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For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Cout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., care: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Cout. If every victim of this dis-case would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Cout from the land. These words would be-'Try Ayer's

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rears, and I think they are the best Pills
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free from these complaints."

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Aver's Cathartic Pills, PHEFARED ST

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. fold by all Dealers in Medicine.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1860.

By JOHN HABBURTON, Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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ing, and covering her eyes with her pretty hands Her father at once strode to the hallway, looking like an avenging angel, but when he reached the door and took in at a glance the entire cause of his daughter's annoyance he quickly put on a smile and ex-

Why, my dear follow, how lucky that you happened at town on our reception evening! Como with me; Mrs. Tramlay will be delight ed to see you again." I'hil resisted the hand laid upon his arm

and replied: "I'll call again some other time I didn't know you had company this ovening." "All the better," said the host, leading Phil along; "'twill give you a chance to meet some of our friends. We've met many of

Just then the couple stopped in front of . sofa on which I'hil, whose eyes were still cass down, saw the skirts of two or three dresses.

Then he heard his escort say:

'My dear, you remember our old friend Phil Hayn, I'm sure."

Phil looked up just in time to see Mrs. Tramlay's feeble, nervous face twitch into surprise and something like horror. Mr. Tramlay extended his hand, as a hint that his wife should arise a hint which could not be ignored after his hand had closed upon hers. Even when upon her feet, however, the lady of the house seemed unable to frame a greeting. Had Phil been a city acquaintance, no matter how uninteresting, she would have smiled evasively and told him she was delighted that he had been able to come, but what could a lady, at her own reception, say to a man in a sack coat and a hard rubber watch guard?

Mrs. Tramlay looked at her husband in weak protest; her husband frowned a little and nodded his head impatiently; this panto-mimo finally stimulated Mrs. Trainley to meh a degree that she was able to ejaculate. "What a delightful surprise!"

"Let me make you acquainted with some of the company," said the host, drawing Phil away. "Pon't feel uncomfortable; I'll explain that you just dropped in from out of town, so you couldn't be expected to be in evening drope"

Phil began to recover from his embarrassment, thanks to his host's heartiness, but also to the fact that the strain had been too severe to last long. He slowly raised his eyes and looked about him, assisted somewhat by our esity as to what "evening dress" meant. He soon saw that all the gentlemen were black clothes and white ties, and that the skirts of the cents retired rapidly. He had seen such a coat before-seen it often at Haynton, on ex-Judge Dickman, who had served two terms in the legislature and barely escaped going to congress. The only difference be-tween them was that the judge's swallow tail cont was plue and had brass buttons not a great difference, if one considered the distance of New York and Haynton.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Tramlay, suddenly, "I don't believe you've met Lucia you Hero she is-daughter "

Lucia was floating by-a vision of tulle, tvory, peachblow and nuber; she leaned on the arm of a young man, into whose face she was looking intently, probably as an excuse for not looking at the unwelcome visitor. Her father's voice, however, she had always instinctively obeyed; so she stopped, pouted, and looked defiantly at Phil, who again dropped his eyes, a low bow giving him a pre-

"Daughter," said Tramlay, "here's our old friend I'hil, from Haynton, Now, don't spend the whole evening talking over old times with him, but introduce him to a lot of pretty girls; you know them better than 1. Phil, you can explain to them how you struck a full dress reception just after landing from a cruise; twill amuse them more, I'll warrant, than any story any showy young follow can tell them this evening. It isn't every young man who can have a good thing to tell against bimself the first time be meets a new set."

During the delivery of this long speech Lucia eyed Phil with boldness and disfavor, but in obedience to her father she took Phil's srm-an act that so quickly improved the young man's opinion of himself that he in-stantly felt at ease and got command of such natural graces as he possessed; he was even enabled to look down at the golden head by his shoulder and make some speeches bright mough to cheer Lucia's face.

"It mayn't be so entirely dreadful, after all." thought the girl; "I can introduce him to friends we whom I could after ward explain

to Iriends we whom I could afterward explain—friends who are too good hearted to make spiteful remarks afterward. Beddes, I can blame father for it; all girls have fathers whose ways are queer in one way or another."

While acting upon this plan, and finding, to her great relief, that Phil could talk courteous nothings to new acquainteness, the

courteous nothings to new acquainteness, the

"Maye" I be favored with an introduction!
Your friend is being so heartly pushed by
your father that I am quite anxious to know
him."

"Mr. Marge, Mr. Rayn," said Lucia. Phil's proffered hand was taken by what seemed to be a bit of languid machinery, although encircled at one end by a cuff and coat sleeve and decorated with a seal ring. Phil scanned with interest the face before him, for he had often heard Mr. Marge mentioned when the Tramlay family were at Haynton. His look was returned by one that might have been a stare had it possessed a single indication of interest, surprise or curiosity. Mr. Marge had met young men before; he had been seing new faces for twenty-five years, and one more or less could not rouse him from the composure which he had been acquiring during all that time.

ng all that time "Can you spare your friend a few moments?"
said fair. Marge to Lucia. "I would be glad
to introduce him to some of the gentlemen."
"You are very kind," murmared Lucia,
who was dying—so she informed herself—to
rejoin some of her girl friends and explain
the awk ward nature of the intrusion. Marge offered Phil his arm, a courtesy the young man did not understand, so he took Phil's in-stead, and presented the youth to several gentlemen as an old friend of the family. Soon, however, Marge led Phil into a tiny soom at the rear of the ball-a room not room as the rear of the hall—a room nominally the library, the books consisting of a dictionary and a Bible, the greater part of the shelf space being occupied by pipes, to-bacco boxes, cigar cases, ash receivers and other appurtenances of the vice and comfort of smoking. Placing Phil in a great easy chair, the back of which hid him from the company, Margo took a cigarette from his own case, which he afterward passed to Phil.

"No small vices," said he, as Phil declined.

"Just as well off, I suppose. As for me"—
here Mr. Margo struck a match—"I've (puff) been acquainted with the weed so long that (puff) I can't very well mub it when I

"I think nicetine is injurious to the brain, the lungs, and finally to the digestion," said Phil. "Have you seen Professor Benchof's

analysis? They were printed in the"—
"I may have seen them in print, but I'm sure I passed them," said Marge, exhaling smoke in such a way that it hid his face for an instant. "I can't afford to worry myself with information that I'd rather not use," "But one's physique," said Phil

"One's physique becomes quite obliging when it knows what is expected of it." Phil mentally sought a way of passing this unexpected obstacle; meanwhile, Marge breathed lazily through his cigarette a mo ment or two, and then said:

"Miss Tramlay is a charming girl."
"Indeed she is," Phil replied. "If she only

"Tut, tut, my dear cir," said Marge, "woman is divine, and it isn't good form to criticise divinity. Miss Tramlay is remaskably protty; I trust we agree at least upon that safe

"Protty" echoed Phil, before Marge had ceased speaking. "She is radiant-angelic!" Again Mr. Marge enshrouded his face with smoke, after which he did not continue the conversation, except to remark, "Yes." Phil studied the color tone of the room, and wondered why paper like that on the wall had not been offered for sale by the storekeeper at Haynton; then he resolved he would buy and take home to his mother a chair just like that in which he was sitting, for it was so comfortable that he felt as if he could fall asleep in it. Indeed, he was already so oblivious to Marge and other human presence that in Lucia, who exclaimed:

"Phil, you must come back to the parlor. Half a dozen girls are real envious because they havon't seen you at all, and half a dozen others want to see more of you. Father has been sounding your praises until they're sure the Admirable Crichton has come to life

Phil attempted to rise an awkward operation to'h man previously unacquainted with Turkish chairs. Lucia laughed, and offered him assistance—it was only a little hand, but he took it, and as he looked his thanks he saw Lucia's face as he had sometimes known it of old-entirely alert and merry. At the same time a load fell from his mind, a load which he had been vaguely trying to attribute to the lateness of the hour, the strangeness of his surroundings-anything but the manner in which the girl had first greeted him. As she took his arm and hurried him out of the library he felt so fully himself that he forgot even that he was not attired like the gentlemen around him.

Mr. Marge, who had risen when Lucia entered the library, followed the couple with his eyes; then, when alone, he frowned slightly, bit his lip, dropped the end of his cigarette, paced to and fro several times, leaned on the mantel, and muttered:

Then he lighted another cigarette, and veiled his face in smoke for several minutes.

CHAPTER V.



EGULAR hours being among the requirements of the head of the Tramlay household, Lucia appeared at the breakfast table the morning after the reception as the lock struck eight. Her father, dressed or business, and her mother, in negligeo attire and expression, were discussing the unbid-

"But he was so country-so dreadful common," protested Mrs. Tramlay, with her cus-

tomary helpless air. "Nonsense!" said her husband. "There was nothing country or common about his face and manners. There hasn't been so bright eyed, manly looking a fellow in our house before since I don't know when. Eh,

"Agnes Dinon said he was real fine look-

ing," the girl answered. "Agnes Dinon is thirty-siz if she's a day." mswered Mrs. Tramlay, in a petulant tone.
"So much the better fitted to pass opinions on young men," said Tramlay. more sense in one girl of her age than a hundred like-like"-

"Like me, papa," said Lucia. "You may as well say it." "Like you, then. Bless your dear, ignorant heart, I'd give my head if you could see as clearly as she without waiting so long to

"You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never invite him to her own re-ceptions," declared Mrs. Tramlay.

"Wrong again, mamma; she's invited him for next Tuesday night, and I do believe she devised the reception just for the purpose. None of us had heard of it before." Mrs. Tramley gathered all her strength, timulated it with an entire cup of tea, and

is coming to, if a common farmer's boy, of no family, can stumble into town and be in-

vited about to good houses."

"Coming to? Why, my dear wife, it is coming to its senses. I'm glad, in this particular case, the movement began at our

"Nobody would have paid any attention to him if you hadn't talked so much about him,"

him a dear old friend, to hear you go on about him as you did."
"I said nothing but what was true, I merely said he was one of the finest young men I had ever known; that he was of the highest character, and very intelligent be-sides."

"Such qualities don't make a man fit for society," said the lady of the house. "No, I suppose not; if they did we'd see more of them at our receptions and parties."

"Edgar?"
"Well, well," said Tramley, leaving the "Well, well," said Tramlay, leaving the table, kissing his wife, and preparing to hurry to his office, "it isn't your fault; we can't expect what can't be had, I suppose."
"Lucia," said Mrs. Tramlay, after the children had been dispatched to school, "I hope your father's peculiar notions won't affect you."
"About Phile Wessers."

"About Phil? Nonsense, you dear old worry! But really, mother, he made quite an impression. A lot of the girls admired him ever so much. I began to apologise and explain, as soon as I could get rid of him: but I found it wasn't at all necessary."
"Girls will admire anything that's newanything, from a Zulu to a monkey."
"Mamma!"

"Young men like Hayn can't ever marry out of their own circle; you should be able to see that. How can they buy houses for their wives, and furnish them properly, and set up horses and carriages, and keep in society?"

"Mamma, you're too dreadfully funny: in deed you are. Suppose young men aren't rich enough to marry; can't girls like them!
Aren't young people good for anything but
to get married!"

"I'm very sorry," said the mother, abrupt ly leaving the room, "that you have such trifling views of life."

When Philip Hayn left the family mansion a little after midnight he had but two distinct ideas one was that he had better find his way back to Sol Mantring's sloop to sleep, and the other was that he didn't believe be could fall asleep again in less than a week. All that he had seen, the people not excepted, was utterly unlike Haynton. The conversa tion, also, was new, although he could no remember much of it; and the ladies-well he always had admired whatever was admir able in the young women in the village, but there certainly were no such handsome and brilliant girls at Haynton as some he had

He could not explain to himself the differ ence, except that, compared with Lucia's friends, hisold acquaintances appeared-well rather unfinished and ignorant. And as far as these new acquaintances appeared above his older ones, so far did Lucia appear above her friends. He had studied her face scores of times before and told himself where it was faulty; now he mentally withdrew every criticism he had ever made and declared her perfection itself. Would be ever forget how she looked as she offered to help him from that easy chair in the library? He wished his mother might have seen her at that in stant; then he was glad she did not. He re membered that his mother did not entirely approve of some of Lucia's bathing dresse what would the good woman think of fash ionable evening attire? And yet perhaps it was not as dreadful as it seemed. Evidently Lucia's mother approved of it, and was no she a member of a church-not, he regretted, of the faith in which all Haynton worshiped. yet still a church? And did not many of Lucia's guests dress in similar style?

He mentally laid the subject away for future consideration, and gave his mind to his own attire. Until that evening his faith in the perfection of his Sunday suit was as unquestioning as his faith in Haynton's acher, but now it was hopelessly shat tered. He did not admire the attire of the gentlemen he had met, but the evidence was overwhelming that it was the correct thing, and that he must prepare himself to dress in like fashion if he went to Miss Dinon's party. And, by the way, what a queenly woman that Miss Dinon was!

He would like to meet her again; he cer tainly must attend that party. But if he bought evening dress, what should he do with it when he left the city! No young man felt more freedom than be to do as he liked in Haynton, but to appear in a "swallow tail" at church or anywhere else in the village would be simply impossible; the mere thought of it made him tremble and then laugh. A suit of clothes merely to wear two or three evenings—perhaps only one—would be a shocking extravagance; they probably would cost half as much as a new horse, or two or three dozen of the books he had for years been longing to buy. He would give up Miss Dinon's party; the thought of doing so made him doleful, but do it he must.

Almost immediately after forming this virtuous resolution he boarded a horse car, on which were several couples, evidently returning from a party somewhere, so again Phil found himself studying attire. Gradually it occurred to him that his own appearance was attracting attention. This was not a new experience; he had encountered it several times at Haynton with calmness; indeed, although he was not vain, he had never feared comparison, in church, of his appearance with that of any summer boarder from the city; for, as his mother has already intimated in these pages, his Sunday coat had been cut from the same piece of cloth as the minister's. But now he felt ill at ease while being eyed, not at all impertinently, by the young people who sat facing him. First he thought the mikily critical glances were directed to his hard rubber watch guard; then he was sure the cut of his vest was not being approved; he detected one very pretty young woman in the act of suppressing a smile as she looked at his shoes. Thirdly, he was obliged to believe that an admirably dressed fellow opposite entirely disapproved of his Sunday coat—the coat cut from minister's cloth and made by Sarah Tweege,

and with a real silk velvet collar, too!
Little by little Phil lost his self possession be could scarcely look in any direction without encountering the eyes of some one who seemed to regard him as a curiosity. An attempt to ignore the attention by reading the advertising signs above the windows of the car was a dismal failure, for he somehow felt that several pairs of eyes were upon him, and this was rather more annoying than seeing them. The strain became unendurable; so he suddenly looked through a window, as if to see where he was, then hastily went to the rear platform and asked the conductor to let him off. As he stood there he heard a young man whisper:

"Country Then he heard a young woman softly ejac-

The street was as dark as gas lighted streets usually are; it was almost deserted, and the usually are; it was almost deserted, and the autuum evening was quite chilly, but Fhil feit as if his blazing eyes were illuminating everything—as if the walls had eyes to look disapprovingly at Haynton fashions, or as if his own blood were hot enough to warm the entire atmosphere of New York. He knew what he would do; when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop he would remain about until tring's sloop he would remain aboard until she sailed; then he would go back to Haynton and remain there forever. He could exist without New York, if New York found him unsatisfactory. He didn't care ever to see again anybody in New York, except, perhaps, Lucia. As for her, hadn't even she—Before the next car arrived, Phil had entirely changed his mind. Nevertheless, before continuing his journey he cautiously pered in to see if any of the passengers were likely to prove critical. There seemed to be no one to fear; at enemy of the car was a shabby looking peddler with his pack, evidently arrived by a late train from the subshe sailed; then he would go back to Hayn-

urbs; at the other an old man seemed inclined to does, and directly opposite the newest passenger set a pinin, modest looking person, whom a New Yorker would have rightly identified as a waiter at a restaurant or cafe. Apparently three persons less qualified or inclined to criticise personal appearance could not have been found by careful search; yet within five minutes Fhil was sure that all of them had noticed him and studied him. As he was disinclined to squander another car fare on his feelings, he sought the dusky seclusion of the rear platform and engaged the conductor in conversation, which on Fhil's part consisted solely of questions; yet he was astenished, as well as indignant, when the conductor remarked, at a moment when the talk showed signs of lagging:

"You're from the rural district, I s'posef"

"What makes you say that? asked Phil, indicating a sense of injury.

"Oh, I didn't mean nothing out of the way," said the conductor. "I only kinder thought I was sure—why, I come from the country myself; yes sir, an' I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

The explanation was not satisfactory; so Phil completed the trip in gloomy silence, and he felt a sense of great relief when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop and made his way into the little cabin, where, of the three men lying at esse, no one took the pains to intimate that Phil was anything but city born and city bred.

RECONSTRUCTION. HIL devoted part of the next day to studying well dress the streets. Thanks to well trained per ceptive faculties, large mirrors which he acciden tally encountered be soon learned why his attire had

attracted attention. Then he compared clothing stores for an hour, finally entered one and asked how long it would take to make a well fitting every day suit. The salesman looked him

over, and replied:
"Fit you at once, from our ready made stock. Never any trouble to fit a good figure." Phil could have hugged that salesman Here, at least, was some one who did not in timate that he was from the country; and yet, perhaps, a good figure was a country product. He would think about this, as soon as business was off his mind. The salesman certainly fitted him to perfection. Phil scarcely recognized himself when asked to

"Don't think you could do better," said the veteran salesman, surveying Phil from rapidly changing points of view, "if you were to have yourself melted and poured into a suit. The tone of that goods is rather cold, but you've plenty of color. I think, though, to set it off to the best advantage you need to change your black tie for a scarf with a touch of red or yellow in it; if you don't happen to have one, you'll find a fine assortment in our gents' furnishing department. Needs a somewhat different style of shirt collar, too; let some furnishing goods man cast his eye over your neck. You always wear your hair pretty long, I suppose? Well, it's a pity it don't set off a man's clothes as well as it sometimes does his face."

Phil resolved at once to have his hair cut Under the guidance of the salesman he had his neck wear changed; then the old man said: "Those low crowned, straight brimmed hats used to look exactly right with the don't harmonize with the cut of this year. Hats are cheap, though, and there are two or three good dealers on the other side of the street, a little farther down. Keep this suit on, I suppose! All right, six; I'll do up the others. H'm!"-here the old man scrutinized the material of the coat made by Sarah Tweege-"that's splendid stuff. Great shame 'twas cut sack fashion. There isn't much stuff as good as that in swallow tails nowa-

"Couldn't it—I suppose it couldn't be made over into a party coat?"

"H'm!-scarcely-scarcely," said the salesman, controlling his features as well as if the question were the most natural in the world. Not enough stuff, you see; too short; sleeves not full enough; button holes in wrong places; lapels too narrow. Besides, velvet collars have gone out. Any time you need a dress suit, though, we've got a boss artist who can cut it so as to do you justice. Tim't often be gets a good figure to spread himself on."

Again I'hil was profoundly graceful. He wanted to do something for that salesman and after some thought be astonished the old fellow by thanking him for his attention and premising to send him a barrel of selected Newtown pippins. Then he placed himself in the hands of the boss artist, who studied him as if he were a model, measured him, and asked him if he needed his dress suit at once.

"Yes, right away," said Phil. "I can't get it too soon. I want"— He had begun to tell that he meant to dress himself in that suit and practice before a mirror until fully satisfied that he did not look unlike other men. The boss artist told him to return in three days, then the old salesman, who had remained in attendance, remarked:

"You have a thin fall overcoat, I suppose?" "Oh, I won't need an overcost for a month yet. Why, there hasn't been a bit of frost up our way." Phil was already appalled by the extent of his order.

"True enough," said the salesman, "but it doesn't do to go out in a dress suit without an overcoat, you know, unless you're merely stepping from your door to a carriage; and it's hardly the thing even then." "Why, Judge Dickman"—

"Oh, yes, those old judges, who wear swal low tails day in and day out, can do it; nothing wrong about it, of course—only a matter of taste; but a young fellow don't like to

make himself conspicuous, you know."

Phil meekly purchased an overcoat, and hurried away with a heavy foad on his conscience. More than three-quarters of the hundred dollars his father had given him was already gone or mortgaged; he had meant to spend none of it, except for some things which he knew his mother craved. Fortunately he had brought some savings of his own, and, as he informed himself, hair cutting was not an expensive operation, and the clothing salesman had told him that new hats did not cost much. He had nothing else to spend money for except a watch chain; his father had told him to buy one. Indeed, had not his father told him to buy clothest- lots of them" were the old gentlemen's exact words. But could his father have known about evening suits and fall overcoats?

Phil continued in this vein of thought after he had dropped into a barber's chair, but was startled out of it by finding a lather brush passing over his face. He struggled and exclaimed:

"I wanted my hair cut."
"Yes, sir, so I heard you say; but when shaving has to be done too we like to have that out of the way first. But I beg your pardon; perhaps you were raising a beard?"
"No," said Phil, settling himself again in the chair. At Haynton young men shaved only on Saturday nights; Phil himself had shaved only three days before, yet here was another unexpected expense imposed upon (Continued on 7th name.)

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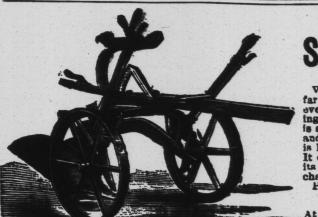
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