

# His Delayed Proposal.

By H. M. KERNER.

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For a moment Nell's hand faltered. The pounding of the machines and the endless click of the shifting stencils seemed to pierce her very brain. She cast a quick glance down the long workroom of the Rotary Addressing company.

Out through the windows at the other end could be seen a patch of blue sky, but now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building taller than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their deft fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of stencils were needed. Between the aisles paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eye detected Nell's pause.

"Burrows," she called acridly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Nell's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that



"IT'S ONLY MISS PETTIT," HE GROWLED. She came to her each Saturday was little enough without indulging the luxury of an afternoon off.

Jimmy Nelson, coming into the room to consult with Miss Pettit about an order, looked with kindly sympathy at the tired girl. When he had had charge of the room, he had been more gentle. She had told him something of her story in the noon intervals, when he had insisted upon standing treat to hot coffee to augment the scanty sandwich that usually constituted her lunch. Coffee costs 5 cents a day, and the errand girl who made the trips to the lunch room must be tipped in addition. The Rotary Addressing company paid only from \$3 to \$5 a week, and coffee was a luxury to those who did not live at home.

There had been a time when Jimmy had dreamed of a little flat wherein Nell should be mistress. That was just after he had been promoted to the office and had had his salary raised to \$15 a week. He had lacked the courage to make his proposal in person and had written her a note.

"I shall consider silence a polite negative," he had added.

Once Jimmy had aspired to the stage, and he had obtained the phrase from the advertisements in the dramatic papers that he studied with religious care. It had struck him as being a phrase of singular elegance. She need not refuse him. She could just ignore that he had not asked for an answer. It would have been as pleasant as ever to him, treating him with the same old friendliness and giving no hint of her reason for the refusal of his offer.

He longed to repeat it. He wanted to be able to take her out of the place

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from under the very nose of Miss Pettit, yet he lacked the courage to speak and he contented himself with coming into the room as often as his business with the forewoman gave him an excuse. Of course it would never do for the office force to chum with the girls from the operating room during the noon hour, and in the evening it was Jimmy's duty to see that all were out before he locked up.

So Nell struggled on. Just so many thousand envelopes must be completed to constitute a minimum day's work. A record was made each evening and the advancement or reduction of salary depended upon that. She had barely managed to complete the task when the gong struck and the girls began to cover their machines and put their tables in order. Nell staggered slightly as she took the last of her work to the timekeeper, who entered her record in the book. Miss Pettit eyed her sharply as she went back to her machine.

"Unless you are feeling better you had better not come tomorrow," she said crossly. "I can put on another girl who will make faster use of the machine."

"I will be all right in the morning," Nell answered. Miss Pettit could not know that the girl had had no breakfast. There had been medicine to buy, and until pay day came again she would have to walk to her home and make dry bread serve for food.

She was slow in preparing for the street and even Miss Pettit had gone when she stepped into the elevator. The street was dark and lonesome. Most of the places closed at 5, and there were few persons moving along the narrow strip of sidewalk as she stepped out.

On the corner a little knot of people had gathered about some object of interest, and she peered curiously over the shoulder of the office boy in front of her. The next moment she was pushing the men aside.

Miss Pettit had slipped upon the greasy sidewalk and lay moaning and half unconscious with pain. The girls had all gone on and a bootblack was trying to make her comfortable until the attention of a policeman could be attracted.

Nell pushed him away and took the woman's head into her lap, disposing her so that the wretched ankle was more comfortable. Then she turned to the lad who had stuck to her side, determined to at least share the interest with the newcomer.

"It is my forewoman," she said. "Run up to the Rotary Addressing company and ask Mr. Nelson to come quick."

The lad's statement that a lady was almost killed and was asking for him

## SAYS THIS IS BEST

A leading health journal in answering the question, "What is the best prescription to clean and purify the blood?" prints in a recent issue the following:

Fluid Extract Dandelion one ounce;  
Compound Salsolone, one ounce;  
Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, four ounces.

Shake well and use in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. A well-known physician states that these are harmless vegetable ingredients, which can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy.

This mixture will clean the blood of all impurities. In just a few days the skin begins to clear of sores, boils and pimples. It puts vigor and energy into run-down debilitated men and women. For many years Sarsaparilla alone has been considered a good blood medicine. But while it built up and made new blood, the impurities remained within and the good accompaniment was only temporary. Sarsaparilla, however, when used in combination with Compound Salsolone and Extract Dandelion, works wonders. This combination puts the kidneys to work to filter and sift out the waste matter, uric acid, and other impurities that cause disease. It makes new blood and relieves rheumatism and lame back and bladder troubles.

brought Jimmy on the run. White faced he tore his way through the increasing crowd of curious people to come to a dead stop, when he perceived the situation.

"It's only Miss Pettit," he growled in mingled relief and disappointment. "I thought it was you."

"We must get her home, Jimmy," pleaded Nell. "She says she won't go in an ambulance. Please call a cab."

"The ambulance is plenty good for her," he growled, though to them the ambulance was but a shade less disgraceful than the patrol wagon. "Did not she talk to you like you were a dog this afternoon?"

"Get a cab for me," pleaded Nell, and Jimmy turned away.

It was not far to Miss Pettit's boarding place, and Nell hustled about making the tiny hall room more comfortable. Jimmy stunk doggedly, too, waiting to take Nell home. Miss Pettit sank back on the bed with a sigh.

"That will do very well," she said faintly. "The doctor will bandage my ankle, and then the girl will put me to bed. You were very good to me, my dear."

"It's all right," said Nell coldly as she turned to go, but Miss Pettit caught her hand.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I want to tell you something. Jimmy here gave me a letter to hand you some weeks ago. I wasn't going to have any fliriting in my room, so I didn't give it to you. Jimmy is a good boy, my dear, and here it is."

She sank back upon the pillow as Jimmy sprang forward. In his excitement he had forgotten Miss Pettit and his wrath against her. Now he only realized that Nell had not received his letter.

"And silence ain't a polite negative?" he asked. Nell smiled. Jimmy had loaned her some of his paper, and she recognized the phrase.

"If you want proverbs, Mr. Nelson," she said primly, "I can give you a better quotation—'Paint heart never won fair lady.' Ask me to my face like a man, an' maybe I'll say 'Yes.'"

## Give the Chef a Chance.

It is my belief that the man who has dined in the best Parisian restaurants without finding them wonderful, says Julian Street, is either a dyspeptic or a self-reliant ignoramus who did not give the chef a chance. You know the story of the miner who, having "struck it rich," arrived in New York and, anxious to "do it right," went to Delmonico's for dinner. After studying the menu with growing despair he turned to a patient waiter with, "Just bring me \$45 worth of ham and eggs!" Some of our fellow countrymen give similar performances in Paris. I have known them to go to famous restaurants and order plain broiled chicken or steak and fried potatoes, dishes so elemental that the greatest chef could hardly cook them better than Maggie in the flat at home could do it. A Parisian chef broiling a chicken makes a pathetic figure. The asking him to do so is like requesting a learned professor of higher mathematics to add a laundry bill.—Travel Magazine.

## O'Connell's Hat.

At a meeting of the County Kildare Archaeological society some years ago a hat worn by Daniel O'Connell was exhibited. O'Connell's name in his own handwriting was written on the inside of the hat, which was of large dimensions, the width inside being eight and one-half inches and its longer diameter ten inches. The chairman of the meeting put on the hat, which entirely covered his head and went down to his chin.

## What He Took.

Mrs. Backpay—Good morning, sir. Will you take a chair? Installment House Collector—No, thank you, ma'am. I've come to take the piano.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Thorn on the Rose.

In the old Bundesh of Zoroaster we are told that the rose grew fair and thornless until the entrance into the world of Ahriman, the evil one. According to this ancient narrative, the spirit of evil became universal, and not only man suffered thereby, but inferior animals as well as trees and plants.—Circle.

## He-Could Count.

A very little boy was in the room where a young lady was practicing on the piano. She was counting aloud, "One, two, three, four." The little fellow, quite surprised, after a while went to her and said earnestly, "Ee next is five!"

## Fish or Golf Story.

While driving to the fourth green on Newark golf course a local solicitor sent his ball into the river Devon and killed a two pound fish. Both ball and fish were found together, the latter bearing marks of its injury.—London Standard.

## Two Phases.

"I detest that Mrs. Jones. She always tells what all her clothes cost."  
"Well, I detest Mrs. Brown. She never will tell what she pays for anything."—Detroit Free Press.

## ITS MERIT IS PROVED

### RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Montreal Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many leading scientists, and thinking people generally.



The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvelous results among sick and ailing women:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"Soon after my marriage my health began to decline. My appetite failed me; I was unable to sleep, and I became very nervous and had shooting pains through the abdomen and pelvic organs, with bearing-down pains and constant headaches, causing me much misery. The monthly periods became more and more painful, and I became a burden and expense to my family instead of a help and pleasure. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. Soon after I began using it I felt a change for the better, and at the time of my next period I noticed a great difference, and the pain gradually diminished until I was well. I am stronger and look better than I did before I was married, and there is great rejoicing in the house over the wonders your medicine worked." Mrs. M. A. C. Letellier, 732 Cadieux St., Montreal, Quebec.

If you have suppressed or painful periods, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, pelvic catarrh, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, or some derangement of the organs. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## ABYSSES OF OCEAN.

### Extent of the Deep Waters and Their Tremendous Pressure.

More than half the surface of the globe is hidden under water two miles deep. Seven million square miles lie at a depth of 18,000 feet or more. Many places have been found five miles and more in depth. The greatest depth yet sounded is 31,200 feet, near the island of Guam.

If Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, were plucked from its seat and dropped into this spot the waves would still roll 2,000 feet above its crest.

Into this terrific abyss the waters press down with a force more than 10,000 pounds to the square inch. The stanchest ship ever built would be crumpled under this awful pressure like an eggshell under a steam roller.

A pine beam fifteen feet long which held open the mouth of a trawl used in making a cast at a depth of more than 18,000 feet was crushed flat as if it had been passed between rollers.

The body of the man who should attempt to venture to such depths would be compressed until the flesh was forced into the interstices of the bone and his trunk was no larger than a rolling pin. Still the body would reach the bottom, for anything that will sink in a tub of water will sink to the uttermost depths of the ocean.—Exchange.

## Old Age and Rushing.

You may join the mille a minute class, but no oil has been discovered yet that will keep all the cogs in condition. Good old age was never a sequel to a rush.—Manchester Union.

## Modern Irish.

As a professional student of languages I have no hesitation in saying that modern Irish is more difficult than ancient Greek.—Manchester Guardian.

## Art of Reading.

To get the best out of reading we must begin early and work hard. It is an art like music or painting and demands its stern apprenticeship. It remains true that a man who knows only his own tongue does not know that—Christian World.

## Wonderful.

She—What interested you most in your travels, major? Major—Well, the mummy of a queen I saw in Egypt. It's wonderful how they could make a woman dry up and stay that way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A fool can talk without knowing what he ought to say, but a wise man's silence is due to his knowing what he ought not to say.—Chicago News.

A fight was started in the B. M. E. church on Sunday between two ministers, each wishing to occupy the pulpit. The police were called in to quiet matters.

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## Voters' List—1907.

Municipality of the Village of Watford, County of Lambton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 8 and 9 of "The Ontario Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Watford on the 24th day of July, 1907, and remains there for inspection.

Elections are called upon to examine said list, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have said errors corrected according to law.

W. S. FULLER,  
Clerk of Watford.

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## COUNTY OF LAMBTON

Treasurers' Notice as to Lands

Liable for Sale for Taxes

A. D. 1907.

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County, has been prepared by me, and that copies thereof may be had in the office of the Treasurer of the County of Lambton in the town of Sarnia.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands liable for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette, in the issues thereof bearing date the 13th, 20th and 27th, days of July, A. D. 1907, and the 3rd day of August, A. D. 1907.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list together with the costs chargeable thereon, as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for the sale of such lands being the 16th day of October, A. D. 1907, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that this publication is made pursuant to the "Assessment Act," 4 Edward VII, Chap. 23, and amendments.

Dated at Sarnia this 12th day of July, A. D. 1907.

HENRY INGRAM,  
119-oct 16 Treasurer of County of Lambton.

## STAGE LINES.

**WATFORD AND WARBWICK STAGE LEAVES** Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11:30 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. D. M. Ross, Prop'r.

**WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES** Watford at 9 a. m. and 10:10 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 2:45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—FRED JA. ESON, Prop'r.