

A PORT HOPE GROCER

Tells how Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured him of Shortness of Breath, Dizzy Spells and Nervousness.

People from all parts of Canada are gladly coming forward and telling other sufferers how Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood, when all else has failed.



One of these is Mr. W. A. Carsen, the well-known grocer, Port Hope, Ont., who made the following statement:

"For a length of time I was seriously troubled with my heart, causing shortness of breath, nervousness, dizziness, debility, etc."

"I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at Dorell's drug store here, and am very much pleased to tell you that after using them a short time I was entirely cured of my troubles. Not only that but I feel thoroughly built up and restored to health and vigor."

"I can highly recommend these remarkable pills to those afflicted with heart or nerve trouble in any form as I believe them to be the best remedy in existence."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, dizzy or faint spells, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, tobacco heart, anemia, pale and sallow complexion, female complaints, general debility and all diseases arising from a weak or run down condition of the system.

Price 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

BALED HAY

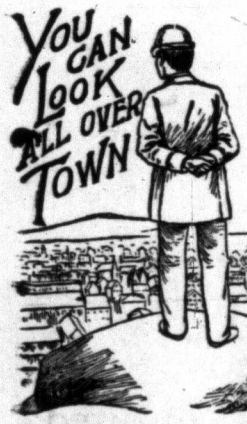
We have a quantity of nice upland Timothy and Clover mixed, also clear

Timothy Hay

And bright, clean O.T.S. raw, suitable for making hay which we will deliver to any part of the city on shortest notice.

J. A. Wilson

Queen St. GROCER. Phone 75



WHY NOT CALL ON US FIRST AND AVOID WHAT WASTE OF TIME?

Central Drug Store...

C. H. Gunn & Co.

Pro Bono Publico

As long as there is an old saying, but it is "as long as the Golden Star Store." What takes the rush? The goods are right, the prices low.

Fresh ground coffee..... 50c per pound
Extra good mixed tea..... 50c
Ginger snap..... 5c
4 p. seeds of prunes..... 5c
4 pounds of dried apples..... 5c
6 pounds figs..... 5c
10 lb. wrapped soap..... 10c per dozen
Lemon..... 5c
5 pounds baking soda..... 5c
5 cans blueberries..... 5c

Stocked and unpacked, beans, shoulders and ribs. Call and see these goods given with one pound of baking powder for 10c. A few more of these big golden stars of apples for 10c. Leave your orders with the Golden Star, Park Street. Goods delivered.

John McConnell

ON A FINANCIAL BASIS.

How Banker Sherman Settled With a Burglar.

NO DANGER TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

Strange Scene During the Early Morning in the House of a New York Millionaire—Huge Nature Under Singular Circumstances.

William Winslow Sherman, the aged president of the National Bank of Commerce, is a man who has seen the power of money exemplified in so many instances during his long and honorable career as a financier that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to say to a burglar who was ransacking his bedroom between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning and threatening him with instant death if he gave the alarm. "My friend, cannot we settle this thing on a financial basis?"

The coolness of the white-haired banker, his matter-of-fact tone and businesslike proposition struck the burglar so forcibly that he laughed. The idea thus being broken, as it were, the two were soon in earnest conversation. The result was told to a Tribune reporter by Mr. Sherman himself, no interview being obtainable with the burglar as yet.

"I was awakened," said Mr. Sherman, "about 2:30 o'clock by some one opening the door of my bedroom in my house, at



"MY FRIEND, CANNOT WE SETTLE THIS THING ON A FINANCIAL BASIS?"

24 East Fifty-fifth street. I own a lot of solid silver tableware and some highly prized silver trophies and cups which my horses have won at various shows, fairs and exhibitions. The value of these is considerable, and I do not care to leave them in my dining room on the first floor at night. I always have them carried up stairs to my bedroom in baskets at night.

"This silverware was in my room when I heard the door open. 'Who's there?' I demanded. No reply. 'Is that you, Mentor?' I said, thinking it might be my faithful butler.

"For answer the door was pushed wide open, and a man about 5 feet 6 inches high and weighing perhaps 150 pounds, put his foot across the threshold. 'You'd better keep quiet,' he said in a low, threatening tone. 'If you make no noise, I'll do you no harm, but if you shout I'll shoot.' By the dim light entering my chamber from the street lamps I could see that he was pointing a revolver straight at my head.

"I am an old man now," said the banker, smiling, "and my nerves are naturally not so strong as they once were. It is unnecessary to deny that I was frightened at first, and the inclination to shout for help was as strong as instinct. I knew that my son, who was sleeping on the floor just above me, would rush to my rescue without one thought of himself, and I felt sure that my only manservant would not be far behind. There was an electric burglar alarm at the head of my bed, so placed that I could easily have reached it in the dark without the burglar seeing me.

"I was just about to push the button when my wife came back to me, and I was able to recall what I had often read about burglars, that though they generally come armed, they prefer not to add murder to their crime, but will shoot when driven into a corner and when they think it absolutely necessary to avoid capture. I reflected also that my son's life was worth to me much more than any amount of silver plate, so I said to the burglar: 'All right. I'll be quiet.'

"Then the man, still keeping his revolver pointed at me, advanced into the room and shot the door. 'I'm going to strike a light,' he said. 'Cover up your head with the bedclothes. I don't want you to see my face.' He struck a match and lit one of my own candles. I had covered up my head, but not completely. I kept an eye on him all the while. He wore no mask, and seemed to be about 27 years old. His clothes were not shabby, and he used excellent grammar. His accent was not what you call 'tough,' but his face was hard and forbidding. My eyesight is not good now without glasses, and I doubt if I could pick him out in a crowd. There was nothing out of the way about him to assist in identifying him.

"The man at once began to take stock of the articles in my room. I expected, of course, that he would carry them all off. I suppose he had a confederate. This supposition was strengthened when he suddenly asked me: 'What is your name?' 'What in the world do you want to know my name for?' I asked, surprised. 'We might want to make restitution some day,' he replied, 'and then it would be handy to know your name.' When he said 'we,' I felt glad I had not called my son. I told him my name.

"He verified it by reading my initials on the silver. He seemed to think the tableware rather too bulky for his purpose, however, and began to slip into his pockets two or three small ornaments, which he valued more highly for their associations than for their intrinsic value. At this sight I began to feel injured. I am telling you this story just as it happened now—I had dreamt as I did here now—I had dreamt too. I can look back at myself and recall my feelings almost as those of a third person. I pushed

down the covers and resolved to reason with him, as man to man. 'Now, look here,' I said, 'I think you would be foolish to take these things which are marked with my name and initials. If you pawned them, they would probably lead to your arrest. Why can't we settle this thing on a financial basis?'

"That's sensible," he said. 'Well, what do you propose?'

"I want money," he replied. 'How much have you got?'

"I knew I had only \$4 in my clothes, and I thought of offering him a check on the bank, but dismissed the idea as soon as I formed it, because I saw he was an intelligent fellow to fall into that trap, and it would only make him distrust my sincerity to propose it. 'I'll give you every cent of cash I have in my clothes,' I said, 'and raise no disturbance till you are safe out of the house.'

"Don't talk so long," he said, thrusting me with his revolver. 'You might wake somebody in the other rooms.'

"I could have summoned several persons long ago," I replied, 'if I had desired to.'

"Why did you not do it, then?" he asked.

"Because I did not want any of them to get hurt," I replied.

"You did right," he said. 'They certainly would have got hurt. Where is your money?'

"I told him my pocketbook was in the inside pocket of my coat and pointed out the coat to him, hanging on a chair. He put his revolver in his pocket then, opened my pocketbook and took out two \$2 bills.

"Is that all?" he said in a tone of disgust and with a strong accent on the "that."

"That is all," I replied.

"That would do," he said angrily. 'You must have a watch anyway. Give me that. Where is it?'

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CAUSES OF DIVORCE.

Strange Allegations to Break the Chains of Wedlock.

A Kansas wife recently secured a divorce from her husband because, as solemnly set forth in her petition, the defendant gazed at the nose of this plaintiff, causing it to become very red, thereby causing the plaintiff great pain and anguish of mind.

An Ohio man secured a divorce because, as he declared under oath, "the defendant struck this plaintiff a violent blow with her bustle."

A Mississippi divorce was once granted because "the defendant goes gadding about, leaving this plaintiff suppers, or, if he gets any, he has to cook it himself."

In Illinois a divorce was obtained because a long suffering husband complained that "during the past year the defendant struck the plaintiff repeatedly with pokers, flatirons and other head substances."

Pierce Fight in the Sky.

A tiger cat was strolling toward the barn of her master, Farmer Hazard of Herick, Pa., the other day, carrying a piece of meat for her kittens. Suddenly a bald eagle, which had been on the watch for a week, swooped down on her and



CAT AND EAGLE FIGHT IN MIDAIR.

darted up again, with the cat in his talons. A terrible battle followed as the eagle flew upward. Presently, however, the bird's wings drooped, and the two animals sank slowly to the ground. The eagle was dead, killed by the tiger cat, who had torn open the bird's breast and thrust with her teeth and claws.

TO DRIVE SLOWLY

Over Cobblestones is not a Joy, but to Drive Four Russian

Horses at a Gallop Over Them was Something to Make You Bite Your Tongue and to Break Your Teeth

To drive slowly over cobblestones is not a joy, but to drive four Russian horses at a gallop over them was something to make you bite your tongue and to break your teeth and to shake your very soul from its socket. I most solemnly assure you it was anything but a simple drive to one fresh from the asphalt of Paris, for, like Jehu, they drove furiously. Their horses are all wild, runaway Lazes, and they drive them at an uneven gallop resembling the gait of our fire-engine horses at home, except that ours go more slowly. Sometimes the horses fall down as they drive across country, or stop only for stone walls or moats. The carriages must be built of iron, for the front wheels drop a few feet into a burrow every now and then, and at such times an unwary American is liable to be pitched over the coachman's head. "Hold on with both hands, catch your eyes, and keep your tongue from between your teeth," would be my instructions to one about to "take a drive" in Poland.—Lillian Bell, in The Woman's Home Companion.

"That is all," I replied.

"You must have a watch anyway. Give me that. Where is it?"

"I did not want to part with my watch. It is a fine one. I hesitated about telling him it was under my pillow. The burglar pulled his revolver out of his pocket again, and, coming close to me, as I lay on the bed, said in a determined, bullying tone: 'Tell me where that watch is. Then I told him. He thrust his hand beneath the pillow and pulled it out. At that moment it flashed through my mind that there was an antique watch lying on my bureau, and I wished that I had had presence of mind enough to tell him of that, instead of the one under my pillow.'

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Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap.

2 Cents a Cake.

Every Housekeeper

wants pure hard soap that lasts well—lathers freely—is high in quality and low in price.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.S.

BARGAINS

ARE NOW BEING OFFERED IN

Screen Doors, Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Hammocks and Lawn Mowers

Jno. A. Morton

"Belwarp" Serges and Coatings

In Blacks, Blues and Greys—Every Yard Stamped With "LION AND BELL."

We have secured the exclusive control for the sale of the above celebrated goods for Chatham. With which we have a WR