The Old Doctors Drew blood, modern doctors cleanes is a hence the increased domand for Altera-Hees. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and is is equally well attented that so blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's

"One of my children had a large nore break out on the leg. We applied simple formedlen, for a while, thinking the nore would shortly heal. But it great more. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Agen's caresparille being

Recommended

shove all others, we need is with mar-relous regulis. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." - J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Toxas.

"I find Ager's Bareaparilla to be an admirable comedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time." — E. In Pater, M. D., Kanhattan, Kanasa.

"We have sold Aper's Enrapparilla-sere for ever thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the sest blood-purifier." = W. T. McLean, Friggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Afor's medicines continue to be the standard semedies in spite of all competition." T. W. Richmond, Hear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. O. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; ste bottles, \$6. Worth \$6 a bottle.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FINDAY SEPT. 20, 1889.

By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Rolon's Babies," Eta

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ping the old ship's outline with which he had bogun to out the corn stalks, "grave dela" all your work a month ahead this fall. What are you goin' to do with all your time when there's no more work to be doner"

"I can't say, I'm sure," said Phil, piling an armful of stalks against a stack with there than ordinary care.

"Can't old Then I'll have to, I speed mein' fin your father. I guess I'll have to send you down to New York for a mouth, to kele aroun' an' see somethin' of the world." thil turned so quickly that he rained all his elaborate work of the moment before, at most burying his father under the soppling

"That went to the spot, didn't it?" said the old man. "I mean the proposition not the forlige," he continued, as he extricted himwill from the mass of cornstalia.

"The nearly what I've been wanting to do. " said Pail, "but"

"Hat you deln't like to say so, and Will, 'Innan's managery to montion to; as I told you tother day, I can see through the back of your head any time, old boy."

"I wouldn't cost much money," said Fall. "I could go down on Sol Mantring scaloop for nothing, some time when he's short handal." "them I can afford to pay my oldest son's travalin' oxpansas when I would him out to me the world. You'll go down to York by faile foul, an' in the best car, too, if there's any

"I won't have to buy clothen anghow," will the compet mun.

"Yes, you will lote of ben. York sta's Haynton, old boy; an' as the Yorkers don't know mough to take their style from you, you'll have to take you've from then. I was there ones, when I was long about your aga. I didn't have to buy no more meetin' clother after that until I got married nigh on to ten

"If it's us repensive in that, I'm not going," said thit, looking very selemn and beginning to recenstruct the demolished stack,

You you are, sir. I'll have you make stand you're not much over age yet, an have got to mind your old father. Now, let that form alone. If it won't stay down, at on it this was any." And, milling the notion to the word, the old man corawled at pass on the fation fadder, dragged his non down after

"You shall have a hundred dollars to mark with, and more afterward, if you need th, as I know you will. The first thing to do when you get to the city is to go to the best moking clothing store you can find, and lay a muit of Butters used beserver that the tree most set them business. Keep your eyes open on men as sharply as if they were house and clothes were their only points, and then we that you got me good clothes as any of them. It don't matter so much about the staff; but have your clothes lit you, an' out like other peo-

"I don't want to put on city airs," said I'ail. "That's right that's right; but diy dother and city are arm't any more alike than country are an' good manners. You may be the senartest, brightest young follow that may must to York as of course you are, bein' my son but folks at York'il never find if out if you don't dress properly shat means, dress as they do l'il trade watches with you, to trade back after the trip; mine is gold, you know You'll have to buy a decent chain, though.

"I won't take your watch, father. I can't that wall about it. "Nonement of course you can if you try,

It isn't good manners to wear silver watches in the city.

"but your watch" - I'll could get no further; for his father's gold watch was venerated by the faintly as if it were a May flower chair or the musket of a soldier of the Revolution. Once while old farmer flays was young l'apt. Hayn, of the whaling ship lou Ann, he saved the crew of a sinking British bark. Unlike modern ship captains (who do not own their vessels), he we went in the beat with the rescuing party instead of merely sending it out, and he suffered so much through exposure, strain and the fear of the death which seemed impending that he Abandoned the wa as mon thereafter as possible. Severtheless he thought only of the work before him until he had received the imperiled ever and stored them safely in his own ship.

The circumstances of the rescue were so unusual that they formed the subject of long columns in foreign newspapers; and in a few months Capt. Hayn received through the state department at Washington a gold watch with mustry complimentary papers from the firitish admiralty. The young seaman never talked of either; his neighbors first learned of the presentation by couning their favorite weekly newspapers; nevertheless the papers were framed and king in the young captain's bedchamber, and, however carelessly he dressed afterward, nobedy ever any kim when he had not the watch in his

Pather," said Phil, after some mom spent in stience and facial contention, "I can't take your watch, even for a little while. Indive always worn it; it's your—the fami-

Togive always worn it; it's your—the family patent of nobility."

"Well," said the old farmer, after contempisting the tose of his boots a few seconds, "I don't mind ownin' up to my oldest son that I look at the old watch in about the same light; but a patent of nobility is a diagrace to a family if the owner's heir hun't fit to inherit it. Seet Guess you'd better make up your mind to break yourself into your comin' responsibilities by carryin' that watch in New York. Wender what time 'tier'

The question was a good pretext on which

The question was a good pretext on which to take the "patent of nobility" from his fob pocket and look at it. He did it in a way which caused Phil quickly to avert his face and devote himself with great industry to stacking corn. Half a minute later the old man, cutiase in hand, was outling corn as if his life depended upon it.

CHAPTER III.

"DOWN TO TORE"

ESPITE his fa-York on Sol time promised to him Sol Mantring remarked to the remain-be a day or two dur of the crew, consisting of two men:

"I knowed it." ference in cash one lay was more than Are dollars-a mim which no one in the vicinity of Hayn Farm had ever

been known to spend needlessly without coming to grief. Between cash in hand and its nominal equivalens in time, Phil, like most other prudent young countrymen, had learned to distinguish with alacrity and positiveness; besides, be knew how small was the amount of ready money that his father, in spite of care and skill at his business, was able to show for more than a quarter of a century of hard

The young man's departure was the occasion for quite a demonstration by the neighbors. Other young men of the vicinage had been to New York, but generally they were those whom their neighbors did not hope to see again; I'hil, on the contrary, was a general favorite. His family intended that no according to the business until Photon. one should know of the journey until Phil was fairly off, for they knew by experience, in which sometimes they had been the offenders, how insatiable is rural curioustry about any doings out of the ordinary. But when Sol Mantring told his wife that Phil was to go down with him as a "hand," Mrs. Mantring straightway put on her best things and wont out to tell all her neighbors that Phil Hayn was going down to York, and, being a woman who never did anything by halves, she after-ward plodded the dusty road that led to the little village at the railway station, where she consumed several hours in doing perty shopping at the several stores, varying this resession by influencious guests with every auquaintense who dropped in. As each person who heard the news wondered what I'll! was gring for, and as Mrs. Mantring was sure she didn't know any better than dead and gone Adam, there was developed a wealth of surmise and theory that should have forever dispelled the general impression that Americans are not imaginative people.

For the remainder of Phil's time at home mongh time to themselves to attend to their duly devotions. I'eople came to borrow to Broadway-it's up at the head of this semething, to bring news, to ask advice- street-an' go along till you find a drug store. anything that would be an excuse to see what | Like enough you'll find a directory there, might be going on, and to learn why Phil was explanation: the farm and the house needed large stocks and variety than bought nearer ency of local curiosity; numberless pointed him-of her forever after.

There were mores, too, who wanted Phil to broke down at their hard work and needed only plenty of rest and pasturage to make them as good as new; wouldn't Phil look about and see if he couldn't get him a bargain | and bring it back on the sloop, if he wouldn't mind feeding and watering it on the home trip! Oh! Mrs. Wholley had been finding her speciacies so young that she didn't know but she needed stronger glasses, or may be a little with larger print; if Phil would price both and write her, she would try to make up her mind what she ought to do. Samantha Roobles had been telling her husband James for the last five years that their best room carpet was too shabby for people who might have a funeral in the famly at any time, James' stepmether being very old and sickly, but James wouldn't do anything but put off, and as for her, she wasn't going to be cheated out of her eye teeth at the stores at the depot, when year before last she saw in a York newspaper, that the wind ldew out of the hand of somebody leaning out of a train window, that good ingrains were willing in New York at thirty-five cents a yard; she wished I'hil would pick her out one. Besides many requests like these, Phil had to make promises to dozens of young men and women whose wants were smaller, but none the easter to attend to; so the prospective traveler and his parents had the pains of parting alleviated by the thought that not until I'hil departed would any of them have power. The day of sailing brought a great throng of visitors—so many that the minister, who was of the number, extemporized a "neighborhood prayer mooting," at which Providence was implored to "save our dear young brother from the perils of the deep, and informed of so many of Phil's good qualities that only an inborn respect for religious forms restrained the modest youth from meaking out of the back door and hiding in the hull of the sloop until there was a broad

expanse of water between him and the shore, Then the entire throng, excepting two or three old ladies who remained with Mrs. Hayn "to help her bear up, poor soul," excepted Phil to the sloop. Among them was a predominance of young men who looked as if in case I'hil should want a substitute they were ready, and of young women whose faces indicated that if Phil should care to say anything tender to anybody, just to have something to think about while away, he should

have no excuse to leave it unsaid. Sed Mantring cut the parting short by remarking that prayer was all very well in its place, but he didn't believe in it keeping a sloop in a shallow river while the tide was ing and no wind to help her out. So Phil hurried aboard, though not before his father had almost crushed his hand with a grasp that had been developed by many years of training with bridle reine, az belves and pa-

Some one cast off the sloop's hawser; the mainsail was already up, and the craft began to drift out with the tide. This was the sigasl for a flutter of handkerchiefs and a chorus of cheers, during which Farmer Haya picdded along the river bank beside the sloop, regartiless of mud, stones, marsh grass and cattails. He seemed to have no last injunctions for his boy; indeed, his occasional shouts were bestowed principally upon fiol MantEVENTS OF THE WEEK.

ring, who stood at the wheel, and they had no more relation to Phil them to the khan of Ehive. In like manner Phil seemed less in-terested in his father than in the mass of

cordage at the foot of the mast. Nevertheless, when the river bank ended at the shore of the bay, and could be followed no longer, the old man stood there, as Sol Mantring said afterward, "lookin' as if he'd lost his last friend, never expected to git another, an' he'd got ten year older all of a sudden," and he'd got ten year older all of a sudden," and Phil, when he saw this, straightened in front of the friendly mast which hid him from the remainder of the crew, and threw kisses to his father, with the profusion of early child-hood, as long as he could distinguish the dingy old coat and hat from the stones of similar

hue that marked the little point.
"The perils of the deep" were happily sverted. Indeed, Phil would willingly have endured more could the wind have blown harder. The sloop finally made her pier in New York about dusk of the second day. Phil hastily donned his best suit, and as the part of the city in which the tron merchants cluster was not far away, and Sol Manuting new the streets of that portion of the city, PITE his fa-suppressed de-skipper, to call on Mr. Tramlay. His single-phil went to ness of purpose made him unconscious that he was acting in a manner not common to Manwing's sloop. him, but as he climbed the side of the pier. The difference in and hurried toward the mass of light before

"Knowed what!"

"He's gal struck. Got it bad." Phil made his way up the principal thoroughfare from New York to Brooklyn, wondering at the thronged sidewalks and brilliantly lighted shops, but he did not neglect to eye the street names on corner lampe. Soon he turned into a street which was part of his course as laid down by Sol; at the same time he turned from light to darkness, the change being almost appalling in its suddenness. Still he hurried on, and after another turn began to look for numbers on the fronts of buildings. His heart bounded within him as he suddenly saw, by the light of a street lamp, the sign, "Edgar Tramlay." Inan instant his hand was on the door knob; but the door did not open. Through the glass door he saw two or three dim lights within. Probably the proprietor was at his desk; per-haps, too, he should have knocked; so knock

"What d'ye want there, young feller?" shouted a policeman across the street. "I want to see Mr. Tramlay." "(huss your watch is slow, ain't it?

growled the officer.

"I don't know; maybe so," Phil replied. "Don't you know better'n to come huntin' down here for a bizness man after 6 o'clock

at night?" asked the officer. Phil admitted to himself that he did not; still, he had come ashere to find Mr. Tramlay, and the idea of giving up the search did

"Where do you suppose I can find him?" "At home, I guess, if he's one of the kind that goes straight home from his store."
"I recken he is," said Phil. "Will you please tell me where he lives?" "Oh, come off!" muttered the policeman.

not occur to him. He finally asked:

"D'ye s'pose I ain't got nothin' to do but know where folks live! Where was you brought up t-'way back?" "I'm sorry I bothered you, sir," said Phil, who now saw the officer's uniform and rec-

ognized it by memory of pictures he had seen in illustrated newspapers. "Isn't there For the remainder of Phil's time at home any way to find out where a man lives in the family and its chiest son had scarcely New York?" "Certainly; look in the directory. Go up

Phil followed instructions, and learned the going to the city. Phil's parents had pre-pared what they supposed would be sufficient. In front of him street care were continually coming and going, and by the conductors of some things that could better be selected from these he was referred from one to another until he found a car which went to the street home. But they had underrated the persist he wanted to reach. Although Phil knew the city was large, the journey seemed very questions were asked, and if in the course of long; it was made an hour longer than it week there had been any victor who did should have been, for a fire had broken out not ask, in one way or other, whether Phil somewhere along the route, and engine hose would go to see the Tranlays, the family did blockaded the railway track. When finally not know who it had been; they were sure the desired street was reached Phil found they would have gratefully noted such a con- himself several hundred numbers away from siderate person at the time, and remembered that he was looking for, and it was then nearly 9 o'clock,

"I've half a mind to give it up," said Phil. do them small services in the city. Farmer | as he walked rapidly along. "Perhaps they Blewitt had heard that the car companies | go to bed early; there's no telling. Still, if often sold for almost nothing the horses that | they're abed, I'll know it by the lights being out. I don't seem to walk down these numbers very fast."

He quickened his steps; he almost ran: but more than a quarter of an hour passed before he saw on a glass transom the number that indicated his journey was at an end. Phil stopped, then he crossed the street and surreped the house carefully.

"Lights in all the windows," said he That looks as if they'd all gone to their own rooms; looks like bedtime. I was afraid of it. I suppose there's nothing to do but go back to the sloop or find some place to lodge. Too bad!"

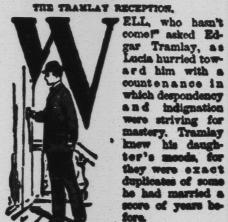
He recremed the street and ascended a step or two. Truthful shough he was, he would have denied to any one but himself that he did it only because Lucia had tripped up those same steps. Slowly he descended and walked away; but he had passed but a house of two, and was looking backward, when a man who had passed him ran up the Tramlay steps. Then Phil saw a flash of light and

heard a door close. "That wasn't Mr. Tramlay. There aren't any other men in the family. He must be a visitor. Well, if other men can call at this time of night, I guess I can visit it, too."

Back he went, and, as he was unacquainted with the outer mechanism of door bells, he rapped sharply upon the door. It opened stantly, and as Phil stepped in he found the hall and stairway, as well as the pariors, quite full of ladies and gentlemen.

"It's a party," he said to himself. Then he informed himself, in great haste, that he would postpone his visit, but as he turned to go he found the door was closed, and a small colored boy who stood by it said: "Gen'imen fust room back," and pointed upstairs. Entirely losing his self possession and wondering what to do, Phil stood stupidly staring about him, when suddenly he saw Lucia in full evening dress. He hastily dropped his eyes, for he had never before seen a dress of that never here. that particular out.

CHAPTER IV.



Lucia hurried toward him with a which despondency and indignation were striving for mastery. Tramley knew his daugh-ter's mode, for they were exact duplicates of some he had magnish countenance in

ome;—if he hadnit come?"
The head of the family looked puzzied;
The head of the family looked puzzied;

-The Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes a letter from Patrick Palancy, who was implicated in the Phoenix park murders, pitcously distanting his release from pricon as a reward for having given evidence for the London Times before the

Parnell commission.

—A Loudon cable correspondent says:
Matters in Ireland are fairly quiet, the only stir being caused by Mr. Davitt's vehement newspaper attacks upon Mr. Parnell's policy of accepting a Catholic university at the hands of a tory government. The Irish in America need borrow no anxiety about this, for it has really no permanent importance. Mr. Davitt has a very sensitive indignant faculty, and this is not the first time he has revolted as Mr. Parnell's coldly commercial and tortuous policy, but he always comes around again, and meanwhile bears no particle of animosity. In this particular instance he is nearer right than usual, but far less wise, because, as the London Times editorially admits, Mr. Baitour's university proposal is more likely to create division in the tory unionist ranks than to raise a rupture between the Parnellites and the radicals.

... The Irish Catholic of London publishes a forecast of Mr. Balfour's bill for the establishment of a Catholic university in Ireland. It says the royal university will not be abolished, because it is required for

tablishment of a Catholic university in Ireland. It says the royal university will not be abolished, because it is required for nonconformists and others unable to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by Trinity college, but its establishment will be largely reduced. With a view to the conciliation of Ulster, Queen's college at Belfast will be maintained and be empowered to confer degrees. The annual saving from the extinction of Queen's college at Cork and Queen's college at Galway combined with the saving from the retrenchment at the royal university is expected partially to meet the cost of the endowment of the new university.

—A London cable of Saturday says: The -A London cable of Saturday says: The

-A London cable of Saturday says: The strike is now all but over. The formal settlement waits for the concurrence of Surrey Commercial Dock Company and the lightermen; as the joint dock committee refuses to sign the agreement until every interest involved agrees, and there is a simultaneous resumption of work all along the line. Thus secured the Surrey Company and the lightermen expect to settle to-day. The dockers will thus gain all their demands, except that the increased pay is to wait till November 4th, The dock directors began by declaring all these demands impossible. Their defeat has been due mainly to three things: First, the seif-control of the strikers, The directors counted on violence and police First, the seif-control of the strikers. The directors counted on violence and police interference to crush the strike. Secondly, the financial aid obtained by the strikers. The Australian subsidies were especially unexpected, and even now the strikers have ample funds in hand. Thirdly, public sympathy with the strikers, as evidenced by the intervention of Cardinal Manning, the lord mayor, the bishop of London. It then may be asked why have the strikers consented to wait till November? The answer is that the strike was beginning to crumble away. The strikers funds were enough to keep the men alive but not to feed the women and children. Mr. Burns indirectly admitted this when he said yesterday that they had the directhe said yesterday that they had the direct-ors down, but for the sake of their wives and children they should forbear jumping on the chest. The credit for terminating the strike is due to Cardinal Manning and the lord mayer. Cardinal Manning, in spite of his eighty years, has been indefatigable and has never dispaired. He has been on the spct throughout. The lord mayor as a business man has carried great weight with the directors.

-A London correspondent cables this it of goesip to the New York Mail and Express: In court circles just now interest is centered upon the private and per-sonal affairs of the royal family, which do not present a picture of harmony and good feeling. The queen, it is understood, has been gradually submitting more and more to the aggressive domination of Prince Henry of Battenburg, who, although he is regarded as a person of little consequence or character, seems to have a domineer-ing spirit, and to have succeeded in perand spirit, and to have succeeded in persuading her majesty that he is able to manage the reaim as well as anybody. It is reported that the queen takes his advice upon everything, submitting her own judgement to his opinions on all manner of subjects. With the increase of influence which has come with her majesty's growing favor Prince Buttenberg has developed an arrogance of behavior which he veloped an arrogance of behavior which is a remely offensive to all who are obliged to come into any sort of relation with him. The Prince of Wales, upon learning that the queen had consulted Prince Henry with regard to the bill in the house of commons for the provision of the royal family, sent a furious protest against the interference of a comparatively insignificant outsider with the private affairs of his family. In addition to this the duch-ess of Fife complained to her father of the insolent and overbearing behavior of Prince Henry, which did not tend to calm the rage of the Prince of Wales, or to make matters any more pleasant between him and his royal mother. The queen's protection alone prevents Battenberg being boycotted by the other members of the royal family. They all want him to be sent to reside on the continent, but it is not at all likely the queen will yield an inch or allow her peculiar fondness for this unpleasant young man to be inter-fered with...Probably this "yarn" will be denied in the usual course.

-Dynamite exploded in a cartridge factory in the vicinity of the bourse at Antwerp Friday week, killing or injuring hundreds of people. Parts of the bourse buildings were struck by burning frag-ments and set on fire, causing a panic in that building, which was at that time crowded. The cartridge factory was situ-ated behind the docks, and upon which millions of cartridges were being loaded. It was adjacent to the petroleum stores and two large Russian petroleum ware-houses were set on fire and burned. The houses were set on fire and burned. The explosion occurred in a work-shop where old cartridges were being taken to pieces. Men and women were actively at work breaking them up and 250,000 had been partly broken. The flames shot up to an immense height. Amid the roar of the flames there was a continuous succession of loud reports, supposed to be from the ignition and explosion of packets of carridges. It is estimated that 2,000 tons of nition and explosion of packets of cartridges. It is estimated that 2,000 tons of cartridges exploded. The noise was heard 30 miles away. The smoke which filled the air was greater in volume than that of a great battle. Parts of human bodies were found half a mile away from the scene of the diseaster, and 130 bodies lie in the morgues. About 200 people were killed. Estimates of the loss by the fire range from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000. No public building was injured. The damage to the bourse is insignificant. The vessels in the docks owe their asfety to the favorable direction of the wind, which continues to blow towards the open river. Some steamers in the dry docks are badly damaged about the decks. M. Corvilain, the proprietor of the cartridge factory, is charged with homicide by imprudence. His defence is that the fire originated in the petroleum shede and caused the explosion in the cartridge factory. Large subscriptions to the relief funds have been received. King Leopold heads the liet with \$2,400. Relief fetes and performances have been given at Brussele, Paris and Berlin.

my remely rame to any of your readers who have concumption if tany will send me their Ripsens and P. O. address. Respectfully, Su. Z. & SECOURS, 164 West Adelaids street Towns, One,—47-Lyr.

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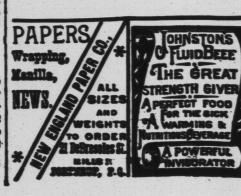
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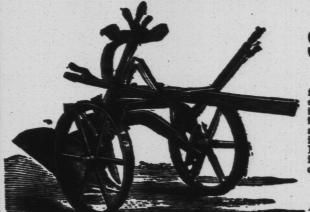
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