which is intended to rivet your atta to the fact that if Now Goods of the newout styles and patterns and of first-class quality have anything to do with making s Pine and Attractive Stock use have that

In every line we make an excellent display. As for our SILVERWARE,well, come and look and decide for yourselves if for quantity, quality and beauty it is not superior to any in town.

In WATCHES our supply is, as usual, large and most complete, and we show a great variety of grades and keep all the best kinds of American Goods made.

As to the SPECTACLE business we have no competitors in town, either in quantity or variety of Spectacles, Ege-glasses, Telescopes, Readers, Cloth-test-ers, Opera-glasses and Microscopes, sud-our system of fitting Spectacles is as nearly perfect as the use of the most improved modern scientific instruments

sy, July Oth.—62.

The Canadian Post

LINUSAY, PRIDAY, SKPT. 9, 1807.

JESS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD Author of King Solomons Mines The Fle

CHAPTER MVIII. hospital, but the dector declared that he must stop where he was, and that Jess must stop and help to nurse him, with the assistance of a soldier's wife he would send down. "Dear me," said Mrs. Neville, "that is very

"It will be awkwarder if you try to move him at present," was the grim reply, "for the silk may slip, in which case the aftery will probably break out again, and he will bleed

As for Jess, she said nothing, but set to work to make preparations for her task of nursing. As fate had once more thrown them together, she accepted the position gladly, though it is only fair to say that she would not have sought it.

In about an hour's time, just as John was beginning to recover from the painful effects of the chloroform, the soldier's wife who was to assist her in nursing arrived. She was, as Jess soon discovered, not only a low stamp of woman, but both careless and ignorant into the bargain, and all that she could be relied on to do was to carry out some of the rougher was bending over him and whose the cool hand that lay upon his forehead, he groaned again and went to sleep. But Jess did not go to sleep. She sat by him there throughout the night, until at last the cold lights of the dawn came gleaming through the window and fell upon the white face of the man she loved. He was still sleeping soundly, and, as the night was exceedingly hot and oppressive, she had left nothing but a sheet over him. Before she went to rest a little herself she turned to look at him once more, and as she did so saw the sheet suddenly grow red with blood. The artery had broken out again.

Calling to the soldier's wife to run scross to the doctor, Jess shook her patient until he woke, for he was sleeping sweetly through the whole thing, and would, no doubt, have continued to do so until he glided into a deeper : leep; and then between them they did what they could to quench that dreadful pumping flow, Jess knotting her handkerchief round his leg and twisting is with a stick, while he pressed his thumb upon the severed artery. But strive as they would they were only partially successful, and Jess began to think that he would die in her arms from loss of blood. It was agonizing to wait there minute after minute and see his life

"I don't think I shall last much longer, Jess. God bless you, dear!" he said. "The place is beginning to go round and round," Poor soul, she could only shut her teeth

Presently John's pressure on the wounded artery relaxed, and he fainted off, and, oddly enough, just then the flow of blood diminished considerably. Another five minutes, and she heard the quick step of the doctor coming up the path.

"Thank God you have come! He has bled

"I was out attending a poor fellow who woman waited for me to come back, instead of following. I have brought you an orderly instead of her. By Jove, he has bled! I suppose the silk has slipped. Well, there is only one thing for it. Orderly, the chloroform, And then followed another long half hour of slashing and tying and horror, and when at last the unfortunate John opened his eyes again he was too weak to speak, and could only smile feebly. For three days after this he was in a dangerous state, for if the aftery had broken out for the third time the chance were that, having so little blood left in his veins, he would die before anything could be done for him. At times he was very delirious from weakness, and these were the dangerous hours, for it was almost impossible to keep him quiet, and every movement threw Jes into an agony of terror lest the silk fastenings of the artery should break away. Indeed, there was only one way in which she could keep him quiet, and that was by laying her slim white hand upon his forehead or giving it to him to hold. Oddly enough, this had more effect upon his fevered mind than any thing else. For hour after hour she would sif thus, though her arm ached and her back feit as if it were going to break in two, until at last she was rewarded by seeing life wild eyes cease their wanderings and close in peaceful sleep.

Yet with it all that week was perhaps the happiest time in her life. There he lay, the manshe loved with all the intensity of her deep nature; and she ministered to him, and felt that he loved her, and depended on her as a babe upon its mother. Even in his delirum. her name was continually on his lips, and generally with some endearing term before it. She felt in those dark hours of doubt and sickness as though they two were growing life to life, knit up in a divine identity she could meaness as though they two were growing life to life, knit up in a divine identity she could not analyze or understand. She felt that it was so, and she believed that, once being so, whatever her future might be, that communion could never be dissolved, and therefore was she happy, though she knew that his recovery meant their lifelong separation. For though Jess had once, when throws unterly off her balance, given her passion sway, it was

would be taken from her and she would be left desclate, but while he lay there he was first. It was planting effect to his remains heart-to by her hand upon him; and so him sloop, for this desire to watch the sloop of a beloved object is one of the highest and strangest manifestations of passon. Truly, and with a loser insight into the human heart, has the poet said that there is no joy file the hand the poet said that there is no joy file the

he were trying to remember something. French is shut his eyes again. He had reme

"I have been very ill, Jess," he said, after a

"And you have nursed me!" Yes, John," "Am I going to recover?

"Of course you are."
He shut his eyes again. "I suppose there is no news from outsides "No more; things are just the same."
"Nor from Bessie?" "None; we are quite cut of."

Then came a pause.
"John," said Jess, "I want to say somethin to you. When people are delirious, or when delirium is coming on, they sometimes say things that they are not responsible for, and which had better be forgotten."

"Yes," he said; "I understand." "No," she went on, in the same



fancy that you said or that I did since the

"Quite so," said John; "I renounce them

"We renounce them all," she corrected, and gave a solemn little nod of her head and ighed, and thus they ratified that audacious ompact of oblivion.

But it was a lie, and they both knew that t was a lie. If love had existed before, was here anything in his helplessness and her ong and tender care to make it less? Alas! in; rather was their companionship the more perfect and their sympathy the more complete. "Propinquity, sir; propinquity," as

From that day forward they forgot that when Jess put out her strength and John ent and broke before it like a rush before the wind. Surely it was a part of the delirium they forgot that now, alas! they loved each other with a love that did but gather force from its despair. They talked of Bessie, and of John's marriage, and discussed Jess' plans or going to Europe, just as though these vere not matters of spiritual life and death ench of them. In short, however they night for one brief moment have gone as ray, now, to their honor be it said, they folowed the path of duty with unflinching eet, nor did they cry when the stones cut

But it was all a living lie, and they knew t. For between them stood the irrevocable Past, who for good or evil had bound them together in his unchanging bonds, and with ords that could not be broken.

CHAPTER XIX

HANS COETZER COMES TO PRETORIA.

When once he had taken the turn, John's covery was rapid. Naturally of a vigorous onstitution, when the artery had fairly nited he soon made up for the great loss of lood which he had undergone, and a little nore than a month from the date of his vound was, physically, almost as good a man

One morning-it was the 20th of Marchess and he were sitting in "The Palatial" arden. John was lying in a long cane deck hair that Jess had borrowed or stolen out of ne of the deserted houses, and smoking a

s pipe, and Jers, her work-one of his socks -lying idly upon her knees, with her hands dasped over it and her eyes fixed upon the lights and shadows that played with broad-tingers upon the wooded slopes beyond.

John finished his pipe, and, although she did not know it, was watching her face,

which, now that she was off her guard, was no longer impassive, but seemed to mirror the tender and glorious hope that was float-ing through her mind. Her lips were slightly parted, and her wide eyes were full of a soft, strange light, while on the whole counterance was a look of eager thought and spiritualized desire such as he had known portrayed in ancient masterpieces upon the face of the virgin mother. Jess was not, except as re-gards her eyes and hair, even a good looking person. But at that moment John thought that her face was touched with a diviner beauty than he had yet seen on the face of woman. It thrilled him and appealed to him, not as Bessie's beauty had appealed, but to that other side of his nature, of which Jess alone could turn the key. Her face was more like the face of a spirit than a human being's, and it almost frightened him to see it.

"Jem," he said at last, "what are you think She started, and her face resu normal air. It was as though a mask had

been suddenly set upon it.

"Why do you ask?" she said.

"Because I want to know. I never saw

Son look like that before."
She laughed a little,
"You would think me foolish if I told you what I was thinking about. Never mind, it has gone wherever thoughts go. I will tell you what I am thinking about now, which is—that it is about time we got out of this place. My uncle and Bessie will be half dis-

"We've had more than two menths of it now. The relieving column can't be far off," suggested John; for these footish people in Pretoria labored under a firm belief that one fine morning they would be gratified with the sight of the light dimeing down a long line of British bayonets, and of Boors evapor-ating in every direction line-sterm clouds be-

"If we don't hip ourselves, my opinion is that we may stop have till we are starred out, which respectly relieve. However, the

Joss could insuffy believe her open. Old-ians in Protocia! Winst-could it mean? "Our Contract! Our Contract? sile called, or

for the Hotelitery road.

The old Beer pulled up life pury, and gund around him in a mystified way,

"Here, One Coetnee! Here!"

"Allementer!" he said, justing his yeary round. "It's you, Minie Jees, is it! Now who would have thought of seeing you here!"

"Who would have thought of seeing you here!"

"Who would have thought of seeing you here!"

here!" she answered.

"Yes, yes; it seems strange; I dure say that it seems strangs. But I am a messenger of peace, like Uncle Neak's dove in the ark, you know. The fact is," and he glanced round to be the seem. see if anybody were listening, "I have been sent by the government to arrange about an

schange of prisoners."
"The government!" "What government? Why, the triumvirate, of course—whom may the Lord bless and prosper as he did Jonah when he walked on the wall of the city." "Joshua, when he walked round the wall of

the city," suggested Jess. down the whale's throat." "Ah! to be sure, so he did, and blew a trumpet inside. I remember now; though I am sure I don't know how he did it. The

fact is that our glorious victories have quite confused me. Ah! what a thing it is to be a patriot! The dear Lord makes strong the arm of the patriot, and takes care that he hits "You have turned wonderfully patriotic all of a sudden, Om Coetzze," said Jess, tartly.

"Yes, missie, yes; I am a patriot to the bone of my back. I hate the English government; d-n the Euglish government! Let us have our land back and our volksraad. Almighty! I saw who was in the right at Laing's Nek there. Ah, those poor rooibaaties! I shot four of them myself; two as they came up and two as they ran away, and the ast one went head over heels like a buck. Poor man! I cried for him afterward. I did not like going to fight at all, but Frank Muller sent to me and said that if I did not go he would have me shot. Ah, he is a devil of a man, that Frank Muller: So I went, and when I saw how the dear Lord had put it into the heart of the English general to be a bigger fool even that day than he is every day, and to try and drive us out of Laing's Nek with sand of his poor rooibaatjes, then, I tell you, I saw where the right lay, and I said, 'D-n the English government! What is the English government doing here? and after Ingogo I said it again."

"Never mind all that, Om Coetzee," broke in Jess. "I have heard you tell a different tale before, and perhaps you will again. Tell me, how are my uncle and my sister? Are

they at the farm?"
"Almighty! you don't suppose that I have been there to see, do you? But, yes, I have heard they are there. It is a nice place, that Mooifontein, and I think that I shall buy it out of the land. Frank Muller told me that they were there. And now I must be getting on, or that devil of a man, Frank Muller will want to know what I have been about." "Om Coetzee," said Jess, "will you do some-thing for met We are old friends, you know, and I once persuaded my uncle to lend you £500 when all your oxen died of the

"Yes, yes, it shall be paid back one day—when we have got the d—d Englishmen out of the country." And he began to gather up his reins preparatory to riding off. "Will you do me a favor?" said Jess, catch

ng the pony by the bridle. "What is it? What is it, missie? I must e getting on. That devil of a man, Frank Muller, is waiting for me with the prisoners at the Rooihuis Kraal."

"I want a pass for myself and Capt. Niel, and an escort. We want to get down home." The old Boer held up his fat hands in

"Almighty!" he said, "it is impossible. A pass—who ever heard of such a thing? Come, must be coing."

"It is not impossible, Uncle Coetzee, as you know," said Jess. "Listen! If I get that Perhaps he would not want it all back again. "Ah!" said the Boer. "Well, we are old friends, missie, and 'never desert a friend,' that is my saying. Almighty! I will ride a hundred miles—I will swim through blood for a friend. Well, well, I will see. It will depend upon that devil of a man, Frank Muller. Where are you to be found—in the white iouse youder? Good. To-morrow the escort will come in with the prisoners, and if I can get it they will bring the pass. But, missie, remember the £500. If you do not speak to your uncle about that I shall be even with him. Almighty! what a thing it is to have a good heart and to love to help your friends! Well, good day, good day," and off he cantered on his fat pony, his broad face shining with a look of unutterable benevolence. Jess cast a look of contempt after him and

then went on toward the cam Meanwhile, old Hans pursued the jesty tenor of his way for an hour or so, till he

came in sight of a small red house. Presently, from the shadow in front of the red house emerged a horseman, mounted on a powerful black horse. The horseman—a stern, handsome, bearded man—put his hand about his eyes to shade them from the sun, and gazed up the road. Then he seemed to addenly strike his spurs into the horse, for the animal gave a sudden bound forward, and came sweeping towards Hans at a hand

"Ah! it is that devil of a man, Frank Muller!" ejaculates Hans. "Now I wonder what he wants! I always feel cold down the back

By this time the plunging black horse was being reined up alongside of his pony so sharply that it reared till its great hoofs were pawing the air within a few inches of Hams'

"Why have you been so longf and white have you done with the Englishmen? You should have been back half an hour ago."

"And so I should, nephew, and so I should, if I had not been detained. Surely you do not suppose that I would linger in the accuract place? Bakit" and he sant upon the ground, "it stinks of Englishmen, I cannot get the trate of them out of my mouth."

"Your are a liar, Uncle Course," was the

sold. Be careful list we slow you up. I inow you and your talk. Bo you remember what was were swine to the Buglishness

THE CANADIAN POST, LINDSAW OFF, PRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1887.

row. I told their comma

"No, he is not dead. By the way, I met

Om Croft's niece—the dark one. She is shut

up there with the captain, and she begged me

to try and get them a pass to go home. Of course I told her that it was nonsense, and

that they must stop and starve with the

ece of information with intense interest,

"Did you? Then you are a bigger fool than

I thought you. Who gave you authority to decide whether they should have a pass or

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT MAN.

Completely overcome by this last remark

Hans collapsed like a jelly fish out of water,

and reflected in his worthless old heart that

Frank Muller was indeed "a devil of a man."

By this time they had reached the door of the

little house and were dismounting, and in au-

other minute Hans found himself in the pres-

He was a short, ugly man of about 55, with

big nose, small eyes, straight hair and a coop. The forehead, however, was good,

and the whole face betrayed a keenness and

ability far beyond the average. The great

man was scated at a plain deal table, writing

something with evident difficulty upon a

dirty sheet of paper, and smoking a very

"Sit, heeren, sit," he said when they en-

tered, waving the stem of his pipe toward a

deal bench. Accordingly they sat down with-

out even removing their hats, and, pulling

"How, in the name of God, do you spell

excellency?" asked the general, presently,

"I have spelled it in four different ways, and

Frank Muller gave the required informa-

with the Kaffirs. I don't believe you have

told me right now about that 'excellency.'

acphew. Well, it will have to serve. When

s man writes such a letter as that to the rep-

resentative of the English queen he needn't

nind his spelling; it will be swallowed with

he rest," and he leaned back in his chair and

"Well, Meinheer Coetzee, what is it? Ah, I know; the prisoners. Well, what did you

Hans told his story, and was rambling on

"So cousin, so! You talk like an ox wagon

-rumble and creak and jolt, a devil of a

noise and turning of wheels, but very little

regress. They will give up the twelve men

for our four, will they? Well, that is about

a fair proportion. No, it is not, though; four

Boers are better than twe've Englishmen any

lay-ay, better than forty!" and he laughed

ou arranged; they will help to eat up their

though; one word before you go. I have

neard about you at times, cousin. I have

neard it said that you cannot be trusted.

Now, I don't know if that is so. I don't

believe it myself. Only, listen; if it should

he so, and I should find you out, by God!

I will have you cut into rimpis with afterox sjambocks, and then shoot you and

end in your carcass as a present to the Eng-

ish," and as he said it he leaned forward and

prought down his fist upon the deal table

with a bang that produced a most unpleasant

effect upon poor Hans' nerves, and a cold

gleam of sudden ferocity flickered in the

small eyes, very discomforting for a timid man to behold, however innocent he knew

"Swear not at all, cousin; you are an elder

of the church. There is no need to, besides. I

told you I did not believe it of you; only I

have had one or two cases of this sort of thing

ately. No, never mind who they were. You

will not meet them about again. Good day,

cousin, good day. Forget not to thank the

Almighty God for our glorious victories. He

vill expect it from an elder of the church."

Poor Hans departed crestfallen, feeling that the days of him who tries, however skil-

fully and impartially, to sit upon two stools

at once are not happy days, and sometimes

threaten to be short ones. And supposing

that the Englishmen should win after all—as

in his heart he hoped they might—how should he then prove that he had hoped it? The

loor from under his pent brows, a half

numorous, half menacing expression on his

"A windbag; a coward; a man without a reart for good or for evil. Bair! nephew, that

is Hans Coetzee. I have known him for years.

Well, let him go. He would sell us if he could, but I have frightened him now, and, what is more, if I see reason, he shall find I never bark unless I mean to bite. Well, enough of him. Let mose, have I thanked.

you yet for your share in Majuba! Ah! that was a glorious victory! How many were

there of you when you started up the moun-

"And how many at the end?"
"One bundred and seventy—perhaps a few

onderful, wonderful! It was a braw

ed, and because it was so brave it was su

"And how many of you were hit?"

"Eighty men."

"I swear"—he began to babble.

himself to be.

est bisenits. Good day, consin.

"Well, the men shall be sent in as

when the general cut him short.

out their pipes, proceeded to light them.

each one looks worse than the last."

was tired with his ride.

aughed softly.

ence of one of the leaders of the rebellion.

addenly checked his horse and answered:

he is dead?"

large pipe.

of rosibacties there at the like; they cannot therefore its waiting for soldiess. They are as sufficiently enjoyed his terror, "what out of terms did you make in Pretorial"

watting for an opportunity to yield, uncle. We shall get the country back, and you will be president of the regabile. The old man took a pull at his pipe. "You have a long head, Frank, and it has not run away with you. The English government is going to give in. The stars in their courses continue to fight for us. The English government is an used as its officers. They will "Oh, good, nephew, good," he gabbled, de-lighted to gaven a fresh subject. "I found the Englishmen supple as a tanned skin. They will give up their twelve prisoners for our four. The men are to be in by 10 to-mosrow. I told their commandant about Laing's Nek and Ingogo, and he would not believe me. He thought I lied like himself. They are getting hungry these now. I saw a Hottentot I knew there, and he told me that their bones were beginning to show."

"They will be through the skin before long," give in. But it means more than that, Fran I will tell you what it means. It means and again he let his heavy hand fall upon the deal table—"the triumph of the Boer throughattered Frank. "Well, here we are at the house. The general is there. He has just come up from Heidelberg, and you can make your report to him. Did you find out about the Euritaly or Niel? Is it to the the the theory. out South Africa. Bah! Burgers was not such a fool after all when he talked of his

reat Dutch republic. I have been twice to land now, and I know the Englishman Engiand now, and I know the Englishman. I could measure him for his veldtachoens (shoes). He knows nothing—nothing. He understands his shop, he is buried in his shop, and can think of nothing else. Semetimes he goes away and starts his shop in other places, rice himself in it, and makes it a big shop, because he understands shops. But it is all a question of shops, and if the shops abroad interfere with the shops at home, or if it is thought that they do, which comes to the same thing, then the shops at home put an end to the shops abroad. Bah! they tak a great deal there in England, but, at the bottom of it, it is shop, shop, shop. They talk of honor, and patriotism too, but they both give way to the shop. And I tell you this, Frank Muller: it is the shop that has made the English, and it is the shop that will destroy them. Well, so be it. We shall have our slice; Africa for the Africanders. The Transvaal for the Transvasiers first, then the rest. ne was a clever man; he would have made it all into an English shop, with the black men for shop boys. We have changed all that, but we ought to be grateful to Shep-stone. The English have paid our debts, they have eaten up the Zulus, who would otherwise have destroyed us, and they have let us beat them, and now we are going to have our turn again, and, as you say, I shall be the

"Yes, uncle," replied the younger man, calmly, "and I shall be the second." The great man looked at him. "You are a bold man," he said; "but boldness makes the man and the country. I dare say you will. You have the head; and one clear head can

turn many fools, as the rudder does the ship, and guide them when they are turned. I dare say that you will be president one day." "Yes, I shall be president, and when I am I will drive the Englishmen out of South Africa. This I will do with the help of the Natal Zulus. Then I will destroy the natives, as T'Chaka destroyed, keeping only enough for slaves. That is my plan uncle; it is a good

tion. Hans in his heart thought he spelled it wrong, but he did not dare to say so. Then "It is a bigone: I am not certain that it is cause another pause, only interrupted by the a good one. But, good or bad, who shall slow seratching of a quill across the dirty say! You may carry it out, nephew, if you paper, during which Hans nearly went to live. A man with brains and wealth may carry out anything if he lives. But there is sleep; for the weather was very hot, and he a God. I believe, Frank Muller, that there "There!" said the writer, presently, gazing is a God, and I believe that God sets a limit at his handwriting with an almost childish air to a man's doings. If he is going too far, God of satisfaction, "that is done. A curse on the kills him. If you live, Frank Muller, you man who invented writing! Our fathers did very well without it; why should not we? you. Who can say? You will do what God ugh, to be sure, it is useful for treaties

wills, not what you will." The elder man was speaking seriously now. Maller feit that this was none of the whining cant people in authority among the Boers find it desirable to adopt. It was what he thought, and it chilled Muller in spite of his pretended skepticism, as the sincere belief of an intellectual man, however opposite to our own, is apt to chill us into doubt of ourselves and our opinions. For a moment his simmbering superstition awoke, and he felt half afraid. Between him and that bright future of blood and power lay a chill gulf. Suppose that gulf should be death, and the future nothing but a dream-or worse! His face fell as the idea occurred to him, and the

general noticed it. "Well," he went on, "he who lives will see. Meanwhile you have done good service to the state, and you shall have your reward, cou-If I am president"-he laid emphasis on this, the meaning of which his listener did not in serif by the support of my followers I become president, I will not forget you. And now I must upsaddle and get back. I want to be at Laing's Nek in sixty hours, to wait for Gen. Wood's answer. You will see about the sending in of those prisoners;" and he knocked out his pipe and rose. "By the way, meinheer," said Muller, suddenly adopting a tone of respect, "I have a

favor to ask. "What is it, nephew?" "I want a pass for two friends of mine-English people—in Pretoria to go down to their relations in Wakkerstroom district. They sent a message to me by Hans Coetzee. "I don't like giving passes," answered the general with some irritation. "You know what it means, letting out messengers. wonder you ask me."

"It is a small favor, meinheer, and I do not think that it will much matter. Pretoria will not be besieged much longer. I am under an obligation to the people "Well, well, as you like; but, if any harm

comes of it, you will be held responsible. Write the pass; I will sign it." Frank Muller sat down and wrote and dated the paper. Its contents were simple: "Pass the bearers unharmed."

(Continued on seventh page.)

I had been a victim of one of the worst blood ases and I was treated by a number of the best me to try Dr. Jug's Medicine, it restored my appetite and fixed me up complete after using seven bottles. I strongly recommend it to all as a thorough blood purifier.

FRANK G COUNTER, of Starks & Counter. general watched him waddle through the

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