ture without hands. Alas! what has he

It was like a death-moan, and the impro

risation would have kept on still longer if

Sterta, angered because unable to shake her,

had not approached her. Then she became

quiet, and stared at him with her coal-black

"Now then, my hands were frozen off,

and that's the truth," said he with perfect

equanimity, as though it were too trivial a

thing to be noticed. "It is nothing to make

a fuse about. The child wants a drink.

Don't shriek so as to wake the whole village

with your death-moans over my hands, but

The sharp tone of this once so gay young

man dumfounded her. Without a word of

reply she did as she was bid, and dared not

and put a piece of bread into his mouth.

with great wonder, and asked:

much as ask after her mistress, as she

The child did not scream as it beheld its

"Did a gun do that? Will they grow out

Many hours passed, in which Steria, to

avoid prying questions, did not show him-

self at the threshold of the house. But his

unrest increased every moment, till finally

Floaren, pale and with clenched teeth, en-

tered with a tiny babe in her arms, born

orematurely, whose weak little voice was

scarcely audible. Without a word as she

came she laid the babe in its brother's crib.

into the night behind her bar, from time to

time nursing the child inside, as her duty,

not her desire, was awakened toward the

poor little worm, whose lamp of life would

soon burn out. The customers crowded in

to-day especially, as the news of Steria's

return home and of his misfortune had flown

through the village, and every one wanted

to see how the two, who had been so envied,

bore their hard fate. But no one had the

Once, indeed, he smiled at the young

puppies, that tumbled over one another.

day's work was gone; instead, glowing sparks

of hate often seemed to course through his

He sought in good earnest to re-establish

himself in the home and in the heart of his

wife. But she repulsed him with such an

attitude of repugnance, treated him so like

a castaway, like one untit for human society.

a beggar and starveling, that he came to

was often present at such times, soon began

to side with the mother, and to cry and

When Steria saw that even vehement out-

breaks made no impression on Floarea, that

"Perhaps I could still sing and tell my

stories if I were happy-if Floarea were to

Then she went to her little boy and slam-

The gossips strengthened her warmly in

her stubbornness. "Stumps! Good God!

Who could love a man with a pair of

In the village every one had averted glances

for Steria, who, with his arms crossed,

stood there looking at the people that crowd-

ed about him on Sundays. The corners of

his mouth began to grow down with a bitter

expression. His lips were tightly com-

pressed. His only dissipation was brandy,

in which he sought consolation more and

more and that did not make the scenes be-

tween himself and Floarea easier. She began

to fear him and to hate him. To her it was

as though he had committed a crime in losing

Four years had passed since that Sylves-

ter's Eve in Margineni. There stood Steria

with his arms crossed, as he always stood,

overseeing the loading of the hay in the

sweet-smelling meadow. There were not

hands enough, for the horizon was growing

darker every moment, and the lightning in

the distance threatened like an evil glance.

From all sides the clouds arose black below.

above like gray veils, and in front of them

were those small white puffs that look so

nnocent and so often are full of hail. Be-

tween them the sun still pierced through

" Lend a hand, Steria, we must hurry!"

shouted a laughing maiden, whose face

glowed like a rose under the kerchief that

shielded it; and she reached him a nitch-

fork. He held out to her in silence his arm-

stumps, and then crossed his arms again.

Horrified, the maiden ran sway, and the

above the busy haymakers.

scross the field.

love me again.

med the door.

scream if the father came near him.

brain or shine before his eyes.

father's arms, but merely looked at them

come of your hands ?"

bring some milk."

again soon ?"

and pigs.

REASONS

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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1890.

STERIA'S REVENGE.

BY CARMEN SYLVA. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA. Translated by John Eliot Bowen.

In the watch-house at Margineni, on Sylvester's Eve, the soldiers are sitting, smoking together and listening to the handsome Steria, who, with the characteristic wit of the Roumanians, is telling stories, to which at the same time he gives a dramatic force wherever possible. Miron Steria is tall and slender, with deep set eyes, straight brows, fine classic nose, almond-shaped nostrils, which continually dilate as he speaks, and give thereby an unusually comic expression to the repose of his lips as they utter the

Unnoticed by the others, a young officer fas stationed himself in the doorway and is elso listening. The New Year's night is deleful for him, left alone in the Convent of Margineni, whose columns in the wide passages look upon the white faces of many hundred prisoners, and re-echo the clanking of chains as they march down into the courtyard to the beautiful church, built for other purposes than the worship of thieves, you remain," and on they went. ire snaps and crackles in the large earthen stove, for outside it is freezing cold. A sudden change in the weather has put an end to the mild December days, bringing first a three days snow storm, and then twenty degrees of cold.

The officer did not come to mingle with the gay company, but hoped to hear something that would cheer even him.

diers : "Steria's a droll one! You know he has married the tavern !"

"I believe you," shouted one of the sol-

"That's nothing. The tavern! You ought to see the tavern-keeper !

"What" The beautiful Floaren surely ien't your wife?"

The officer by the door drew himself together suddenly and let his cigarette fall. "Yes, she is indeed my wife. She has already presented me with a youngster, and the second is coming soon." "How did you win her?"

"Oh, quite simply: I just asked her if she would have me.

"But many had already asked her the same thing.

'Yes." cried another. "I know of one. surely, who is not so very far away, who would rather have had her than any one else, and would have given his epaulets to got the beautiful tavern keeper."

Steria laughed. "If any one wants to Win a maiden, he must be original. They all rage. They are all in love. That one there" (he pointed behind him) "made eyes like a hare, and she always laughed at him. But I was cold as ice. I scarcely turned my head for her, and so she always

"Ha! ha! ha! and then you grabbed her behind you and held her fast !" "That's it exactly

The officer by the door had become so sallow that he looked almost black.

But no one noticed him, for he stood in the shadow, and they all had put their lanterns together, and they were busy filling their glasses with liquor. The cold of the night outside and the warmth within set their young faces aglow. Then one raised his voice and sand .

"The tavern sign is hanging high For sunny people passing by. Stancutra with the eye brows dark-" ". Floares with the eye brows dark," the

"Makes hours go by without remark. Her wine is good, her measure big-So ever let the hero swig. No one can pass, for stay she makes him Until the night there overtakes him. No one can pass her by; take heed! Who sees her once is lost indeed: He drinks his money up, the sot! Upon my word, and rues is not. If one with oven four there come, He takes but two of them back home. And who comes riding up, sice! Takes his saddle on his back, And wanders forth : who comes on foot Drinks up his cost, and vest to book If Stanoutsa's "-Floorers"

" wine but fille him there. He goes away all stript and have !" "Hey, Sterie! You bet, Sterie!" "Now, is is really not so bad as that One len's compelled to enter, you know." "The 'No; neturally not. One merely hange dark. out the sign, 'who room,' and then they all come, and if they see the beautiful bar-maid

execute you the least let justons, Sterie,

now that you are a soldier? Many people come there, you know."
"No, for I have warned her," Sterio angwered at once, quite in carpent.

"A beating would follow, and justly, would

set, Sterier "No; not a beating, but doutle." A cold shiver run through the small drole, on though the door had flown open and the January wind had blown in. They looked servously about, saw the offer stan and sudged each other. Sterie slee sleet turned his head, and there passed from one men to the other a glasses like a dagger thrust. Then the officer vanished.

Soon after, the company broke up. Steria on duty. "One could freeze to-night," mid be

buckling on his knepeack.
"That were worth while for a couple of fellows there inside, whom one would rather send to the dogs than watch and guard like

so many jewels!" "Just let them stand on watch once till they are frozen stiff as sugar-babies. Is would be a pleasant death."

"It hasn't been tried yet," said Steria. and at once shut his mouth in the freezing air into which he passed out. He quickly slid into the fur clock of the guard whom he felieved, which had not, however, evailed to keep him warm.

"There's good drink inside," Steria whispered to him; "but even with that one can't stand still too long," he said, while his breath, like thick smoke, froze to his beard-The convent clock of Maraineni rang out the midnight hour on the frozen world. The New Year was rung in : a sad New Year for the prisoners inside, to whom the year brought no release; a happy New Year for those of the guard outside, who would

be free of service, and could go home. Whether it was the conversation, of the look of the officer, or the raging cold, Steriasuddenly felt his heart grow heavy, se though some misfortune bad come upon his Floares, as though he should never see her again, should never again hold ber in his arms. An unutterable anxiety so weighed upon his breast that he could no longer tramp back and forth, but stood still as though benumbed. He had never felt such a pain before.

It was as if he had lost her. Slowly he came to himself again, and noticed that his hands and feet were without feeling. He stamped up and down, and tried to clap his hands together. But he could not do that, or he would have dropped his gun. Terrified, he began to blow upon them, but his broath was like ice. At last he heard the relief approaching, and be called out : but with deaf ear the sergeant passed by, as though Steria was not there. The officer was whispering an order to bim, and the sergeant was listening. Steriashouted louder. The footfalls, grating on the snow, were lost around the corner of the building. Then they finished the round and came back again.

"My hands are freezing! Take me along!" shouted Steria. "You have forgotten

"I dare not," came back the answer through the night. "I have orders to let

they want to kill him? He thought again of the conversation that was overheard, of the hate-laden glance, of his beautiful Floarea: and the spirit that beat within him kept him warm for a few moments. But then the cold became fiercer: a sharp wind had come up that cut like a knife. He had taken his gun in his arms, as it had fallen from his hands. He thought: "If any onenow should escape, I could never shoot."

When at last the relief came again, they had to take his gun; they rubbed his lifeless hands with snow, and gave him liquor; but he fell into a heavy sleep, and when he awoke and saw that his hands would always be lifeless, tears started to his even.

They took him to the hospital, where the wretched hands became black, formless lumps, through which the fleshless bones soon started forth, until flesh and bones and all fell off, and only stumps were left.

The look of doubt in Steria's dark eyes, the close pressed lips, told more than a flood

The young officer was very uneasy, for if they should tell the story, he would receive a severe punishment. But Steria continued silent and did not complain. His comrades wanted to get up a letter for him, but he declined.

"That won't give me back my hands again." he said. Healed of his wounds, discharged from the army as disabled, he turned his steps

toward home, heavy at heart. How would his beautiful Floarea receive him, when she saw him in this condition? Among the common people there is an unspeakable aversion toward the unbeautiful. the maimed, and in war many a one would

rather die than let his arm or leg be taken

He hid himself in the woods and fields until the evening was come, the luminous evening of the Roumanian spring, with its wild warbling of birds and fluttering of wings against the glowing heaven, when all the nir seems laden with strongest odors. when the flowers crowd one another, and the mendows look like heaven, wide-spread with forget-me-note. Finally the last bird was silent, the night with its forget-me-nots in the sky was fallen over all with its measurcless gulfs, and Steria stole around his house like a thief. His heart beat as though it would burst. He had never in his life known what it was to fear, but now he felt

Slowly and softly he crept up to the threshold of the open door, and stood leaning against the door post watching his beautiful young wife, as with small hands and nimble feet she busily cleared and arranged the public room. Then she set down at one of the tables, and in the dim light of a single candle began to count her money.

Her long syclashes threw a broad shadow on her cheeke, upon which a satisfied expreseion played, while her fine brows contracted in her trouble at counting. It was all done with her fingers, as though they were playing the plane, with great rapidity. Her lips moved like the lips of young chil. dres who are learning a lesson, and at times she thoughtfully and dreamily rested her head upon her hand. Then the small coins

began to clink aguin.
"Floares" sounded suddenly out of the With astroick she flow to the loft, or that a part of the money rolled to the ground, that it can't a row-red standow over her face

"Floures!" it called again. Then she flow through the darkened room, and with the ory "Miron!" she threw herself upon his neek in a tempest of joy. He threw his arms about her and would not let her go. Whenever she wanted to free herself to look upon him he pressed her to him, as though he must enjoy his good fortune a second lenger. She felt his heart beat as she lay on his breast, and when now she looked up

"But how pale you are! You sent me word that you were quite well again, but you are still sick." And her beautiful shinng eyes were wet with tears.

"I was so sick that it was a wonder that I effi live. But I would come to you. My longing nursed me and healed me so far as I was possible. How is the little one?" "So big!" she pointed, though she felther-self still held tight in his arms. "Come, You shall see him asleep."

She wished to take his hand to lead him late the chamber, but he pressed her to him

Floares, my sweetheart, you can not take my hand, it is frozen off. My hands are gone !" A groan-and then he felt himself pushed

back : Floarea resied a few steps from him and fell senseless to the ground. With despair in his face he shoved one wrist under her neck and with the other rubbed her breast. He looked about for a drink, and with exceeding difficulty he placed the month of a brandy bottle at her lips. Finally she opened her eyes, and the horror that was revealed in them was to him like a knife-thrust. He hid his arms and bade her drink herself, that her lips might be red

again.
"And you will always be so?" said these white lips. Tears came to Steria's eves. "Always," he said, and turned toward the

She looked at the arms with which he covered his eyes, and one shudder after another ran through her. She raised herself and rested on her elbows, and stared into vacancy with great, wide eyes that did not wink. But now he had recovered himself, and came to her and wished to help her rise. But she sprang from the ground and recoiled from him, repulsing him with both hands. Her teeth, meantime, chattered as in a chill. "Don't come near me! Don't come near me! Lesve me! Leave me alone--

With outstretched hands, with eves staring as though parted from him by the law's decree, she stepped backward toward the chamber, opened the door behind, vanished in the darkness, and locked herself

Sterie stood as if petrified. Then he began to laugh loud and wild, and grasping the bottle on the ground with both arms, he took a long and deep drink. Then he cast himself upon a bench, his arms upon the table, his head upon his arms, and remained motionless, until a heavy sleep overcame him. He was still weak from the hospital and the operations. The single light burned down to the candlestick, and there it flickered and sputtered awhile, and threw caricatures of objects in shadow upon the

wall; then it went out. The dim light of dawn was creeping over the clay floor and over Steria's handsome young head when he awoke. Disconsolate, he shrunk from himself, and felt as miserable and unhappy as one would feel at the gray light of morning if his life were shattered. But now he heard groans and a soft solbing in the bedroom. He listened and bethought him what he should do; not for long, however, for the bedroom door prang open, and Floarea rushed past him. He called to her, but she did not turn her head. The door that led to the open air she hastily shook and burst open in a wild fury; she plunged out and soon vanished in the dusky fields. He stood in the cold draught of the morning wind, his counten-

she regarded him merely as one unable to since an ashen gray, till a voice was raised work, and no longer her husband and masinside, calling after its mother. ter, he buried himself in silence. He entered, and the child's dark eyes, "You are not able to entertain the people round with astonishment, and with arched any more," she said to him. "Formerly you were full of songs and stories."

lashes, were raised to him, and its mouth quivered a little to one side. "I am your father, child : don't you know

me ?" Steria said at last.

"Mother! Mother!" screamed the little

"You're mother is coming directly! Go to

sleep again! I'll sing you something." And he began softly one of those monotonous songs, full of unconscious sadness. with which, in the first days of his youthful happiness, he had often sung the child to sleep, rocking it in his arms, while the beaming eyes of the young mother were turned from her spindle to her loved one. But it came up so thick and hot in his throat that

be broke off. "Water! I want some water!" said the

The father was on the point of reaching for the pitcher in the window, but he hid

his arms, and said: "There is no water there; mother is bringing it."

Then he sat upon the bedside and began again to sing, till the big eyes closed and the long lashes lay tight upon the cheeks, Then he became still and sat, bent over. staring down at his arm stumps, while it grew light outside, and the early blackbirds sung their carols above the swaying wheatfields, and the rising sun dipped all the walls in rosy, glowing light.

But an awakening spring for a man who is crushed is like a greeting of death. The pain in Sterla's breast was so unendurable that great tears streamed slowly from his eyes, and he heaved great sighs. The rosyred light poured over him so that his tears were like flowing drops of fire. He, the trongest, handsomest fellow in the village, with every girl running after him when he went out to walk on Sundays; he, who was called to every job because he could lift three times as much as any one else, sat on his child's bed, and was unable to hand it a

drink of water. The pillow still showed the impression of his young wife's head, before she fied must nim—was it forever?

The bitterness of this thought quenched the flow of tears. With his sleeve he wiped tie eyes, and stood up and went into the hitchen, and waked the wench that was seleep there on the settle. She pushed the tangled locks of black hair from her eyes, and, as she perceived her muster, she mos aloud, so that the dogs outside began to how. She swayed back and forth, struck her lences with her hands, and shricked to and holding both hands before the light, so the atmost of her power;

hands, the strong hands, that were powerful for work? Alas! what is left of your Steria stood there ca sedly, and looked at him. It was strength? He will call upon his strength, hard on the first day at his new post to have and it will be a mockery to his useless arms!
Alas! what has become of your hands? The to look his worst enemy in the eye. The ornament of the village is maimed and muofficer put spurs to his horse, so that he sprang high in the sir, and raced after his tilated. The sun will make the cornfields yellow, and will sak: 'Where is he who loads the sheaves?' He must stand aside. " Who was it, Steria?" said a works Alas! what has become of your hands? The well will ask: 'Why do you lower no

laying his hand on Steria's shoulder, while he, like a statue, still gazed after the other. bucket ?" and the water will show your pic-"If he's the one, what shall I do to him?" "Nothing now," said Steria softly, and turned and went away.

Some days later he lay under an im nut-tree and contemplated his revenge. Suddenly he recognized quite near him, the voice of his enemy, who said: "Still as ever the prettiest in the land!

Yes, you have become far more beautiful; sorrow has perfected you as the storm perfects the roses. "With you, however, I have nothing whatever to do," sounded Floarea's voice in

reply. "I am altogether at a loss to under-

tand how you dare speak to me." "Am I Jack Frost? Did I bite his hands

off "You wanted to make me a widow---" "Yes, that's what I wanted, my sweet Floarea, for it almost killed me that you were his.'

saw her empty chamber. Likewise she re-"Revenge has done as much for you as mained dumb when Steria, with acowling orrow has for me; you don't look like brows, bade her hold the milk to his lips, dying.'

"No, Floares, I could not die now, for I reathe life from you." "Leave me! I hate von!"

"Oh! please hate me some more, so that may see your eyes flash!" "I have become very bad; no one cares

for me any more.' "Poor child! No one cares for you! he bad to you? Does he torment you?" A short pause.

"We get along together about as a cough loes with pleurisy." "The rascal! And you have to support

"Yes, I have to, for it is you that dis-

Then sho went to her work and stood till far "I ?-always I! You are to blame, since you took him to husband, and I then had to revenge myself on him. I wanted you at any price! I wanted to make you happy!" Instead of that you have brought misfortune upon me, which now hangs over my nouse and never lessens."

"What must I do to make your life happy Say the word, and I'll pluck the stars from heaven for you."

opportunity of seeing him, and the beautiful Another pause. Steria held his breath. innkeeper was abstracted and uncommuni-"Lovely, sweet, poor Floarea! Forgive ne, oh, pray forgive me! I sinned for love's Her energy and ability to work seemed to sake. I was a long time imprisoned for it ncrease twofold from now on. But she on bread and water; they came near shootshowed no softening toward her husband. ing me. Floarea, I was very unlucky." She kept her bedroom closed. He slept on "Dog, thou liest!" hissed Steria, behind

the bench in the barroom, after he had his tree. passed the day in looking after the chickens "Imprisoned!" said Floarea, and her voice sounded soft. "And there I always thought of you

otherwise I should have perished. Floarea! Then he began to stand in his doorway, and You can not be angry with me forever. The also to go to the field to oversee the work. angels weep over sinners, and forgive!" "I have wept tears enough through you. ment. The deep sleep of health after a hard I have been very unhappy !"

A soft sob. "Floares, do not cry so! It tears my heart out! Iam to be here for a long time, and I'll bring everything out right for you. I will be so fond of you that you will forget all your troubles, that you-

That word died on his lips for, white as the angel of death, Steria stood before them. The young wife uttered a shriek and covered believe that it would be easier to soften rockcrystal than this woman. His child who

"Enough!" said he. "I am the master here, not you. March!" With an arm-stump he pointed to the dis-

tance, and did not drop it till the young officer had slunk away.

(Continued next week)

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others reprosched her for her forgetfulness. At that moment the sound of a galloping Back sehe, kidney pains, weak ness, rheumatism, and muscule pains relieved in one minute b the Cutteurs Anti-Pain Fineten horse was heard, and three officers advanced "Look at that pretty girl !" shouted one, and reined in his horse. Suddenly there

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L. D. Dion, Dept. Railways and Canals, Ottawa, says: I am very glad to give you to-day the testimony that Nasal Balm has completely cured my catarrh, from which I suffered for T. D. D. Loyd, 8 Clarence street, Toronto, says: I wish here to testify to the unequalled healing powers of your Nasal Balm. I have been troubled for three years by what the docbeen troubled for three years by what the doctors call post nasal catarrh, and have tried everything in the city that could be obtained, in the shape of catarrh cures, and found no permanent relief from any of them, till a friend one day advised me to try your Nasal Balm, and I find that even one bottle has done me more good than all the medicines put together that I have persecuted myself with before. I was very much troubled with spitting and hawking especially in the morning, so much so that my especially in the morning, so much so that my throat was continually in a raw condition, but I am now beginning to know what it is to be able to speak freely. I shall not fail to recom-mend it to any of my friends suffering from

NASAL BALM Positively Cures

D. Derbyshire, Mayor of Brockville, and President of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Baim beats the world for Catarra and Cold in the head. In my own case it effected relief from the first applica-

Isaac Waterman, Imperial Oil Co'y Petrolia, Ont, says: Nasal Bain gave me the most perfect satisfaction of any middene I ever used for Cold in the Head. I found it easy to use, quick in giving relief and effect a complete cure

If Nasal Balm is not kept in stock by your dealer it will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 Cents for small and Si for large size bottles) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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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.

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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

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Rain or shine it wen't hurt any animal All the best horse-owners and breeeders in the County use them. 25c., five for \$1.00.

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

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