REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the ours of Blood Diseases.

Recense no polsonous of deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ager's Sarseparille.

-Ayer's Sarsaparille contains only the purest and most effective remedial

- Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with swireine care, skill, and cleanliness. - Aver's Sarasparille is prescribed by leading physicians.

-Ayer's Earsaparille is for sale sterywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

-Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine. and not a beverage in disguise. Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to

effect a cure, when persistently used, secording to directions. - Ayer's Sarsaparille is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the

- Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a succeasful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present. -Thousands of testimonials are on

fle from those benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PHEFARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; siz bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1889.

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

[Copyrighted by J. H Lippincott company, pub lishers, Philadelphia, and published by permission through the American Press Association.)

desirable as a son-in-law, what did parents

The arrangement of seats at the table suited Incia also. She knew her mother's matrimonial intentions regarding her. She was not in love with Marge, but girls in her set did not think it good form to be very fond of men whom they probably would have to marry. If, however, Margo means business, she wished he would be more attentive to it. She felt that she was missing a great deal of pleasure for lack of proper second. Twice in the course of the last season Marge had taken her and her mother to the opera; Lucia adored opera-that is, she liked to look about how the prime donna dressed, and to have gentlemen call at her box between acts but two opens were merely sips at a cup inc longed to drain, and only once had the boom privation, If apparent interest in Phil at table could have any effect upon Marge's languid purpose, the provoking fellow should not lack stimulus. To have to devote herself for a whole hour to one young man, in the long hair and country garb which regained their awkwardness in her mind's eye when her father announced that Phil was coming to dinner, seemed a hard task; but when the young man made his appearance Lucia was so agreeably surprised that what had seemed a task at once became by anticipation a posttive pleasure.

The evening soon opened promisingly for Marge, for Phil took soup a second time—a proceeding which inflicted upon Mrs. Tramlay several moments of uncontrolled annoyance and caused profound silence around the table. But Lucia rapidly recovered; desperate cases required desperate remedies; se she mid:

"Phil, do you remember that dinner you once made us in the grove by the beach?"
"Indeed I do," said Phil. "I never shail forget it." And he told the truth, for Lucia's look of horror when he brought from the fire a piece of board piled high with roasted clams had been one of the few great mental dampers of his life.
"You made us forks from dried twigs,"

said Incia. "I kept mine as a memento; it is hanging over my mantel now, with a bow of blue ribbon around it."

Marge frowned perceptibly; Mrs. Tram-lay looked horrified; but Phil's face light-ened so quickly that Lucia's little heart gave

"Why didn't you ever give a clam bake on Sunday—the only day I could be there!" asked Tramlay. "I'd give more for such a meal out of doors than for the best dinner that Delmonico could spread."
"Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Tramlay. It did

not reach him, though the look that accompartied it passed in its full force from the foot of the table to the head. Why, Sunday !" said Phil, with some hest-

tion. "Sunday is—Sunday."
"Quite true," said the host. "It is in the country, at least; I wish 'twas so here."

"Filar," said Mrs. Tramlay, "don't make Mr. Havn think we are heathers. You know we never full to go to service on Sunday. "Yes," said Tramlay; "we're as good Phari-

sees as any other family in New York." "And after that dinner in the woods," continued Lucia, "we went for pond lilies, don't you remember! I do believe I should flave een drowned in that awful pond if you hadn't caught me.

Again Marge's brows gathered perceptibly. He merely drew her aside from a muddy place," whispered Mrs. Tramlay. "Well, this is interesting," said Tramlay, at the other end of the table. "Hayn, are there many places out your way where silly girls

are likely to be drowned if they are allowed to roam about without a keeper?"
"Quite a number," said Phil, as seriously as if his host expected a list of the Haymon ponds and their relative depths. "For in-

stance, Boddybanks pond is about"____ "Oh, that was the pond where we went canceing—that pond with the funny name! My! I wish I was in that very cance, on that

very pond, this very minute Lucia!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay. "I know 'twas dreadfully impolite to say before company," said Lucia, with a pretty affectation of penitence, "but everybody knows I can't be there, and that 'twould be too cold for comfort; so it doesn't do any

harin to wish it. And I should like that cance trip over again; shouldn't you, Phili' certainly should," said Phil. "That pond is very pretty in summer, when everything around it is green. There are a great many shades of green there, on account of these being a great variety of trees and bushes. But you wouldn't know the place at this essent; and I think it's a great deal greatier. The ground—the water, too—is everal with leaves of bright colors; there are a lot of billing red swamp supples around it, is spon, and three or four char were with points. pond is very pretty in summer, when every-

"Foliate by leave, you move, are the theprest orthone in the fail," Fail continued, "and they're so large and grow so close together that they make a bit of woods look like a splendld statest."

"Oh, papel" exclaimed Lucia, clapping her hands, "let's go out to Haynton to-morrow, just for two or three days."

"Lacia," said her mother severely, "you forget all your engagements for the next few days."

"Oh, our cance wasn't one of those wr

little things; was it, Phil? Twee a great

"Why, mamma, the water wasn't knee leep; I measured is with the paddle." Mrs. Tramley sank back in her chair, and

whispered that if the family ever went to the country again she would not dare leave that child out of her sight for a single instant,

but she had hoped that a girl 20 years of age would have enough bense not to imperil her own life. As for that farmer fellow, she had

supposed he was sensible enough to "You wouldn't have tried that trick if I had been in the cance, Miss Tramley," said

Phil. "Why not?" asked Lucia. She knew how "Why not?" asked Lucia. She knew how

to look deflant without ceasing to be pretty.
"Well, I would have been responsible for

you, you know-your instructor in naviga-

tion, so to speak, and it's one of the first principles of that art not to take any ricks

Then everybody laughed,—overybody but Mrs. Tramley, who intimated to Marge that

Lucia was simply being ruined by her fa-

The dinner ended, the host and Marge re-

tired to the library to smoke. Phil was invited to accompany them, but Lucia ex-

"Phil has been too well brought up to have such bad habits. He is going to keep me from feeling stupid, as ladies always do

She took Phil's arm and led him to the

drawing room, where the young man soon

showed signs of being more interested in

the pictures on the wall than in the girl by

"These are very different from the pictures

you used to see in our little parlor in Hayn-

ton," said Phil. "Different from any in our

be legal to home, and insist that yours were

unlike any in New York; because they were,

"I didn't suppose they were anything un

"Ob, they were, though," insisted Lucia,

with much carnestness. "I'm sure you couldn't

find one of them in any parlor in New York.

Let me see; I do believe I could name them

all if I were to close my eyes a moment.

There was Gen. Taylor at the Battle of Buena

Vista,' 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' the

'Declaration of Independence,' 'Napoleon's

Tomb at St. Helena, 'Rock of Ages,' George

Abraham Lincoln and His Family' and

'Rum's Deadly Upas Tree.' There!"
"Your memory is remarkable," said Phil.

"I didn't suppose any one had even noticed

our pictures at all; for I'm sure they are old

"Old fashioned things-why, they're all the

Phil did not reply, for he was quite over-

powered by what seemed to him the elegance

of the Tremlay pictures. He could easily see

that the engravings were superior in quality

to those to which he was accustomed; he was

most profoundly impressed by the paintings

-real oil paintings, signed by artists some of

whose names he had seen in art reviews in

New York papers. He studied them closely,

one after another, with the carnestness of the

person whose tastes are in advance of his op-

portunities; in his interest he was almost for-

getful of Lucia's presence. But the going

found something to say about each picture

Among the paintings was one which had

been seen, in the original or replicas, in al-

most all the picture auctions which were fre-

trict for the purpose of fleecing men who

have more money than taste. Sometimes

the artist's name is German, oftener French,

and occasionally Italian; the figures and

background also differ from time to time as

to the nationality, and the picture is varia-

bly named "The l'arting," "Good-By," "Auf Wiederschen," "Good Night" or "Adieu,"

but the canvases all resemble one another in

displaying a young man respectfully kissing

the hand of a young woman. The Tramlays'

copy of this auctioneer's standby was called

'Adieu," the name being lettered in black on

the margin of the frame.
"Why," exclaimed I'nil, with the air of a

man in the act of making a discovery, "I am

sure I have seen a wood engraving of that

Lacia; "it's dreadfully old fashioned. Peo-

ple den't say 'adieu' in that way nowadays

old fashioned things were all the fashion."

"I don't see why they should do it," said

"I thought you said a moment ago that

Lucia shrugged her shoulders and said:

"Kissing hands may come in again." Then

she raised one of her own little hands slightly

and looked at it. Phil's eyes followed hers,

and then the young man became conscious

of a wish that the old form of salutation

might be revived, on special occasions at

least. The thought succeeded that such a

wish was not entirely proper, and while he

reasoned about it Lucia cought his eye and

compelled him to blush-an act which the

young woman perhaps thought pretty, for

she immediately imitated it, the imitation

being much more graceful and effective than the original. The situation was awk-

ward, and Phil instantly lost his self posses-

wall opposite that on which the mischief

making picture hung, "is papa's favorite

picture. He thinks everything of it; but I say it's simply dreadful."

It certainly was. The center of the canvas

which was enormous, was filled with severa

columns and a portion of the entablature of

"It is as large as all the other pictures com-

fined, you see; all the lines in it are straight.

and there isn't anywhere in it a dress, of a

bit of furniture, or even brie-a-brie.

qualities than those named by Lucia, and he seated himself ope sofe to study the picture in detail. Lucia sice set down, and con-

"There is color in it, to be sure; little of the columns where the light is most subdued are as lovely as—as a real Turkids ong."

Much shough Phil had endeavored to keep kinself in communication and sympathy with the stronger sentiments of the world outside of Raynton, he had never realized over the outside other adject of the mysterias and sentiments of

"Here," she said, turning so as to face the

painting in one of the illustrated papers."

except on the stage."

sion; but not so Lucia.

a ruined Greek temple.

quently held in the Now York business dis-

over which Phil lingered.

man did not intend to be forgotten, so she

fashion now, don't you know?" said Lucia,

Vashington.' Peale's 'Court of

with a protty laugh.

usual," said I'hfl, quite innocently.

"Are they?" said Lucia, "But you might

while gentlemen smoke after dinner."

unless something's to be gained by it."
"Good!" exclaimed Tramley.

'I'd have got a ducking."

ther's indulgence.

town, in fact."

you know.

son started him into laughter. The girl stemed surprised and offended, and Phil immediately

"I beg your partien," he murmured, quickly. "It was all because of my ignorance. We
haven't sny Turkish rugs at Haynton, nor
any other rugs, except those we lay on floore
and use very much as if they were carpets.
I ought to have known better, though; for I
remember that in eastern stories, where the
rure possessions of oriental kings and chiefs
are projected from are always classed with "Her father's own child," said Tannley.
"She forgets everything but the subject before her. She would make a good business man—if the working sid."

"I saw some couples out canosing at Mount Desert, last season," drawled Marge. "It seemed to me dreadfully dangerous, as well as very unconfortable for the lady."

"Oh our canon wasn't one of those wretched are spoken of, rugs are always classed with jewels and silks and other beautiful things. Please forgive me."

Flease forgive me."

Flaif in earnest, half pretending, Lucia continued to appear offended. Phil repeated his confession, and enlarged his explanation. In his earnestness he leaned toward her; Lucia dropped her head a little. Marge, who had finished his cigar, entered the parlor at that instant and raised his eyebrows—a mother than the contract of the temporary. little things; was it, raily long pond boat, made of beech hash"—
"Birch," suggested Phil.
"Birch bark, and so heavy that I couldn't upset it, though I tried my hardest."
"Lucin!" The voice was Mrs. Tramlay's, tion more significant in a man of his temperament than a tragic start would have been to ordinary flesh and blood. Lucia started and showed signs of embarrassment when she could no longer ignore his presence; Phil

merely looked up, without seeming at all dis-"I think, my dear," said Tramlay to his wife, who had been turning the backs of a magazine, "that I'll take our friend around to the club with me for half an hour, just to show him how city men squander their time and keep away from their families. I won't

"Oh, papa! right after dinner? We've scarcely seen Phil yet, to ask him any ques-"Plenty of time for that," the merchant

"We'll see him often; eh, Hayn!" "I shall be delighted," said Phil. "Suppose you drop him at my club on your way home?" suggested Marge. "I shall

"Good! thanks; very kind of you. He'll see some men nearer his own age; all our members are middle aged and stupid."
"I think it's real mean of you both," said "Not bad," assented Marge.
"But Pd have got something if Pd succeeded in upsetting the boat," said Lucia;

Lucia, with a pretty pout.

Phil looked as if he thought so too. At Haynton it was the custom, when one went out to dinner-or supper, which was the evening meal—to spend the evening with the entertainer. But objection seemed out of place; the merchant had gone for his hat and coat, and Margo made his adieus and was donning his overcoat at the mirror in the

"I'm very sorry to go," said Phil to Lucia His eyes wandered about the room, as if to take a distinct picture of it with him; they finally rested on the picture of "The Adieu." "You shall take my forgiveness with you," said the girl, "if you will solemnly promise

never, never to laugh at me again.' "I never will," said Phil, solemnly; then Lucia laughed and offered him her hand. Perhaps it was because I'hil had just removed his eyes from "The Adieu" and was himself about to say good-by, that he raised the little hand to his lip. Fortunately for her own peace of mind, Mrs. Tramlay did not see the act, for she had stepped into the library to speak to her husband; Marge, however, was amazed at what he saw in the mirror, and, a second or two later, at Phil's entire composure. Lucia's manner, however, puzzled him; for she seemed somewhat disconcerted, and

CHAPTER VIII.

her complexion had suddenly become more



brilliant than usual.

OR years Philip Hayn had been wondering about a hundred of two miles distant from ing, reading, and about it than thousands of men born and reared on Manhattan Island. He had dreamed of the day when he would visit the city, and had formed plans

and itineraries for consuming such time as he hoped to have, changing them again and again to conform to longer or shorter periods. He was prepared to be an intelligent tourist. to see only what was well worth being looked at and to study much that could not be seen in any other place which he was ever likely

At last he was in New York; his time would be limited only by the expense of remaining at hotel or boarding house Yet he found himself utterly without impulse to follow any of his carefully perfected plans. He strolled about a great deal, but in an utterly aimless way. He passed public buildings which he knew by sight as among those he had intended to inspect, but he did not even enter their doors; the great libraries in which for years he had hoped to quench the literary thirst that had been little more than tantalized by the collective books in Haynton were regarded with impatience. Of all he saw while rambling about alone, nothing really fixed his attention but the contents of shop windows. He could not pass a clothing store without wondering if some of the goods he saw within would not become him better than what he was wearing; he spent hours in looking at displays of dress goods and imagining how one or other pattern or fabric would look on Lucia; and he wasted many hours more in day dreams of purchasingonly for her-the bits of jewelry and other ornaments with which some windows were

Loneliness increased the weakening effect of his imaginings. He knew absolutely [no one in the city but the Tramlays and Marge, and he had too much sense to impose himself upon them; besides, Margo was terribly uninteresting to him, except as material for a study of human nature-material that was peculiarly unattractive when such a specimen as Lucia was always in his mind's eye and insisting upon occupying his whole attention.

His loneliness soon became intolerable; after a single day of it he hurried to the river, regardless of probable criticism and tensing based on his new clothes, to chat with Sol Mantring and the crew of the sloop. The interview was not entirely satisfactory, and Phil cut his visit short, departing with a brow full of wrinkles and a heart full of wonder and indignation at the persistency with which Sol and both his men talked of Lucia Tramlay and the regard in which they assumed Phil heid her. How should they imagine such a thing? He well knew-and detested the rural rage for prying into the affairs of people, particularly young men and women who seemed at all fond of one another; but what had he ever done or said to make these rough fellows think Lucia was to him anything but a boarder in his father's housef As he wondered, there came to his mind a line wirich he had often painfully followed in his copy book as school: "The face of youth is an

open book." Is did not tend at all to restore composure to his own face.

Hour by hour he found himself worse-company. He had never before made such a directory. There had been hundreds and there saids of days is his life when from dawn to dark he liad been alone on the farm, is the woods or is his fishing book, several miles of shore on the poems, yet the compunionship of his floughts had been antisfactory. He had sang and whistlet by the hour, resided to himself feverate bitmed, goods, and prose, released pid studies, and allows, as anjoyed himself se well thus quantimes he was an acquaintance would conver and inside at directors.

open book." It did not tend at all to restore

abundance of the things which he possesseth," but his observations of New York were severely straining his faith. He was entirely orthodox is his belief as to the prime source of riches, but he suddenly became conscious of an unhappy, persistent questioning as to why he also had not been born rich, or had riches thrust upon him. He understood now the mad strife for wealth which he had often heard aliuded to as the prevailing sin of large cities; he wished he knew how to strive for it himself—anywhere, in any way, if only he might always be one of the theusands of people who seemed to wear new elothes all the time, and spend their evenings in elegant

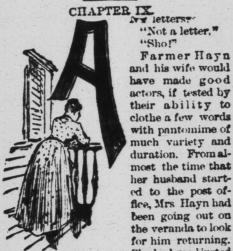
society, or in the gorgeous seclusion of pal-aces like that occupied by Marge's club. For instance, there was Marge. Phil had asked Tramlay what business Marge was in, and the reply was, "None in particular; lives on his income." What, asked Phil of himself, was the reason that such a man, who did not seem much interested in anything, should have plenty of money and nothing to do, when a certain other person who could keenly enjoy, and, he believed, honestly im-prove, all of Marge's privileges, should have been doomed to spend his life in hard endeavor to wrest the plainestifood from the jealous earth and threatening sea, and have but a chance glimpse of the paradise that the rich were enjoying—a glimpse which probably would make his entire after life wretched Could be ever again be what he had so long been !- a cheerful, contented young farmer and fisherman? He actually shivered as he called up the picture of the long road, alternately dusty and muddy, that passed his fa-ther's house, its sides of brown fence and straggling bushes and weeds converging in the distance, an uncouth human figure or a crawling horse and wagon its only sign of animation, and contrasted it with Fifth avenue, its boundaries handsome houses and its roadway thronged with costly equipages bearing well dressed men and beautiful wo-Passing the house of a merchant prince, he saw in the window a fine bronze group on a stand; how different from the little plaster vase of wax flowers and fruits which had been visible through his mother's "best room" window as long as he could re-

Yes, money was the sole cause of the difference: money, or the lack of it, had cursed his father, as it now was cursing him. None of the elderly men he saw had faces more intelligent than his father, yet at that very moment the fine old man was probably clad in oft patched trousers and cotton shirt, digging muck from a black slimy pit to enrich the thin soil of the wheat lot. And his mother; it made his blood boil to think of her in faded calico preparing supper in the plain old kitchen at home, while scores of richly clad women of her age, but without her alert, smiling face, were leaning back in carriages and seemingly unconscious of the blessing of being exempt from homely toil.

And, coming back to himself, money, or lack of it, would soon banish him from all that now his eye was feasting upon. It would also banish him from Lucia. He had read stories of poor young men whom won-drous chances of fortune had helped to the hands and hearts of beautiful maidens clad in fine raiment and wearing rare gems, but he never had failed to remind himself that such tales were only romances; now the memory of them seemed only to emphasize the sarcasm of destiny. Money had made between him and Lucia a gulf as wide as the ocean, as the distance between the poles.

He might have compared it with eternity, had not his eye been arrested by somebody in a carriage in the long line that was passing up the avenue. It was Lucia herself, riding with her mother. Perhaps heaven had pity on the unhappy boy, for some obstruction brought the line to a halt, and Phil, stepping from the sidewalk, found that the gulf was not too wide to be spanned, for an instant at least, by two hands.

CHAPTER IX "Not a letter," "Sho!" Farmer Hayn and his wife would



most the time that her husband started to the post office, Mrs Hayn had been going out on the veranda to look for him returning. She had readjusted her afternoon cap several times, as she would have done had she expected a visitor; she had picked faded buds from some late roses, had examined the base of one of the piazza posts to be sure that the old wistaria vine was not dragging it from its place, and had picked some bits of paper from the little grass plot in front of the house; but each time she went from one duty to another she shaded her eyes

and looked down the road over which her husband would return. She had eyes for everything outside the house-an indication of rot at an end of one of the window sills, a daring cocoon between two slats of a window blind, a missing screw of the door knob-all trifles that had been as they were for weeks, but had failed to attract her attention until expectation had sharpened her eyesight. As time wore on she went into the house for her spectacles; generally she preferred to have letters read to her by her husband, but

her absent son's writing she must see with her own eyes. Then she polished the glasses again and again, trying them each time by gazing down the road for the bearer of the expected letter. Calmness, in its outward manifesta tion, was noticeable only after her hope had again been deferred. As for the old man, who was quite as disappointed as his wife, he studied a partly osened vest button as if it had been an object of extreme value; then he sat down on

the steps of the veranda, studied all visible sections of the sky for a minute or two, and finally ventured the opinion that a middling lively shower might come due about midnight Then he told his wife of having met the min ister, who had not said anything in particular, and of a coming suction sale of which he had heard, and how eggs for shipment to the city had "looked up" three cents per dozen. Then he sharpened his pocket knife on his boot leg, handling it as delicately and trying its edge as cautiously as if it were an instrument of which great things were expected. Then both joined in estimating the probable cost of raising the youngest calf on the farm to its

Flour inform your renders that I have a positive specify for the above named disease. By its timely use the came of property one have been permanently or the came to be been permanently owner. I shall be glad to seen two better of my ready rate to any of your makes rate have grownpiles. I keep will see my their Expressional P. O. address. Because the Expressional P. O. address. Because the Expressional P. O. address.

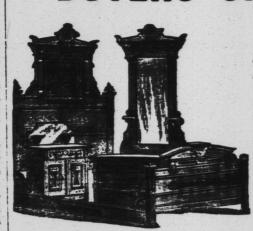
The tried to change the current of his thoughts by looking at other people; but the result was dismail in the extreme. He lounged down Fitch avenue, and from most that he saw he assumed that everybody who was having a pleasant time, driving fine horses, or living in a handsome house, was rich. He had been carefully trained in the belief that "a man's life consistent not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," but his observations of Naw V.

ANDERSON NUGENT & CO'Y

KENT STREET, NEAR THE MARKET.

You'll not be pressed to buy--Its bad style. If handsome and reliable goods combined with low prices don't tickle the fancy of customers at the time we'll look with confidence to the future, satisfied that no better or cheaper lines can be purchased in the Midland Counties.

BUYERS OF FURNITURE, READ THIS.



We have on hand Parlor Suites from \$28 up: Dining Room Suites, all prices; Bedroom Suites in many different woods and styles of finish; durable Kitchen Furniture; Bureaus and Sideboards, both elaborate and plain designs; Hall Furniture, Extension and Round Tables, Sofas, Lounges, Rattan and Plain Rockers, etc. It will repay all intending purchasers to look over our stock before purchasing

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.,

Lindsay, Sept. 19, 1889. - 67.

Hogg Bros.-Oakwood.

Lumber.

LUMBER AND WOOD.

KILLABY & KENNEDY, Wholesale and retail dealers in all LUMBER, BILL STUFF

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

FIREWOOD Of the best quality delivered to any part of the town.

Miscellaneous.

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

NIGAL'S LIVERY STABLES York Street Lindsay, Comfortable conveyances and good horses on hire at reasonable rates

TOB 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,

Loose Pulley Oilers, Steam

Jet Pumps, Farm Pumps,

ators, Dairy and Laundry

536 CRAIG STREET.

MONTREAL.

STEEL-LINED TRUNKS

In Sample, Ladies' and all other kinds.

Lightest and Strongest

TRUNKS

In the World.

J. EVELEIGH & CO.

MONTREAL,

Sole Mirs. for the Dominion

Wind Mills, Cream Separ-

THE BEST GARTH & CO., BAKING POWDER FACTORY SUPPLIES. MCLAREN'S GENOINE

No Alum. Nothing Injurious.

RETAILED EVERYWHERE.

D.A.MCCASKILL & Co MANUFACTURERS OF FINE CARRIAGE VARNISHES&JAPANS EASILVER MEDALS AWARDED MONTREAL

CHADWICK'S LEATHEROID SPOOL COTTON

For Hand and Machine Use. HAS NO SUPERIOR ASK FOR IT.

BALMORAL MONTREAL. Notre Dame St., one of the most central and elegantly furnished Hotels in the City.

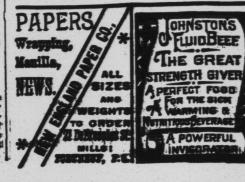
Accommodation for 400 guests. Rates: S. V. WOODRUFF, Manager

PEARS Sole Ag'ts for Canada. J. PALMER & SON Wholesale Imp'tra of DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES 1743 NOTRE DAME ST.,

DOMINION LEATHER BOARD COMPANY. Manufacturers of ASBESTOS MILLBOARD

Steam Packing, FRICTION MONTREAL PULLEY BOARD. ·SOAP. This is a Perfect Friction

THE BEST FOR LAUNDRY USE.



MARIPOSA GRAIN MARKET,

The Mariposa Grain Market will open on MONDAY NEXT, 23rd INSTANT.

-PAID FOR-Wheat, Barley, Peas, Oats, Etc.

Chopping done at the Elevator

MONTREAL HOUSES HOUSES HOUSES HOUSES HOUSES HOUSES.

OAKWOOD.

Oskwood, Sept. 17, 1889 -67.

James Reith

SULKY PLOW.

WESTWARD HO.

The lightest running, most simple, durable and ensiest managed Sulky Plow in Canada. All farmers who have seen this Westward Ho in operation prono ence it to be lighter in draft than any sulky made.

Go to KEITH'S and get one,

AND TRY IT FOR YOURSELF. Lindsay, Aug. 19th 1889.-63

L. O'Connor.

..O'CONNOR

Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies Waggons, etc.,

invites attention to his splendid New Stock now ready in his show room for inspection. Every 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 to

EFRepairs Promptly and Carefully Attended to. B A good stock of Perambulator n 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. is simple in construction, very strong, and not liable to get out of order, is light of draft and easy to handle. It cleans admirably, and in fact does its work perfectly. See it before purchasing any other.

Plows for sale at the MANUFACTURER'S, Mount Pleasant.

Mount Pleasant
Mount Pleasant
V. ROWAN, Bethany, and
V. & S. H. HEST, Water st., Peterbox

364 Piblishat, Sopt. 6th, 1888.—65-tf.