the troubled way; There's nothing calm but heaven! -Thomas Moore.

The Story of a Phonograph.

Cecil Arthur Dovely could not understand why he made no progress with Mary Barclay. His position as the chief dispenser of pills and postage "I could not tell a lie, sir," was the stamps in the biggest drug store of a country town had given him an ex-"Hetty," again began the smooth aggerated idea of his own importance. tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. He was not a particularly bad looking Everybody knows you are a girl of young man, but was very conceited in truth. What did your cousin say when his manner. His broad, high forehead you told him you could not tell a was surmounted by his carrot colored hair brushed a la pompadour; his eyes, "He said he shouldn't think I'd be- a light blue, were lacking in strength and expression, and his dress was just "And you promised him that you a trifle too flashy for the station in life wouldn't tell which way he went if you he had been called upon to ill. To crown all, he owned a horse and buggy-that charmed possession which in "That was brave; and I suppose he rural communities so enhances one's thanked you for it and ran down the prestige with the eligible young ladies. Cecil, who was not a bad fellow at "I promised not to tell where he heart, had kept the girls of Rossville and their anxious mothers guessing "Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his for a long time, and the news that he last words, and we won't trouble you had been offered a partnership in his employers' store did not lessen femi-"His last words were, 'It's my only nine interest in him. He used to ride around the circle of Rossville femininity and select whom he would to go-"buggy riding" with him on a Sunday sense of her kinsman's danger should afternoon. There was one young lady in the town who resisted Dovely's wiles, or, rather, those of his horse and buggy, and the prospect of a partnership in a partnership, and she it was whom Cecil, with no other motive at first than perversity, determined to

> One day he decided on a grand attack upon the fortress of Mary's heart. He wrote for permission to call on a certain evening, and received it. Thus encouraged, he awaited the event which would mark him victor or vanquished. He scarcely hoped for the former; he dreaded the latter. He sought to embellish his language with quotations from the poets and studied the most effective manner in which to exploit his many captivating qualities. It is, therefore, needless to say that

when he called on her he talked principally about himself. He was, however, quite puzzled at the sudden and energetic interest that Mary seemed to manifest in all that he said; but, encouraged by it, he soared into giddy heights of eloquent self exploitation. He wound up the whole monologue with a passionate avowal of his love for Mary and an almost tearful entreaty for her heart and hand in return. Mary was genuinely interested in Cecil, and, in consequence, he was the very last person in the world she would have suspect it. So she tried to simulate indifference by affecting a sort of platonic feeling for him. Such a regard, however, did not come up to Dovely's requirements, and when he objected to being side tracked from the main line of love to the siding of sisterly affection and demanded a direct response to his appeal Mary showed an inclination to temporize. In brief, she asked him to call upon her a week later, and if, after mature consideration, he were of the same mind, she might think the matter over seriously. Dovely protested that his present frame of mind was not the result of sudden impulse, but the full blown flower which she had planted in his bosom with the first glance of her eyes long ago. He vowed that the end of time would find his love unaltered and unalterable-all of which he had read in "How to Propose, or Every Man His Own Lovemaker." Mary, however, remained firm, and Dovely went back to his pills and plasters. It would be vain to describe the battles fought between hope and fear, exultation and despair, in the young drug clerk's brain during that week. He was sustained somewhat by his inordinate vanity, but benezth all lay the suspicion, ever so faint, perhaps, that Mary had been laughing at him. When poor Dovely pulled the bell handle of the Barclay house on the appointed night, he was so full of nervous uncertainty that his knees trembled and his heart seemed

The door was opened by Mary, who received him with such a pleased look and cordial pressure of her soft, warm hand that his conceit, coward that it | mind." was, as soon as it believed all danger to be passed, mounted again to the most conspicuous heights and crowed more lustily than before. The magic of her glance transformed him from the suppliant to the prince, and he room and seated himself in the best chair, prepared to receive homage from

Mary expressed great joy at his kindthat she had suffered not a little fear that something might detain him. m hister gave him a gun and told him These delicate compliments caused Cecil considerable chest expansion, and when Mary humbly begged to be excused for a few minutes while she atof Mercy. Me not shoot birds or tended her mother, who was ill, he granted her the brief respite with al-The minister had been very fond of most royal graciousness. When she "Let me speak to her," said his Tory sing that gun, but he says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was that Cecil thought he did it with the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was the says he does not had gone Cecil picked up a magazine of it was the sa

Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he This WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING prosy and academic pages when he was startled by the sound of voices in the same room with himself. He looked about quickly and, seeing no one, experienced a sensation of fear. As the sounds proceeded Dovely sat in mute amazement. For a moment he suspected that he was going mad. He was superstitious, but ghosts, according to his way of thinking, always manifested themselves to the eyes rather than the ears and with shrouds rather than dialogues. There was something uncanny in the sounds, too, as if issuing from a metal casket. Dovely would have attempted an investigation, but very fear held him rooted to the chair. He could not escape, and he began to feel that he had been selected by some restless spirits as the custodian of their confidences. The sound of the voices at first seemed like an echo of something he had heard before, and this circumstance deepened his perplexity. The conversation seemed to be between a man and a woman. The man's tones were imperious, those of the woman half flattering, half conciliatory.

"You know men are such deceivers," the voice was saying. "You play with a woman's heart as a child does with a toy. Then you look for another that is newer to you, though perhaps not to some others, and another fellow, who perhaps has thrown aside and bruised the heart that you pick up, comes along and picks up the very heart that you have thrown aside."

A soft laugh of tolerant condescension followed this speech.

"Oh, that's the old story with women," replied the man, "you are all wrong; you don't understand man. Your feminine minds can't grasp the depth and breadth of his nature. have tried often to make some women soar with me to loftier realms of thought, but I have never found one to sympathize with my poetic or artistic moods." Here a soft little sigh, like a zephyr

touching the maple leaves, stole across the room, and then the imperious tones resumed: "I know women. I've seen a good

deal of life. Didn't I live more than a year in New York?"

The perspiration stood out in beads on Dovely's forehead as he stared in the direction of the voices and clutched the arms of the chair in which he sat. It seemed like a nightmare. The echo was getting clearer and clearer. He hated the dreadful sounds, but felt that he must suffer the ordeal to the end. And memory told him that the end was yet a long way off and the path thereto full of thorns of humiliation and shame for him. He began to feel like a disembodied spirit that stands beside its erstwhile prison and contemplates with horror the ravages that debauchery has wrought on its once beautiful form. But through the nightmare he was sustained by the sweet reflection that he was not irreclaimable and that this scourging was at worst only a severe lesson from which he would emerge a better man.

The imperious tones of the man and the conciliatory, even pleading, tones of the woman went on. With deep humiliation he followed the mysterious dialogue to the crowning point of his own shame. He could hear the soft, solicitous tones of the woman leading the man on to make a fool of himself. And he heard the man following with braggadocio and bombast right up to the very pitfall that had been prepared for him. The grandiloquent and preposterous phrases in which a proposal was next couched struck him as being | Consultation in Eye, Est, Throat so comically conventional that he would have laughed aloud had not the humiliating reflection of his own conduct covered him instead with shame. Then he heard a sweet voice asking him to think it over and then come back in a week, if he were still of the same mind. Even then he did not realize the truth. He wondered if he were not asleep and this an awful dream. The volume that he had been holding fell from his knee and startled him. He put his hand to his forehead and brushed the beads of perspiration away and said: "Thank God, it was a

At that moment Mary entered the room and smilingly apologized for keeping him waiting. She drew a hassock over to him, and, seating herself, 116 upon it and looking up in his eyes, said: "I'm awfully sorry I kept you waiting. Arthur; I know you must have been so lonely. But there"-she stopped suddenly and knitted her brows-"I really believe you have been asleep and dreaming. You look it, quite."

The poor young man took her hand in both his own and looked fixedly at her. "I don't know whether I've been asleep or not, but I certainly must have been dreaming-such a horrid dream" -and he passed his hand quickly over his eyes as if to wipe away the last traces of a nightmare. Then he took to smite his ribs in the very terror of | her hand again. "Mary," he said slowly, "you told me to come back tonight if I were still of the same mind as when I was here last. I have come to tell you that I am not of the same

Mary looked surprised and would have spoken, but Dovely broke in quickly: "It is not that I don't love you as much as ever-aye, a great deal more than ever before-but I feel that I have been a foc!; that I'm not worthy strutted across the hall to the drawing of you, and that it was a presumption lieve that I can be a more modest and Poultry, Prairie Heis, give me the opportunity to prove it before giving me your answer."

Mary's answer was worthy of ner brain and her heart:

"Arthur," she said, "what you have | -36-4 said proves that you are all right, and I'll take you on faith." Next morning the phonograph was sent back to town, it having succeeded in eliminating forever the capital "I" from the personal- Honesty more than experience



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