#### No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely needs the wants of physicians and the general public as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurisSCROFULA AVEN'S SARRAPARILLA WILL
dislodge it and expel it from your system.
For constitutional or servofulous Catarrh,
CATARRH AVER'S SARRAPARILLA is the
GATARRH frue remedy. It has cured
suitabeliess cases, it will stop the nauseous
catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening order of the breath, which are indications
of servofulous origin.

ULCEROUS "At the age of two years one of SORES my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerone running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were awollen, much inflamed, and very sore. SORE EYES Physicians told us that a power and the complexed. They united in recommending AYEN'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doese produced a perceptible improvement, which, by "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 24, 1882. duced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No syidence has since appeared, of the existence of any acrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt of effectual results.

Yours truly, 11. F. JOHNSOR, 19

Dr.J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Crowfoot Indian Bitters.



Are you a martyr to Sick Headache! Do you feel mis rable after eating! Does your stomach feel sour continually! Then use Crowfool Bitters, the greatest tonic for the stomach

TENTIMONIALS. Roy. R. Large Says: Heing for years aiffleted with Dyspopsia, and

finding my be 1-h greatly improved by only a little of the Crowfoot Bitters. I am pleased to recommend it to those in like manner afflicted. Minister of the M. E. Church, Menford, Ont A St Vincon: Farmer Says:

Phis is to certify that I have used the Crow foot faction lie ers, and can recomm ad it a a flist class medicine for the blood. Was very the above Biles to the blood. Was very bad with dyspepsia for ten years. After using the above Biles I could eat anything I wished without feeling any siscomfort after, and I feel though I for the good health I am enjoying through them. Yours, etc.

Only 'ma Package Cures Dyapopsia. Only a dol or package of the Crowfoot Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia after all other remedies failed T. H. KASTON, Market clerk, Durham, Ont. Mr. old by A HaGINBOTHAM, Agent, Landany, 69 13.

### The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 22, 1884. AN AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued from ast week) "Your frankness," said Thurston, with one of his calm, wise smiles, " has a positive producality. What another woman would hide with the most jealous care, you openly speak. It is easy to see that your experience is yet limited."

"I should not talk to every one as I talk to you," Claire quickly answered. He took one of her hands in his for a few moments. He held it, and she let him do so. He looked into her face

with great fixity.
"My poor child," he said, "you have a hard road before you. But I know you mean to tread it with determined feet. In many women there would be somethin, repellent about such resolves as those you have just confessed. In you they are charming. I suppose that is eas ly explained; you are charming yourselt. I shall watch your career with the deepest concorn. You shall not died if I watch it? Am I wrong.

Claire, still letting him keep her hand, swiftly replied : "Oh, no; of course f shall not mind. You belong to that other world. You are one of the people whom I wish to have for my adherents -my clients, as it were. I hope we shall always be friends. I like you very greatly. You remember we have talked it all over before now. You have told me of the people whom I wish to meet. You have even told me some of their names. I have forgotten nothing of what you have said. I count you as my first conquest. If others follow -as I firmly believe that they will -we will have talks together, and laugh over the old times when I was obscure and a nobody. Yes, if I over get to be that great lady you prophesy that I shall become, we will discuss, in little intimate chats, every detail of my progress toward grandeur and distinction. It will be very pleasant, will it not? But now I must say something that I have never said before. I must ask you to help me? Why should you not do so? You have means of doing so. And you like me; we are excellent friends. If you give me some real aid I will never forget it. I'm not ungrateful. I'm cold, if you choose, in a certain way, but I always recollect a service. Don't think I am begging any favor of you. Im rather requiring one. Yes, requiring. You've told me that you think I have . . well that I'm not ugly. You

inow just what I'm not ugly. You inow just what I want to do. And you've said that I have ... we'll that I'm very far from a fool.

Now let us strike a compact. Shall we? Put me in some path where I may reach your fine, grand world, in which I should like to shine and be a power!"

The audacity of this whole speech was exquisite. In plain substance in

was exquisite. In plain substance it belonged to what we call by harsh ordinary dealing we denounce that is contenin, as the effort of unsolicited pre-

tension to thrust itself against barred gates with immodest viger.

But in Claire's case there was no question of ordinary dealing. Her impotnosity was so lovely, her youth, her beauty, and her freshness were so en-fresh delightful, that the unreserved

freedom with which she spoke of sims in their essence purely selfish acquired s charming pictures queness.

Her ambition, thus openly expressed, lost every trace of gross worldly meas-

ing. She became, to the eyes of him who watched her, a fascinating zealot. She seemed to demand what was merely her just due. It was indeed as though she had been robbed by some hostile fate of a royalty that she now declared her stolen right, and proudly reclaimed.

All this time she had let Thurston re-

tain her hand. Once or twice her slight fingers pressed against his palm, with unconscious warmth. Her face, meanwhile, lifted above the darkness of the mourning robes, was sweet and brilliant as some early dew-washed flower.

Thurston fixed his gaze upon her oyes, whose dark-blue depths were full of a rich, liquid light. His clasp tightened about her hand.

"I will give you my help," he said, with a new note in his voice that was a sort of husky throb; "I will give it to you gladly. But I am afraid you will not accept it when it is offered."

"Yes," returned Claire, still not guessing the truth, "I will accept it most willingly, since it comes from one whom I know to be my friend and wellwisher.'

"That is not what I mean," Thurston objected. He rose as he spoke, still holding Claire's hand.

She looked at him wonderingly. She perceived his changed manner. "Explain." she said. " How do you mean that you will help me?"

"I will help you as my wife," Thurston replied. He looked as grave, as gray, as bronzed, as always; but his voice was in a hoarse flurry. "I will help you, as my wife, to be something more than a gross lady. You shall be that, if you choose, but you shall be more. Your ambition is made of finer stuff than you know. I will help you to see just how fine it is."

The instant that he began to speak thus Claire had drawn away her hand. she did not rise. But she now looked up at him, and shook her head with negative vehemence.
"No, no!" she said. The words rang

sharply.

CHAPTER X.

Not long afterward Claire found herself alone. Thurston had gone. She folt her cheeks burn as she sat and stared at the floor.

His declaration had strangely shocked her, at first, for the entire man, as it were, had undergone a transformation so abrupt and radical as to wear a hue of actual miracle; and it is only across a comfortable lapse of centuries that the human mind can regard such manifestations with anything like complacency. Balaam could not have been more bewildered and disturbed when the ass

Claire had never thought of Thurston as capable of a live sentiment toward any woman. She had taken it for granted that all this part of his nature was in dignified decay, like his hair and complexion. She had drifted unconsciously, somehow, into the conviction he is both very uneducated and very that his passions, if he had ever felt rich. The combination is a horror. He them, were now like the lavendered is our modern way of being devoured by lies that we shut away in chests. and warmed to him with a truly filial ardor, and this sudden ruin of their nutual relations now gave her acute stings of regret.

But Thurston, who had managed to depart from her with a good deal of nice repose of visage and demeanor, also contrived, with that skill born of wide social experience, to make their next meeting by far less awkward than Claire herself had nervously anticipated. Sophia and Mrs. Bergemann were both present on this occasion. He looked at Claire in so ordinary a way, and spoke with so much apparent case and serenity, that her selfpossession was fed by his, and her dread wiftly became thankful relief.

Through the days that followed, Clairo and Thurston gradually yet firmly resumed their past agreeable converse. Of course matters could never be the same between them. He stood toward her, inevitably, in a new light; a cloak had fallen from him; she was not quite sure whether she liked him less or more, now that she knew him as the man who had asked her to be his wife; but in reality she did like him much more, and this was because, being a woman, she constantly divined his admiration beneath the intimate yet always guarded courtesy

of his manner. Their former chats were resumed stendily interrogative on her side, complaisantly responsive on his. As winter softened into spring, the dissipations of Sophia decreased. She had more evenings at home, and not a few of her devotees would pay her visits between the nours of nine and eleven. It frequently happened that Thurston would enter the drawing-room at such times. He always talked with Claire, who would often emerge from back recesses on his arrival. Both Sophia and her mother would occasionally deliver themselves of comments upon the evident preference of their legal adviser. But Mrs. Bergemann was much more outspoken than her daughter. Sophia could not bring herself to believe that there was "anything in it," as her own phrase repeated ly went. She thought Beverly Thurston just as nice as he could be"; but the slender and blooming beauty of Claire made to her young eyes anomalous contrast with Thurston's fade though attractivo appearance.

"Good gracious, ma!" she once as severated, in private debate, "Claire wouldn't ever think of marrying a man old enough to be her father!

" She might do worse, now, Sophia." protested Mrs. Bergemann, with the coolly formulated style of talk and thought which marks so many matrons when they discuss matrimonial subjects. You just leave Claire alone. Wait and see what she'll do. He's taken a shine to her. Recollect, she ain't got a cent, poor dear girl. He'd make a splendid husband. I guess he'll propose soon. I gentleman. Just think how we trust him with rents and mortgages and things. I declare I don't scarcely know

half what he does with my own property." "Pshaw, ma," responded Sophia, with rast contempt. "Clairs wouldn't look at him that way. She's young, like me. She may be as poor as a church-mouse, but she isn't going to sell herself like that. Now, do be quiet."

Mrs. Bergemann became obediently quiet. But she continued to have her private opinions. Meanwhile Claire and Phurston held their brief or long inter-

views, as chance favored.

Matters had rearranged themselves between them on the old basis. There was a change, and yet not a change. Claire spoke with all herformer freedom. Thurston listened and replied with all the former concession.

A certain admirer of Sophia's had of late deserted her, and sought the atten-tion of Claire whenever occasion per-mitted. His name was Brady. His take.

father was the owner of a large and popular emporium on Sixth Avenue. He was an only child, and supplied with a liberal allowance. The mercantile success of his father had been comparatively recent. He was now three and twenty; finger. his early education had been one long. persistent neglect. After the money had begun to flow into the paternal coffers, Brady had gone abroad, and seen vice and little else in the various European capitals, and finally, coming home, had

low-toned set of which poor, rich Sophia Bergemann was one of the leading spirits. Claire could hardly endure the attentions of Brady. She was civil to him because of her two hostesses, whose perceptions in all matters of social degree seemed hopelessly obtuse. But Brady had fallen in love with her, severely and offusively, and she soon had good cause to know it.

slipped, by a most natural and facile

process, into just that ill-bred, wealthy,

He was very tall and slim of figure, with a face whose utter smoothness would have been the despair of a mercenary barber. His large ears, jutting from a bullet-shaped head, gave to this head, at a little distance away, the look of some odd, unclassic amphora. He spoke very indifferent English, and always kept the last caprice of slang in glib readiness, as a tradesmen will keep his newest goods where he can soonest proud, and liked to tell you the price of the big sunken diamond worn on his little finger; of the suite of rooms at his expensive hotel; of the special deepolive cigars, dotted with a lighter yellow speck, which lined his ivory cigar-case. He possessed. in truth, all the cardinal vulgarities. He was lavishly conceited; he paid no deference to age; he had not a vestige of gallantry in his deportment toward women; his self-possession was so frangible that a blow could shatter it. but his coarse wrath would at once rise from the ruin, like the foul aroma from a broken phial. At such times he would scowl and be insolen' quite regardless of sex, years, or general superiority on the part of the offender. Indeed, he admitted no superiority. The shadow of the Sixth Avenue emporium hedged him, in his own shallow esteem, with impregnable divinity.

"I think," said Thurston, speaking of him one day to Claire, "that he is truly an abominable creature. The ancients used to believe that monsters were created by the union of two commingling clements, such as earth and heaven. But to day in America we have a horrid progeny growing up about us, resultant rom two forces, each dangerous enough by itself, but both deadry when they meet. I mean Wealth and Iguorance. This Brady is their child. If he were merely a poor man, his illiteracy would be endurable. If he were merely illiterate, we could stand his opulence. But Claire laughed, and presently shook

her head in gentle argumentative protest. "I think there is a flaw in your theory," she said, "and I'll tell you There are the Bergemanns. Sophia, I admit, is not precisely uncultivated-that is, she has had good chances of instruction and not profited by them. This may mean little, vet it s surely better than having had no chances at all. But Mrs. Bergemann -she is both rich and ignorant, poor dear woman. And yet she is very far from a monster. She is a sweet, comfortable. notherly person. She would not harm t fly." Claire put her head a little sideways, and looked with winsome challenge at her companion; she assumed pretty airs and graces with him, nowa-

tous episode. "What have you to say." she went on, "in answer to my rather shrewd objection? Doesn't it send you quite into a corner." Well, I confess that it rather floors me to have Mrs. Bergemann cited

lays, which she had never dealt in be-

fore the occurrence of a certain momen-

against me," he said, smiling. "I am afraid that I must yield. I am afraid that my theory is torn to tatters. I must congratulate you on your destructive instincts." He spoke these words with his usual robust sort of languor, in which there

was never a single trace of affectation or frivolity. At the same time a secret feeling of wonder possessed him; he was thinking how swiftly active had been the change in Claire since their first acquaintance. She had told him every particular of her past life, so far as concerned its opportunities of instruc-

He marvelled now, as he had repeatedly done on recent occasions, at her remarkable power to grasp new phrases. new forms of thought, new methods of inquiry. She had never, from the first, shown a gleam of coarseness. But she had often been timid of speech and falteringly insecure of expression. Yet latterly all this was altered. Thurston had a sense of how phenomenal was the improvement. It was plain that the books in the library, and Claire's power of flect reading, had wrought this bene-fit upon a mind which past study and training had already rendered flexibly receptive.

And yet all of the explanation did not lie here: at least half of it larked in the fact that she had quitted drudgery, need and depression. Her mental shutters had been fling open, and the

A few days later she had suspected the existence of Brady's passion. He made no attempt, on his own side, to conceal his preference for her society. Claire saw love in his prominent, slatecolored eyes; she saw it in the increased awkwardness of his motions when he either walked or sat near her; she saw it in his bluff yet repressed bravado of manner, as though he were at surly odds with himself for having been suddenly cut off in the flower of his vainglorious bachelorhood.

She had grown sharp-sighted for the detection of these tender signs. And even in Brady their tenderness was unmistakable. His clownish crudity had oftened, in all its raw lines. effect might be compared to those grace-ful disquises in which we have seen moonlight clothe things that repel us under the glare of day.

One morning when Cleire came down to breakfast she found a huge basket of Jaconsminot mass awaiting her, with

Jacqueminot roses swaiting her, with Brady's card attached to it. She flushed for a moment aimost as red as the florid, velvety patals the

"How strange that he sent them to me! There may have been some mis-

"Oh, not a bit of it!" Sophia exclaimed. "He's dead gone about you, Claire. I've seen it lately. So has ma." Here the young lady turned toward her mother, and lifted an admonishing "Now, ma. don't vou say a

But Mrs. Bergemann would say a number of things. Her amiability was so expansive, and made such a radius of glow and warmth all about her, that she rarely found it possible to dislike anybody. She had failed to realize that Brady was an offensive clod. In her matrimonial concern for Claire, the fact that he would one day, as the only child of his father, inherit a vast fortune, reared itself before her with irresistible

"Upon my word," she declared, "I don't know as any girl had ought to refuse a fellow as awful well-off as he is. Souhia is always talking of his great big ears, and his boastful ways, and his style of getting into tantrums about nothin' whatever. But still, I guess he might make a good husband. He might be just the kind that'll tame down and behave 'emselves after marriage. And they say he ain't a bit mean; he ain't got that fault, anyhow. And I guess he'd buy a manshun on the Avenu for any girl he took, and just make her shine like a light-house with di'monds, and roll round in her carriage, and be high an' mighty as you can find. I'd think twice, Claire, if I was you, before I let him slip. That is, I mean if you don't decide you'd rather have Mr. Thurston, who does seem fond o' you, though I ain't said so before in your hearing, dear, and who's an ellergant gentleman, of course, even if he is a bit too old for a fresh young thing like Claire laughed, in a high key, trying

to conceal her nervousness. "Oh, Mr. Thurston is quite too old, Mrs. Berge-mann," she said. "Please remember that."

The rich lue of the roses haunted her all day, even when she was not near them. Their splended crimson seemed like a symbol of luxury that she might be called upon to refuse. She had heard about the emporium on Sixth Avenue. It made her bosom flutter when she thought of being the mistress of a great mansion, and wearing diamonds and rolling about in her carriage. Then she remembered Thurston's words concerning this man who had sent her the roses. Was he so much of a monster, after all? Might she not be able to humanize him? For a long time she was in a very perturbed state. During this interval it almost seemed to her that if he should ask her to marry him she would nerve herself and answer 'ves.'

That afternoon she did not go to drive with Sophia. Mrs. Bergemann went in her place. Claire sat beside one of the big plate-glass windows of her delightful chamber, and watched the clattering streams of carriages pass below. Some of these she had now grown to remember and recognize; a few of them possessed a dignity of contour and equipment that pleased her greatly. She would have liked to lean back upon the cushions of some such vehicle, and have its footman jauntily touch his hat while he received her order from within, after he had shut the shining door with a hollow little clang. The door should have arms and crest upon it; she would strongly prefer a door with arms and

Suddenly, while watching from the window, she saw a flashy brougham, with yellow wheels, a light-liveried coachman and a large, high-stepping horse with gilded harness, pause before the Bergemanns' mansion. The next instant Brady sprang out, and soon a loud bell-peal sounded below. Claire sat and wondered whether he who had sent her the roses would not solicit her company. It even occurred to her that he might have passed Sophia and Mrs. Bergemann on the avenue, and hence have drawn the conclusion that she would be at home alone.

She was quite right in this assump tion. The grand Michael presently brought up Mr. Brady's card. Claire hesitated for an instant, and then said that she would see the gentleman.

She found Brady in the reception-room. He was dressed with an almost gaudy smartness, which brought all his misfortunes of face and figure into bolder relief. He were a suit of clothes that might have been quiet as a piece of tapestry, but was surely assertive in its pattern when used for coat and trousers: his cravat was of scarlet and blue satin, and a pin was thrust into it which flashed and glittered so that you could not at first perceive it to be a cock's head wrought of diamonds. with a little carcinet of rubies for the red comb. He had a number of brilliant rings on his big-knuckled hands, and the sleevebuttons that secured his low, full wrist As he greeted Claire it struck her

bands were a blaze of close-bedded gems at every chance recession of his sleeve. that his expression was unwontedly sulky, even for him. He appeared like a person who had been put darkly out "How are you aiss Twining?" he said, holding Caure's hand till she herself withdrew it. "I hope you're well. I

hope you're as well as the rest of 'em.' Claire sat down while she answered : "I am quite well Mr. Brady." Her visitor at once seated himself beside her, leaning his face toward her own. "I am sorry that both Mrs. Bergemann and Sophia are out," she went on. with the desire to bridge an awkward inter-

space of silence. "Oh, I ain't, not a bit," said Brady, ardently contradictory. "I'm glad of it.
Miss Twining. I wanted to have a little
chin with you." He laughed at his own
slang, crossed his long legs, and leaned
back on the lounge which Claire was also occupying. At the same time he turned his face toward his companion.

Claire felt that decency now compelled her to offer a certain acknowledgment. "I want to thank you for those levely flowers," she said. "They were heautiful, and it was very kind of you to send

He began to sway his head slightly from side to side. It was his way of showing nearly every emotion, whether embarrassment, perplexity, chagrin, or even mollification.

"Come, now," he began, "you didn't really think a let about 'em, did you?" "I liked them very much," returned Claire. She was watching him, in all his unpleasant details, though very covertly. She was asking herself, in the dispassionate reflectiveness bern of

remembrance of his great prospective wealth dealt her more than one thrilling stroke, and yet feelings of self-distrustful dread visited her also. She feared lest she might commit some irreparable mistake. She was still very ignorant of the world in which she desired to achieve

note and place. But she had, at the same time, a tolerably definite understanding of some things that she aimed to do. Her talks with Thurston had let in a good deal of light upon her mind. She had not lost a single point in all his explanatory discourses.

"I'm glad you did like 'em," said Brady, examining his radiant rings for an instant. "They cost a heap of stamps," he added, suddenly lifting his head and giving her an intent look. "But I don't mind that. I sin't a closefisted chap, especially when I'm fond of anybody. I guess you've seen that I think a deal about you. I can't talk flowery, like some chaps, but that don't

At this point he suddenly took Claire's hand; his face had acquired a still more sulky gloom; it was clouded by an actual

"Look here, now, Miss Twining," he said, "I never expected to get married. I've had some pretty nice girls make regular dead sets at me-yes, I havebut none of 'em ever took my fancy. You did, though. I stuck it out for two or three weeks, and I daresay I kept giving myself clean away all the time. But I saw't wasn't any use; I'm caught, sure; there ain't any mistake about it. we'll be married whenever you say. I'll Stove, Grate, Foundry and Blacksmith Co do the handsome thing—that is, father will. Father's crazy to have me settle lown. He's worth a lot o' money-I s'pose you know that. He'll like you when he sees you—I ain't afraid he won't. We can have a slambang stylish wedding, or a plain, quiet one just as you choose. And don't you be alarmed about too big a difference between you and I. Father may kick a little at first, but he'll come round when you've met once or twice. He'll see you're a good, sound girl, even if you ain't as high up, quite, as he'd want me to go for. There, now, I've broken the ice, and I s'pose it's all fixed, ain't it?"

Claire had been trying to withdraw her hand, for several moments, from the very firm grasp of this remarkable suitor. But, as Brady ended, she literally snatched the hand away, and rose, facing him, contemptuous, and vet calm because her contempt was so deep.

"It is impertinent for you to address me like this," she said, in haughty undertone. "You have no right to take it for granted that I will marry you. In the first place, I do not like you; in the second place. I think myself by no means your inferior, but greatly above you as regards breeding, education, and intelligence; and in the third place, I would never consent to be the wife of one whom I do not consider a gentle-

she at once left the room. after thus speaking, and saw, as she did so, that Brady's face was pale with rage and consternation. His insolent patronage wounded her more than she knew. On indignant weeping. But, by the time that Sophia and Mrs. Bergemann returned from their drive, she was sufficiently tranquil to betray no sign of past perturbation.

That evening Sophia went to one of her "sociables." A male friend called for her, and they were driven together to the entertainment in question, with superb yet innocent defiance of those stricter proprieties advocated in higher social realms. Mrs. Bergemann retired somewhat early, and Claire was left alone, as it happened, with Thurston, who chanced to drop in a little after nine o'clock. Just before Mrs. Bergemann left the drawing-room, she contrived to whisper, in garrulous aside, with her plump face quite close to Claire's, and all her genial, harmless vulgarity at a sort of momentary boiling point: "I shouldn't be surprised, dear, if he should pop to-night. And if he does, I ain't sure that you hadn't better have him than Brady, for he's ever so rich, though the other'll get the Sixth Avenue store and two or three millions o' money behind it. Still, please yourself, Claire, and don't forget to leave the hall gas burnin' for Sophia when you go unstairs."

Claire was in a very interrogative mood to-night. "I should like to have Mr. Brady explained a little more fully," she said, when Thurston and herself were again seated side by side.

Her companion gave a soft laugh. "I thought that we had exhausted that subject," he said. "It is not a very rich one, you know." "I don't want you to tell me anything

about his character as a man," Claire quickly replied. "But I want to find out his standing in society." "He has no standing in society," said

Thurston, with instant decisiveness.
"Do the people of whom you we spoken repeatedly—those whom you erm the best class, I mean-entrely refuse to know him?" "Not at all. They have never been

called upon to know or not to know him. The best class is in a different world altogether. Perhaps Brady is aware of their existence; he may have read of their entertainments in the newspapers, or he may have seen them occasionally at watering-places. But that is all. His self-importance prevents him from real-izing that they are above him. He is essentially and utterly common. He is surrounded by a little horde of syco-phants who worship him for his money, and who are, in nearly all respects, as common as himself." "You mean the set of people with

whom Sophia associates? "Yes. I mean the rich, vulgar set of which you have so frequently seen specimens in this very room." Claire seemed to muse for a short

while. "But the others?" she asked. "These people who hold them selves above the Bergemanns—are they all refined and cultured? That is, are there any Bradys among them? Are there any Mrs. Bergemanns or Sophias ?"

CONTINUED NEXT VESK The Post and Weekly Globe, one year, for new subscribers to Jan. 1885..... The Post and Western Advertiser ..... 200 The Post and Country Gentleman..... 3 10

The Post and The Continent..... \$ 10 The Post and The Century Magazine ..... 4 60 The Post and St. Nicholas ................................... 3 60 The Post and Rural Canadian...... 1 50 The Post and Harper's Marazine..... \$ 10 The Post and Harper's Weekly..... 4 30 The Post and Harper's Bazar. 439
The Post and Harper's Young Pople. 239
The Post and American Agriculturist. 200 John Berry.

## SICN OF THE COLDEN SADDLE JOHN BERRY

LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS

all manufactured on his own premises by the best workmen from first-class material. All on made on the premises under my own supervision, and guaranteed to give good satisfaction large assortment of

Saddles, Bridles, Trunks, Valises

and all other goods appertaining to the trade, will be sold cheap for CASH Remember the old stand: OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, Kentest, Lindsan

#### NOTICE TO PAY UP. All parties ind leted to me by note or book account are hereby notified pay up by the first of March next, without fail, or the accounts will be put

court for collection without any distinction of persons whatever. I wan money and must have it. JOHN BERRY. "Lindsay, Feb. 6, 1884.--71-13.

McLennan & Co.

COAL DEPOT AND GENERAL HARDWARE

At lowest prices. We have in stock and to arrive a large stock of

Fine Steel and Shelf Hardware, Bought Strictly for Cash

Lindsay, Dec. 22. 1881.

PLASTER OF PARIS AND BLASTING POWDE Also a full line of

We would solicit inspection of goods and comparison of prices.

McLENNAN & CO

Lindsay Plating Co.

LINDSAY

Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating.

Watches, Chains, Jewelery, Lodge Regalia, Trimming Masonic and other Emblems, Society Badges, &c., &c., Gold or Silver, re-plated equal to new.

All kinds of Tableware re-plated in single, double triple plate. Close plating Carriage Irons done wit neatness and dispatch.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR OLD SILVER.

Shop and Show Room Next Door to Watson's Dry Goods Store, Kent-st . Linds

A. Higinbotham

OLD ENGLISH CONDITION POWDER. Cattle.

Rain or Shinest wen't hurt any nothing

A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist, Lindsay

L. O'Connor.

# YOU'LL FIND ME THERE

Buggies, Phætons, Democrat FARM WAGGONS.

The old Reliable class of work at the old Standars

L. O'CONNOR Corner William & Russell-sts

Lindsay, January 24th. 1884.-72. James Keith.

CLOVER SEED WANTED!

1,000 Bushels of Alsike and Red Clover Seed

AT JAS. KEITH'S. William-st, Lindsay.

John Makins.

MILL MACHINERY.

JOHN MAKINS. WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY,

Iron Founder and Machinist MANUFACTURER OF

Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Sulphi

of th

pain!

pitat

stran

ings

sides

ertio

your

Does

cause

in th

Do

the g

imp

shor

pain

Are

kidn

guar

run

cure

ting

Ti

Dyspeps

Prize-Winners: Catarri. the Central Exhi: Ache.

NEWS

-Athrew between -The re

lature

-Rev

General L phobia.

-Three Jehn, N. ire to the buildings.

that over been massa destroyed b —A youn old, son of a shot himsel He was ou alipped and charged the passed into hadly that a noor fellow

-The Po French bis

Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Milh