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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

FT.AM.

able a young lady, and warmly invited her to make herself no stranger at the

Olive Harton was no less delighted with the prespect of so pleasant a friend. Not, indeed, that she suffered from lonefireside where Mr. Harton and Clarawould not have deigned to show themselves. Yet among the people who visited the house Olive found few to her liking, and both father and sister frowned. down any attempt on her part to estab-

lish a circle of her own. As Mrs. Bertrand found it impossible to produre a piano in the neighborhood, and judged it too great a distance to have hers removed for the few months they expected to spend in the country, she accepted Mr. Harton's proposal that Dora should come over daily and practice with Olive; and this led to a complete intimacy. Olive resembled her father and sister as little in character as in person. Cool, calculating, suspicious and stealthy. Mr. Harton seemed ever on the lookout lest some one should gain an advantage over him; while Olive was frank, free and careless to a fault. There was not a trace of pride or haughtiness in her, and many of the village people who shrank from her sister brightened into smiles when her

merry face appeared at the doorway. Mrs. Bertrand was not at all surprised as she saw the girls rushing in eagerly. one afternoon, their faces flushed with rapid walking, and heard Dora exclaim: O, mamma, Olive has the key to the

tower, and we are going up to explore it. She says almost every one believes it's haunted:" and Dora gave a gay, bird-"I'm so glad you are not afraid of

ghosts, Mrs. Bertrand," Olive said, crossing the room to kiss her. "It's so nice to have you and Dora live in this old house; but no one would ever come before, they were all so afraid of its being

"A very foolish belief, my dear," returned Mrs. Bertrand, in that placid tone which most people use to iterate old truths that few trouble themselves to ex-

"Come. Dora," and Olive led the way. They crossed the wide hall and entered a small passage. The tower, although joined to the main building, was quite separate from it interiorly. There were more rooms in the house than Mrs. Bertrand cared to use, so nothing had been said about the tower further than that Mr. Harton had informed her it was kept as a sort of store room for useless rube bish. More than once Does had evinced a featless curiosity concerning it; and fane, the domestic, had speculated considerably about the ghost, and wondered why Mr. Harton kept the premises so

closely locked. The two girls had to use their atmost strength to turn the key, and as the door slowly opened if displayed a wide stone staircase thick with dust, over which floated a few filmy bars of sunshine from a window higher up. The damp musty odor and strange silence awed them a little, but quickly recovering themselves, they began to second. As foom, and a narrow flight of stairs beaids it san up to the next story, which third, which was contracted into a mere observatory. The windows is all the stories were deep set and nervow, full of colowebs, and the pains of glass broken in many places. Some old cheets, dilapsided chairs, and several pieces of antiqued furniture were several pieces of antiqued furniture were several pieces of antiqued furniture were several pieces of antiques which might have been they oversed was they reversed to the pales, all the pales, the several face of Vin The fearless child laughed lightly as they reversed to the pales, distribution for her bear and went slowly ward the door, and then gathering age, peoped in the closet, which was their place. There, goes night, ghost."

The fearless child laughed lightly as they reversed to the pales, distribution for her fears. For many moments able in any other place. But now they reversed to the pales, distribution for her bear application of the place. It was help able for any one to be concealed in was much smaller, and from thence to &

were so covered with dustand mold as to be scarcely distinguishable. The girls ran to every window for a

view of the surrounding prospect, and vainly tried to find a way through the roof to the cupola with which the tower was crowned. It was evident, from the steps leading to it, that it had once been used. Failing in this they returned to

"Here was where they found my mother," said Olive, standing by the table, and pointing to the high backed chair.



MOTHER." Dora shivered a little as the picture presented itself in her mind. All the long summer day Mrs. Chorley had sat there, never heeding the sunshine or the darkness of purple twilight slowly deepening into night. Dora had seen her portrait, and the vivid, girlish imagination conjured her up again, until she could almost seem to see her. More to break the spell of terror that was creeping over her than gain any real information, Dora said:

"Was she not writing something?" "Yes," replied Olive. "Old Persis, who used to live with mother when she was Mrs. Chorley, and was afterwards our nurse, came over that night to search for her. Papa was so very angry, and discharged her when she said mother meant

to make known some secret about the Suppose some day another will should befound?"- the true will Dora was on the point of adding, for Jane inclined to the belief with which old Persis had tinctured the neighborhood; and in spite of her love for Olive: Dora had always experi-

enced a leaning that way. "Oh, it couldn't be," replied Olive. Grandfather said they would find his will in the tower; and even uncle, who was so very angry, could not disprove it. If he had found it instead of mother I suppose he would'nt have said a word. Only Persis says he loved Uncle Vincent the better, and it is strange he should give him so little and leave all the rest to his other son. There are portraits of them here in his old closet; let us take a look

After pulling out several articles and making such a dust they were almost paintings that, though much injured by time and want of care, still preserved &

tolerable likeness. "This was Mr. Harold Chorley," said Olive, "and that Uncle Vincent. I don't know why I call him so; he was no real relation to me, and it always makes papa angry. Yet I cannot help feeling sorry

Both were portraits of young men, the elder dark, stern, with piercing, jetty eyes and an abundance of black, curling bair. The other was much fairer, with hair of a rich chestnut, and laughing eyes of a most indescribable hue. The whole face wore a frank, generous expression, a happy lightheartedness that won Dora in an instant.

"I believe I like Mr. Vincent Chorley's the better," she said.

"Oh, I do, a great deal. And old Perwho saw his son, said they were exactly alike. You know Mr. Allingham came after mother's death. Clara and I went back to school immediately, so we did not see him."

"Did he really try to murder your

"Certainly. Poor fellow, I suppose he was very angry. I wonder what has become of him. It is seven years since he

Dorscould not keep her sympathies from straying to the outcast. She had not at all recovered from her first dislike to Mr. Harton, and it seemed to her so much more natural and right that a descendant of the family should inherit its privileges in preference to those who could claim only the merest shadow of relationship. Yet she could not express these thoughts to her friend, and so the conversation soon turned to other themes, and presently they went down to have a talk with Mrs. Bertrand about ghosts.

Olive stayed to tea, and shortly after dusk a servant was sent for. When Jane was making all sufe for the night she came to the little parlor, where Dora sat reading alone, as her mother always retired early and exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Dora, the tower door is The young girl sprang up half terrifled the first instant, then, laughing away her

"Olive must have forgotten to lock it. I thought it was fast, and that she had taken the key with her."

"But you won't think of sleeping without first having that shut? Come, let us

"I do helieve you are afraid, Jane. We have lived here two months, and no ghost has made its appearance. Did you suppose it was fastened up in the tower?"

Don't laugh, Miss Dora. I'm not so sure, after all, there isn't something of the sort. I don't see how that woman could rest in her grave with that burden on her mind. I should not be at all surprised to see her come walking down stairs some day with the true will in her

"Huch, Jane, Mammasays it is wrong to pay so much attention to gossip. Ofive's mother couldn't have forged a will, and Mr. Harton, you know, had been in the village only a short time. Probably it's all right, You'll have to turn this key, though; the lock is rusted. There, good night, ghost."

dropped listlessly from her hands, and she fell in a reverie about Allingham Choriey and his father, whose portrait had made so deep an impression on her mind.

The next day Offive came over to announce that she was going to travel with her father and sister, and would probably be absent a month. The maid was packing, and they expected to start early the next morning. Dora was really sorry to lose her companion, but when the impulsive Olive declared that she had half a mind to stay at home, she would not listen a moment to such a

proposition.

"Let me bring you the key of the tower," Dora said, when they had kissed good-by for the third or fourth time. You left it last night."

"Oh, no matter; I'll bequeath it to you for a few weeks, and if you see the ghost don't fail to tell me."

Dora promised. She found herself very lonesome in the days that first followed Olive's departure. She took her walk regularly over to Mr. Harton's for her music, but it was dull work. Frequently she would pause in her playing and study the picture that hung above the piano—the likeness of the Spanish woman when she was Mrs. Chorley. There was a later portrait of her, but this first interested Dora most. The resolute, haughty, lips set to-gether with a firmness that indicated great power, and the strange unconquerableness written on every feature. Gazing at her, it was impossible not to dream over her story.

The woman who supplied Mrs. Bertrand with butter and garden vegetables was a daughter-in-law of the old woman who had been Mrs. Chorley's servant so long. Since her quarrel with Mr. Harton, Persis has been especially bitter against all the family save Miss Olive, whom she loved tenderly. Jane, being a new comer in the place, and being rather disposed for gossip, was quite a godsend to her. On her part Jane retailed her information to Dora, who soon understood the family history perfectly well.

Persis declared Mrs. Chorley had never been the same woman after her second marriage, and that she felt assured Mr. Harton had managed to entangle her in some villainy, or he could never have ruled her so completely. "You should 'a seen how she carried her head in Mr. Chorley's time," the old woman would generally conclude with.

It appeared singular to Dora that Mr. Harton should wish to remain in a place where he was regarded with so much suspicion when he had ample means to enable him to live elsewhere. As Mrs. Bertrand preferred the quiet of her room much of the time, Dora was left to her own speculations and amusements, and having little else to occupy her attention, had become deeply interested in the history connected with Chorley Cliars. Now she visited the old tower daily. Her nature was not superstitious or fearful, and the many curious relics there pleased her

Oora had lain awake a long while, listen- ing to friend--or foe." ing to the ticking of the clock, the regular breathing of her mother, and the heavier respiration of Jane. The sleeping apartments were on the side toward the tower, nearly all the rooms being on one floor, as the house itself was low, Many a time vague imaginations had floated through Dora's mind, and even now she could not refrain from going over the old story. Then a crash of something startled her, a smothered sound, as if it came through walls, and in the direction of the tower. With senses painfully acute, she sat upright in bed, and strove to catch another token or the real or imaginary intruder. In vain. Only the sleepers on either hand broke the perfect stillness, and presently the voice of her mother, requiring some trifling attention. So she composed herself to sleep again,

heating with quite a new emotion. The neighborhood was extremely quiet and at this point quite thickly settled, so it was hardly possible any one would attempt to enter such an old place where no valuables were kept.

but the incident recurred to her in the

morning, and immediately after breakfast

she set out to explore the tower, her heart

She ascended the steps slowly, and on reaching the second floor took a comprehensive survey. The study looked as usual; not a thing had been disturbed. Raising her eyes they rested on a window overlooking the main house. The sash seemed to her displaced and several new panes of glass missing. Following out the suggestion, her eyes wandered to the floor, which was strewn with numerous fragments. Her first impulse was to fly down stairs and give the alarm; then she reflected a moment. Might not the wind-but no, there had been scarcely a breath the preceding night, certainly not mough to dislodge the window frame. She drew a chair to the wall and climbing up, took hold of it. Yes, it was There seemed traces of a recent disarrangement-tinger marks in the dust and the disturbance of moths and spiders that had built homes for themselves in the corners. The window had widently fallen out; this was the noise she had heard in the night. If it had lain there on the floor she would not have felt a whit disturbed, but it must have been put back by human agency. What could any one hope to gain after effecting such an entrance?

Dora knew it would not do to needless ly disturb her mother and Jane. They were comfortable situated: the quiet and retirement satisfied Mrs. Bertrand completely, and her health had improved visibly since her coming to Chorley Cliffs. It would be unfortunate to leave it just now, and impossible to stay unless the mystery was solved, or shared with some Jane would make a poor confidant; indeed, no persuasions could induce ker to enter the tower, so she would be of no ance in case of a search. Oh, Olive were only here! And then Dorn raght her wisest plan would be to go wn stairs and lock the tower door, leaving the old place alone with its secleaving the old place alone with its sec-ret. So she rose and went slowly to-ward the door, and then gathering cour-age, peoped in the closet, which was pus-tially opened. No pallid ghost or busty form of midnight burgher met her view; only the bright, cheerful face of Vincent Chorley, that resumd ready to banter her out of her form. For many moments the stood irresolute, then made a landy ex-

She went cautiously around the study— it was quite reassuring to find nothing

Then she entered the passage, and considered whether she would go down or up. It would be an advantage to satisfy herself thoroughly; then she would not be in momentary fear of causing her "My father died in the positive belief be in momentary fear of causing her mother some sudden alarm. Without any positive mental decision, she began His brother's wife found hers in a close any positive mental decision, she decision, she decision, she decision in the room below, a place he had searching the top drew a long breath of satisfaction. The morning sun poured convinced she must first have put it there. isfaction. The morning sun poured through the eastern window in golden floods—the whole place was full of filmy

How Dora Bertrand first became aware she was not the only inmate of the place, I can hardly tell. It was a vague impression at first, something shadowy and almost imperceptible, then it grew into a fear, and next a reality. Spellbound by terror, her own respiration seemed almost to stop, while every instant the other's breathing became more regular and distinct. The intruder was certainly asleep. There was but one place shielded from her observation-the quaint carved wooden settle, whose high back was towards her. It seemed hours before she could command sufficient strength to take another step, so slowly passed these dull moments of terror. At length the point was reached, and she saw-something real and physical, but not the generally received idea of a housebreaker.

A young man of six or eight and twenty, in a careless but graceful position, one arm under his head for a pillow, the other drooping over the edge of the settle, and displaying a firm white hand that would not have shamed a lady. His hair and beard were of a sunny brown, the upper part of his broad forehead clear and fair as a girl's but the rest of his face many shades darker, the fervent color of the sun's tropical touch. It was a handsome, manly countenance, and losing her fear, she began to consider where she had

A pleasant, familiar face, one on which she could place the smile, and remember precisely how the eyes would look when the drooping lids were raised. Where could she have seen it? She had no fear of it now, and longed impatiently for him to awake. He seemed in no hurry. though: but presently the sun rays began to steal over his face, and then he stretched, vawned and began slowly to open his eves. They did not rest on Dora Bertrand for some moments, however, and then he sat upright suddenly, as if he had is away." received an electric shock, his face growing perceptibly paler every instant. She stood quite still, unable to speak or Are you Olive Harton?" he asked, at

length, in a constrained tone. "No." She remembered, then, how

It was a bright night with a full moon. haughty gesture, " and I may be confess- enced. There was a silence of some

> then he began: " How did you come here this morn-"I live in the house;" and Dora longed

to add something more assuring, yet scarcely knew what to say. " Indeed!" he said, in a surprised tone. "I thought the house was empty. I did

not know Mr. Harton would dare to let it : and there was a perceptible sneer on his lip and in his voice. We came here in May." Dora added.

"I was here in March and heard then it had never been tenanted. Mr. Harton is home, of course?" " No, the family are all away and will

not return in several days." "I must beg you to pardon me," he said, rising, "for thus entering your abode. If I had been aware of your residing here or of Mr. Harton's absence, I should not have chosen this course. There are reasons why I do not care to have my presence here known; yet, believe me, I would not on any account have disturbed or alarmed you. May I trust that I have not given you too severe

a fright?" Dora could not but smile at thus finding herself on familiar terms with a person who a short half hour ago was the object of her deepest solicitude and fear. As if interpreting the smile, he held out his hand frankly, and said, in deep, honest tones that carried faith with them:

"Let us be friends. I need a friend here sadly, for I am an unwilling alien in the house of my fathers. I will prove to you some day that I am not utterly unworthy of confidence."

Dora took the proffered hand. He eemed so little like a stranger that in & few moments she found herself relating not only the event that had disturbed her midnight quiet, but many incidents concerning the Hartons; and he in turn. when he found she knew the episode of his supposed attempt on Mr. Harton's life, related what had befallen him since. He had spent five years the west, in a mercantile house, and two in Europe. Now the business had passed into other hands on account of the death of his employer, and finding a lull in his hitherto msy life, he had determined to come to Chorley Cliffs, and if possible make a thorough search for the lost will.

"On my return from Europe last March I came out here for a few hours, and satisfied myself a little as to matters concerning the house. I concluded my safest course would be to gain the tower unknown to any one. Its reputation of being haunted might favor me a little, I thought. I reached the next town below here in time to obtain my supper, and shortly afterward started to walk hither. The night was so beautiful that I loitered on the way, consequently I did not arrive here until the lights were out, and not dreaming of the place being inhabited, proceeded at once to gain entrance. I tried two of the doors below, and found them fastened, as I supposed I should; then I mounted the roof, and finding the

Ferhaps Olive might have taken the window out, and the noise in the night might have proceeded from some other cause.

She went cautiously around the study. is my sentence to be for thus feloniously

"It was not my house," returned Dora, with a smile, "so I may be lenient. But

there was a will hidden away somewhere. Mr. Harton acted very suspiciously, I think, after his wife's death. He was not at all willing for me to enter the tower. Now, if he felt really satisfied as to my grandfather's will, why should he object to any search I might like to make? My present purpose is to penetrate every conceivable nook or possible hiding place -that is, if I can gain your mother's permission to stay here awhile."

Dora remained talking until she heard Jane's voice calling her to her morning's duties. Promising to arrange for an interview between Mr. Chorley and her mother, she ran down, received a small scolding from the impatient Jane, who wondered what she could find in that old ghost towerto interest her so much. She read awhile to her mother and then assisted Jane with the dinner, finding no time for the conversation she had promised herself. However, Jane was going to spend the afternoon with a sick neighbor, and when Dora saw her walk down the garden path in all the glory of clean dress and white apron, she took out her sewing and sat down beside her mother with a satisfied smile.

"Mamma," she began, after a considerable silence, "do you think it would be wrong for Mr. Chorley to come here and search the place for his grandfather's

"Why, no, child." said Mrs. Bertrand. "But you know he could not do it openly, on account of his former trouble with Mr. Harton. So he would have to remain concealed, and work quietly. Should you disapprove very much of such

"It is not likely he will come, Dora. Why do you seem so interested:"

"I think he will, mamma; indeed I have seen him." Mrs. Bertrand gave a sudden start, glancing around almost as if she expected

"Where is he?" she asked. "Surely not in the village? It is well Mr. Harton

"He is here in this house, or rather in the tower, and wishes to see you." "To see me! When did he come? Are you sure it is he. Dora?"

· Quite sure: he looks so like the picture of his father. And now do not be frightened, mamma, while I tell you the she had come to know the face so well whole story:" and Dora came and knelt and added. "But you are Allingham beside her mother, while she repeated the incidents of the morning, leaving "I cannot deny it," he said, with a out much of the alarm she had experi-

Mrs. Bertrand was greatly surprised, and quite undecided what course to pursue, but Dora pleaded so warmly in Mr. Chorley's behalf, that she at length said: "I think we might manage it but for

"But Jane is very trusty when one really confides in her. I think she would be proud of having a secret to keep." So presently Dora went to summon Mr. Chorley, who succeeded in deepening the good impression the young girl had begun. He was very manly and straightforward, and when he repeated his father's dving charge, Mrs. Bertrand began almost to believe in the possibility of

will being found. They were still talking earnestly when a shadow passed the window. Dora sprang into the hall, closing the door behind her, and found an old friend, but most unwelcome guest, entering the wide (Continued next week)

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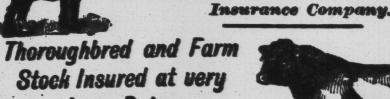
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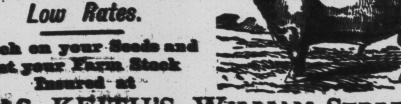
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