piece while at work, and wondered what could have befallen the hitherto faithful

family clock. Again the bell sounded, and when he looked in the direction of the house

he saw, on the brow of the hill behind the

orchard, his mother waving her apron to him. Something was the matter; what could

"Father's writ. We've got a letter!"

Phil ran nearly all the way up the hill; he had not performed that difficult feat since he

and another boy had raced up, in coasting time, in wild strife as to which should capture

away from home before, except when on jury

duty in the county town, in many years, yet from the old lady's manner it seemed the let-

ter must contain something unusual. As he

reached the hill top his mother placed the

"I thought mebbe you'd better see it at

"DEAR OLD GIRL-Your husband is about susual, though the well water in this town

ain't fit for decent cattle to drink. I've seen some of the sights, and wished more than once that I had you along; if things turn out as they look, though, I'll bring you down in

style yet. I've run against the folks that

looked at our south ridge with a view to making a cottage village, and, as luck would have it, they knew Mr. Tramlay, who's rolled

up his sleeves and done his best to help clinch

things and make a good thing out of it for me.

need Phil; Mr. Tramlay wants him too; and

wish you'd tell him to pack his bag and get

back here as soon as he can. The boys can

take care of the animals, and there's nothing

else on the farm but can wait till I get back.

present, from your loving husband.

tin' off at once," said his mother.

care of the place for a few days?"

erful sight o' days bee

than I am."

"The Lord be with you all, so no more at

"P. S.-That gal ain't no more engaged

Phil fook off his hat, rubbed his eyes, look-

ed away in the direction of the ditch exten-

sion, and made a face at the faithful old

"I s'pose you'd better be thinkin' about get-

"Father's will is law," said Phil, in the

calmest tone he could command. "Do you

think the boys and Carlo can help you take

"To be sure," said his mother, "an' a pow-

your father from drudgin' away the rest of

his days. An' I ain't above sayin' that I'd

stand a good deal of loneliness if I thought

'twould end in my stoppin' trottin' around in

a pint pot day in an' day out. An' you,"

said the old lady, looking at her son, "I want

to see the time come when I can take them

old boots out to a brush heap an' burn 'em

out o' sight an' knowledge. But what does

your father mean about that gal not bein'

"I suppose so," said Phil, carelessly, though

fort. "When he found me he asked me about

her, along with the other folks, and I told

him, just as I'd heard, that she was engaged

to be married. Father must have been ask-

ing some pointed questions about her. It

does beat everything the interest that old

men sometimes take in young women who

aren't kith nor kin to them, doesn't it! I

guess it's about as well that I'm going back,

if only to keep the old gentleman's country

curiosity within proper bounds. Don't you

"She ain't engaged," said Mrs. Hayn, ig-

noring her son's explanation and his attempt

at joking. "She ain't engaged," the old lady

(Continued next week.)

VARIETIES.

George W Scott, a very intelligent farmer living a few miles west of Clinton, Iowa, has recently excited the fears of his neighbors regarding his sanity be-cause he has built a site.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as pile, sairs, etc. when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters a medicine that moves the howels gently, cleaning all impurities from the system and rendering the blood pure and

Wife-James, do you know that you are a very small man? Husband-How ridiculous! I am nearly six feet in height. Wife-That makes no difference

whenever I ask you for money to go shopping, you are always short,

J. G. Edwards.

said. You-

ner was the result of prodigious ef-

engaged? Is it that Tramlay gal?"

des, if it's goin' to sav

"REUBEN."

Phil took it and read aloud, as follows:

sheet in his hand, saying:

# "Try Ayer's Pills"

Stephen Lansing, of Yonkors, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would hend only three words of These words would be- Try Ayer's mine, I could banish Gout from the land.

" By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumamonths. These Fills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

### Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Novada City, writes:
"I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen rears, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Aver's Fills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christenson, Sherwood, Wis.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Dr. J. O. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

# The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 1, 1866.

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

[Copyrighted by J. R. Lippincott company, pubers, Philadelphia, and published by permissios through the American Press Association.)

"Of course not. Afr. Tramley doesn't take boarders.

Ort to her been willin' to take ye in for a few days, though, I should think, considerin'. Didn't be even offer tof" "No. Why should he!" asked Phil, begin-

ning to lose his temper. "He paid his way while he was here; I paid mine in New York.

"Oh!" drawled the rustle; then he put on a judicial air and devoted two or three minutes to analyzing Phil's statement and Either accepting both or mentally noting an exception for future use he con-

"His gal's as pooty as ever, I s'poset"

The questioner's gane changed somewhat; by various complicated twitches he slowly worke I the blankness out of his face and replaced it by an attempt at a smile; then he slowly extended a long arm over the back of the seat, and unfolded a massive forefinger, which he tirust violently into the region of Phil's vest pocket as with a loor he ex-"Kee!"

"Don't be a jackass!" exclaimed Phil, frowning angrily at the fellow. Instead of being abashed the boor seemed highly delighted, and exclaimed, in somewhat the accent of the animal Phil had named: "law, baw, haw! Give ye the mitten, did

"It'll be time for any girl to give me the mitten when I give her the chance, Mr. Bloke," said Phil, picking up his bag and starting toward another seat.

"(the set down; I didn't think ye was the kind offeller to go an' git mad at an old neighbor that's only showin' a friendly interest in ye," said the man, in tones of re-"Set down. Why, I hain't asked yo half what I want to; you've gone an' put a lot of it out of my head, too, by flyin' off of the handle in that way."

"Haynton!" shouted the conductor, as the train stopped with a crash. Phil hastily rose; so did his termenter, whose face was an absolute agony of appeal as he said:

"Lemme help ye up to the house with yer bag. 1) st remembered that Naomi has been at me for a week to ask your mother some-thin' when I druv by. Might or well do it to-night as any time; then I can give yea friendly lift.

"I'm not going to walk out home," said Phil, hastily, "if I can"
"Well, I'd jest as lieve ride," said the man.

"I'wo men and a driver and a big bag aren't going to squeeze into a buggy with seats for only two, if I can help it," said Phil. "Say," whispered the native, confidentially, as the two reached the platform, "I b'lieve I know where I can borry a team as casy as fallin' off of a log. Jost you stand here a minute or two -all the boys is dyin' to see you-an' I'il hook up an' be back."

The man disappeared with great rapidity for a being of his structural peculiarities. Thit looked quickly about, dashed across the track and under some she toring trees in a small unlighted street, then he made a detour through the outskirts of the little village to reach, without being observed, the road to his father's farm. The sound of an approaching wagon caused him to hide quickly behind a clump of wild blackberries; but when he saw the driver was not his persecutor he again took the road, muttering, as he plod-

ded along: "Bloke isn't half through with me ret, he said to himself. And he is only one of fifty or sixty men a good deal like him-to say nothing of women! 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.'"

Thanks to the charity of deep twilight, there was nothing unsightly about the familfar road, and as Phil neared the mass of shadow from which two lights gleamed inst as they had done nightly ever since he had first approached his home after dark, his heart gave a mighty bound. Then his heart repreached him that he had thought so little about his mother during his absence that he had not brought her even the simplest pres-ent. He would write back to his father to get him something which he knew would please her; and in the mean time He would wy to give her more love than ever before. If he could not have a certain new occupant for his heart, he would at least be as much as possi-ble to those whom the Lord had given him.

Once within the gate, his better self took entire possession of him. Neither his mother nor his brothers should find him other than he had ever been affectionate, cheerful and attentive. He stole softly to a window of the sitting room, to see if the family were

He saw his two little brothers absorbed in a game of checkers. His mother sat by the table, reading a letter which Phil recognised by the hotel's printed heading; it was insthat is must have been received long before

ii—the dear souli—as prople will so do with letters which centain too well as those which are full.

Phil had to keep back some terre of re-more as he sprang upon the veranda and threw the door open. Down dropped the let-ter, over went the checker table and board, two chairs, and one small boy, and in a moment several country people were as happy as if the sea had given up its dead or a long time wanderer had returned. There are some glorious compensations for being simple minded.

CHAPTER IV.

FEE PATTED CALF—SUT THE MEIGHBORS, TOO. THOUGHTFUL man once remarked that a special proof of divine wisdom was that the dear old story of the Prodigal Son did not reproduce any of the conversation of the neighbors with or regarding the naughty boy, for had this also been given as it really occurred no subsequent peni-tent would ever

Philip Hayn was not a prodigal; he had spent none of his inheritance except as specially evdered by his father, and his only ground of self reproach was regarding an affair about which the neighbors had no means of obtaining information; yet the

means of obtaining information; yet the special efforts made by the family to manifest their joy at regaining him were unequal to the task of overcoming the disquieting effects of the neighbors' tongues.

The dreadful man who had caught Phil on the train had spread the news of the boy's return, so next morning the road from the village to Hayn Farm presented an appearance as animated as if an auction had been appointed in that viginity, or if some been announced in that vicinity, or if some one had been found dead in the woods. Men old and young, wives and maidens, and even little children, devised excuses for visiting the farm. People who came from the other direction were already supplied with the standard excuse—they wanted to borrow something; those who had really borrowed so often as to doubt their welcome made heroic efforts to return what they had already bor-

To escape the succession of visitors at the house I'hil went to the barn yard to see a new family of pigs of which his little brothers had informed him, but just above the fence line he saw two pairs of eyes-with their attendant heads, of course—that had been lying in wait for an hour or two, after the manner of that class of countrymen, evidently among the last offshoots from the brutes, who apparently have an inherited animal apprehension of harm should they enter the den of any species higher than their own.

"(luess you didn't see any pigs like them down to York?' shouted the owner of one pair of eyes, while the other pair opened as if they would engulf the returned traveler. Phil nodded his head negatively and precipitately retreated to the barn, where he found quite a respectable old farmer studying the beach wagen.

"Reuben reckoned mebbe he could gimme a bargain if I'd take this off his hands," he said, by way of explanation, "so I thought I'd take a look at it." The old man shook the wheels, tapped the bed, examined the iron work closely, remarking, as he did so:

"Reckon, by his wantin' to dispose of it, hat them city folks ain't a comin' h ummer to be druv down to the beach, ch?" "I don't know," said the unhappy youth. He was grateful to the old fellow for not looking him in the eye, like a witness teaser, as he asked the question, yet he longed to kick him out of the barn and lock the doors, so that there would be one less place for the enemy to lie in wait. He returned to the house, and entered the kitchen just in time to hear a feminine neighbor say:

"I s'pose he'll wear his new clothes-them that Sol Mantring fetched word about-to church on Sunday!"

Phil abruptly got an ax and went to the wood lot; his first impulse was to take his gun, but half in jest and half in carnest he told himself that he would not dare to have arms in his hands if the torment was to continue. Yet even while in the depths of the ancestral forest he was not safe, for, on the hollow pretense of tracking a dog who had been stealing sheep, a neighbor followed Phil to the woods, found him by the tell tale blows of the ax, and had him at his mercy for a full hour. The visitor had mentally set apart a half day for the work.

"There's one way o' gettin' rid of this raft o' people," said Mrs. Hayn, who rapidly became as indignant as her son at the persistency with which people brought, Lucia's name into conversation. "One would s'pose that the world had got back to the way it was in old Father Adam's day, as far as gale was concerned, an' there was only one female that anybody could take a notion to. They come a-pesterin' the life out o' me, just as if I knowed any more about it than they dowhich I don't." Then the anxious mother looked slyly, and somewhat reproachfully, at

her son, who flushed and said: "Tell us the way of getting out of it, mother, and at least one of your children will arise and call you blessed.'

"Why, it's to have the minister an' his wife to tea. It's manners, an' pretty much everybody knows it, not to disturb anybody the day they're goin' to have the minister." "Let's have him," said Phil, eagerly; "I'll

do anything to help you get ready-beat eggs, stone raisins-anything but go to the store for nutmegs and be caught by the proprietor and all his customers. Say, mother, why can't you invite the other ministers too, on successive days?"

"You will wear your new clothes, though, when the minister comes, won't you?" asked the old lady with some timidity. "You know I hain't seen 'em on you yet, an' I'm a-dyin' to, though I hain't liked to put you to the trouble of dressin' up on purpose, knowin' how men hate to try things on."

Phil promised; he could not resist his mother's appealing eyes. As the old lady prophesied, the family were not annoyed the day of the supper to the minister. Phil's conscience was not easy in anticipation of the expected guest, for he knew he would be questioned about the appearance of noted New York divines whom he would be supposed to have heard, whereas the only service he had attended was at the Tramlays' church, the paster of which had no notoriety

Perhaps it was to punish his youthful parishioner for neglect of religious privileges that the good man questioned Phil quite closely about the Tramley family and delivered a thoughtful analysis of the character of the oldest daughter, with comments upon the probable effects of marriage on various qualities of her nature. After each statement he appealed to Phil for corroboration, and on his way home confided to his wife that he believed he had fully prepared the dear young brother for what he might expect should he take the important step upon which in all

probability he was resolved. Phil endured with becoming fortitude the minister's remarks about Lucia, and the whispered but not unheard comments of the minister's wife on the store clothes," which had been worn in deference to Mrs. Rayn's request. He are the three kinds of solid cake without which no support to a Haynton minister was supposed to be complete. He made unusual effort, his father being away, to cause the visit one to be pleasantly remember.

be had heard easied the "Modern Sedom" and the "American Babylou" had not destroyed or even weakened his interest in religious subjects, and he was prepared to retire with a more peaceable mind than he had known in several days. But after the table had been cleared and the uneaten pieces of cake carefully put in an earthen jar against the next Sunday's tea, and Phil was about to go to his room, his mother said:

"Dearie, I s'pose you'll wear your new

"Dearie, I s'pose you'll wear your new black things to meetin' Sunday mornin', won't you!"

"Oh, mother," said Phil, with a frown quickly succeeded by a laugh, "nobody ever wears such a coat to church. Everybody would laugh at me."
"Dear me!" said the old lady, evidently disappointed quite deeply. "I want to know! Then when be you goin' to wear it!"
"Never, I suppose," said Phil, his smile venishing. "I was an extravagant fool to how that coat. I'll never forgive myself for work that ever fell to a farmer's lot. He dragged one heavily booted foot after the other from the cose, leaned on his spade and offered himself five minutes' rest.

He looked wearily along the prolongation of the line of the ditch already completed, and wondered hew many hundred days the entire improvement would require. Before he decided his calculations were disturbed by the sound of the family dinner bell. He looked at the sun, which was his only timeniece while at work, and wondered what that cost. I'll never forgive myself for

"Never!" the old lady had echoed. "Then your poor old mother, who loves you better than anybody in the world, is never to see

"She chan't wait another hour!" said Phil, burrying out of the room, and telling himself that his mother cared more for him than all his New York friends combined. He dressed himself anew, with as much care, though not as much trepidation, as when preparing for the Dinon party; he even slipped out of doors and by lighting two or three matches selected a bud from a rose bush which was carefully covered from the frost every night. He dressed his hair carefully, caressed his moustache into the form a barber had told him was most becoming to his style of face, and squeezed his feet into the low, tight, patent leather shoes which a shoemaker had assured him were the only proper thing for evening dress. Then he came down stairs, whist-

ling "Hail to the Chief." Mrs. Hayn hastily adjusted the spectacles she had been polishing, and as Phil entered the room she threw up both hands in amasement and delight. It was worth the price of a coat, thought I'hil to himself, to estable that dear, honest old face to express so much enjoyment. As his mother gazed at him. Phil went through the various poses which had been demanded of him when he was a child even later—and clothes were being fitted to him by the trustworthy Sarah Tweege; he turned around, presented one side view and the other, walked across the room and back, and saluted his mother with his most profound how. His mother's delight knew no bounds. Finally the good old lady took both his hands, held him at arms' length, looked as if she never could see enough of him; then she gave him a motherly bug and exclaimed: "I should think she'd have fell dead in love with you the minute she clapped her eyes on

you with all those things on.' Phil retired hastily, and when he removed his dress coat he savagely shook his fist at it.

CHAPTER XVI. MORE NEWS THAT WAS NOT RNOUGH. York developments of Phil's acquaint-

ITTLE by little the excitement over Phil's return abated, being merged in curiosity as to why his father was remaining in the city. Local curiosity was somewhat discouraged, too, by a few sharp retorts to persons who were impertinently inquisitive about the New

ance with Lucia. There was no lack of stories however. regarding the couple; in any part of the civilized world, no matter how stolid the inhabitants, there is imagination enough to replace the absent links in a desired chain of

All that Haynton and its vicinity really knew about the supposed Hayn-Tramlay affair was that the Tramlays had been at Hayn fare, that they had a daughter named Lucia whose age did not differ much from Phil's, that Phil had been in New York for more than a fortnight, that he had gone direct from Sol Mantring's sloop to Tramlay's office, that he had been seen in New York in store clothes, and that he admitted having seen Lucia once or twice. Out of bese few facts, which would have been useless to even a detective were he unable to treat them as mere clews to be followed carefully, the enterprising people of Haynton constructed a number of stories, each of which hung together admirably. That they differed radically from one another was not the fault of the local romancers; they had honestly done their best

with the material at hand. Phil did not regard the matter in this light. When day by day his little brothers returned from school with tales they had heard from class mates and wondered greatly that they had not first heard them at home, Phil's temper broke loose so suddenly that the boys almost feared to repeat all they had heard. The wrathful young man learned that he had proposed to Lucia and been refused, that he had been accepted, apparently at the same interview, that Tramlay was to build a handsome house on the water front of Hayn Farm for his daughter as a wedding present, that Phil took his refusal so seriously to heart that he was going to study for the ministry, and that while in New York he had fallen into drinking habits so deeply that Tramlay had been obliged to write Farmer Hayn to burry to the city and remove his unfortunate

son from the scene of temptation. Phil grumbled and stormed; he even vowed that if goesip about him did not end he would go to sea. He thought seriously of publishing a list of denials in the weekly paper, edited in the county town, which devoted a column of two to Haynton news. Then he wondered whether he might not make a confident of the minister and beg that a sermon be preached on the sinfulness of gossip; but this plan dissppeared abruptly when the statement of his approaching marriage was traced, almost

rith certainty, to the minister himself. But the worst trial of all remained, On Sunday he met at church and in the young people's Rible class all the girls who lived at or near Haynton. Some of them belonged to churches other than that which included the Hayn family among its members, but for once they waived denominational preferences and went to the First church, and not only to see Phil's new clothes and cane, of which Sol Mantring had brought such astonishing re-

They were as good and sweet hearted, those Haynton girls, as any of their sex on the face of the earth. Fashions a triffe old and lack of professional advice as to how best to enwhere for a mate, but that the young mass himself was greatly to blame for such a course was the general opinion among them, and they would have at least the consolation of seeing how he had been affected by a step so unusual among Haynton youth. And what questions these girls' eyes did ask! There was no need that they should put any of them into words; Phil understood them all, with the result that never before on Sunday had be heard so little of sermon, hymn or prayer, or betrayed so feeble a grasp of or prayer, or betrayed so feeble a grasp of the topic of the day in the Bible class. So seriously was his mind disturbed that he held hisself sharply to account, "examined

G. A. Metherell got minuter, and resolved that lack of coop pation was at the bottom of his trouble. He would begin bright and early Monday morning an extension of the big ditch in the marsh land; if the mud and stones and roots

and quicksands, the tugging and straining and perspiring, sure to be incident to the and perspiring, sure to be incident to the work would not cure him, he grimly told himself, there his case was hopeless indeed.

Bravely he kept his word. At sunrise he was already on his way to the marsh, and by the middle of the morning a single sensation encompassed his entire mind; it was that ditching was the hardest, dirtiest, forlornest work that ever fell to a farmer's lot. He described one heavily hooted foot after the For School Books, Schoo Requisites,

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G. A. METHERELL Opposite New Post Office.

it bet a trampt—a persistent lightning rod
man? He hurried toward the house, and soon Also Agent for the Celebrated Uxsaw that his mother was waving also something that looked like a handkerchief and then like a piece of paper. A little nearer and he heard his mother shouting: bridge Organ and Mendelssohn

Piano & Singer Sewing Machine.

Lindsay, August 28, 1889.-64. J. Riggs.

a popular girl and take her down on his sled.

A letter from his father was indeed an unu-WORTH sual event, for the old man had not been

-OF-

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JOS. RIGGS'. Lindsay, June 10, 1889.-53.

Miscellaneous.

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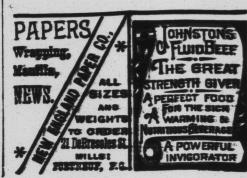
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nspect and hear his prices. Affice Promptly and Carefully Attended to. 12 A good stock of Perambulator on hand at Lower Prices than heretofore.

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Lindsay, June 18, 1889. - 54-tf. Sylvester Bros. Man'tg Co.

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Sylvester Bros. Mfg. Co., Lindsay, July 23, 1889.-59.

Isaiah Best.-Mount Pleasant.



Mt. Pleasant, Sept. 6th, 1889.-55 tf.

Lindsay, May 12, 1886.—99.

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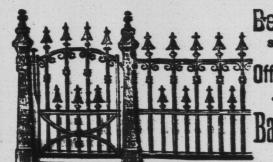
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