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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1889.

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

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> CHAPTER XX. AN OLD QUESTION REPEATED.



breathed a gentle sigh of relief when ie heard of Philip Hayn's sudden de parture from the metropolis: had he known the cause of the young man's exit he would in gratitude have given a fine dinner to hearing that Marge was to marry Lu-

ola. Not knowing of this rumor, he called at the Tramlay abode, ostensibly to invite Lucia and her mother to the theatre, and from the manner of the ladies he assumed that Phil, with the over confidence of youth, had proposed and been rejected. Marge's curiosity as to what the head of the family could want of the young man was allayed by Mrs. Tramley's statement that the visit was due wholly to her husband's ridiculous manher of inviting each country acquaintance to come and see him if he ever reached New York; his subsequent hospitality to Philip was only for the purpose of keeping on good terms with some old fashioned people who might some day again be useful as hosts, and who could not be managed exactly as professional keepers of boarding houses.

But Marge's curiosity was rearoused the very day after he received this quieting information, for he chanced to meet the merchant with the young man's father, and was introduced to the latter.

Instantly the old question returned to his lips, "What can Tramley want of that fellips, "What can Tramley want of that fel-low?" Again his curiosity subsided, when he learned of the cottage city project, and, while agreeing to assume a quarter of the ex-pense of the enterprise, he complimented Tramley on his ability to find something to profit by, even while estensibly enjoying an occasional day's rest in the country. But when, a day or two later, Phil reappeared and was presented to him as the old furmer's fepresentative -us the real holder, in fact, of full quarter of the company's stock-Marge looked suspiciously at the merchant, and asked

"What can Tramlay want of that fellow?" Reasoning according to the principles on Which many small real estate companies of corporations developing a patent are formed, Marge soon informed himself that Tramlay, whose shrewdness he had always held in high respect, preferred the son to the father, as being the easier victim of the two. The processes of frightening out or "freezing out" an inventor of farmer who had put his property in the hands of a stock company were not entirely unknown to Marge, and he naturally assumed that they would be easier of spoiled of its own, Marge proposed to see that not all the spoils should go to the merchant, How better could be improve his own position with Tramley then by making himself the merchant's superior in finesset

He would have the advantage of being able to watch Phil closely, and of knowing first when he might be inclined to sell out at a sacrifice; should the young man, like most of his age and extraction, develop an insatiable appetite for city joys that cost money, he, Marge, would cheerfully supply him with money from time to time, taking his stock as security, and some day the merchant would suddenly find himself beaten at his own game,
The mere thought of such a triumph impelled
the deliberate Marge to take a small bottle
of champagne with his midday luncheon luxury which he usually reserved until even-

son-in-law. If there had been such treasme-tions, perhaps a share of the liminess was to pay for them. Inquiries of the bunking ac-queintances did not make the matter chance to Marge; so he resolved to devote himself to the new clerk, as he could affely do in his ca-pacity of co-director of the Improvement company. The young man had considerable pacity of co-director of the Improvement company. The young man had considerable self possession, Marge admitted to himself; but what would it avail against the fine methods of a man of twice his years, all spent among men who considered it legitimate-business to pry into the business affairs of others?

So Marge began operations at once; no time was to be lost. He had no difficulty in making his approaches, and his courtesless were so deftly offered that Phil could not help accepting many of them and feeling grateful for kindness rendered. The young nan's suspicions were soon disarmed, for, like nonorable natures in general, he abhorred suspicion. That there was a purpose in all of Marge's actions Phil could not avoid believing, but little by little he reached the conclusion that it was simply to forward the Improvement company's prospects. As Marge himself said, Phil knew the company's land thoroughly, and was the only person who could talk of it intelligently. Any vestiges of distrust that remained were swept away when Marge succeeded in having the privi-leges of his club extended to Phil for three months, pending application for admission. It was a small club, and exclusive; Phil heard it named almost reverently by some roung men who longed to pass its portals, and among its members were a few men of a social set more prominent than that in which the Tramlays moved.

To Marge's delight, Phil began to spend money freely at the club; Marge had seen other young men do likewise, and there was but one end to be expected if their parents are not rich. Phil drank no wine, smoked no cigars, yet when he thought it proper to caterer could supply was on the table. He did not seem to have any other expensive habits, except that he dressed so carefully that his tailor's bill must be large; still, a gradually to cause Marge dismay. Where did it all come from? He could scarcely be earning it in his capacity of junior clerk in an iron house. Could it bothat Tramlay had him in training for the position of son-inlaw, and was paying the cost of introducing him favorably to the notice of some sets of New York society to whom he could not present him at his own house? Such a course would be quite judicious in a father desiring wider acquaintance for his daughter when she should become a bride; but, if it really were being pursued, would he, Marge, ever hear the end of the rallying to which his own part in the programme would subject him?

There was more torment in this view of the case than Marge had ever experienced in his life before, and it robbed him at times of his habitual expression to an extent that was noticeable and made him the subject of some club chat. No matter how exclusive a club may be, no matter how careful in the selection of its members that none but gentlemen may be upon its list, it cannot prevent a small, gradual, but distinct and persistent aggregation of gossips—fellows whose energies, such as they are, tend solely to investigation of the affairs of their acquaintances. There was not an hour of the day or night when several of these fellows could not be found at Marge's club, lounging as listlessly and inconspicuously as so many incurables at a hospital, but Marge knew by experience that these were the only fellows worth going to if he wanted to know all that was being said their ridge land for an amount of money the mere interest of which would bring them more profit than the crops coaxed from that thin soil. The plan would be end them still about a member, particularly if it was uncomplimentary. And now, confound them, possibly they were talking about him, and intimating that he was being used to improve the standing of his own rival!

Still, as he informed himself, all his annoyance came from a mere supposition, which might be entirely without foundation. Perhaps the young man had means of his own; he had not looked like it when he first appeared in New York, but appearances some-times were deceitful. Marge had heard Tramlay allude to Phil's father as an honest old farmer to whom fortune had not been any too generous; but perhaps he had been estimating the old man's possessions only by New York standards; was it not the farming class that originally took up the greater part of the government's great issues of bonds?

And, yet, if the young men had money of his own or of his father's, where did he keep it? Had he ever displayed a check, to indicate his banking place, Marge would have found ways of ascertaining the size and na-ture of his account. But, though he had several times seen Phil pay bills which were rather large, the settlements were always made with currency. Was it possible, Marge asked himself, that the traditional old stocking was still the favorite bank of deposit for the fural community? It might have releved his mind to know that the countryman's customary method, when he has money, is to carry a great deal of currency, and that instead of making payments by check he draws bank notes with which to pay.

And so the weeks went on, and Marge did not accomplish anything that he had intended

when he began to devote himself to the young man from the country. Phil borrowed no money, squandered none at cards, did not run into dissipation, offered no confidences, and, although entirely approachable, was as se-cretive about his personal affairs as if he had been sworn to silence. Even on the sub-ject of Lucia, which Marge had cautiously approached several times, he talked with a calmness that made Marge doubt the evidence of his own senses. Phil did not even wince when Marge reminded him of the horse he knew of that would match Marge's own, the reason assigned being that the sleighing seaapplication to a green young man like Philip than to a clear headed old man as Farmer Hayn seemed to be. But if the furth element of the company was to be despoiled of its own, Marge proposed to see that could make himself even by selling, in case

the animal did not please Marge.

The horse arrived; he pleased Marge, who was delighted with the impression the new team made upon the family and his acquaint-ances generally, Phil included. Marge was not equally pleased, however, when within a few days farmer Hayn sent his son a pair of few days farmer Hayn sent his son a pair of black horses, which, though of no blood in particular, had a quality of spirit and style not to be expected of high born animals long acoustomed to city pavements and restricted to the funeral gait prescribed by park commissioners' regulations. With their equally untamed country bred owner to drive them, the span created quite a sensation, and, to Margu's disguet, the Tramlays seemed to prefer them to the pair on which he had incurred extra expense for the sake of Lucia and har mother.

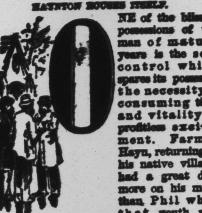
header friend complained that, although the said friend's father had been promised a place for his son in Tramlay's office when the iron trade should look up, Tramlay had taken in a countryman instead. His own eyes soon confirmed the intelligence, and, as Tramlay made no explanation or even mention of the fact, Marge again found himself asking:

"What can Tramlay want of that fellow?"

Evhiently it meant either business or Lacela. Ferhaps the merchant during the long depression of the iron trade had borrowed money of the young man's father, or was now borrowing of him, to avail himself of his increasing opportunities. (Marge had the city man's customary but erroneous impression as to the bank surpline of the average of himself of the show named disease, By its timely use thousands of himself and horsession.

to the bank surplus of the average "well to do" igraer.) If Tramlay were merely a borfower, except against notes and bills receivathe iron had not looked up anough to instife the west Adeinide street. Toronto on.—47-177.

CHAPTER IXL HAXINTON BOU NE of the blimful pomenions of the an of mature



urs is the self control which consuming time and vitality in less szcitement. Farmer Hayn, returning to his native village, had a great deal more on his mind than Phil when

that youth pre-ceded him a few days before. It is true that Phil was bemoaning what he believed to be the loss of a sweetheart, but the old man's the loss of a sweetheart, but the old man's thoughts were equally full of the possible gain of a daughter—an earthly possession he had longed for through many years, but been denied. He had also a large and promising land speculation to engage his thoughts—a speculation which, apparently, would bring the family more gain in a year than three generations of Hayns had accumulated as a second of the second o century. He was planning more enjoyments for his gray haired, somewhat wrinkled old wife, should the Improvement company's plans succeed, than any happy youth ever devised for his bride, and he knew exactly how they would affect the good woman—a privilege which is frequently denied the newly made husband.

And yet his mind and countenance were as serene and undisturbed as if he were merely looking forward to the peaceable humdrum of a farmer's winter. The appearance of fields and forests past which the train hur-ried him did not depress him as they did his son; a shabby farm house merely made him thank heaven that his own was more sightly and comfortable; a bit of pine barren or scrub cak reminded him, to his great satisfaction, that his own woodland could be trusthabits, except that he dressed so carefully that his tailor's bill must be large; still, a man who gives dinners at clubs must have plenty of money. From being a source of arm and stronger will had transformed simigratification, Phil's free use of money began | lar bogs into ground more fertile than some

to which nature had been kinder. Nor did he lose his serenity when the na-tives came down on him like a famished horde of locuste and demanded news of what was going on in the city. He cheerfully told them nearly everything he knew and parried undesirable questions without losing his temper. He pointed with pride to his subsoil plow and his wife's new bread pan, and told how the lenses in his new spectacles had been made to equalize the strength of his eyes, instead of being both alike, as in the glasses of the village stores. He had heard all the great preachers, had a good square talk with the commission merchant to whom most Haynton farm products went, seen everything that the newspapers advertised as wonderfully cheap, bought some seed oats larger than any ever seen in Haynton, got a Sunday hat which was neither too large nor too small, too young nor too old, and added to the family collection of pictures a photograph of the Washington monument and an engraving of the "Death of President Gar-

Haynton and its environs simply quivered with excitement over all the news and personal property which the farmer brought back; but it experienced deeper thrills when the old man told his neighbors that he knew of a plan by which they might get rid of their ridge land for an amount of money the a lot of cottagers would make a brisk cash market for the vegetables which Haynton ground produced so easily, and which Haynton farmers moaned over because they could not at present sell the surplus at any price, much less at the figures which their agricul-tural newspapers told them were to be obtained in large cities.

Would they take ten dollars per acre for their ridge land, the money to be forfeited unless the remainder of two hundred per acre were paid within a year? Would they Well, they consented with such alacrity that the farmer soon had to write to New York for more currency. Before Thanksgiving day the Haynton Bay Improvement company controlled a full mile of shore front, and there was more money in circulation in the village than could be remembered except by the oxlest inhabitant, who was reminded of the good old times when in 1813 a privateer, built and manned in Haynton's little bay, had carried a rich prize into New York and come home to spend the proceeds.

Small mortgages were paid off, dingy houses appeared in new suits of paint, several mothers in Israel bought new Sunday dresses. two or three farmers gave their old horses and some money for better ones, the aisle of ne church was carpeted and another church obtained the bell that for years had been longed for, a veteran pastor had fifty dollars added to his salary of four hundred a year, and got the money, too; several families began to buy parlor organs on the installment plan; one farmer indulged in the previously unheard of extravagance of taking his family, consisting of his wife and himself, to New York to spend the winter, and another dedicated his newly found money and his winter enforced leisure to the reprehensible work of drinking himself

"An' it's all on account of a gal," Farmer Hayn would remark to his wife whenever he heard of any new movement that could be traced to the ease of the local money market. "If our Phil hadn't got that Tramlay gal on the brain last summer, he wouldn't have gone to New York to visit; then I wouldn't have gone to look for him, and the Improvement company wouldn't have been got up, an' Phil wouldn't have hatched the brilliant idee of buyin'-what did he call 'em toh, yes, options—buyin' options on the rest of the ridge, an' there would have been no refreshin' shower of greenbacks fallin' like the rain from heaven on the just an' unjust alike. It reminds me of the muss that folks got into in the old country over that woman Helen, whose last name I never could find out. You ember it—'twas in the book that young ister we had on trial an' didn't exactly like left at our house. It's just another such case, only a good deal more proper, this not bein's heathen land. All on account of a

"If it is," Mrs. Hayn replied on one occa-sion, as she took her hands from the dough she was kneading, "an' it certainly looks as if it was, don't you think it might be only fair to allude to her more respectful? I don't like to hear a young woman that our Phil's likely to marry spoke of as just 'that Tram-ley on'?"

"Spose, then, I mention her as your daughter-in-law! But ain't it odd that all the changes that a come to pass in the last month or two wouldn't have happened at all if it hadn't been for Phil's bein' smitten by that galf As the Scripture says, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' For 'fire' read 'spark,' or sparkin', an' the text"—

"Reuben!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayn, "don't take liberties with the Word."

"It ain't no liberty," said the old man.
"Like enough it'll read 'spark' in the Revised

Then wait till it does, or until you're one of the revisers," said the wife.

"All right; mebbe it would be as well," the husband admitted. "Mehnwhile, I don't mind turnin' it off an' comparin' it with another text; "The wind bloweth where it listoth, But'thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.' The startin' up of Haynton an' of Phil's attachment is a good

either," said firs. Hays, "considerin' what follers in the Book. An' what's goin' on in the neighborhood don't interest me as much, as what's gois' on in my own family. Pd like to know when things is comin' to a head. Phil ain't married, nor even engaged, that we know of; there ain't no lots bein' sold by the company, or if there are we don't hear about it."

the company, or if there are we don't hear about it."

"An' there's never any bread being baked while you're kneading the dough, old lady. You remember the passage, 'first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear? Mustn't look for fruit in the blossomin' time; even Jesus didn't find that when he looked for it on a fig tree ahead of time, you know."

"'Pears to me you run to Scripture more than usual this mornin' said Mrs. Hayn, after putting her pans of dough into the oven "What's started you?"

"Oh, only a little kind of awakenin', I s'pose," said the old man. "I can't keep my mind off of what's goin' on right under my eyes, an' it's so unlike what anybody would have expected that I can't help goin' behind the returns, as they used to say in politics. An' when I do that there's only one way of seeing 'em, an' I'm glad I've got the eyes to see 'em in that light."

"So am I," said Mrs. Hayn, gently but successfully putting a floury impression of four fingers and a thumb on her husband's head. "I s'pose it's 'cause I'm so tired of waitin' that I don't look at things just as you do. "Pears to me there's nothin' that comes up, an' that our hearts get set on, but what walve got to waits for It comes to be awful

up, an' that our hearts get set on, but what we've got to wait for. It gets to be awful tiresome, after you've been at it thirty or forty years. I think Phil might hurry up ra a little."

"Mebbe 'tisn't Phil's fault," suggested the "Well," said Mrs. Hayn, with a flash behind her glasses, "I don't see why any gal should keep that boy a-waitin', if that's what

queer smile and a quixical look. "Well, I father was."

"No such thing," said the old lady.
"Much obliged; I'm a good deal too polite
to contradict—when you're so much in earnest, you know," the old man replied. "But if it's so, what's the reason that you kept him

"Why, I—it was—you see, I—'twas—the way of it was—sho!" And Mrs. Hayn suddenly noticed that a potted geranium in the kitchen window needed a dead leaf removed from its base.

"Yes," said her husband, following her with his eyes. "An' I suppose that's just about what Phil's gal would say, if any one was to ask her. But the longer you waited the surer I was of you, wasn't I?" "Oh, don't ask questions when you know the answer as well as I do," said the old lady.

"I want to see things come to a head; that's

"They'll come, they'll come," said the old "It's tryin' to wait, I know, seein' I'm doin' some of the waitin' myself; but 'the tryin' of your faith worketh patience,' an' 'let patience have her perfect work,' you

"More Scripture!" sighed the wife. "You're rettin' through a powerful sight of New Testament this mornin', Reuben, an' I s'pose I deserve it, seein' the way I feel like fightin' it. But s'pose this company speculation don't come to anythin'? then Phil'll be a good deal wuss off than he is now, won't he? You remember the awful trouble Deacon Trewk got into by bein' the head of that new fangled stump and stone puller company, that didn't pull any to speak of. Everybody came down on him, an' called him all sorts of names, an' said he'd lied to 'em, an' they would go to the poor house because of the money they'd put in it on his advice, an' "-

"Phil won't have any such trouble," said the farmer, "for nobody took stock on his advice. Tramlay got up the company before we knew anythin' about it, an' all the puffin' of the land was done by him. Besides, there's nobody in it that'll suffer much, even if things comes to the wust. Except one or two dummies-clerks of Tramlay's-who were let in for a share or two, just to make up a board of directors to the legal size, what shares sin't held by Phil and Tramlay an' that feller Marge belongs to a gal."

"What? Lucia?" "No, no-another gal; mebbe I ought to call her a woman, seein' she's putty well along, although mighty handsome an' smart.
Her name's Dinon, an' Tramlay joked Phil about her once or twice, makin' out she was struck by him, but of course that's all nonsense. She's rich, an' got money to invest every once in a while, an' Tramlay put her

up to this little operation." "You're sure she ain't interested in Phil?" asked Mrs. Hayn. "I've seen no end of trouble made between young folks by gals that's old enough to know their own minds

an' smart enough to use 'em." "For goodness' sake, Lou Ann!" exclaimed the old farmer. "To hear you talk, anybody would s'pose that in the big city of New York, where over a million people live and a million more come in from diff'rent places every week, there wasn't any young man for folks to get interested in but our Phil. Reelly, old lady, I'm beginnin' to be troubled about you; that sort of feelin' that's croppin' out all the time in you makes me afeard that you've got a kind o' pride that's got to have a fall-a pride in our son, settin' him above all other mortal bein's, so far as anythin's concerned

that can make a young man interestin'."
"Well," said Mrs. Hayn, after apparently thinking the matter over, "if it's so I reckon it'll have to stay so. I don't b'lieve there's any hope of forgiveness for anythin' if heaven's going' to hold an old woman to account for seein' all the good there is in her first born. I hain't been down to York myself, but some of York's young sprigs have been down here, one time an' another, an' if they're fair samples of the hull lot, I should think a sight of our Phil would be to all the city gals like the shadder of a great rock in a weary land."

"Who's a-droppin' into Scripture now?" asked the old farmer, moving to where he could look his wife full in the face. "Scripture ain't a bit too strong to us freely about our Phil-my Phil," said the old

woman, pushing her spectacles to the top of her head and beginning to walk the kitchen floor. "All the hopin', an' fearin', and waitin', an' nursin', an' teachin', an' thinkin', an' prayin', that that boy has cost comes hurryin' into my mind when I think about him. If there's anythin' he sught to be an' isn't, I don't see what it is, an' I can't see where his mother's to blame for it. Whatever good there is in me I've tried to put into him, an' whatever I was lackin' in I've tried to get for him elsewhere. You've been to him ev'rythin' a father should, an' he never could have got along without you. You've been lots to him that I never could be, he bein' a boy, an' I never cease thankin' heaven for it: but whenever my mind gets on a strain about him I kind o' get us mixed up, an' feel as if 'twas me instead of him that was takin' whatever happened, an' the longer it lasts the less I can think of him any other way. There!" ev'rythin' a father should, an' he never could

The old farmer rose to his feet while this speech was under way; then he removed his hat, which he seldom did after coming into the house, unless reminded. When his wife concluded, he took both her hands and dropped upon his knees; he had often done it before—years before, when overcome by her young beauty—but never before had he done it with so much of reverence,

(Continued next week.)

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Lindsay, June 18, 1889,-54-tf.

Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies Waggons, etc. invites attention to his splendid New Stock now ready in his show room for inspection. Every 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

ATRepairs Promptly and Carefully Attended to. 131 A good stock of Perambulators hand at Lower Prices than heretofore.

Corner of William and Russell-sts., LINDSAY. NEXT DOOR TO CARR'S HOTEL

Ingle & Ryley.

No more trouble in securing Dry Lumber for building purposes, as the

lately erected is now in running order.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, etc. guaranteed dry, and prices right.

Lindsay, June 27th. 1889.-55.

Barnum Wire & Iron Works. **Best and Cheapest Fence**

A A A A A A A STEEL RODS-IRON FOUNDATION.

BUILDERS' IRON WORK Office Railings, Lawn Furniture AND FOUNTAINS, ETC.

> (LIMITED). WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.

James Reith.

SULKY PLOW.

WESTWARD HO.

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

Go to KEITH'S and get one,

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

J. Riggs. **\$500 WORTH**

LAZARUS'S 🐳 SPECTACLES



Reduced Prices:

As I have decided to clear out the entire stock of spectacles, now is your chance to se-cure a good pair at about half price at JOS. RIGGS'

Lindsay, June 10. 1889.—53. New Advertisements. CONOMY, EQUITY, STABILITY.

The ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. is eminently "The People's Co." No object in view in its organisation or ends to serve in its management, but the best interests of its members who alone compose the company. Over two ard a half millions written in 18st and 1889 to da'e is far ahead. In Fire Insurance I represent the old GORE of Galt, Ontario; THE WATERLOO MUTUAL of Waterloo, Ontario; the wealthy ATLAS of London, Eng. and THE NATIONAL of Dublin, an old and reliable company. Accident Insurance.—The MUTUAL of Manchester has paid so many claims in this town, and paid them so promptly, that I simply sak all to enquire of everybody else, and you will soon speak with others in its praise.

THOS. A. MIDDLETON. Office 3rd drin east from railread, south G. A. Metherell.

SHOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Right now I am ready for business with an immense assortment of Christ-mas gifts. The New, the Novel, the Beautiful,

Hurrah for the Holiday Presents.

All are included in my New Stock. Fine Books and Novelties.

Fancy Good ., Notions, etc. Everybody should see this elegant array of Christmas goods. Remember I have the right articles at the right prices for anyone you wish to select a present for,

Don't Miss the Chance Albums,
Work Boxes,
Writing Deeks,
Toy Books,
Wasical Lastruments,

Boy's Own Annual, Girl' Own Annual, Sunday at Home, British Workman. A Beautiful Line of Prize Books

Just arrived from the Old Country. Teachers, Special Discount, Hurrah for the Holiday Presents

G. A. METHERELL'S Kent-st., Opposite New Post-office. Agent for the Beautiful Uxbridge

Organ and Mendelsohn Piano.

Lindsay, Nov. 12, 1889, -75. Miscellaneous.

NOTICE-RUSSELL'S IMPROV-RD FENCE.—Parties wishing to build this fence in the Township of Mariposa can find out particulars by applying to ALEX. SIMONS, Linesay P. O. Oct. 15, 1889—71 6t.

M ISS NETTIE KEENAN, late pupil of Academy of Music. South Bend. Indiana, will give lessons on the piano at residence of pupils, if desired. Theory of Music taught in classes on conservatory plan Residence, Huron-st., South Ward, Lindsay. April 16, 1869.—45-1 yr.