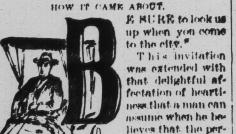
By JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

Copyrighted by the J. S. Lippincott Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, and Published, by Permission, through the American Press Association.

CHAPTER L



This invitation was extended with that delightful affactation of heartioss that a man can esume when he bee lieves that the person invited will never avail himself of the courtesy. Fortunately for the purpose of this

Hayn, whom Mr. Trambay had asked to call, was too young and too unaccustomed to the usages of polite pelety to regard the remark in any but its

It would have seemed odd to any one knowing the two men and their respective stations in life. Tramlay was a New York merchant, wall known and of fair standing in the iron trade: Havn was son of the farmer at whose house the Tramlay family had passed the summer. When the Tramley's determined to exchange the late summer dust of the country for the early autumn dust of the city, it was Philip who drove the old Instituted carryall that transported them from the farm to the railway station. The head of the merchant's family was attired like a well to do business man; Philip's cont, yest and trousers were remaints of three difforent suits, none of recent cut. The contrast was made sharper by the easy condescension of the older man and the rather awkward def-Grence of Philip, and it moved Mrs. Translay to whisper, as her husband helped her abourd

Suppose he were to take you at your word, Edgarf" The merchant shrueged his shoulders slightly, and replied, "Worse men have called upon us, my dear, without being made to fool anwelcome;

ed Miss Lucia Tramlay. Then the three, followed by smaller manhers of the family, occupied as many seats near windows, and nodded smiling adieus as

the train started.

"I think 'twould be loads of fun," remark-

Philip returned their salutations, except the fmiles; somehow, the departure of all these people made him feel sober. He followed the train with his eyes until it was out of sight; then he stepped into the old carryall and drove briskly homeward, declining to rein up and converse with several sidewalk loungers who manifested a willingness to converse about the departed guests. When he reached the only edge of the little village he allowed the horses to relapse into their normal gait, which was a slow walk; he let the reins hang loosely, he leaned forward until his elbows rested upon his knees and his hat brim seemed Inclined to scrape acquaintance with the dash beard then he slowly repeated:

Be sure to look us up when you come to the city.' You may be sure that I will." The advent of the Tramlays at Hayn Farm had been productive of new sensations to all The younger members of the Tramlay family had at first opposed the plan of a summer on a farm; they had spent one wason at Mount Desert, and part of another at Saratora, and, as Lucia had been "out" a year, and had a sister who expected early admission to a metropolitan collection of roselack against a summer in the country-the rude comount, real country the protests and been carnest. But the head of the family had said he could not afford anything better trade was dull, a man had to live within his income, etc. Besides, their mother's health was not equal to a summer in society; they would find that statement a convenient excuse when explaining the family plans to

Arrived at Hayn Farm, the objections of the juvenile Tramleys quickly disappeared. Everything was new and strange, nothing was repellent, and much was interesting and emusing; what more could they have hoped for anywhere even in Parist The farm was good and well managed, the rooms neat and comfortable, though old fashioned, and the people intelligent, though Miss Lucia prononneed them "awfully funny." The head of the family was one of the many farmers. who "took boarders" to give his own family an opportunity to see people somewhat unlike ir own excle of acquaintances-an opporfunity which they seemed unlikely ever to fled in any other way, had he been able to thoose. The senior Hayn would have put into his spare rooms a Union Theological mainary professor with his family, but, as no such person responded to his modest adportisement, he accepted an iron merchant and family instead.

Strawberries were just ripening when the Tramlays appeared at Hayn Farm, and the little Tramlays were allowed to forage at will on the capacious old strawberry bed; then come other berries, in the brambles of which they tore their clothes and colored their lips for hours at a time. Then cheffies reddened on a dozen old trees which the children were never reminded had not been planted for their especial benefit. Then the successive yield of an orchard was theirs, so far as they could absorb it. Besides, there was a boat on a pond, and another on a little gream that emptied into the ocean not far sway; and, although the Hayn boys always weined to have work to do, they frequently could be persuaded to accompany the children to keep them from drowning them-

For Mrs. Tramley, who really was an invalid, there were long drives to be taken, over roads some of which were well shaded and others commanding fine views, and it was so restful to be able to drive without special preparation in the way of dress-without, two, the necessity of scrutinizing each approaching vehicle for fear it might contain some acquaintance who ought to be

As for the head of the family, who spent only Saturdays and Sundays with his family, he seemed to find congenial society in the bead of the house—a fact which at first gave his wife great uneasiness and aunoyance.
"Edgar," Mrs. Trainley would say, "you

know Mr. Hayn is only a common farmer "He's respectable, and thoroughly under-stands his own business," the husband replied -"two remone, either of which is good enough to make me like a man, unless he happens to be diengreeable. 'Common farmer!' Why,

Pin only a common iron merchant, my dear."
"Thut's different, protested Mrs. Translay.
"Is it? Well, don't try to explain how,

Stile woman; 'twill be sure to give you a three days' headache."

So Tramley continued to devote hours to that with his host, pressing high priced aigurs to him, and sharing the farmer's pipes and

tobseco in return. He found that Hayn, like any other farmer with brains, had done some hard thinking in the thousands of days when his hands were employed at common work, and that his views of affairs in general, outside of the iron trade, were at least as sound

as Tramlay's own, or those of any one whom Tramlay know in the city. The one irreconcilable member of the family was the elder daughter, Lucia. She was the oldest child, so she had her own way; she was pretty, so she had always been petted; she was twenty, so she knew everything that she thought worth knowing. She had long before reconstructed the world (in her own mind) just as it should be, from the standpoint that it ought to exist solely for her benefit. Not had tempered, on the contrary cheerful and full of high spirits, she was nevertheless in perpetual protest against everything that was not exactly as she would have it, and not all the manners that careful

breeding could impart could restrain the unconscious insolence peculiar to young and self satisfied natures. She would laugh loudly at table at Mrs. Hayn's way of serving an omelet, tell Mrs. Hayn's husband that his Sunday coat looked "so funny," express her mind freely before the whole household at the horrid way in which the half grown Hayn boys were their hair, and had no hesitation in telling Philip Hayn, two years her senior, that when he came in from the field in his brown flamed shirt and gray felt hat he looked like an utter guy. But the Hayns were human, and, between pity and admiration, humanity long ago resolved to endure anything from a girl if she is pretty. Slowly the Hayns came to like their board-

ers; more slowly, but just as surely; the Tramlays learned to like their hosts. Mutual respect began at the extremes of both fam-Mrs. Tramlay, being a mother and a housekeeper, became so interested in the femnine half of the family's head that she ceased to criticise her husband's interest in the old farmer. The Tramlay children wondered at and then admired the wisdom and skill of their country companions in matters not understood by city children. Last of all, Lucia found herself heartily respecting the farmer's son, and forgetting his uncouth dress and his awkwardness of manner in her wonder at his general courtesy, and his superior-knowledge some directions where she supposed she had gone as far as possible,

She had gone through a finishing school of the most approved New York type, yet Philip w more of languages and history and science than she, when they chanced-never through her fault-to converse on such dry subjects; he knew more flowers than she had ever seen in a florist's shop in the city; and once when she had attempted to decorate the rather bare walls of the farmhouse parlor he corrected her taste with a skill which she was obliged to admit. There was nothing strange about it, except to Lucia; for city seminaries and country high schools use the same text books, and magazines and newspapers that give attention to home decorations go everywhere nevertheless, it seemed to Lucia that she had discovered a new order of being, and by the time she had been at Hayn Farm a month she found herself occasionally surprised into treating Philip almost as if he

were a gentleman. Philip's interest in Lucia was of much quicker development. He had had no prejures to overcome; besides, the eye is more easily approached and satisfied than the intellect, and Lucia had acceptably filled many an eye more exacting than the young farm-There were pretty girls in homes near Hayn farm, and more in the village near by, but none of them were well, none were exactly like Lacia. Philip studied her face; it was neither Roman nor Greeian, and he was obliged to confess that the proportions of her features were not so good as those of some girls in the neighborhood. Her figure suggested neither perfect grace nor perfect trough; and yet whatever she did was gracefully done, and her attire, whether plain or costly, seemed part of herself—a peculiarity that he had never observed among girls

born in the vicinity. He soon discovered that she did not know everything, but whatever she did know she talked of so glibly that he could not help enjoying the position of listener. She did not often show earnestness about anything that to him was more than trifling, but when she did go out of her customary mood for a moment or two she was saintly; he could think of no other word that would do it justice. He had not liked her manner to his own mother, for at first the girl treated that estimable woman as a servant, and did it in the manner which makes most servants detest most young ladies; but had she not afterward, with her own tiny fingers, made a new Sunday bonnet for Mrs. Hayn, and had not his mother, in genuine gratitude, kissed her? Should be bear malice for what his mother

The young man merely admired and re specied Lucia; of that he was very sure. Regard more tender he would have blamed himself for, first, because love implied matrimony, which he did not intend to venture into until he had seen more of the world and perhaps gone to college; secondly, because he did not imagine that any such sentiment would be reciprocated. He came of a family that through generations of hard experience had learned to count the cost of everything. even the affections, like most of the better country people in the older states. He had also an aversion to marriage between persons of different classes. Lucia was to him an acquaintance—not even a friend—whom he highly esteerned; that was all.

His father thought differently, and on day when the two were in the woodland belonging to the farm, loading a wagon with wood to be stored near the house for winter use, the old man said, abruptly:

"Thope you're not growin' too fond of that young woman, Phil?"
"No danger," the youth answered, promptly, though as he raised his head his eyes did

not meet his father's. "You seem to know who I mean, anyhow,"

said the old man, after throwing another stick of wood upon the wagon. "Not much trouble to do that." Phil reolfed, "There's only one young woman." The father laughed softly; the son blushed rioleutly. Then the father sighed.

"That's one of the signs." "What's a sign?-sign of what?" said Phil, effecting wonder not quite skillfully.

"When 'there's only one young woman' it's sign the young man who thinks so is likely to consider her the only one worth thinkin "Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Phil, attacking

the woodpile with great industry.
"Easy, old boy; 'twasn't the woodpile that said it. Brace up your head; you've done nething to be ashamed of. Besides, your old father can see through the back of your head, anyhow; he's been practicin' at it ever tince you were born."
Phil seated himself on the woodpile, looked

In the direction where his father was not, and

face; she's different from the girls about here. She's somebody new to talk to, and she can talk shout something besides crops, and cows, and who is siek, and last Sunday's month's sewing society. sermon, and next month's sewing society.

"Yes," said the old man. "It doesn't seem much, does it? Enough to have made millions of bad matches, though, and spoiled millions of good ones."

Phil was silent for a moment; then he

said, with a laugh:
"Father, I believe you're as bad as old
Mrs. Tripsey, whom mother's always laughing at because she thinks a man's in love if he sees her daughter home from prayer meet-

"P'r'aps so, my boy-p'r'aps-and maybe as bad as you, for every time there's a bad thunder storm you're arraid the lightning'll strike the barn. Do you know why? It's because your finest colt is there. Do you see?" Phil did not reply, so the old man con-

"I'll make it clearer to you. You're my finest colt; there's more lightnings in a girl's eyes than I ever saw in the sky; you don't know when it's going to strike, and when it hits you you're gone before you know it." "Much obliged. I'll see to it that I keep

myself well insulated," said Phil. Nevertheless, Phil studied Lucia whenever he had opportunity-studied her face when she read, her fingers when they busied themselves with fancy work, her manner with different persons, as it changed according to her iden of the deservings of those with whom she talked. At church he regarded her intently from the beginning of the service to its end, analyzing such portions of prayer, hymn, or sermon as did not seem to meet her views. He even allowed his gaze to follow her when she looked more than an instant at other young women, in the ignorance of his masculine heart wondering which of the features of these damsels specially interested her; his mother could have told him that Lucia was merely looking at bonnets and other articles of attire, instead of at their wearers. He wondered what she thought; he told himself where her character was at fault and how it might be improved. In short, he had ample mental leisure, and she was the newest and consequently the least understood of his various subjects of contemplation.

It is impossible to devote a great deal of deeply interested, even if it be unsightly, tiresome and insignificant. Incia was none of these, for she was a pretty girl. It is equally impossible to see a familiar subject of thought in the act of disappearance without a personal sense of impending loneliness and a wild desire to snatch it back, or at least go in search of it. Therefore, Philip Hayn needed not to be in love, or even to think himself so, to be conscious of a great vacancy in his mind as the train bore the Trainlay family rapidly toward their city home, and to determine that he would avail bimself of the invitation which the head of the family

CHAPTER II.



husband one night, when the person addressed was about to fall asleep, 'something's the matter with Phil." "A touch of malaria, I suppose, "He's been gettin' out muck earlier than usual, and spreadin' it on the

ture. The sun's been pretty hot, though it is October, and the hot sun on that sort of stuff always breeds malaria." "I wasn't talkin' of sickness, said the wife.

The dear boy's health is as good as ever, It's his mind that's out o' sorts. "A long, soft sigh was the farmer's only reply for a moment. It was followed by the

"That city gal, I s'pose-confound her!" "I don't see what you want her confounded for: she hasn't done anythin'. They don't

correspond. "I should hope not," said Hayn, with considerable vigor. He now was wide awake. "What could they write about? You don't s'pose Phil could write anythin' about our goin's on that would interest her, do you?"

"No, but young people sometimes do find somethin' to exchange letters about. You and I didn't when we were boy and girl, because we lived within a stone's throw of each other, an' you couldn't keep away from our house after dark; but Philip and"-

"For goodness sake, old lady," interrupted the husband, don't you go to settin' yourself down at your time of life by gettin' the match makin' fever. There isn't the slightest chance that"____

"I didn't say there was; but boys will be

"It doesn't follow that they should be fools does it not when they're our boys?" 'Tisn't bein' a fool to be interested in a rich man's daughter. I've often thought how different your life might have been if I'd had anything besides myself to give you when

you married me" "I got all I expected, and a thousand-times more than I deserved." This assertion was followed by a kiss, which, though delivered in the dark, was of absolutely accurate aim. "Don't put it into Phil's head that he car

get more than a wife when he marries twill do him a great deal more harm than

I'd like to see the dear boy so fixed that he won't have to work so hard as you've had

"Then you'll see him less of a man than his father, when he ought to be better. Isn't that rather poor business for a mother in Is-

rael to be in, old lady?" "Well, anyhow, I believe Phil's heart is set on makin' a trip down to York." "Oh, is that all? Well, he's been promised

it, for some day, this long while. Some thing's always prevented it, but I s'pose now would be as good a time as any. He deserves it; he's as good a son as man ever had." Mrs. Hayn probably agreed with her husband as to the goodness of their son, but that

was not the view of him in which she was interested just then. Said she: "If he goes, of course he'll see her." Again the farmer sighed; then he said

quite carnestly: "Let him see her, then; the sooner he does it the sooner he'll stop thinkin' about her. Bless your dear foolish old heart, her ways and his are as far apart as Haynton and beaven when there's a spiritual drought in

this portion of the Lord's vineyard." "I don't think the Tramlays are so much better than we, if they have got money, said Mrs. Hayn, with some indignation. "I always did say that you didn't set enough store by yourself. Mrs. Tramlay is a nice enough woman, but I never could see how she was any smarter than I; and as to her husband, I siways noticed that you generally held your own when the two of you were

talking about anything."
"Bless you!" exclaimed the farmer, "you sre-rather proud of your old husband, aren't you? But Phil will soon see, with half an eye, that it would be the alliest thing in the world for him to fair in love with a girl like that."

"I can't for the life of me see why," said the mother. "He's just as good as sie, and

Ayer's Medicine.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for uni-versal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with en-tire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy of this preparation."—Mrs. F. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, swever, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

"See here, Lou Ann," said the farmer, with more than a hint of impatience in his voice, "you know 'twon't do either of 'em any good to fall in love if they can't marry each other. An' what would Phil have to support his wife on? Would she come out here an' 'tend to all

the house work of the farm, like you do, just for the sake of havin' Phil for a husband! Not unless she's a fool, even if Phil is our boy an' about as good as they make 'em. An' you thought to any subject without becoming know well enough that he couldn't afford to live in New York; he's got nothin' to do it

> "Not now, but he might go in business there, and make enough to live in style. Other young fellows have done it!"

"Yes-in stories," said the old man. "Lou Ann, don't you kind o' think that for a church member of thirty years' standin' you're gettin' mighty worldly minded?"

"No, I don't," Mrs. Hayn answered. "If not to want my boy to drudge away his life like his father's done is bein' worldly, then I'm goin' to be a backslider and stay one. I don't think 'twould be a bit had to have a married son down to York, so's his old mother could have some place to go once in a while when she's tired to death of work

an' worry."
"Oho!" said the old man; "that's the point Mrs. Hayn to her of it, ch? Well, I don't mind backslidin' enough to say the boy may marry one of Satan's daughters, if it'll make life any easier for you, old lady." "Much obliged," the mother replied, "but

I den't know as I care to do visitin' down there." The conversation soon subsided, husband

and wife dropping into revery from which said the farmer. they dropped into, slumber. In one way or other, however, the subject came up again Said Mrs. Hayn one day, just as her husband was leaving the dinner table for the field in which he was cutting and stacking corn: "I do believe Phil's best coat is finer stuff

than anything Mr. Tramlay wore when they were up here. I don't believe what he wore Sundays could hold a candle to Phil's." "Like enough," said the farmer; "and yet the old man always looked better dressed. I

think his clothes made him look a little younger than Phil, too." "Now, husband, you know it isn's fair to make fun of the dear boy's clothes in that way. You know well enough that the stuff

for his cont was cut from the same bolt of broadcloth as the minister's best." "Yes," drawled the farmer through half a dozen inflections, any one of which would

have driven frantic any woman but his own "It's real mean in you to say 'Yes' in that

way, Reuben!" "Tisn't the wearer that makes the man

old lady; it's the tailor." "I'm sure Sarah Tweege cut an' made Phil's coat, an' if there's a better sewin' woman in this part of the county I'd like to No Alum.

Nothing Injurious. know where you find her."

"Oh, Sarah Tweege can sew, Lou Ann," the old man admitted, "Goodness! I wish she'd made my new harness, instead of whatever fellow did it. Mebbe, too, if she'd made the sacks for the last oats I bought I wouldn't have lost about half a bushel on the way home. Yesm', Sarah Tweege can sew a bedquilt up as square as an honest man's conscience. But sowin' ain't tailorin'."

"Don't she always make the minister's clothes?" demanded Mrs. Hayn. "I never thought of it, before, but of course she does. I don't believe anybody else could do it in that way. Yet the minister ain't got so had a figure, when you see him workin' in his garden in his shirt sleeves."

"It's time for you to go back to the cornfield," suggested Mrs. Hayn. "Yes, I reckon 'tis," said the farmer, caressing what might have been nap had not his old hat been of felt. "'Tain't safe for an old farmer to be givin' his time an' thought to pompe an' vanities-like the minister's broad-

cloth coat." "Get out!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayn, with a threatening gesture. The old man kissed her, laughed and began to obey her command; but as, like countrymen in general, he made his exit by the longest possible route, wandering through the sitting room, the hall, the dining room and the kitchen, his wife had time to waylay him at the door step and re-

"I was only goin' to say that if Phil does make that trip to York I don't see that he'll need to buy new clothes. He's never wore that Sunday coat on other days, except to two or three funerals an' parties. I was goin' it over this very mornin', an' it's about as good as new."

"I wonder how this family would ever have got along if I hadn't got such a care-takin' wife!" said the old man. "It's the best coat in the United States if you've been goin' Phil was already in the corn-he had left

the table some minutes before his fatherand as the old man approached Phil said: "Father, don't you think that wind break for the sheep needs patching this fall?"
"It generally does, my sen, before cold weather sets in."

"I guess I'll get at it, then, as soon as w get the corn stacked." "What's the hurry. The middle of No vember is early enough for that." "Oh, when it's done it'll be off our minds," (Continued next week.)

dy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permentently sured. I shall be glad to send two bettles of

Wyatt & Turner.

AT THE WIGWAM,

THREE DOORS EAST OF THE DALY HOUSE.

WILL BE FOUND A-

MARVELOUS STOCK OF READY-MADE CLOTHING

Ridicuously Cheap, Unprecedented in Lowness of Price, Prodigious in Quantity, and Immensly Satisfactory to the Working Man, as the following quotations will show:

MEN'S TWEED SUITS, \$3.99,

MEN'S TWEED SUITS, \$4.50,

MEN'S TWEED SUITS, \$5.00 to \$6.50.

Send on your Breast and Waist Measure for these goods, we are shipping by express every day; and if you want Fine Worsted Goods don't forget our prices. They are a genuine surprise. We defy competition. We give a knock-down blow to 40 cents in the dollar goods; they smack of old stock old clothes. Call and see these bright new Worsted Goods. We quote them at \$7.75, \$8,50 and \$10., all sound and well made goods, warranted to wear and give satisfaction.

An Immense Stock of Men's and Boy's Pants at every conceivable price from 75c. to \$2.50. Bring along your toadskins and get good value for your money. Youths' Clothing, Boys' Clothing, Children's Clothing in endless variety at the Wigwam.

WYTATT & TURNER,

Lindsay, May 22, 1889.-50.

R. D. Thexton. Lumber.

LUMBER AND WOOD. KILLABY & KENNEDY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of LUMBER, BILL STUFF AND WOOD.

Lumber of every description, Dry, Dressed and Matched, ready for use. Bill Stuff of all kinds in stock, Framing Timber and Joists of all lengths. Saingles of all grades cheap.

FIREWOOD best quality delivered to any part of the town.

Miscellaneous.

MENTION THE POST.—Parties reading advertisements in this paper and answering them, or making purchases will confer a favor by mentioning THE POST.

MUNIGAL'S LIVERY STABLES Lindsay, Comfortable co veyances and good horses on hire at reasonabrates

BRIAN GUNIGAL. JOB PRINTING of all descriptions

neatly and promptly executed at THE Post printing office. Country orders and orders by mail receive our special attention. Try THE Post for your next printing and you will be thoroughly satisfied.

Valves, Iron & Lead Pipe,

Loese Pulley Oilers, Steam

ators, Dairy and Laundry

536 CRAIG STREET.

THE BEST GARTH & CO. BAKING POWDER FACTORY SUPPLIES. McLAREN'S GENUINE

Jet Pumps, Farm Pumps, Wind Mills, Cream Separ-

RETAILED EVERYWHERE. MONTREAL. MANUFACTURERS OF FINE BARRIAGE VARNISHES & JAPANS ** 4 SILVER MEDALS AWARDED

MONTREAL

CHADWICK'S LEATHEROID STEEL-LINED TRUNKS SPOOL In Sample, Ladies' and all other kinds. COTTON Lightest and Strongest

TRUNKS For Hand and Machine Use. HAS NO SUPERIOR.

J. EVELEIGH & CO. ASK FOR IT. | Sole Mirs. for the Dominion

MONTREAL. Notre Dame St., one of the most central and elegantly furnished Hotels in the City. Accommodation for 400 guests.

Rates: S. V. WOODRUFF, Manager PEARS' Sole Ag'ts for Canada, PALMER & SON Wholesale Imp'trs of 1743 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL

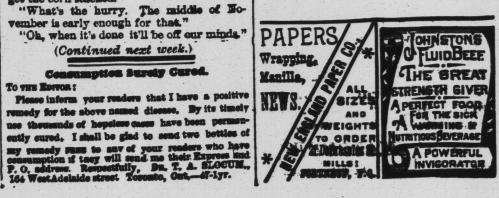
·SOAP.

LEATHER BOARD COMPANY, Manufacturers of ASBESTOS MILLBOARI Steam Packing, FRICTION PULLEY BOARD,

DOMINION

This is a Perfect Friction

MONTREAL,



STARTLING PRICES.

Gun Shot, - -6c. per lb. Gun Caps, - 7 cts. per bcx. CARTRIDGE, WINCHESTER, 38 c.f 75c. a box F.F. Powder, - - 30c. " 44 " 75c. " Dead Shot, Powder, 35c. " 40-60 " 60c. Trap Powder, - 35c. " 40.82 " 70c. Rifle Powder - 40c. " Ducking Powder, 60c. " " 45-75 " 70c. Double Shot Guns, - \$ 4 50 " 22 r.f., 13c., 32 r.f. 25c. " 22 B. B. - 12c. Winchester Rifles, 16 00 Marlin Impd. Rifle, 1888 made. 32 S. & W., and Colts' 40c.

Batton Doors \$1.00, Panel Doors \$1.60 each Sash, Glass, at cost price. Horse Shoes, \$3.25 per keg; Horse Nails, \$2 25 per box; Blacksmith's Coal, Stove Coal, Hard Wood, Drain Tile, Gla:ed Tile, all delivered in turn. All other goods cheap in proportion. I mean to clear my large stock out in a short time. Liberal Discount to trade.

R. D. THEXTON.

Lindsay, Aug. 28. 1889 - 64

James Reith.

SULKY PLOWS.

WESTWARD HO.

The lightest running, most simple, durable and easiest managed Sulky Plow in Canada. All farmers who have seen this Westward Ho in operation pronounce it to be lighter in draft than

any sulky made. Go to KEITH'S and get one, AND TRY IT FOR YOURSELF.

L. O'Connor.

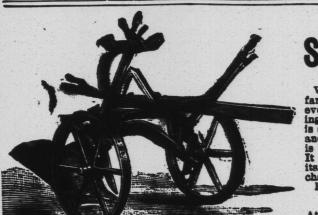
Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies Waggons, etc.

a ticle has been got up in the Newest Style. Every article is Warranted Sound in every particular, in all its details, and in every way of the very best. Every article will be sold at the very Lowest Prices. Every one about purchasing anything in his line will find it to his advantage :0

EFRepairs Promptly and Carefully Attended to. B A good stock of Perambulator en hand at Lower Prices than heretofore. Corner of William and Russell-sts., LINDSAY,

Lindsay, June 18, 1889,-54-tf. Isaiah Best.-Mount Pleasant.

NEXT DOOR TO CARR'S HOTEL.



THE "BEST"

We respectfully call the attention of farmers to this Plow, which is in every respect far superior to any riding plow yet offered to the public. It is simple in construction, very strong, and not liable to get out of order. It cleans admirably, and in fact does its work perfectly. See it before purchasing any other.

Plows for sale at the MANUFACTURER'S, MANUFACTURER'S,

ISAIAH BEST, Manufactures.

At H. CARMICHAEL'S, Manilla.
V. ROWAN, Bethany, and
V. & S. H. BEST, Water-st., Peterbore