For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstromes, house sespers, and over-worked women generally. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tenics. It is not a "Curo-all," put admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, leing a most potent Specific for all those Orionto Wenknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly dures wenkness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either cox. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our package guarantee. See wenpper ground hottle, Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$6.00. A large treaties on Diseases of Women, profusily illustrated with colored plates and numberous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, Worth's Dispusanter Medical, Association, 623 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. SION PEADACHE, Billous Headache, and Constipation, promptly sured by Dr. Pierco's Pellets, 250.6 vial, by druggists.

May 18th, 1888 92. See list of Farms for sale or to rent etc., on third page. Sale advis, mortgage and Judicial

To Subsoribers.—Examine date on address-label and remit renewal

The Canadian Lost. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1887.

THE REASON.

Lore not me for come's grace, For my pleasing eye or face, No, per for a constant heart! For these reas factor forn to ill; Soft war and I shall sever. Keep therefore, a true woman's eye, And love me did, but know not why! So hast then the same reason still

To dote up h me ever.

page said; "but she was engaled." She had told him, however, that if any one called," and the boy in buttons looked inquisitively at the elderly lady, dre sed had brought him to the door, "Miss Wes-

"Yes, of course we shall wait," cried Herbert Torrens, who had stayed behind to give some directions to the driver of the brougham and ran up the stairs in time to hear the last word. "You ill. not object, will you, mother? I should he sorry for you to miss seeing Linda this

Mrs. Torrens readily assented to this. Not that she was at all eager to make the | "Haven't I said already that I never acacquaintance of the beautiful girl with | cept excuses? If one would listen to the whom her son had fallen desperately in fales people of this description are always

But Herlert had entrented it as a favor; although convinced in his own mind that he had found, the only woman in existence who could make him happy, he wanted his mother's sanction to their cause of the poor. "Those who work for union, and could not resolve to ask Linda | a living are only too anxious to earn all Weston to be his till he had obtained it. should like to see him well niarried that he was surprised and disappointed when

she demurred at his choice, Yet when asked why she could not give an answer that sounded satisfactory.

She had no doubt, she said, that Miss Weston was as fair and charming as he described her. Others had sung the beauty's process in her cars as cuthusis

express an opinion on that point until she not producing it?" knew the young hely. The only and motherless daughter of

a rich man, who was reported to have let | stopped. her have her own was to every whim and fancy, her nature must be a fine one in- I meant to have given your daughter sevdeed if it was not injured to some extent by such excessive indiagrace.
"Granted that Linela Leasthern as poiled."

chlia," argued the lover, may not her faults be merely such as she will easily conquer as soon as they me posted out? When she has such a wise, kind friend at her elbow as you will be, my dearest mother, she will prove herself all that

If Mrs. Terrens sighed and marveled beauty should boye out such a glamor over her ordi our it sent told son, she was too pruden and all He'had be at 1 her to come up to town

Linda, and the half coexet the request so promptly that she are a bon the preceding evening and average by for the ordenla some hours before Mr. V. ten dreamed of her being a land a

alloy proced the half open dancer at the Arcaton's bouloir Herbert Towns about d'hoere. "There is game near," he said, hastily, and you a cant to Secrative mother.

Miss Wester, well and look upon it as an 1 to be led to a 1 her glonce

Linds reals a rent deal," aid Herbert, hand not novels only; I recommended Money met. Forward her, and she tells me shors d W the I with them."

The book accepation lay on the table, but when Mrs. Forcens picked it up she saw that the leaves were ment. However, she refrained from pointing this out to her son, who was drawing her sitention to a piece of delicate embroidery stretched

"You see," he smilingy observed, as he brought it forward for his mother's inspection, "you see, Linda shares your love of womanly occupations. She tells me she is just completing a collar and cuffs of Hontton lace which she proposes offering to you; you'll not refuse her gift, will

Mrs. Torrens was mute, for her keen observation had detected that the needle in the embroidery her son expected her to praise had rusted into it. Vexed at her silence, the ardent lover Fesented it.

"If you have come here prejudiced against Miss Weston, it is useless attempting to win your approval of anything she

Not prejudiced, my dear boy, but unable to help seeing that you are acting hastily. You met this young lady for the first time only three weeks ago; can it be possible that in so short a time you have learned to know her well enough to spend

your life with her?" But her hearer's impatience caused Mrs. Torrens to pause. Not for worlds would she give him reason to think her unjust or indifferent to his happiness; and laying her hand gently on his arm, she changed her tone.

"Suppose we resolve to say no more on the subject till I have made Miss Wesif I am able to indorse your favorable opinion of her. Remember, nothing would grieve me more than not to be able to feel.

a mother's affection for your wife."

But Herbert was not to be appeared many little circumstances were conspiring to irritate him. Linda had refused a visit from him on the previous evening, on the plea that she should be busy finishing the collar and cuffs she intended presenting to his mother. Yet on her table, with a fan and a faded bouquet, lay a programme of one of the theatres. Who could have left it there but herself?

Kicking a soiled satin slipper out of his way, he stalked across the room to the niche that contained a pianette, and throwing himself into a low chair beside it began turning over the beauty's songs. Why did she suffer any one clse to detain her from him so long? Surely the

page had apprised her that he was here and also that he had not come alone. He sould not believe that she would treat his mother with studied disrespect, yet a quarter of an hour had elapsed and still there were no signs of Miss Weston coming to greet her guest. Another five minutes had clapsed and

he was about to rise and ring for Miss Weston's maid when he heard the rustle of feminine attire, the patter of feminine feet, and Linda bounced into the room. She was quickly followed by a pretty country consin whom she occasionally patronized to the extent of inviting her to spend a few days at Kensington.

Without intending to make mischief the page had played his mistress false. When he put his head in at her dressing room door she was in stormy debate with her milliner, who had sent home an unbecoming hat and demanded a higher price for it than Miss Weston felt dis-posed to give. Before the boy could announce the names of the visitors he was anurily sent about his business.

That a Mrs. Somebody was waiting to see her was all Linda comprehended, and she rished to the conclusion that it was a certain widow Thompson whose invalid daughter really executed the delicate lace and embroidery its purchaser did not scruple to pass off as her own. Nor was there anything in the appear-

ance of the quietly dressed figure that rose at her entrance to disabuse the young lady of that notion. A screen concealed THE BEATTY'S BOUDOIR. Herbert Torrens from view the while she addressed herself to his mother in very different tones to the dulcet ones he was geen Correct to hear from those coral lips. So this is the way your daughter treats her best enstomer!" were the first words leveled at the astonished hearer. "Alwhich I sent word that I must have the with Quakerlike simplicity, who ele ock hace by yesterday evening at the latest, had brought him to the door, "Miss West to had said that if any one called she was to wait."

you have disappointed me! Don't attempt to make any excuses, I never listen to them. People have no business to accept work unless they intend to execute the

order well and punctually.' "Perhaps the young person is ill," in-terposed Miss Weston's cousin. "Am I right?" she asked, kindy addressing Mrs. Torrens. "Is your daughter too ill to work!

"Nonsense, Flo!" cried Linda, in a more more peremptory fashion than before. eager to tell there would be no dealing with them at all." "Is not this rather harsh?" asked Mrs.

Torrens, finding room to put in a word at last and unable to resist esponsing the they can."

And yet you have not brought home my lace! I will not have it at all now. It would be no use to me. I must buy one, I suppose. And it is your own fault, entirely your own fault, that the other is thrown on your hands.

"Oh, but, dear Linda," remonstrated her consin, "it will be such a heavy loss to a person in Mrs. Thompson's position!" 'I don't care! See in what an awkward one it places me! I had told Mr. Torrens And as search Well, Herbert must I should have it ready to present to his have patience with her if she declined to mother, and what reason can I give for

'If you would allow me to explain"-Mrs. Torrens began, but she was rudely "No I want none of your explanations.

eral things to do for me, because she is cheap; but now I'll find some one who is more dependable. Good morning.' "Have you far to walk?" asked Flo

kindy, as she stepped forward and slipped a shilling into the widow's hand, "Would you not like to rest awhile before you go home? Linda, may I not take Mrs. Thompson to the housekeeper's room?" But the appeal for permission to procure some coffee or wine for the elderly woman,

who was trembling and changing color so oddly, was only half uttered and quite unheard by the demoiselle to whom it was addressed. In turning around to sweep majestically from the boudoir Linda found herself face to face with Herbert

In pity for her confusion, that robbed her of all herordinary self satisfaction, Herbert behaved as if he had not been a grieved and disgusted auditor of all that had passed.

He introduced both the young ladies to his mother, and Mrs. Torrens, following her son's example, plunged into a long and animated description of her journey to town on the preceding day. As Flo also recovered herself sufficiently to appear interested and put a few questions, the ball of conversation was kept up until Mr. Weston came into the room.

Before Linda had finished asking herself how much or how little her lover had overheard, or whether she need fear the influence of such a dowdy personage as his mother, Herbert had seized an opportunity and both were saying their adieux. "We shall see you again in the even-ing?" queried the beauty, almost timidly.

"I think not. You may have other engagements," and a significant glance at the programme and bouquet revealed that another of her falsehoods had been de-

Flo Weston led such an uncomfortable fife at Kensington when Herbert Torrens resigned all pretensions to her cousin s hand that she was very glad to curtail her visit and go back to her duties as the eldest daughter in the large family of a country curate.

But she had not been home long when she was invited to Clifton to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Torrens, who smilingly showed her attached to her chatelaine, the shilling-it was almost her only onecompassionately bestowed on the widow

The weeks became months, for Mrs. Torrens went abroad in the autumn to try some German baths, and begged Flo to accompany her. They went under the escort of Herbert; and to the immense indignation of the beauty, who is still unmarried, their return to England was speedily followed by a wedding. Need we say whose!—Ladies' Journal.

A season of German opera costs every owner of a box in the New York Metropolitan fully \$5,000.

An eastern magazine is said to have paid the president's sister \$500 for a poem

On the 1st of December the United States treasury contained \$489,023,740.50.

A BRIGHT FACE.

had strolled together through the woods:

and, startling to contemplate, he was

found near a certain old house where we

had separated. The next day after the

body was found I was arrested, charged

with the crime, and after an examination

before a justice of the peace I was re-

grand jury. It would be in vain to at-

tempt a description of my embarrassment

of my indignation. Not before I saw

myself surrounded by iron bars did I real-

most was that a man named Evans-a

reputation of being a gentleman-swore

that he saw me strike Mr. Mapleson near

the old house, but supposing that we were

playing with each other, he paid no at-

tention to the affair, but that in horror he

soon afterward discovered that Mapleson

had been stabbed. He did not stop at

this-he produced a knife which he and

several other men had seen lying near the

murdered man-a knife bearing the ini-

The grand jury found an indictment

against me, and I was arraigned before

the circuit court. I sold my farm and

employed able counsel, experienced law-

yers, who did e crything they could for

me, but after a tedious trial I was sen-

tenced to be hanged. A more miserable, utterly disconsolate being never sat in a

cell waiting to be cn ked to death.

Preachers came and prayed for me, but

my mind was so distraught that I could

not fix it upon death. One preacher, a

venerable old man, particulary impressed

"O, Mr. Debson," said he, "ask the giver of all good to forgive your sins.

Only a few more days now and you will

stand at the bar of God. Let me beseech

you not to throw your time away. You

have friends in heaven, pray for the glori-

ous privilege of meeting them. Do not

think of the tortures of death, but think

"O, young man, do not hold out in such

"I tell no falsehood when I vow that I

"Mr. Debson, you need not hope for

What do you want me to do, Mr.

"Acknowledge your crime and pray

"I see, Mr. Debson, that it is useless to

"Remember that the day after to-mor-

"Good-by. I hope that the Lord may

When the good man had gone I mused

during a long time over what he had said.

yet there occurred to me no thought of

regret that I had so plainly spoken to

comes to a man who is condemned to die.

Weary hights of contemplation dull his

dread, take off the keen edge of fear. It

which settles upon him. I was not afraid

to meet the king of the universe, and

knowing that not a shadow of hope re-

mained I surrendered myself to an un-

I was not hanged; the governor, on ac-

count of my youthfulness commuted my

sentence to imprisonment for life. Even

this was indescribably awful; still after

thinking it over I concluded that it was

I shall never forget how I felt when I

first put on my suit of stripes. The thought that I was entirely disgraced

took such deep root in my mind that I

doubt that if I were at that time any bet

ter morally than the most hardened con-

vict within the walls. I began to hate

the world, to mock within myself the very

idea of honesty and virtue. On Sundays

we were compelled to listen to long ser-

mons delivered by preachers not distin-

guished for eloquence. I sometimes

thought that, knowing that we could not

leave the chapel, they took a peculiar de-

light in lengthening their discourses.

One day Mr. Gray came out, but he did

not pay any special attention to me.

This stung me, and as I sat on a bench

looking at him-I won't say that I was

listening to him-I hated the old man. I

ought to have been ashained of myself.

but I had forgotten the meaning of shame.

The uppermost thought in my mind was the thought to escape. I had lost

everything but my desire for freedom.

My chance came. One night while a

number of us were penned in a "stock-

ade" near a coal mine, into whose dark

vaults we were daily driven, I heard one

of the guard say to a companion that he

was so sleepy he could scarcely hold his

"and, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't be surprised if I do some little nodding

Crawling over where several of my vile

associates lay I communicated the intelli-

gence which I had caught. They agreed

with me that our time had come. We

kept the secret closely guarded, knowing

that a general rush would be fatal to our

2 o'clock in the morning. We climbed the fence with but little trouble. I passed

near one of the guards. He was sitting.

scene of our imprisonment. Then we stopped and laughed. By the time the sun-rose we were quite a number of miles from the "stockade," but we knew that we should be pursued. Hunger began to pinch us. This was serious for descent or

pinch us. This was serious, for, dressed as

we were, we dare not go near a human habitation. he next day we stopped and held a consultation. It was better to risk

plans. We made our stealthy move about

"So am I," the companion replied,

eyes open.

better than being hanged.

is not a philosophy; it is a "don't care"

him. There is a strange resignation that

"I have committed no crime."

"Think of your perishing soul."

executive elemency. You are very young,

but the government has refused to do

obstinacy. Do not, I beg of you. I implore

you do not perish with a falsehood on

of the sublime life beyond the grave."
"I am not guilty, Mr. Gray."

am innocent."

God for pardon.'

talk to you.'

just fate.

"I am innocent."

row you must die.

change your mind.

'All right.

"Yes, on that subject."

anything in your behalf."

tials of my name.

recapture than to go hungry, accordingly we decided to call at the next house. We seon came upon a farm. Walking up boldy we entered the house. There was no one a house except a little girl about 12 years old. She was the most beautiful, My name is Henry Dobsen. I am not askemed of the name, even though it was disgraced. My parents came to Arkansas disgraced. My parents came to Arkansas while I was very young. My father hating the idea of ever living in a town, setchild I have ever seen. She was hightened at first, but soon recovering, she gave us something to eat. She exercised tled in the wilderness, where after several a strange influence on me. Her sweet face at once reminded me that purity exyears of toil he succeeded in opening up one of the best farms in the state. Being isted in the world. She took a special likeducated and refined, my parents were ing to me, and when I hinted that I would like to have an old suit of clothes, that the leaders of our neighborhood society, and so familiar did our name become that I was tired of wearing ugly stripes, she, not knowing that she was committing a we were known far and wide. Just about the time I attained my 19th year crime, procured for me an old suit of my parents were taken ill of a disease which was at that time spreading over the clothes. At the gate I kissed her hand. My companions, three vile wretches, were country, and in spite of the best medical not impressed by the little girl, and had I attention that could be procured they

not possessed a gun I am sure that they would have robbed the house. died, both on the same day. As I was the only child the property of course came into my possession. Well, it is unneces-We had not gone much furthr when pursuers came within sight. Then there sary to dwell upon this part of my un-aventful history, so I will—ignoring sev-eral years—proceed to relate a painful was a race for liberty. I was fleet, more so than the wretches. About the time night set in two of my fellow convicts had been captured. The other one kept close One day our neighborhood was shocked to me. A gun fired, I beard a yell. Lookby the discovery that Mr. Mapleson, one ing around, I saw him fall. The darkof the most prominent men in the comness and the dense woods protected me. munity, had been murdered. I was par-I escaped. Finding a canoe, I crossed the ticularly shocked, for during the evening river. The face of the little girl was conbefore the murder Mr. Mapleson and I

stantly before me. I succeeded in making my way to New York. In the great city I was comparativey safe. Under an assumed name I went to work in a manufacturing establishment. I bent my every energy to the work, and from time to time I was promoted. Three years from the time I enmanded to jail to await the action of the tered the establishment I was the superintendent of the entire works. My services became so valuable that I was admitted as a partner. I saved my money and became wealthy, yet not for a mo-ment did I forget the crushing fact that I ize my awful situation. What stung me was a convict. man whom I well knew and who bore the One day while on a ferry boat I took

up a newspaper which some one had left on a chair. Opening it I saw that it was an Arkansas sheet. The next moment l was thrilled. Below startling headlines appeared the following:

Several years ago a highy respected oung man named Henry Debson was convicted of the crime of murdering one of our most prominent citizens, a Mr. Mapleson. Debson was sentenced to be hanged, but the governor commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. Debson escaped and went no one knows whither. Now comes the real tragedy. About a month ago a man named Evans, who swore that he had seen Debson strike Mapleson and who found near the scene of the murder a knife bearing the initials of Debson's name, was taken violently ill. Believing recovery to be impossible and fearing to die with such a burden on his heart, he confessed that he, inspired by bitter enmity, he murdered Mapleson. From the very moment of the confession he began to improve and soon became so well that he was taken to prison. After a short trial, during which he did not attempt to make a defense, he was sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place last Friday, and was witnessed by a large crowd of people. The public deeply sympathizes with young Debson, and should he ever come back to the state he will receive an enthusiastic ovation."

I cannot describe my sensations. I hurried to my place of business, and after relating to my partners the experience through which I had passed, I showed them the Arkansas paper. My partners were rejoiced. They declared that such a vindication was worth half a lifetime of trouble.

I immediately set out for Arkansas. I indeed received an ovation. Mr. Gray, the old minister, took me by the hand and said:

"I was intimate with your father and did not see how his son could commit such a crime, but the proof was so strong against you. Your earnest protestations of innocence caused me to call upon the governor and intercede in your behalf." I purchased the farm where I had spent a happy childhood. Every one was desirous of bestowing honors upon me, and the governor himself came out and in the presence of a great crowd gave thanks that a great wrong had been averted. During all this time I had not ceased to think of the little girl whose beautiful face had banished my intentions of becoming an outlaw. I had gone to the house where I had seen her, but her father, a Mr Miller, had moved away and no one in the neighborhood knew his place of residence. One night at a theatre in Little Rock I saw that face. I knew it in a moment. At the conclusion of the performance I followed the girl, who, in company with an old man, went to a hotel. I introduced myself to Mr. Miller, and he introduced me to his daughter Ida. "I have seen you before somewhere," she said.

"You have seen me." "When?"

"I will tell you when we become better acquainted. I did tell her-told her one night when she had promised to be my wife. Several years have elapsed since our marriage. We live in New York most of the time and the old man Miller lives with us. I heve built a monument above Mr. Gray's resting place. - Atlanta Constitution.

It Looks Like It. "When New Yorkers," says a writer, become too scientific and literary, they are apt to become, at the same time, too irreligious." At this distance it looks as if the New Yorkers were becoming too scientific and literary .- Norristown Her-

Our Colored Population. Frederick Douglass told a reporter of The London News that there were 4,000,-000 negroes in this country at the time of the emancipation, and that he now estimates the colored population at 7,000,000. Long, pale, gray envelopes, with a long, pale sheet of paper to write on, are now all the go for long, pale, consumptive looking people.

The Mexican army when on a war footing has 160,963 men, divided as follows: Infantry, 31,522; cavalry, 25,790 and artillery, 3,600. Queen Victoria has now, thanks to

Princess Beatrice, the round number of thirty living grandchildren.

Headache, Bilioueness, D, spepsia and Indiestion relieved and cured at once by Dr. Caron's Stomach Bitters. Try it. Samples free, A. Higinbotham.

Seeds! Seeds! leaning back against a stump, and was sound asieep. I took his gun and box of cartridges which he had deposited on the ground near him. We spoke not a word until we were fully a half mile from the

Red Clover, Aleike Clover AND TIMOTHIL.

Hogg Bros. - Oakwood.

POTATOES WANTED

We will pay the highest Cash price for any quantity of good Potatoes.

SEEDS! SEEDS!

To have good Alsike or Red Clover you must sow pure seed. We have choice seed specially selected for seed purposes out of all handled by us this season. Also cheap mixture for pasture.

TIMOTHY, TURNIP, MANGOLD, CARROT

AND A LARGE VARIETY OF

Garden and Flower SEEDS

TEA, SUGAR and GENERAL GROCERIES

At Lowest Prices.

Please get our quotations before buying from Tea Pedlars. We will sell better Tea for less money. ORDERED CLOTHING a specialty. Large stock of Tweeds. Worsteds and Pantings to choose from,

HOGG BROS. OAKWOOD.

Oakwood, April 14th, 1887.-40. J. W. Wallace.

To Farmers. LINDSAY

The mill is now in capital working order, having been supplied with new and ample power and new machinery. I manufacture all kinds of

Blankets Canadian Tweeds. PLANNELS, YARNS. and a general assortment of Woollen Goods. Farmers can deal direct with the mill and save money.

The highest price paid for Weel I will deal liberally with those who send Weol from a distance in quantity to be manufactured into Flannel or Yarns.

GIVE ME A CALL. J. W. WALLAGE.

Lindsay, Jan. 13, 1887.—27. Miscellaneous. SOMETHING NEW.

COBOURG WORKS For the manufacture of all kinds of ARTIFICIAL STONES,

ARCHES. Gothic, Elyptic, Circular, Segment, and Ornamental.

Water Table, Doorstep, Window Sills, Belting, Keystones, and Corner Stenes, Carriage Blocks, Crocks and Flower JOHN BOND, April 13, 1887.-40-26.

HURRAH! HURRAH! New Harness Shop.

The undersigned having opened out a shop en William-st., and having been in the employ of Mr. Loveli for the past eighteen years, is now prepared to furnish first-class work at the very lowest prices. I will keep a full stock of

Harness, Whips Trunks and Valises, and will make Cellars a specialty. Being of my own hand make and much superior to factory work, I will

Defy Competition in Hand-Made Collars.

Parties wanting anything in my line will save money by giving me a call. None but the best and most experienced hands kept. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction or no sale. Repairing cheaply and promptly done. 27 Shop on William-st., opposite Mr. Arch. Campbell's flour and feed store.

JANUAS HUWWING Lindsay, April 7th, 1887.-39-13. FOR THE

Special Benefit

GANADIAN FARMERS

DAKOTA, MINNESOTA, MANITOBA.

And Other Western States, Special Through Excursion Trains

SVERS TUREDAY During Barok and Apetl. For passenger and freight rates and any other

F. C. Taltage.

A. Higinbotham. condition by purifying the

Brace up your Horses Spring is the time to get your Horses and Cattle in

J. E. Bruxer.

Hurrah for the

If you want a tret

buet ko to

J. E. BRUXER

and examine his tine

stock when you will be brost to admit that he has the best

make the finest hand make the finest hand made boot to be had

Stock is now it

plete with all the dif-ferent BRANDS OF

les and gentlemen

wear.

Prices to suit the times. A perfect fit Guaranteed.

Uppers and some of the finest brands of Leather and the latest style in lasts, direct from England, and am now prepared to turn out work the equal to any to be had in Canada.

Lindsay, Mch. 24, 1887.-37

BICYCLES.

J. E. BRUXER.

Sign of Golden Boot, opp. Paily Houst-

J. Riggs.

I have just received a choice assortment of

GOLDEN BOOT.

blood, improving the appetite, making the hair sleek and glossy, and giving the animal tone and vigor which cannot be surpassed. The Grandest Remedy that has ever been introduced to the public is the

OLD ENGLISH CONDITION POWDER Recommended by Jos. Staples, Manvers; George Werry, Manvers; John Cairns, Manvers; Geo. Skuce, Ops; Wm. Hancock, Mariposa; Wm. Braden, Lindsay; Dr. Fisher, Hally Joek, etc.

A. HIGINBOTHAM.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Lindsay. Lindsay. March 7, 1887.-35.

James Keith

Harvest Tools. Harvest Tools.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN TOWN.

Scythes and Snaths, Forks and Fork Handles, Hand Rakes, Harvest Gloves, Reaper and Mower Sections of all kinds on hand. The celebrated Peerless Machine Oil, Seal Oil, Lardine, and all leading Oils.

ANY OF THE ABOVE ARTICLES WILL BE SOLD VERY CHEAP FOR CASH AT JAS. KEITH'S, William street, Lindsay.

Lindsay, July 19th, 1886. -2. Miscellaneous.

GUNIGAL'S LIVERY STABLES, York Street Lindsay, Comfortable con veyances and good horses on hire at reasonable rates BRIAN GUNIGAL. TOR SALE .- In the thriving village of Cannington, two solid brick stores, on the corner of Cameron and Laidlaw-sts; best business stand in the village. For particulars apply to R. A. SINCLAIR, money, land and insurance broker, Cannington. Jan. 11th, 1886.

—27.

SAWED WOOD FOR SALE.—I have a steam sawing machine at work, and having 600 cords of GREEN AND DRY WOOD, can cut it up to suit customers. Parties are requested to call, choose their wood, and have it cut the desired lengths. Delivered to any part of town. A. D. MALLON, Lindsav. 22TTELE-PHONE CONNECTIONS. March 2, 1887.—34 tf.

TO AGENTS AND THE PUBLIC.

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