Depularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

#### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-knevn Massiehusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RECORDING METERS AND A METERS AND A METERS AND A METERS AND AND A METERS AND A METE mblie, E. F. HARRIS." River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. Gronge Andrews, overseer in the Lowell Carpet. Corporation, was for over a work works before his removal to Lowell efficient with Salt Rheum, in its

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Draggists; St. six bottles for 85.

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A Ge mine Indian Mediciae, composed of Mosts, Barks and Herbs, for the Permanent Cure of Dyspopsia, Stok Rendache, and all at lictions of the Liver and Stomach, Ridneys and Blood. ATAsk your druggist for it, and for One

Dollar he will give you Twolve Pints of SITTERS. A single trial has often resulted in remarkable cares. Try 1t. Munufactured only by the CROWFOOT

INDIAN MEDICINE Co., Mostord, Ont. Ont. 213. RIGINBOTHAM, Lindsay,

#### The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1881.

AN AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XVI. (Continued from last week.)

Rather early the next morning, Mrs. Diggs dropped in upon Claire, "to hear all about it." as she said, alluding to the She dismissed two of the gentlemen

with two little contemptuous nods. They are both well enough in point of respectability," she affirmed. " So are their wives. All four are so swathed in dull convention that you even forget to criticise them; they're like animals which resemble the haunts they inhabit to such a degree that you can tell them from the surrounding foliage or furrows only when they move or show life. Whom else did you have?" "There was Mr. Stuart Goldwin,"

"Goldwin? You don't mean it. real-

ly? Did you have Goldwin?" Here Mrs. Diggs looked hard at Claire, and slowly shook her head. "Ny dear." she went on, "it must indeed be true that your husband is achieving great for meial distinction. Pardon my say ment. Claire, but Goldwin wouldn't have poting limbs under your mahogany if had not been true. He is an euor. has personage. Other Wall Street have been very small pygmies e ial estimate. But Goldwin everything before him. You tell me that you like him. It

be something abnormal if you on't He is really the most charming You can't trust him, don't you turther than you can see him; he bus. with all sorts of humbig. And yet you accept him, because it is such well-bred, engaging hanibug. He has hosts of adherents, and he deserves them. He gives the most cuchanting entertainments. They are never vulgar, and yet they cost vast sums. For example, he will give a Delmonico dinner, at which every lady finds a dia-mond-studded locket hid modestly in the heart of her bouquet. I need not add that in a matrimonial way he is simply groveled to. But beware of him. my dear Claire : he is dangerous."

Dangerous ?" repeated Claire. "Well, not so much in himself. Goldwin, in himself, is a shallow yet clever man, a forcible yet weak man, a man whose pluck has aided him a great deal, and whose luck has sided him still more. He has caught the trick of looking like a prince, and hence of giving his princely amassment of money a superb glamour. He will fade, some day, and leave not a rack behind. Of course he will. They all do. I don't know that he would if he married. And now come to my previous point. He doesn't marry : therefore he is dangerous."

"I don't follow you," Claire said. "He doesn't marry Mrs. Ridgeway Lee. That is what I mean. As it is, she guards his approaches. She is a woman of high position, considerable queer, uncappy beauty, monstrous affectation, and a fondness for him that smounts to idolatry. She's the most in-tense of pictists; she riots in all sorts of religious charities. She has other idolatries besides Goldwin, but he is her fore most. I have never been just able to make her out. She is a sort of cousin of mine. She's wonderfully handsome, but it's the lean, cold beauty of a snake. As I said, she guards Goldwin's approaches. She's a widow, and a rich one, and she want's Goldwin to ask her to marry him. He doesn't, however, and hence she coils herself, so to speak, at the thresheld of his acquaintance. If st the threshold of his acquaintance. If sny woman draws near—I mean too near—she hisses and bites. Oh, don't leok incredulous. I've known her to positively do both. She'll do it to you, if Goldwin is too attentive. That is why I warn you; that is why I call that nice, heiliant, headlops, squiteIn a few more days Hollister, of his own accord, proposed to Claire that also should engage a maid. He also told her that he had made purchase of two carriages, a span of horses, and an extra horse for single harness besides.

"You will be able to drive out either in your coupe or your larger carriage, my dear," he said, "by Wednesday next." Then he broke into one of his most genial laughs, and added: "I hope that is not too long to wait."

Claire took this prophecy of coming splendor with serious quietude. She had talked with her husband regarding his recent plethoric influx of thou-

"I've an idea, Herbert," she said using a slow, wise-seeming deliberation. It is this; why do you not buy our house? We both like it; it is comfortable and agreeable; it fills all our wants. And it is for sale, you know." Hollister looked grave, then smiled. then affirmatively nodded. "I'll do it, Claire," he answered.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish." "I do wish, Herbert. And when you have bought the house, I want you to ant it in my name. I want you to give it to me.

He started and stared at her. gleam of distrust appeared to slip coldly into his frank eyes. Claire saw this, but answered his look with firm calm. Why do you say that?" he mur-

She went nearer to him, and haid one hand on his shoulder. "Why do I say t" she softly iterated. "Because know something of the risks and perils you are forced daily to meet."

He watched her intently and soberly, for a few seconds after she had thus spoken. Then his characteristic smile broke forth like a burst of sun. He kissed her en the lips. "It shall be as you say!" he exclaimed, drawing her nearer to him, with a look which they of bids and sales and stock traffic had never seen on his manly yet winsome face. "You are right. You are always right, Claire. There's a lot of money drifting in; it seems as if the money would never stop drifting in."

"I hope it never will," said Claire. showing her pure teeth in a laugh, as he again kissed her. At the same time she drew back from him while his encircuit arm still retained her, in a way to which he had grown wholly familiar, and which, in an unwedded woman, would have readily seemed like the reserve of absolute maidenhood. A slight further lapse of days brought grand results for Claire. She was legally the owner of the charming little house in which she dwelt; she had her maid. obsequiously attendant upon her least wants: she possessed her coupe, drawn by a large, silver-trapped horse; she possessed also, a glossy, dark-appointed carriace, drawn by two horses of equally smart gear, and supervised by coachmin and footman, in approved and

Mrs. Diggs was in ecstasies over the prosperous change. "Now you are indeed more, don't you know?" she said. " By the way, has Cornelia Van Horn left a card on you, my dear?" " No." said Claire.

(an she really mean open war "That is better than to have it con-

the opera season began the next evening. Hollister had engaged a box permanently. It was a season that opened with auspicious brilliancy. lare appeared in her first really notthe tollette. One of the reigning . 's had made it, and for the first ne in her life she was called upon to stand the test of surpassingly beautiful dressing. It is a test that some very fair women stand ill. They show to best advantage in garments which have no at aosphere of festival; it becomes them to be clad with domesticity, or at

least moderation. This was by no means true, however, of Claire. The diamond necklace which Hollister had spread on her dressing table but a few minutes before the hour of departure, glittered round her smooth slender neck with telling saliency. Her gown was of a pale, pink brocaded stuff, and she carried its fulllowing train with a light-stepping and perfect repose. Before she had unsped her cloak, and seated herself in he box at Hollister's side, numerous racties were levelled upon the lovely, dignified picture that she made. When she had scated herself the spell continued. The large pink roses in her som were not deep or sweet enough of tint to do more than heighten the fresh, chaste flush in either cheek. She bore herself with a fine and delicate majesty. Her dark-blue eyes told of the quicker pulse that stirred her veins only by a more humid and dreamy sparkle. She was inwardly glad to be where she sat, and to be robed as she was robed, but her pleasure softly exnited in its own outward repression; was wonderfully self poised and tranquil, considering her strong secret excitement. Nearly everybody who looked upon her pronounced her to be very beautiful, and a good many people, before an hour had passed, had looked

The opera was a favorite one; famed and favorite prima-donna sang in it. Below, where the real lovers of music mostly thronged, Claire's presence produced neither comment nor criticism. But up in the region sacred to fashion, inattention, gossip and flir-tation, she rapidly became an event which even the most melodious cavatina was powerless to supersede. It was not all done by her beauty and

at her with the closest kind of scru-

novel charm. Hollister, sitting at her side, nonchalant, handsome, of excellent conventional style in garb and posture, materially helped to increase the notability which surrounded her. His success had publicly transpired; a few of those newspapers which are little save glaring personal placards, had of late proclaimed with graphic zeal his speculative triumphs. He had leaped into notoriety in a day, almost in an hour. There was but one man in the house besides her husband whom Claire knew. This man was Stuart Goldwin, and he seen dropped into her box, re-maining through the two final acts.

Hollister, meanwhile, chose to be absent. He had found some friends who were solicitous of presenting him to cer-tain ladies. He spent nearly the whole of these two acts in chatting with these same ladies. They were all gracious; one or two of them had strong claims to besuty. It was no less an important evening with himself than with Claire. Perhaps with him it was even more so, since he obtained his social acceptance, as it were, by stack dames when he ers, and growing repute and po-

His wife, sa the other hand had It might possibly soon arrive, or it might be withheld; there was still no actual certainty. Claire loved the music, but she would

have heard its cadences in discontent if fate had decreed that she should sit. this evening, with no attendant devotee. She knew well that Geldwin's company distinguished her. Mrs. Diggs had given her points, as the phrase goes. She was quite aware that the horse-shoe of boxes in our metropolitan opera house, and the other more commodious proscenium boxes which flank its stage. are at all times occupied by just the kind of people among whom she wished to win her coveted lofty place. She un-derstood that they would note, comment, gauge, admire or condemn; and while her manner bespoke a sweet and placid unconsciousness of their observation. she was alive to the exact amount of observation which she had attracted.

"I am so glad that you came," Goldwin told her. "For very selfish reasons, I mean. You appear, and you corroborate my statements. Now people can at last see and judge for themselves. The verdict is sure."

He said many more things in this vein, all uttered low, and all accom-panied by his smile, that seemed either to mean volumes or to leave his true meaning adroitly ambiguous.

Mrs. Ridgeway Lee was in a somewhat near box. When Goldwin returned to her side, just as the curtain was falling on the last act, she accented his escort to her carriage with a fine composure. He met Mrs. Van Horn, a little later, in the crush that always occurs along the Fourteenth Street lobby of our Academy when a full house disgorges its throng.

The two ladies talked together. Not far away from them stood Mrs. Diggs and Claire, each waiting for an absent husband to secure a carriage. What a contrast there is between

them," Claire murmured to her companion. "One is so blonde and peaceful, the other so dark and restless. "Yes, my dear Claire. Have you

caught Cornelia's eye?" "No. She does not appear to see · She sees you perfectly. She has

not yet made up her mind just how to I think that she means to cut me," said Claire, under her breath.

"Never," came the emphatic answer. so bass and gruff because of its vocal suppression that it produced odd contrast with Mrs. Diggs' bodily thinness. "To cut you would be to burn her ships. She has an object in knowing you. I'm afraid it's a dark one. But be sure she is only making up her mind just how to know you. She will soon decide; she has already delayed too citement in place of previous composure. long, and she feels it. Be ready for a

If the behavior of Mrs. Van Horn was really to be explained on the theory of her prophetic cousin, then she made up her mind very soon after the delivery of these oracular sentences. A chance turn of the neck seemed to render her conscious of Claire's neighboring presence. She bowed with soft decision the moment that their eyes met; and Claire returned the bosy.

The next instant she laid one gloved hand on the arm of Mrs. Ridgeway Lee, and then both ladies moved in Claire's direction. Their progress was of necessity made between the forms of several assembled ladies, who nodded and smiled as the great personage and her companion pushed courteously past them. They were mostly the loyal adherents of Mrs. Van Horn, in the sense that they held it high honor to have the right of occasionally darkening her Washington Square doorway. Two or three of them were perhaps co-regents

with her as regarded caste and power. They all saw and intently watched the little astonishing action that now followed. Mrs. Van Horn glided up to Claire and extended her hand.

"I was so sorry to have missed your dinner, Mrs. Hollister," said the great lady, with her best affability, "but another engagement forced me to be absent." She again put her hand on the arm of Mrs. Ridgeway Lee; she had thus far wholly ignored Mrs. Diggs; her nose was well in the air, as usual, but her smile was bland, conciliatory, impressive; she glowed with an august amiability.

"I want you to let me present my cousin, Mrs. Lec," she proceeded. "We have both heard so much about you of late from Mr. Goldwin. You can't think how devoted a friend you have suddenly made."

Before Claire could answer, Mrs. Lee spoke. She had got herself into her usual extraordinary twist. Her visage. her hands, and her lower limbs, regarded according to their relative disposements, would have made a very sinuous ike Mrs. Van Horn, she was line. wrapped in an opera cloak. But her dark little head rose from the large

circlet of swansdown about her slight throat with an effect not unlike the slim crest of a turtle stealing from its shell. She constantly suggested a creature of this lean and chill type, though rarely with any of its repulsive traits. "Indeed, yes!" she softly exclaimed to Claire. "Mr. Goldwin is a great

friend of mine, and he has told me hundreds of charming things about "Our acquaintance has been a very short one," said Claire, looking at Mrs. Diggs. In a certain way, she sought to gain a kind of tacit cue from the latter's face. She failed to perceive just how

was it meant for irreproachable cour-Mrs. Diggs gave a laugh. "Goldwin can say a hundred charming things very easily on a brief acquaintance," she declared. "Can't you?" were her next words, delivered to Goldwin himself, who had just then slipped up to the

"Oh, no, I can't," he at once replied, " unless I mean every one of them." "Dear me!" said Mrs. Diggs, "how "Dear me!" said Mrs. Diggs, "how quickly you grasp the situation! So you heard what we were talking about, did you? You've found out that we were discussing your last enthusiasm?"

"Ab," said Goldwin, "I have very few of them. Den't chespen me, please, in the regard of Mrs. Helfister."

"You seem to count mon her regard."

"That'mentirely our affair," lang Goldwin. He looked at Chare, gained a different victory. She was pronounced to be charming and remarkable; she had acquired the prestige of Goldwin's open attentions. But she was a woman, and she had not yet received the endorsement of her own sex. It might possibly soon arrive, or it might possibly soon a put herself in the attitude of permitting favors and not soliciting them, by some deft, secure art, quite her own. The bew of farewell which she gave Claire was handsomely suave. Mrs. Lee moved are at her other id. away at her other side. Mrs. Lee had been her guest that evening, and they were to ride home together.

"So, Claire, it's settled," presently said Mrs. Diggs. "Cornelia is to know you. So is Sylvia Lee. Be careful of them both. I can't feel certain yet of exactly what it all means. . . . Here's that dear Manhattan of mine. He has got our carriage. Shall I remain with you till your husband reappears? . . Very well; I will. But this is no place in which to talk over the whole odd, interesting thing. I'll try and drop in upon you soen; possibly to-morrow, if I can manage it. . . . Does Manhattan see us? Just observe how stupidly he stares about everywhere but here. He's been a little strange and absentminded all the evening. I really think he's forgotten where he left me. He smokes too many of those strong, horrid cigars, don't you know? I truly believe that they cloud his brain half the time but then it's better he should

fellw drank too much!" . . . Mrs. Diggs did present herself at Claire's house on the following day. But Claire was not at home. She had driven out in company with her husband. It was a momentous drive. They had

left home together at about one o'clock. Claire had no idea whither they were going at first. Hollister had chosen to assume an air of profound mysticism. I have a great surprise for you," he There was no characteristic twinkle

in his eye as he made this statement. Claire felt that he was far from sadden-

"I will accompany you blindly," she said, just before they entered the carriage. "I suppose, however, there are some more jewels at Tiffany's which you want me to see and choose from." "No," said Hollister, shaking his head.

away from Wall Street for anything of that sort." The carriage had soon passed Tiffany's

by a considerable distance, in what we call the downward direction. As its progress increased Claire's curiosity heightened, but for some time she gave no proof of this. Her talk was of their new attainments, of their growing pastimes, pleasures, and luxuries. She spoke often with a slightly unfamiliar speed; it was a little habit that of late had come upon her; it betrayed gentle ex-To Hollister, when he observed it all, the effect was filled with charm; he no more disliked it than he would have disliked to see a very tender breeze agitate some beautiful bloom. But now his gravity by no means lessened under the spell of Claire's rather voluble advances. She had plainly seen the change; then, after an interval of almost complete silence, she placed her hand in his. The carriage was now very near to one of the Brooklyn ferries. No doubt the first real suspicion of the truth had flashed through Claire's mind when she abruptly said -

"Where are we going. Herbert? You really must tell me. He met her intent look : she had rare-

ly seen his blithe eyes more solemn than " Haven't you guessed by this time?" he said.

"Perhaps I have," she answered. Her tone was a low murmur; she had averted her eyes from his, and would have withdrawn from hin, her hand, had not the clasp of his own softly rebelled against this act. Her cheeks had flushed almost crimson. "(10 on," she persisted. "Tell me if I am right."

"I think you are, Claire; I think you have guessed it at last." The carriage had just entered the big gateway of the ferry; hoofs and wheels took a new sound as they struck the planks of the | Till the outer rim of evil looks a thing of ghastly wharf. "Don't you remember that night at the Island, a little while after our engagement, when you told me that it would give you such joy to regain your father's body and to have it decently buried, in a Christian way?"

Yes, Herbert . . . I remember." She spoke the words so faintly that he scarcely heard them. "Well, Claire, I made you a promise

then, and I recollected the promise." "And I forgot it!" she cried, throwing both arms about his neck for an instant and kissing his cheek. Immediately afterward she burst into tears. "Oh Herbert, you remembered and I forgot! flow wicked of me! I let other things -things that were trifles and vanitieslrive it from my mind! Poor, dear, lead father! He would never have done that to me! He loved me too well-far

The tears were rushing down her face, and her frame was in a miserable tremor. Already he had caught both her hands, and was firmly pressing them while he bent toward her, and while she leaned in a relaxed position against the back of the carriage. He thought her repentance as exquisite as it was needless; he held it only as a fresh proof of her sweet, refined spirit. It brought the mist into his sight, and made his voice throb very unwontedly, to see her weep and tremble

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

-The reason why "Nonsuch Washing Commatters were drifting. Was this pat-ronage on the part of both ladies? Or ound" should be used in preference to all other sashing preparations. First—It is perfectly harmless. Second—It saves more than half the labor. Third-It is the cheapest in the market. Many more could be given but this should be suffic ent. For sale by all grocers. -72-1f.

The Post Club List. The Post and Weekly Globe, one year, for new subscribers to Jan. 1885...... \$2.00 The Post and Western Advertiser..... 2 00. The Post and Country Gentler The Post and The Co The Post and The Century Magazine. The Post and St. Nicholas..... 3 60 The Post and Rural Canadian .....

MIDEAND DISTRICT MOTES. -Collingward steamers, part for Duluth

-John L. Sullivan made \$15,000 by ten exhibitions in Texas. -Orillia's assessment rollshows a total of 1852,000, an increase of \$46,000 over last

Mr. S. Bariow sawed five cords of hard wood in seven hours and forty minutes, in ng, last week.

The saved army are doing a good work at Newcastle, and have the support of all Christians in the place. -Kingston proposes to increase the price of licences from \$150 and \$125, as now, to

\$250 for tavern and 200 for shops. The senate of the state of New York has passed a bill to allow Messrs Rathbun & Co. of Desoronto to do business at Oswego. -A daughter of James Ludlin, Flesher-ton, cut off the thumb and first finger of her

right hand while playing with a cutting box on Sunday last. -The equivalent of over 12,000 cords of wood has gone into the sinkhole on the N., T. & Q. railway. The contractor thinks he will be able to overcome it.

- The bad boys of Penetanguishene amuse themselves by tying strings across the platform in front of the Methodist church, and watching the devoutly inclined take a tumble. -Mark Lazier, alias Spicer, a notorious confidence man, was sentenced at Barrie assizes last week to three years in the

penitentiary for obtaining money under false pretences. —Wednesday was a "red letter day" in the history of Flesherton. There were four weddings, two pugilistic encounters, and the salvation army was expected to open

fire on the town. -Henry Smith of Big Island started from smoke too much than drink too much. I Demorestville on Saturday night under the don't know what I should do if the dear influence of liquor, and was picked up on the road Sunday afternoon with legs, feet and hands frozen.

-There is residing near Sharbot lake a man who has been much married and raised a numerous family. His present is his fourth wife, his children number thirty-nine, his grandchildren sixty-nine, and his great grandchildren nine.

-Napanee Express : "A new plague has made its appearance in this section, by which a large impetus may be given to the cat industry. The standard price in Napanee of \$2 per head will consequently have to be raised. We learn that great damage to fruit and ornamental trees has been caused in this vicinity this winter by mice, who gnaw off the bark and leave the ed, and yet his gravity looked an un-doubted fact. tree almost a total wreck. Among the sufferers are Mr. S. Miller, near Bath, who had 100 young maple and 20 apple trees badly injured; Mr. P. Ham, Earnestown, 120 young apple trees: Mr. Jas. R. Spencer, Selov. 60 apple trees; Mr. Robert Fink. Selvy, 60 apple trees; Mr. House N. Fredericksburgh, a number of fruit N. Fredericksburgh, a number of fruit trees. The devastation seems to be general all over the country. Farmers report that "I shouldn't spend nearly a whole day other years. A stock of cats seems to be the only remedy."

CANADA'S PLEA FOR THE "WAIFS AND STRAYS."

A voice has cross'd the water with a cheery ringing sound,
That has stirred our spirit pulses into swift and For it speaks a kindly message from a daughfer's filial heart. We were Pleased among old England's children still to great benefit, bear a faithful part.

"Dear old England! merry England! parent land beyond the sea.

Hearty, joyous, new year's greeting now we send across to thee.

From our homes of peace and plenty, where the fires were bright and week. From the hunter's forest cabin, from the

farmhouse on the plain.
Send we greeting in full chorus, answered by
the hills' refrain. Happy New Year! Happy New Year! shout we In a glad new year of blessing may our mother-land rejoice!

But our hearts are sorely troubled, in Canadian homes so fair. At the 'Cry of Outcast London's' bitter wailing of despair:
And we ponder o'er the question now absorbing good and great,

Must the outeast keep on crying, till the cry has
roused the state!

Not much prospect of their ceasing, say we

here, across the sea;
Wheels of state roll ever slowly, though on highways of the free.
While the state debates its measures, for the nation's gen'ral weal.

Poor wee waits and strays by thousands learn to bey and lie and st Overcrowded,' say the wise ones, how can lives be true and pure.
When from the baby-eot to coffin want and woe

alone are sure?
Who dare talk of reformation, while the dens in which they sleep
Are as foul and dark and dreadful as the kraals the Caffirs keep 'Overcrowded,' say the wise ones. 'Children

born and reared in sin.

Pinched and wretched, starved and tempted.

learn to drown their woes in gin.

Thus in ever-widening circles grows the horror year by year. Overcrowded! mother England, if the home-

stead's grown too small.

And the servants' little children are too many We have acres, broad and fruitful, stretching west ward to the sun.

Prairie lands and sunny hillsides from the for-And our hearts are large and kindly as the

acres that we till: Though we make no boast of grandeur, nor of ancient well-worn skill.
We have nature's royal largess of rich beauty. Mountain, stream and forest grandeur, take and plain from sea to sea.

"You have homes and schools of training; take these children from the street:
Show them what God meant they should be; clear a pathway for their feet.
Make them feel that work is noble; teach them what their lives may be;
Then we'll give them hearty welcome to our homes across the sea.

Little Britain, March 25, 1884.—81-tf.

S. Corneil.

CARD OF THANKS Wailing, wailing! still we hear it; ye who bear

Strike from Christian England's pages such a tale of England's shame.

Ye who claim the nation's glory must be free from off her written story such a foul unsightly blot. Tarry not for tardy measures by the council of the wise,
While the Master's earnest message comes

through piteous, helpless cries.
Stay not for decree or mandate, bearing signet of the throne: of the throne: While the King of Kings commands you, 'Seek and bring me back my own.' See! from out that very centre of old London's moral slime.

Baby eyes and lips are pleading to be saved from vice and crime;

Pleading through the cherished darlings sheltered in your homes to day

Pleading by the love and mercy of the God to

"Hollow-eyed and weary-hearted, mid the horrors of the street,
Wee, starved, homeless waifs, are watching fo
the coming of your feet,
Speed your way; let nothing daunt you. Feed
my lambs, is still the word
Falling daily, clear and earnest, from the lips of
Christ the Lord.

'Mothers! ye who fold your sweet ones in the neaven of your homes,
"Tis to you these eyes are turning: 'tis to you this wailing comes.
You, whose' hearts, grown large by loving—
Gadlike, pitiful and kind—
Have the Master's own true spirit in their tender depths enshrined.

they look for aid.

Caristian mothers, be ye forem of love's crusade, of love's crusade, et al. Fig. 1916 when the contract to th Kitowin and a solve in

John Berry.

## SIGN OF THE COLDEN SADDLE. JOHN BERRY

LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS

all manufactured on his own premises by the best workmen from first-class material made on the premises under my own supervision, and guarantee i to give 2004 and large assortment of

Saddles, Bridles, Trunks, Valises and all other goods appertaining to the trade, will be sold cheap for CASI 0. Remember the old stand: OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, Kent st. L. ad.

Lindsay, Feb. 6, 1884. 71-13.

NOTICE TO PAY UP.

All parties indicted to me by note or book account are hereby notified, pay up by the first of April next, without fail, or the accounts will be put the court for collection without any distinction of persons whatever. I wan: money and must have it.

JOHN BERRY

Me --

W. R. Skitch.

ESTABLISHED OVER SIXTEEN YEARS.

WM. SKITCH

Has on hand one of the Largest Stocks of

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS, DEMOCRATS, BUGGIES and PHATONS, that for style and durability of works anship cannot be a made out of first-class seasoned timber. First class weakmen employed and under my owr personal supervision. I give bottom prices on everything and value elsewhere. Repairing in every branch done on shortest notice, and prices of the contract of the cont

WM. SKITCH.
Next door to the Salvation Army Barracks and opposite the Gas Works

R. Kylie.

# BOILING WHEELS IN OIL.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS AND ALL BUYERS OF WHEEL BIGS

The time has come when every owner of a horse must have a rig, and as then great care should be taken in scleeting a first-class article. I have this year ado; of boiling my wheels in oil, that is, revolving the wheel in a vat of boiling oil to becomes thoroughly filled, thereby preventing water from soaking in and destroying the One sett done in this way will outwear three done in the ordinary way, besides doing and with the expense of tyre-setting. Since I introduced this plan a few months ago I layer . . . . orders from different parts of the country. Intending purchasers should place to immediately and save money. I am not trying to make work as cheap as it can be am determined to give the people of this county better work than they have been in the getting and at the lowest living prices.

Cambridge st., Lindsay.

We were in Mr. Kylie's factory and saw him welling wheels in oil DENNIS SCULLY FOR

fires were bright and warm.
And the lads and lasses frolic, heedless of the winter's storm.

D. M. FERRY & Co's. SEEDS.

A. Higinbotham.

By the ounce, pound or package, Ferry's Turnip Seed, Ferry's Mammoth Mangold, Ferry's Mam-moth Carrot, Ferry's Prize Onion Seed, Ferry's Squash, Pumpkin, Parsnip, etc. PEAS Bliss's American Wonder, McLean's Little Gem. Carter's First Crop. Ferry's First and Best. Blue Peter. etc. BEET-Ferry's Long Dark Blood. Also firstclass CLOVER and TIMOTHY.

OIL CAKE in any quantity at HIGIBOTHAM'S DRUG STORE Doheny Block; Kentest., Lindsay.

W. H. Pogue. Little Britain.

## W. H. POGUE, LITTLE BRITAIN.

STILL ALIVE AND STIRRING! THE GREAT QUESTION OF URDERSTANDING ABOUT TO BE SETTLED. Having decided to add to my already large stock a first-class assortment of BOOTS and SHOES

manufactured by the celebrated firm of James Limon & Co., Montreal, whose acknowledged to be about the best value in Canada, and as we are determined to sufficient to suf ces good goods well bought, our customers can depend on being well served. YOUNG MEN AND OLD would do well by looking through our fine steels FASHIONABLE NEW FELT HATS

YOUNG LADIES for you we have very nice things in LACE, RIBBONS. GLOVES Etc., Etc., In all departments of our business we are making sweeping reductions to meet the lose times. A discount will be given on all cash purchases this season. Also highest price paid for produce in cash or exchange. A splendid stock of Harvest Implements direct from A. S. Whiting & Co's, Manufactory In Staple goods, Gray Cottons, Cottonades, Dusks, Denims, etc., as usual, we take no back at, only this season prices are notably lower than last year, owing in part to low per someton goods and being better bought.

PLEASE CALL AND SEE US

W. H. POGUE.

S. CORNEIL:-

Please convey to the directors of the LONDON MUTUAL my thanks for the satisfactory settlement in full of my loss of \$700, caused by a passing train.

WILLIAM CURTIS, Mariposa. Mariposa. April 7, 1884.

W. Howe. TAST CALL.

All parties indebted to me either by note or book account are requested to settle

before the 15th of APRIL as all out-standing accounts and notes will be placed in my solicitor's hands for collection after that date. This is the last notice.

WM. HOWE. Lindsay, April 7, 1881. -836



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