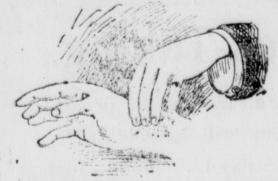
## THE DISPATCH

## PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Milburn's Heart and Merve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low-that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

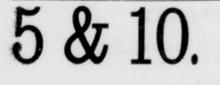
By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated. Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo

Street, St. John, N.B., savs:

"For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.

"I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic.'

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says Laxa-Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.



For a first-class variety of 5 and 10 cent goods, come here.

## Glassware, Tinware,

## A FAREWELL. Continued from 7th page.

be personal or you'll hate me." Then taking a chair on the other side of the fire place she went on tentatively; "Let's talk sober sense for an hour or two and keep up the illusion.

"Intoxicated nonsense is nicer, isn't it?" he answered weakly.

"Mr. Halliday do you want me to frown?" "No, but-" the smile that was on his lips died away as the pain in his eyes deepened.

"Do you know what you are risking? Are you in earnest? Shall we really take each other seriously for a change?" He paused here, wondering whether single men and woman ever did take each other seriously-in the world, at least. In the other world, where people had to work for a living it was different. They had to be serious or How She Kept Trouble, Loss and Disgo under. Then he looked at her for an answer, marvelling at the kindness and good will in her face.

"Why not?" she said slowly. "Doesn't the small talk sometimes bore you more than the big words? Weren't you serious when I turned the light on? Tell me what you wers thinking about, if I'm not too curious."

A world of invisible poetry had sprung up between Halliday and Miss Verrall during the last hour or two. Each one felt that there was something indefinable in the other, something that made them more akin, more trustful and less afraid--a strange new feeling that made them throw off their stage trappings and become human with all the strength and weaknes of ordinary beings.

Doris was silent now. She was waiting for him to speak. Her heart was too full for words, filled by that strange, new sensation that made her wish to help him, to comfort him, and give him happiness even at the risk of her life, a feeling unselfish, self-sacrificing and purely womanly that increased with every word he uttered.

Jack began nervously, gathering force as he went along. "The music rather stirred me up and set me thinking of the nothing, the empty nothing that represents my pasta thing I thought was gone and done withquite gone. It's different with you,"he went on. "You've got some one at home you can

talk sense to. I haven't. I sit alone in my part of an afternoon was spent by aunt and

now, and the theatre razed to the grounds.

shook hands he pressing her five little fingers to his lips and thanking her earnestly, sayand asking if he might come again and talk to her.

She said "of course."

planning a new world built on the ruins of the old. Yet the old was not utterly worthless, for it had given him Doris Verrall .-Black and White.



# appointment from City Home.

farmer living some eighty miles from Toronto was visiting her aunt in the Queen city during Fair time.

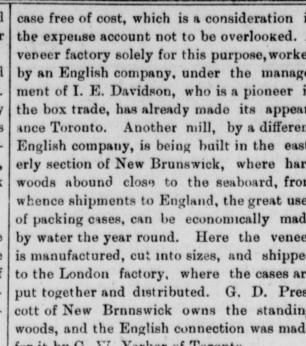
The little country girl, only in her eighteenth year, was a model in all that pertained to housework; she excelled in butter-making cooking, sewing, crocheting, and understood the art of making old things look like newhome dyeing with Diamond Dyes.

During the second week of Lillian's visit, her aunt intimated one day that she had made a careful selection of some clean but faded skirts and a suit of boys clothing which she thought were good enough for an other season's wear if they could be properly re-colored.

Lillian"s aunt acknowledged that she had never before attempted home dyeing, but said she was encouraged by the statements made in some of the newspapers that-Dyes would work wonders for her.

At once Lillian came to her rescue and said: "Auntie, for goodness sake do not risk your good garman s with these common dyes; they are quite useless. I tried a package some time ago in order to satisfy my curiosity, and they gave just such results as I expected-spoiled my material. When I use dyes I want pure dyestuffs, quite free from grease. Let me suggest the use of the Diamond Dyes; they are safe and sure, and your colors will be just right. Send to the drug store for them and I will assist you in your work.'

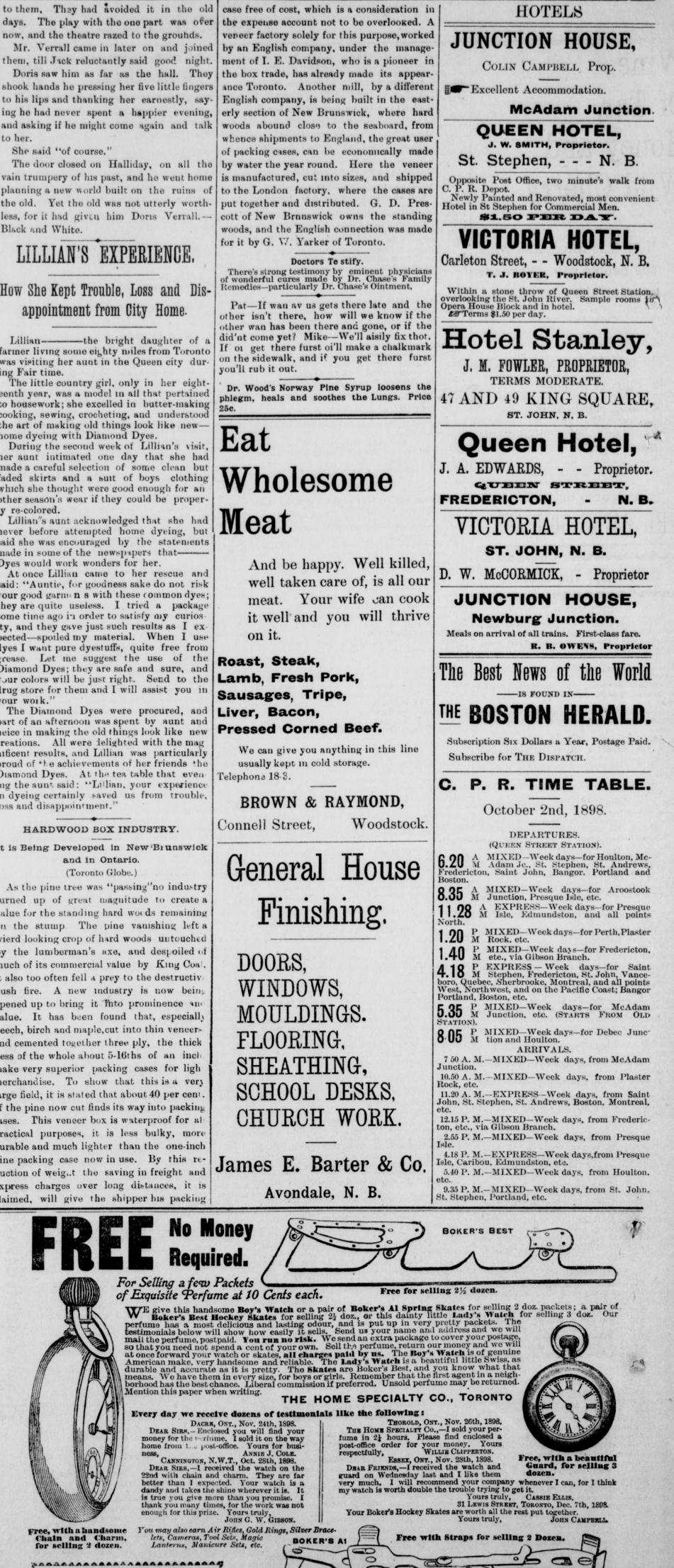
The Diamond Dyes were procured, and room sometimes and think of another life neice in making the old things look like new



you'll rub it out.

on it.

Sausages, Tripe,



## Woodenware, Novelties of all kinds.



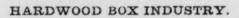
than the feeble imitation of a one I leadsomething real, something like the people who say 'Time is money' lead. We say 'Time is made to be killed;' I suppose it's because ing the aunt said: "Litlian, your experience we've got the money. It's not the work I want, but it's something different to the aim-

less vanity of our life." She looked at him-kindly it seemed to him. He thanked her with his eyes and continued: "This may be sentiment, even sickly sentiment, but you know when a man begins that way he is ten times worse than a woman. It's a long time since I saw anything realanything lasting. Perhaps if I had I would not have believed it, would have pooh pcoked it. May I be personal? I envied your father tonight and 1 envied you. I always thought your life as empty and as hollow as mine, or else I should never have complained. It was all new to me; it ought not to have beenonly one forgets everything in time. I suppose the real world is full of men and women who live for men and women, but I've been playing my part alone all these years without help and without helping." He spoke disjointedly, with a voice changing from husky to broken and back again, rolling out every word painfully, sadly, as though he were alone in the room and speaking to himself. now and again when he looked at her, wisthe saw pity in it and even fancied there was love as well. Her face was that of a woman -a real woman, tender and sympathetic.

He continued his monologue. "Then the twilight and music, and may I say you, too, got hold of me and set me thinking of my people that are gone, and the sister miles away in India; and a thousand other selfish thoughts of self-pity. But it's not too late to join the other people, to get out of the narrow world, the pack-of-cards that I've built-that's now toppling over.' He stopped and looked at her inquiringly for words. He knew she would comfort him, could comfort him, that he could find peace even happiness, with her. It was all part of the new sensation that had made him pour his heart out to her and look to her for help to face his new life. She spoke to him It was difficult for her to restrain her voice lest it should be too tender, but there was an occasional tear in it in spite of her self-command; and he loved her the better for it. She even thanked him for the confidence he had shown her; and then she spoke to him of his family and himself and other things they had only dared to vaguely hint in the past. They sat long together, talking as old

friends do, openly, intimately, without restraint. There was a new sense of rest in both hearts now; a vague thing that people recognize and call happiness when it has become a memory.

creations. All were delighted with the mag nificent results, and Lillian was particularly proud of the achievements of her friends the Diamond Dyes. At the tea table that evenin dyeing certainly saved us from trouble, loss and disappointment."

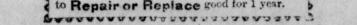


It is Being Developed in New Brunswick and in Ontario.

(Toronto Globe.)

turned up of great magnitude to create a value for the standing hard woods remaining on the stump. The pine vanishing left a wierd looking crop of hard woods untouched by the lumberman's axe, and despoiled of much of its commercial value by King Coal, it also too often fell a prey to the destructiv bush fire. A new industry is now being opened up to bring it into prominence and value. It has been found that, especially beech, birch and maple, cut into thin veneerand cemented together three ply, the thick ness of the whole about 5-16ths of an inch make very superior packing cases for ligh merchandise. To show that this is a very large field, it is stated that about 40 per cent. of the pine now cut finds its way into packing He kept his eyes away from Doris, save every cases. This veneer box is waterproof for all practical purposes, it is less bulky, more fully, pleadingly. When he caught her eye durable and much lighter than the one-inch pine packing case now in use. By this reduction of weig.t the saving in freight and express charges over long distances, it is claimed, will give the shipper his packing

### The house was very quiet; there was a C. M. Sherwood, Centreville. stillness over all things that was almost new



With every watch Written Guarantee

