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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN: 24, 1890.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "Colonel Quaritek, V. C.," "Me. Meeson's Will," "A Tale of Three Lions," "Allan Quatermain," "She," "Jess," do.

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I was about to well one of the sweetest and leveliest women in the whole worldwomen whom Lloved more than I could have thought possible, and who loved me back again. Also, an though that were not good fortune enough, I was to semire with her considerable possessions. quite sufficiently large to enable us to follow any plan of life we found agreeable. As I by and reflected on all this I grew afraid of my good fortune. Old Indahaszimbi's melancholy prophesics came into my mind. Hitherto he had always prophesical touly. What if these should be true aboy I turned cold as I thought of it, and prayed to the power above to preserve us both to live and love Never was prayer more needed. While it words were still upon my ling I drapped asless and dreamed a most

I dreamed that Stelle and I were standing together to be married. She was dressed in white and radiant with beauty, but it was a will, spiritual beauty which friehtened me. Her eyes shope like stars, a pale flame played about her features and the wind that blew did not stir her hair. Nor was this all, for her white robus were death wrappings, and the alter at which we stood was formed of the pile I are arth from an open grave that yawned between us. So we stood waiting for one to wed us, but no one came. Presently from the open grave sprang the form of Hendrika. In her hand was a knife, with which she stabbed at me, but pierced the heart of Stella, who, without a cry, fell backwards into the grave, still looking at me as she fell. Then Headrika leaped after her into the grave. I heard her feet strike heavily. "Awake, Hacumazahn! awake!" cried

the voice of Indaba-zimbi. I aw ke and bounded from the bed, the cold perspiration pouring from me. In the darkness on the other side of the but I hard ands of furious struggling. Luckily I kept my head. Just by me was a chair on which were matches and a rush taper. I struck a match and held it to the taper. Now in the glowing light I could see two forms rolling one over the other on the floor, and from betwoen them came the flash of steel. The fat melted and the light burnt up. It was Indaba zimbi and the woman Hendrika who were struggling, and, what was more, the woman was getting the better of the man, strong as he was, I rushed toward them. Now she was uppermost, now she had wrenched herself from his fierce grio, and now the great knife she had in her hand flashed up.

But I was belied her, and, getting my hands beneath her arms, jerked with all my strength. She fell backwards, and, in her effort to save herself, most fortunately dropped the knife. Then we Aung ourselves upon her. Heavens! the strength of that she devil! Nobody who has not experienced it could believe it. She fought and scratched and hit, and et one time nearly mastered the two of us. As it was she did bresk loose, she rushed at the bed, sprung on it, and bounded thence traight up at the foot of the lint. I never saw such a jump, and could not conceive what she meant to do. In the roof were the peculiar holes which I have described. They were designed to admit Hight, and covorely ith overhanging caves. She spring straight and true like a monkey, and, catching the edge of the hole with her hands strove to draw herorif through it. But here her strongth, exhausted with the long struggle, fulled her. For a moment she swing, then dropped to the

ground and fell senscless. "Ou!" gusped Helebs-zinbb "Let us the the devil up before she comes to life

I thought this a good comset, so we took a rein that lay in the corner of the foom, and lashed her limids and feet in mich a fushion that even the could sentruly oscina, Then we carried her into the passage, and Indula-alrahi ent over her, the knife in his hand, for feld not what to false an sharm at that hour of the mens.

"Do you know how I caught her, Macumagahn?" he said. "For several nights I have slept here with one eye open, for I thought she had made a plan. To-night I kept wide awake, though I pretended to be seleep. An hour after you got into the blankets the moon rose, and I saw a beam of light come into the hut through the hole in the roof. Presently I saw the beam of light vanish. At first I thought that a cloud was passing over the moon, but I istened and heard a noise as though some one was squeezing himself through a narrow place. Presently he was through and hanging by his hands. Then the light came in again, and in the middle of it I saw the babyanfrau swinging from the roof, and about to drop into the hut. She clung by both hands, and in her mouth was a great knife. She dropped, and I ran forward to seize her as she dropped, and gripped her round the middle. But she heard me come, and, seizing the knife, struck at me in the dark and missed me. Then we struggled, and you know the rest. You were very nearly dead to-night, Macumazahn.'

"Very nearly, indeed," I answered. still panting and arranging the rags of my night dress around me as best I might. Then the memory of my herrid dream flashed into my mind. Doubtless it had been conjured up by the sound of Hendrika dropping to the floor-in my dream it had been a grave that she dropped into. All of it had been experienced in that second of time. Well. dreams are swift; perhaps time itself is nothing but a dream, and events that seem far apart really occur simultane

ouely.
We passed the rest of the night watching Hendrika. Presently she came to herself and struggled furiously to break the rein. But it was too strong even for her, and, moreover, Indaba-zimbi unceremoniously sat upon her to keep her quiet. At last she gave it up.

In due course the day broke-my marriage day. Leaving Indaba-zimbi to watch my would-be murderess, I went and fetched some natives from the stables, and with their aid bore Hendrika to the prison hut—that same hut in which she had been confined when she had been brought a baboon child from the rocks. Here we shut her up. and, leaving Indaba-zimbi to watch outside, I returned to my sleeping place and dressed in the best garments that babyan kraals could furnish. But when I looked at the reflection of my face, I was horrified. It was covered with scratches inflicted by the nails of Hendrika. I doctored them up as best I could, and went out for a walk to calm my nerves, which, what between the events of the past night and of those pending that day, were not a little disturbed.

When I returned it was breakfast time. I went into the dining hut, and there Stella was waiting to greet me, dressed in simple white and with orange flowers on her breast. She came forward to me shyly enough; then, seeing the condition

of my face, started back. "Why, Allan! what have you been doing to vourself?" she asked.

As I was about to answer, h came in leaning on his stick, and catching sight of me instantly asked the same

Then I fold them everything, both of Hendrika's threats and of her flerce attempt to carry them into execution. But I did not tell my borrid dream.

Stella's face grew white us the flowers on her breast, but that of her father became very stern

"You should have spoken of this before, Allan," he said. "I now see that I did wrong to attempt to civilize this wicked and revengeful creature, who, if she is human, has all the evil passions of the brutes that reared her. Well, I will make an end of it this very day."

"Oh, father," said Stella, "don't have her killed. It is all dreadful enough, but that would be more dreadful still. I have been very fond of her, and, bad as she is, she has loved me. Don't have her killed on my marriage day."

"No." her father answered, "she shall not be killed, for, though she deserves to die, I will not have her blood upon our hands. She is a brute and has followed the inture of brutes. She shall go back whence she came."

No more was said on the matter at the time, but when breakfast-which was father a farce-was done, Mr. Carson sent for his head man and gave him cer-We were to be married after the ser-

vice which Mr. Carson held every Sunday morning in the large marble but set apart for that purpose. The service began at 10 o'clock, but long before that hour all the natives on the place came up in troops, singing as they came, to be present at the wedding of the "Star." It was a pretty sight to see them, the men dressed in all their finery, and carrying shields and sticks in their hands, and the women and children bearing green branches of trees, ferns and flowers. At length, about half-past nine, Stella rose, pressed my hand, and left me to my reflections. At a few minutes to ten she reappeared again with her father. dressed in a white veil, a wreath of orange flowers on her dark curling hair. a bouquet of orange flowers in her hand, To me she seemed like a dream of loveliness. With her came little Tota in a high state of gles and excitement. She was Stella's only bridesmaid. Then we all passed out towards the church hut, The bare space in front of it was filled with hundreds of natives, who set up a song as we came. But we went on into the list, which was crowded with mich of the natives as usually worshiped there. Here Mr. Carson, as usual, read the service, though he was obliged to all down in order to do so. When it was done and to me it seemed interminable

-Mr. Carson whispered to me that he meant to marry us outside the hut in sight of all the people, so we went out and took our stand under the shade of a large tree that grew near the but facing the bare space where the natives were

Mr. Carson held up his hand to enjoin silence. Then, speaking in the native dialect, he told them that he was about to make us man and wife after the Christian fashion and in the sight of all men-This done, he proceeded to read the mas-Make service over us, and very solembly and heautifully he did it. We mid the words, I placed the sing-is was her lather's signer ring, for we had no other

Then Mr. Carson spoke. "Allan and Stella," he said, "I believe that the ceremony which has been performed makes you man and wife in the sight of God and man, for all that is necessary to make a marriage binding is, that it should be celebrated according to the custom of the country where the parties to it reside. It is according to the custom that has been in force here for fifteen rears or more that you have been married in the face of all the people, and in teken of it you will both sign the registry that I have kept of such marriages, among those of my own people that have adopted the Christian faith. Still, in case there should be any legal flaw, I again demand the solemn promise of you both that on the first opportunity you will cause this marriage to be re-celebrated

in some civilized land. Do you promise?"

"We do," we answered. Then the book was brought out and we signed our names. At first my wife signed hers "Stella" only, but her father bade her write is Stella Carson for the first and last time in her life. Then several of the indunas, or head men, including old Indaba-zimbi, put their marks in witness. Indaha-zimba drew his mark in the shape of a little star, in humorous allusion to Stella's native name. That register is before me now as I write. That, with a lock of my darling's hair that lies between its leaves, is my dearest possession. There are all the names and marks as they were written many years ago beneath the shadow of the tree on Babyan Kraals in the wilderness, but alas! and alas! where are those who wrote them?

"My people," said Mr. Carson, when the singing was done and we had kissed each other before them all-"my people, Macumazahn and the Star, my daughter, are now man and wife, to live in one krael, to eat of one bowl, to share one fortune till they reach the grave. Hear now, my people, you know this woman." and, turning, he pointed to Hendrika, who, unseen by us, had been led out of the prison hut.

"Yes, yes, we know her," said a little ring of head men, who formed the primitive court of justice, and after the fashion of natives had squatted themselves in a circle on the ground in front of us. 'We know her; she is the white babyan woman; she is Hendrika, the body servant of the Star."

"You know her," said Mr. Carson, but you do not know her altogether. Stand forward, Indaba-zimbi, and tell the people what came about last night in the hut of Macumazhan."

Accordingly old Indaba-zimbi came forward, and, squatting down, told his moving tale with much descriptive force and many gestures, finishing up by producing the great knife from which his watchfulness had saved me.

Then I was called upon, and in a few brief words substantiated his story; indeed my face did that in the sight of all Then Mr. Carson turned to Hendrika.

who stood in sullen silence, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and asked her if she had anything to sav.

"Macumazahn has robbed me of the love of my mistress. I would have robbed him of his life, which is a little thing compared to that which I have lost at his hands. I have failed, and I am sorry for it, for had I killed him and left no trace the Star would have forgotten him and shone on me again." "Never," murmured Stella in my ear;

but Mr. Carson turned white with "My people," he said, "you hear the

words of this woman. You hear how she pays me back, me and my daughter whom she swears she loves. She says that she could have murdered a man who has done her no evil, the man who is the husband of her mistress. We saved her from the babyans, we tamed her, we fed her, we taught her, and this is how she pays us back. Say, my people, what reward shall be given to

"Death," said the circle of indunas, poirting their thumbs downwards, and all the multitude beyond echoed the word "Death."

"Death," repeated the head induna. adding: "If you save her, my father, we will slay her with our own hands. She is a babyan woman, a devil woman; ah. yes, we have heard of such before; let ner be slain before she works more evil." Then it was that Stella stepped for-

ward and begged for Hendrika's life in moving terms. She pleaded the savagery of the woman's nature, her long service, and the affection that she had always shown toward herself. She said that I. whose life had been attempted, forgave her, and she, my wife, who had nearly been left a widow before she was made a bride, forgave her; let them forgive her also, let her be sent away, not slain, let

not her marriage day be stained with blood.

Now her father listened readily enough, for he had no intention of killing Hendrika-indeed, he had already promised not to do so. But the people were in a different humor, they looked upon Hendrika as a devil, and would have torn her to pieces there and then, could they have had their way. Nor were matters mended by Indaba-zimbi, who had already gained a great reputation for wisdom and magic in the place. Suddenly the old man rose and made quite an impassioned speech, urging them to kill Hendrika at once or mischief would come of it.

At last matters got very bad, for two of the indunas came forward to drag her | go? off to execution, and it was not until Stells fairly burst into tears that the sight of her grief, backed by Mr. Carson's orders and my own remonstrances, carried the day.

All this while Hendrika had been standing quite unmoved. At last the mmult stopped, and the leading indunacalled to her to go, promising that if ever she showed her face near the kraals sgain she should be stabled like a jackal, Then Hendrika spoke to Stella in a low

voice in English:
"Better let them kill me, mistress, betfer for all. Without you to love I shall go mad and become a babyan again."

Stella did not answer, and they loosed her. She stepped forward and looked at the natives with a stare of hate. Then the turned and walked past me, and as words, I placed the sing-it was her she passed whispered a native phrase in father's signet ring, for we had no other my ear, that, being literally translated, means, "Till another mean," but which

"au revoir."

It frightened me, for I knew she meant that she had not done with me, and saw that our mercy was misplaced. Seeing my face change she ran swiftly from me. and as she passed Indaba-zimbi, with a sudden movement snatched her great knife from his hand. When she had gone about twenty paces she halted, looked long and earnestly on Stella, gave one loud cry as of anguish, and fied. A few minutes later we saw her far away, bounding up the face of an almost perpendicular cliff-a cliff that nobody except herself and the baboons could possibly climb.

"Look." said Indaba-zimbi in my ear. "look, Macumazahn, there goes the babvan frau. But, Macumazahn, she will come back again. Ah, why will the Star; I will not have her frightened. you not listen to my words? Have they | And hearken again. Speak to the head not always been true words, Macumazahn?" and he shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

For a while I was much disturbed, but at any rate Hendrika was gone for the present, and Stella, my dear and lovely wife, was there at my side, and in her smiles I forgot my fears.

write of it?-there are things too happy and too sacred to be written of. At last I had, if only for a little while found that rest, that perfect joy which we seek so continually and so rarely

For the rest of that day, why should I

CHAPTER XI.



WONDER I many married couples are quite as happy as we found ourselves. Cynics, a growing class, declare that few illusions can survive honeymoon Well, I do not know about it, for I only married

once, and can but speak from my limited experience. But certainly our illusion, or rather the great truth of which it is the shadow, did sur-

vive, as to this day it survives in my But complete happiness is not allowed

in this world even for an hour. Three days after our wedding Mr. Carson had a stroke. It had been long impending, now it fell. We came into the center hut to dinner and found him lying speechless. At first I thought that he was dying, but this was not so. On the contrary, within four days he recovered his speech and some power of movement. But he never recovered his memory, though he still knew Stella, and sometimes myself. Curiously enough he remembered little Tota best of all three, though occasionally he thought that she was his own daughter in her hildhood, and would ask her where her mother was. This state of affairs lasted for some seven months. The old man gradually grew weaker, but he did not Of course his condition quite pro cluded the idea of our leaving Babyan Kraal till all was over. This was the more distressing to me because I had a nervous presentiment that Stella was incurring danger by staying there, and also because the state of her health rendered it desirable that we should reach a civilized region as soon as possible.

At length the end came very suddenly We were sitting one evening by Mr. Carson's bedside in his hut, when to our astonishment he sat up and spoke.

"I hear you," he said. "Yes, yes, forgive you. Poor woman! you too have suffered," and he fell back dead. I have little doubt that he was address

ng his lost wife, some vision of whom had flashed across his dving senses Stella, of course, was overwhelmed with grief at her loss. Till I came her father had been her sole companion, and therefore, as may be imagined, the tie between them was much closer than is usual even in the case of father and daughter. So deeply did she mourn that I began to fear for the effect upon her health. Nor were we the only ones to grieve all the natives on the settlement called Mr. Carson "father," and as a father they lamented him. The air resounded with the wailing of women, and the men went about with bowed heads, saying that "the sun had set in the heavens, now only the Star (Stella) remained." Indaba-zimbi alone did not mourn. He said that it was best that the Inkoos should die, for what was life worth when one lay like a log?-moreover, that it would have been well for all

if he had died sooner. On the following day we buried him in the little graveyard near the water- I was anxious. fall. It was a sad business and Stella cried very much, in spite of all I could do to comfort her.

smoking-for the weather was hot and bing his eyes and vawning. Clearly he Stella was lying down inside—old Indaba- had been asleep. I asked him if he had zimbi came up, saluted and squatted at seen his mistress, and he answered that my feet.

"What is it, Indaba-zimbi?" I said. "This, Macumazahn. When are you going to trek towards the coast?" "I don't know," I answered. "The Star is not fit to travel now; we must wait

awhile." you must go, and the Star must take her chance. She is strong. It is nothing. All will be well." "Why do you say so? Why must we

"For this reason, Macumazahn," and looked cautiously round and snoke "The bahoons have come back in thousands. All the mountain is full of

"I did not know that they had gone." "Yes." he answered, "they went after the marriage, all but one or two: now they are back, all the baboons in the world, I think. I saw a whole cliff

black with them." "Is that all?" I said, for I saw that he had something behind. "I am not afraid of a pack of baboons."

No, Macumazahn, it is not all. The babyan-frau, Hendrika, is with them." Now, nothing had been heard or seen of Hendrika since her expulsion, and though at first she and her threats had had to a great extent passed out of my mind, which was fully preoccupied with

started violently. "How do you know this?" I asked. "I know it because I saw her, Macumarahn. She is disguised, she is dressed up in baboon skins, and her face is stained dark. But though she was a long way off I knew her by her size, and I saw the white flesh of her arm when the skins slipped aside. She has come back. Macumazahn, with all the baboons in the world, and she has come back to do evil. Now do you understand why you should trek?"

"Yes," I said, "though I don't see how she and the baboons can harm us. I think that it will be better to go. If necessary we can camp the wagons some where for a while on the journey. Hearken, Indaba-zimbi: say nothing of this to the Star: I will not have her frightened. men, and see that watchers are set all around the huts and gardens, and kept there night and day. To-morrow we will get the wagons ready, and the next day we will trek."

He nodded his white lock and went to do my bidding, leaving me not a little disturbed—unreasonably so, indeed. It was a strange story. That this woman had the power of conversing with baboons I knew. That was not so very wonderful, seeing that the Bushmen claim to be able to do the same thing, and she had been nurtured by them. But that she had been able to muster them. and by the strength of her human will and intelligence muster them in order to forward her ends of revenge, seemed to me so incredible that after reflection my fears grew light. Still I determined to

So I went into Stella, and without say ing a word to her of the baboon story, told her I had been thinking matters over, and had come to the conclusion that it was our duty to follow her father's instructions to the letter, and leave Babyan Kraals at once. Into all our talk I need not enter, but the end of it was that she agreed with me, and declared that she could quite well manage the journey.

Nothing happened to disturb us that night, and on the following morning I was up early making preparations. The despair of the people when they learned that we were going to leave them was something quite pitiable. I could only console them by declaring that we were but on a journey, and would return the following year.

"They had lived in the shadow of her father, who was dead," they declared: "ever since they were little they had lived in his shadow. He had received them when they were outcasts and wanderers without a mat to lie on, or a blanket to cover them, and they had grown fat in his shadow. Then he had died. and the Star, their father's daughter, had married me. Macumazahn, and they had believed that I should take their father's place, and let them live in my shadow. What should they do when there was no one to protect them? The tribes were kept from attacking them by fear of the white man. If he went, they would be eaten up," and so on. Alas! there was but too much foundation for their fears. I returned to the huts at mid-day to get

some dinner. Stella said that she was going to pack during the afternoon, so I did not think it necessary to caution her about going out alone, as I did not wish to allude to the subject of Hendrika and the baboons unless I was obliged to. I told her, however, that I would come back to help her as soon as I could get away. Then I went down to the native kraals to sort out such cattle as had belonged to Mr. Carson from those which belonged to the Kaffirs, for I proposed to take them with us. It was a large herd, and the business took an incalculable

down, I gave it up, and leaving Indabazimbi to finish the job, got on my horse and rode homewards. Arriving, I gave the horse to one of the stable boys, and went into the central hut. There was no sign of Stella. though the things she had been packing lav about the floor. I passed first into our sleeping hut, thence one by one into all theothers, but still saw no sign of her. Then I went out, and calling to a Kaffir in the garden asked him if he had seen

time. At length, a little before sun-

his mistress. He answered "yes." He had seen her carrying flowers walking towards the graveyard, holding the little white girl my daughter-as he called her, by the hand, when the sun stood "there," and he pointed to a spot in the horizon where half before. "The two dogs were with them," he added. I turned and ran towards the graveyard, which was about a quarter of a mile from the huts. Of course there was no reason to be anxious -evidently she had gone to lay the flowers on her father's grave. And yet

When I got near the graveyard I met one of the natives, who, by my orders, had been set round the kraals to watch That night as I sat outside the hut the place, and noticed that he was rubhe had not, which under the circumstances was not wonderful. Without stopping to reproach him. I ordered the man to follow me, and went on to the graveyard. There, on Mr. Carson's grave, lav the drooping flowers which Stella had been carrying, and there in "No, Macumazahn, you must not wait: the fresh mold was the spoor of Tota's veldschoon, or hide slipper. But where were they?

I ran from the graveyard and called aloud at the top of my voice, but no answer came. Meanwhile the native was more profitably engaged in tracing their spoor. He followed it for about a hundred yards till he came to a clump of mimosa bush that was situated between the stream and the ancient marble quarries just above the waterfall, and at the mouth of the ravine. Here he stopped, and I heard him give a startled cry. I rushed to the spot, passed through the trees, and saw this. The little open space in the center of the glade had been the scene of a struggle. There, in the soft earth, were the marks of three human feet-two shod, one naked-Stella's. Tota's and Hendrika's. Nor was this all. There, close by, lay the fragments of the two dogs-they were nothing more-and one baboon, not yet quite dead, which had been bitten in the throat by the dogs. All round us was the spoor of numberless baboons. The full horror of what had happened flashed into my mind.

(Continued next week)

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