REASONS

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

Because no poisonous of deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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

-Ager's Sarsapurilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness. - Ager's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by

leading physicians. -Ager's Saraparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all Arst-class druggists.

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consful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present. -Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of .

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890. Thos. Tyler's Tombstone

BY MARY S. WALKER.

my three children was born and lie buried, sir, and where I kept my Thomas like a gentleman till the money I carned in the paper mill was used up. You ask Elder Bird; he married us six years ago this coming month. And I'm a lone widow, sir, that's come to pay my last respects to my poor man's memory; and now you want to make out I'm not his honest wife, and so keep me from putting a stone over his poor grave."

"Be quiet, woman. There! stop your whining. Nobody wants to hinder you, and if it's a true story you've told, here's 8 man will help you plant that stone with a good will. Now don't get excited again, but give me a straightforward answer to my question. There's more depends on It than you think. Lask you if you can prove by other means than your own word that you are Thomas Tyler's lawful

"Why, there's the certificate, sir, that ing foom till we broke up, and Thomas came West to get work, and was going to send for me and the child, only he took sick and died, and" . -"Where is that certificate, Mrs. Ty-

"Why, law, sir! how you do fluster a body with your questions! It's in the trunk right at your feet. I fetched it along, 'cause I like to look at it, and it makes me think of the day I was married to my Thomas."

Then we are all right, You did a good thing, marm, when you brought that document," said Samuel Dale. "Now, Mrs. Tyler, I am going to help you through with this matter. All you've got to do is to mind orders. I feel a deep interest in it, for I worked alongside of your man last summer, and I'm bound to see that he has justice done him."

"I want to know! Dear! dear! Why didn't you say so before, sir? And I misdoubting you all the while! I humbly ask your pardon, sir. And so you've known him all along? Only to think of it! Then maybe you can tell me what carried him off. You see the letter don't give any particulars. How did the discase take him, sir?"

There was a curious expression upon the young man's face, but he answered her gravely:

"He was hard sick with it, marm, when I first knew him." "Not dangerous, sir?"

"Well, yes; I called him dangerous the

first time I set eves on him." "I want to know! The poor dear! And yet he worked all summer, you say?

I s'pose he kind o' pined away gradual. It was an inward disease, wasn't it?" "Clear into the heart, marm, and worked outward."

"Lord a massy! Did he have heart disease? Jerushy Ann Billin's, that was Aunt Martha's second cousin's child, she had it awful. They said she used to have tremblin's and flutterin's and a clay cold, corpsey feeling the heft of the time. And she grew weaker and weaker, and her heart kind o' melted away inside of her. Did my poor man have any of these symptoms?"

Well, no, it worked just the other way with him. As near as I could judge from appearances, marm, the heart inside. of your husband got to be as hard as a nether millstone.

"Poor man! How it must have hurt! Couldn't the doctors do nothing to help

"Mrs. Tyler," said Samuel Dale, solennly, "I've heard tell it was easier for a black man to change his skin, and a wildcat her spots, than for a fellow to get cured of that disease. And your man found to take the old heart out of him.

and put a new one in, it might have done the business; but the doctors in these parts sin't up to such tricks." "Did he die easy?" she asked in a trem-

bling voice. "There, don't you ask any more questions, Mrs. Tyler, and keep cool now. You'll need all the pluck you've got, shortly. Do you see that square house, with tall chimneys, at the top of the hill? That's Peter Barclay's. They are looking for me, but not you."

He drew a huge silver watch from his

"It is time we were there," he said; and to his companion's great discomfort, and the imminent peril of the precious freight they carried, he urged the old white horse to a gallon.

Up the hill they went at a furious pace. The rapid motion was a relief to Samuel Dale in his excited state of mind. Perhaps he had restrained himself to the utmost limit, for after a glance at the box containing Mrs. Nancy Tyler's testing the state of the testing of the state of t timony to departed worth, and at that cetimable woman in her widow's weeds at his side, he no longer refrained from giving outward expression to his satis-

He shouted to his horse and plied the whip without mercy. He whisled and rang and brought his broad hand down, first upon one knee, and then the other, with a resounding blow. A neighbor called to him halfway up the hill. "I can't stop," said Samuel Dale. "I'm going to a funeral, and there'll be no fun

till I get there.' Then he laughed long and loudly at his unseemly jest. A small boy cleared the road to let him pass, and ran in to his

"Sam Dale has been gittin' awful drunk down to the Corners, mother," he reported. "He's laughin' and singin', and drivin' old White like mad. He's got a woman with him, and her bonnet's most off, and her hair flyin'. and she holdin' on the seat with both

tie drew rein at Farmer Barclay's front gate with a suddenness that nearly pitched Mrs. Tyler out of the wagon. "Go into the house without knocking." he said, "and wait in the entry till I call

you. It won't be long." He drove his horse into the yard as one of the wedding guests came from the stable.

"Take hold here, Seth Wilson," he cried. "There's a precious bit of stone work in that box that wants to be handled careful. It's going to see daylight, too, in just half a minute."

He was running for a screw driver and a hammer when Susie Barclay, in her wedding dress, with white flowers in her hair, came to meet him.

"Oh, Samuel, has it come? Have you brought the wedding loaf?" "I have brought it," he said, "but,

Susic Barelay, your cake is dough." He could not wait to open the box in a regular way, but when a few screws were loosened by the strength of his good right arm he burst the cover, and with a great noise of splitting wood, the slab of white marble was brought to view.

At the sight Samuel Dale's excitement reached its height. Brandishing a piece of the cover over his head he danced around the open box, and to his companion's amazement and horror cut a pigeon wing over the sacred relic it con-

"Here's a sight for a man on his wedding day!" he cried. "Oh, glory, halle-lujaht come, up with it! Don't stand there, Seth Wilson, like a stuck pig. Now, then, move on. Forward, march! to the tune.

"Come, haste to the wedding."

Nancy Tyler, following her conductor's directions, opened the door softly, and Elder Bird gave me, and I had it put in seated horself unobserved in the farthest a gilt frame, and hung it up in the keep- corner of the dark hall. From the open door of the parlor came a confused sound of voices, and she heard the patter of footsteps overhead.

> "Dear! dear! I have come at a wrong time," she thought, "for they have a house full of company."

Then there was a rustle of silk, and a pretty girl, with a wreath of white flowers on her head, came tripping down stairs. She paused at the foot-a door opened, and a smartly dressed man, with black eyes and crisp, curly hair, came forward, and giving her his arm the two entered the parlor.

A scream shrill and piercing resounded through the house, and Nancy Tyler, in her black garments, her widow's veil streaming behind her as she ran, rushed after them and threw herself into the man's arms.

"Oh, Thomas! Oh, my dear, dear husband? they told me you were dead!"

The change in his face from smiling self complacency to astonishment and deathly pallor was a sight to behold. He struggled to release himself, and pushed her rudely from him, but seemed for a moment to have lost the power of speech. Thomas! Thomas! don't you know me?" she cried in pitiful tones. "It's your own Nancy--your loving wifecome all the way from Simsbury to find

Upon this he found his tongue. "What do you mean, woman?" he cried, angrily. "You are no wife of mine. It's a trick, good people-a rascally trick. She's some crazy wretch escaped from the asylum. I tell you she's stark mad. Susie, you are not going to believe her? As sure as I am a living man, I never set eyes on

the woman before to-day." "Swear stronger, Tom Tyler," said a mocking voice, "for we've got your tombstone and your widow to prove you stone

The man turned his fierce eyes, to see his rival standing composedly before him. supporting with one hand a slab of marble, upon which was inscribed in characters large enough to be read half across the room:

"IN MEMORY

THOMAS TYLER,

who departed this life Aug. 9, 18-." Even Samuel Dale was satisfied with the horror and abject fear pictured in his face at this unexpected sight. "In God's name, Sammy, what does

this mean?" said Farmer Barclay. The young man rested his burden against the table, and took Nancy Tyler's letter from his pocket.

"Read that, Father Barclay," he said. "Be patient, neighbors. We'll have this matter straightened out in a moment had it hard. If a way could have been | Susie, poor girl! it comes hard on you now, but you'll thank me by and by." With a great effort, Thomas Tyler re-

covered his self assurance. "(lood people," said he, "don't believe word he says. It's a vile conspiracy he's concocted to rob me of my good name. Everybody knows he wanted to marry the girl himself, and"-

"Shut up!" said Samuel Dale. "Dead folks don't talk; and if ever a man was dead and damned above ground, it's you Tom Tyler."
Meanwhile, Farmer Barclay was read-

ing the letter. "Why what's this?" he said. "Died at my house-lingering disease-buried by the town;' and if here ain't my name to it. Sammy, Sammy, what does it

" It means just this, sir. The villian that's been courting your daughter all summer left an honest wife and three children, counting the living and dead, back in Connecticut; and because he couldn't well marry the new wife till he disposed of himself to the old, he writes to her that he's dead and buried; and with his devil's wit takes your hand-writing, that if she shows the letter it may seem the genuine thing. But see now how this precious rascal overreaches himself; for when he thought, by calling himself a pauper, to keep the wife from ever following him up, he set on her soft woman's heart to the errand that's brought about his own destruction; and he dug his own grave and carved his own tombetone when he wrote that letter."

Farmer Barclay's face was purple with rage. "The scoundrel!" he cried-"the black, dastardly, double-faced, underhanded— Why, where is he?"

Where, indeed? Thomas Tyler had suddenly disappeared. Whether he had slunk behind the crowd of guests gathered close about the speaker, and thus gained the door, or had softly opened a window and escaped in that way, no one could tell; but he was certainly gone.

The farmer, in his righteous indignation, would have followed him, but his attention was diverted by the discovery of a heap of black garments in the corner, and the chief sufferer in the semicomic tragedy just enacted, poor Nancy Tyler, was raised from the floor in a dead faint, and borne into the adjoining

The girl whose place she had so strangely taken that morning bent over her, and and with gentle hands removed the black bonnet and put back the thin, scattered hair, and forgot her own disappointment and mortification in pity for the other's anguish; for when Nancy Tyler came out of her swoon, it was to wring her hands and cry out in distracted tones: "He wouldn't own me for his wife! My Thomas wouldn't own me for his

"Sho! sho! now! you poor creatur," said the farmer, trying to administer comfort: "he couldn't have been much of a husband, anyhow; but it is hard you should have the burying of him twice

He called to his daughter presently

from the next room. "Sue Barclay," said he. "there's goin' to be a weddin' here to-day. Do you think I'll have all these folks invited, and that silk gown to pay for, and them good victuals cooked up, for nothin'? Come, you've had your choice of a husband, and a pretty mess you've made of it. Now, I'll have mine. You know who I picked out for you long ago, and you liked him well enough till that smooth-tongued hypocrite turned your silly head. Sammy, my boy, step up here; don't be bashful. Just clear that corner, good folks. this time. If Sammy hasn't the tin, I'll fork over myself. Come, Suc, are you

The girl went pale and red while the fingered gentry are among us." old man was speaking. She glanced shyonly half weared in these few months | poor woman upstairs. (for the wily stranger had won her to its old allegiance.

She crossed the room to where the in his face as only Susie Barclay could look, said very sweetly :

"Will you take me, Samuel?"



"WILL YOU TAKE ME, SAMUEL?" "Take you!" said Samuel Dale, and testified his readiness by actions instead

"Sho! sho! Sammy," said the farmer. "that'll do. There don't smother the girl. Now, Parson Bates, we'll be obleeged to you to tie that knot."

For many weeks Nancy Tyler lay ill at Farmer Barclay's house, and in her fever and delirium the wild fancies of the sick woman's brain were all more or less connected with her ill-fated journey and the relic she had brought.

In answer to her pathetic appeals the stone was placed in her chamber, and in imagination she traversed again and again in its company the weary distance between Simbury and the farm house where she was lying. Now she was in the stonecutter's shop, consulting about the form and fashion of the monument, and bargaining for its lowest price in dollars and cents. She found comfort for hours in repeating the inscription, and the ill matched rhyme of the epitaph gained marvelous pathos when uttered in those plaintive tones. But sometimes she cried out that the stone had fallen on her breast, and with its weight her heart was quite broken. She crept back to life at last, but her physical vigor never returned, and her mind, at its best estate none of the strongest, was weakened and dis-

They were very good to her at Farmer Barclay's. Samuel Dale remembered that he had gained his present happiness by the blow that made this poor woman doubly a widow, and the young wife was grateful to her who by her timely comag rescued her from a fate she could not contemplate without a shudder. Farmer Barclay expressed his good feeling by his favorite ejaculation, and more than once turned from her bedside with a tear

"You take care of that poor creatur', children, as long as she lives," he said. "Don't you never send her back to Simsbury. Give her enough to do 'round the house Susie, to been her mind easy and She'll have a gloomy time of it, poor soul! stumbling 'round among tombstones till she's at rest under one her-

So the farmhouse became Nancy Tyler's home, and she lived her quiet, melancholy life, docile and harmless, never wild in her derangement; only, as the country people called it, "queer." The stone remained in her chamber, for it was a fancy of her bewildered brain that it was still in her charge, and day and night she was painfully responsible for its safe keeping.

And spring, and summer, and winter,

came and went again, and they were very busy at the farm. Nancy came to Mrs. Dale one evening

with a frightened face. "If you please, marm, I can't skim the milk to-night." she said. "There's a man keeps looking at me

through the window, marm." Susie took the candle from the trembling hand and went into the pantry. She pressed her face close to the glassthen raised the window and peered out into the darkness, but could see nothing. She smiled at Nancy's foolish fears, finished the relinquished task, and returned to the

"I don't see anything of your man, Nancy," she said. "What did he look

"He looked like a robber, marm." "Law, Nancy! we don't have robbers t the farm. Such a thing was never heard of. It was your fancy. And now ou may go to bed. You are tired, I

mow, with your day's work." Nancy hesitated. "Could the things be moved back into my room, marm?"

"Why, no, Nancy: I don't see how they can. You can get along for one night, can't you?-we expect to get along most anyhow in house cleaning time." "I don't mind anything about the rest, Miss Dale, but it is outside.

"Oh, the stone! Well, Nancy, it is too heavy for you or me to lift, but when Samuel comes home I'll ask him to step up and set it inside your door. Will that

do? Now go right to bed and to sleep." She lit her candle, and climbed the stairs to her room over the kitchen. The space at the top was crowded with tables and chests and other articles belonging to the upper regions of the house, for Mrs. Dale was in the midst of a thorough cleaning. Leaning against a bureau close to the head of the stairs stood Nancy's precious charge. She stopped to pass her and over its polished surface, murmuring some half articulate words in her broken voice-then passed into her cham-

Half an hour later, when Samuel Dale returned from the postoffice, he had an exciting story to tell. The depot at Lester's Corners was robbed the night be-Parson you shan't be cheated of your fee fore and the thief had been tracked half way to Barclay Farm.

"So look out for your silver spoons, Susie," said her husband, "for the light

Then she told of Nancy's fright, and in ly from under her long lashes at the only her eagerness to see that every door was lover left her, now that her idol had fastened and the house made secure for turned to the basest clay. Her heart, the night, quite forgother promise to the

Nancy lay waiting a long time, and through her vanity, and not by any well | when she slept at last it was a disturbed grounded esteem), returned at a bound and broken sleep, from which she was suddenly wakened by the sound of a stealthy step on the stairs. She felt young man stood abashed, and looking rather than heard it approaching slowly, cautiously, well nigh noiselessly. She rose in her bed, holding her breath to listen. Was it Mr. Dale coming to fulfil his wife's promise? Was it-oh horror! could it be-the man whose face had frightened her at the window? And if he came to rob the house, what did it contain half so valuable as the precious charge to which she had that night for the

first time proved faithless? It must have been some such train of thought that passed through Nancy Tvler's mind, and that caused the timid, weak-headed woman, who under ordinary circumstances would hardly have ventured to face a mouse, to rush to the rescue of her treasure. She sprang from her bed and crossed the room at a bound, and, throwing open her door, stood face to face with a man holding a dark lantern in his hand. In surprise at her sudden appearance he made a backward step, lost his footing and caught at the nearest support. It was the tombstone. It shook-it tottered-it fell, and man and marble crashed down the stairs together with a sound to wake the dead. A moment's stillness succeeded the uproar, followed by the sound of voices and footsteps, and a group of frightened faces appeared in the door-

The stairs were strewn with fragments of the broken stone, and at the bottom lay the motionless body of a man. He grasped in one hand Farmer Barclay's well filled wallet, and Susie Dale's wedding spoons protruded from his pocket. There was blood everywhere. The stairs, the walls and pieces of marble were sprinkled with it, and where the man's head lay was a pool that every instant increased in size. He was quite dead, and they saw by a ghastly wound upon his head that a sharp corner of the stone had cloven his scull.

When Samuel Dale turned the dead man's face to the light, he uttered an exclamation of horror, for Thomas Tyler's black eyes stared blindly in his own, and his lips parting showed the white teeth grinning in a ghastly smile.

They bore away the body, and left a woman on the bloodstained stair groping with feeble, moaning cries for the fragments of Thomas Tyler's tombstone. THE END. A Strange Friendship.

A New England farmer's wife has a speckled hen and a Maltese cat that are the best of friends. Last Spring they each came into possession of a family, using the same nest in the hayloft. When the hen was away, tabby protected and kept warm both families kittens and chickens, and when tabby went foraging they all nestled under the wings of the mother hen.-Texas Siftings, T. A. Slocum's Remedy.

MY THEATRICAL LAND-LADY.

She was a Mrs. Cadgers, who, under the more euphonic name of Montmorency, had some years before dazzled the dramatic world with her refulgent beauty and talent as a "Tragedy Queen." She had been a "Star" and had often met with great artistic triumphs, but, at the same time, correspondingly small financial returns. An unappreciative public had forced her retirement from the sphere she is said to have so adorned, and had reduced her to the necessity of becoming a boarding-house land lady and catering to the spectites of provincial actors.

She often did the honors at the festive board clad in the somewhat sombre habiliments of Lady Macbeth, and plunged the carver into the bosom of a rather underfed and muscular bird with the same "ghoulish glee" with which that evil-minded lady herself would have punctured the windpipe of Duncan, the ill-fated King of Scotland. Again, in the moth-eaten, tiesel bedecked robes of Lucrezia Borgia, she was wont to dissect a particularly leathery steak, at the same time striking terror into the minds and stomachs of her assembled boarders lest in her assumption of the robes she had imbibed something of the character of that unpleasant female, and had tampered with the victuals to the extent of a little strych-

I discovered that Mr. Cadgers had begun his theatrical career as "Ticket taker." had then been promoted to the distinction of playing a few unimportant parts, had been scene-shifter, and was now occupying the before mentioned position at the back-door He had been "through the business," he said, and as he began at the front of the house and had retrograded by easy stages to the rear of it, I fully believed his statement. There was but one more step for Cadgers to take, namely, from the backdoor to the alley on which it opened, and it had already been intimated by his managers that if he did not cultivate some slight habits of sobriety he would be hurled into the nether air of the back street in remark. ably short order.

Mr. and Mrs. Cadgers had a son, a youth of some sixteen winters, who, his mother informed me, was studying the "swallowing act"; judging from the way Master Cadgers swallowed everything that was said at the dining table, and two-thirds of everything that was on it, I thought him already proficient in his business. I subsequently learned that the art in which the young man was perfecting himself consisted in secreting in the deepest recesses of his throat and thorax, knives, daggers, lighted torches, and in fact, every swallowable and unswallowable article within his reach. Some two weeks after my first partaking of Mr. Cadgers' hospitality I missed an expensive, gold-handled, sixteen ribbed silk umbrella. and immediately turned my eyes with suspicion upon young Cadgers, fancying that my property had shared the fate of several rubber overshoes and blackthorn canes. which, their owners supposed, were nestling in the interior of that voracious youth. His mother, however, assured me that he "took" so strongly after his father that he abhorred water in all shapes and forms, and I mentally acquitted him of the theft, feeling that an umbrella was a very unnecessary piece of furniture to him, and that a sponge

would have be n more to his purpose. I quitte I the Cadgers' Theatrical Boards ing-House as soon as my engagement in that city was over, leaving the establishment in the hands of the sheriff who was seizing everything seizable, Mrs. Cadgers at the same moment being also seized with a COTHET KENT and William STREETS. violent attack of hysteria, during which she denounced the lord of her bosom as a besotted idiot, and vowed she had nothing left but her transcendent talent, which I advised her to anchor securely to some substantial prop lest that also should be swallowed in time by her talented and pernetually hungry offspring.

VARIETIES. Something in the wind. - Dust.

Avoid Appearances.-A worthy gentlema having an unusually red nose, was long suspected of being a tip.ler on the sly by those who were not acquainted with his atrictly temperate habits. His unfortunate disfigurement was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla,—91 1.

A steal-pen. The penitentiary.

"PECTORIA" will cure that cold. "PECTORIA" has no equal.

'PECTORIA" loosens the phiegm. "PECTORIA" put up in 25c. bottles. "PECTORIA' the people's remedy.-77-tf. A turn-spit,-The oil-cloth.

New Advertisements.

FOR SALE-A CANADIAN BRED DRAUGHT STALLION—two yeers and nine months old, weighe 1.800 lbs., color, bright bay; got by "Eaterprise" For further information apply to EDWIN CLENDENAN, Cambray P. O Feb. 25th, 1890.—96 4pd.

THE OLD RELIABLE BRICE YARD.—Established 1870—I have now on hand in my yard at Cannington a chalce quantity of BRICK which I will sell at the yard or deliver at the Cannington station or Wood o or deliver at the Cannington station or Wood ville station. My brick for color and quality cannot be besten. JUHN WAKELIN, Can nington, Dec. 3, 1887—74-1yr.

TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILD.

SEALED TENDERS

will be received by the undersigned at his office, Lindsay, up to moon on the fifteenth day of March next, for the erection and completion of a Brick School House, in the Union School section No. 20, Maripose and Brock.

Drawings and specifications may be seen on and after the fifth day of March, and any other particular obtained at the office of the undersigned or at the residence of MR. SAMUE: TREMEER, Secretary, Creswell.

Each Tender to be sealed and addressed, "Tender for School House," and to have the names of two bons fide sureties, without which no Tender will be recognized.

The party submitting a Tender and the proposed sureties must each write his name and place of residence on said Tender.

The right is reserved by the Trustees to reject any or all Tenders submitted.

WM. DUFFUS, WM. DUFFUS

Architect, etc. Lindeay, Feb. 25, 1880-90-2.

Sylvester Bros. Man'tg Co.

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LEADS THEM ALL

AND TAKES THE CAKE EVERYWHERE.

This Binder has taken First Prize and Diploma at Victoria Central Exhibition the past two seasons, competing against Toronto and Brantford. This is the only Binder the Torento agents dread.

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This Binder has more good working points than any other. It is a light running machine. It is ar easy operated machine.

is a perfect working machine. There is no shoddy in its construction.

There is no pot metal in its construction. The Machine throughout is made of the best material. The Machine is well-built by the best skilled workmen.

This Machine is built in Lindsay, in your own County, where you should leave your money. You will find it to your advantage to purchase one of these

Sylvester Bros. Mf'g Co.,

Lindsay, Feb. 12th, 1590.—88.

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TESTED and TRIED. a good appetite, makes the hair sleek, glossy, and purifies the blood.

Rain or shine it won't hurt any animal All the best horse-owners and breceders in the County use

them. 25c., five for \$1.00. A. HIGINBOTHAM, DRUGGIST.

Lindsay, Sept. 11, 1889.-66

E. Gregory.

PURE SPICES FOR PICKLING.

BAKING POWDER,

Full Strength.

ELIXIR . OF . ANISEED For Coughs.

COAL OIL AND LAMPS.

Liver Tonic.

LINDSAY. Lindsay, August 20th. 1889. -41.



HOW TO USE OUR EYES

BY FRANK LAZARUS. (Late Lazarus & Morris,) And how to preserve them from infancy to eld age. To be had free by call-ing or sending to

J. RIGGS, Agent. This book is thoroughly practical. Gives useful information to those enjoying good sight and wishing to retain it. All agents use Lazarus' improved method of fitting the Best Spectacles in the World. They never tire the eye and last many years without change.

For sale by J. RIGGS, Jewelry and Fancy Store, Kentst., Lindsay. Manufactured by FRANK LAZARUS (late of Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.) 28 Maryland Road, Harrow Road, London, England.

Lindsay, April 20, 1888, _93.1ye, New Advertisements.

CERTAIN DEATH TO TREE WORMS.—No climbing necessary. Trees dusted from the ground without inhaling powder. Used also on Bushes and Plants with great advantage. Sent post paid with directions to anyone wishing this Complete Dusting Can on receipt of 50 cts. Agents wanted. Address Box 423, Lindsay. Feb. 3, 1830.—87 16.

CEO. BRYAN & SON, CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

Doors, Sash and Frames for sale. Felt Roofs put on and old roofs repaired. Iron or tin roofs repaired. Orders solicited. Shep: Lindsay-et., south of Bannan's Hotel, Lindsay. Lindsay, March 20, 1888.—41-1yr.



Kendall's Spavin Cure



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Ken-

dall's Spavin Cure by the halt dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it in my stables for three years.

CHAS. A. SNYDER. KENDALL'S SPAVIN GURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimental of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, stiff Joints and Spavins. and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recom-

KENDALL'S SPAYIN CURE. SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jinw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions.

and followed the directions. I have never lost a case of any kind.
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