

TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF SOUTH VICTORIA.

I would remind you that, notwithstanding what other candidates may say to the contrary, the National Policy has not increased the price of...

Ice Cream or Soda Water

to the consumer, and that you may be enabled to keep cool during the present season, I shall make great efforts to keep a constant supply of superior carbonated beverages, flavoured with pure fruit...

ALBERT HALL, Lindsay, May 27th, 1882

E. McFEELY, TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WORKER.

And dealer in STOVES, TINWARE, COAL OIL, &c.

Cash for Sheepskins, Calfekins, Wool-pickings, Cotton and Woollen Rags, Old Metal, &c.

Repairs made promptly attended to.

E. McFEELY, 125 West Front Street, Victoria, B.C.

Only a Brakeman.

"Accident." An extra freight train on the B. & C. R. R. was wrecked last night by a broken bridge just beyond Carlyle.

It was only a short dispatch, cast into the corner of the morning paper, and I read it with interest.

I was only the night operator at Carlyle, not a very exalted position, perhaps, but yet one of considerable responsibility and trust.

I remembered one night, when I was sitting alone in my little cramped-up office, and listening from mere force of habit, to the varied messages as they went, looking by to the other stations on the road.

"Well, Billy, how's No. 3?" a voice suddenly asked, as the outside door was opened.

"One hour late," I replied, justly, and then, looking up, I saw Tom Marshall, a brakeman on the last freight, sitting on the bench.

"Only for a moment to night," he answered me, as he sat down at my incandescent lamp resting between his feet on the floor.

"When away to night, Tom? Not up on the hill again, surely?" He shook his head in the affirmative, his eyes fixed upon my chair, where the instrument was ticking away.

"Of course it's none of my business, my boy, but it seems to me you go to the great wheel once too often of late. Ballou might object, and he said they are engaged, you know."

"I think they are mistaken about that, Billy, but Ballou has more opportunities than I can enjoy," he replied, very slowly.

"I asked, for I hoped this broad-shouldered fellow, and I follow, brake men, though he is."

"I'm afraid it's up with you, Billy," he replied, but was not so steady as before at the station but was a bit off. "But, good night, Tom, and will you give my regards to your folks."

"I sat there alone in the office after he had gone. I thought of all these things, thought them over and over again, I had known Tom for two years, and I liked the boy."

"I know, or thought I know, Kate Carr, up in the big white house on the hill. A grand girl in her own right, and her father's riches, her own beauty, and the dozen suitors who had knelt at her feet. I've since then first thought her society I wondered at his coolness. It seemed so strange a thing to me that one so proud of his position, so thoroughly a slave of society as Kate Carr appeared to be, should so openly encourage the attentions of a mere freight brakeman, a man of whose family connections we knew nothing, and whose only wealth was his own body."

"My mother had been taken ill—a telegram just received."

"Wait for 'No. 2,' then—that will be nearer daylight."

"Yes, and it might be too late. No, I must go to-night, danger or not. Surely I may risk it if you can!"

"I have no one to think of but myself. The words were almost lost in the wind. 'You have Kate, and it is my duty to go, not yours.' And the brakeman retreated hurriedly away."

Only a moment did Ballou come after his lantern, as it were following down the wet platform, and then as the short train started he stepped into the caboose, and I leaned from my seat

right. And Tom loved her, and I thought it over all night when I was not busy, and wondered in my heart how it would end.

Tom never came back to the depot that night, though I looked for him, and his train left eastward while I was taking my breakfast at the only hotel the place afforded, and I caught but a glimpse of him as they swung around the curve. I afterwards heard the whole story from his lips, but I can tell it best for myself.

From his car he passed up the long hill to where the lights of the Carrieston were twinkling among the trees, determined to learn his fate from Kate's own lips that very night.

The parlor windows were dark when he ascended the stone steps and rang the bell, and the servant who answered it, recognized his face, told him he would find Miss Kate in the garden. In the moonlight, dreaming the ever-new dream of love, he passed with quick step down the gravel path by the well-trimmed flower-beds to where the summer house, thickly shaded by clinging vines, stood at the further end.

This was her favorite resting-place, and many a pleasant hour came flooding over his mind, passed there with her—his queen. As he approached now, he was surprised to hear, borne on the still night air, the tone of voices in earnest conversation. In all Tom's nature there was nothing cowardly, nothing base, but his own name, spoken in a man's deep voice, caused him to halt almost without knowing he did so.

"I naturally supposed from all I saw and heard that you cared for Marshall?"

It was almost a question, and the silent listener outside in the moonlight bent forward to catch the low tones of the reply.

"Oh, George, how could you! Why, he's nothing but a freight-brakeman! What would papa say if he heard that?"

It was the soft, tender voice of Kate.

"And you truly only cared for me, darling?"

"I only loved you, George."

That was all; and the strong man who listened, whose only crime was poverty, turned back quietly in the darkness—turned back through the low hedge and out into the gravel road, with pale face and heavy heart.

He had loved her with all the giant strength of his strong, manly nature—he never knew how much before, as he did now, alone in his misery—his suffering, and those cold, heartless, stinging words, "He's only a freight-brakeman," ringing in his ears with every heavy step he took.

He was poor, was nothing but a brakeman, had neither wealth nor lineage of which to boast; but, after all, he was a man, and like one he suffered his loss, suffered through the long, still night, patiently and silently.

As the long summer days faded into the shorter ones of early fall, and his train passed back and forth by the station on its daily trips, I watched Tom, and knowing as much as I did, I could read his sufferings, though he tried so bravely to hide it all and appear outwardly as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Poor Tom! the blow was a hard one struck by her little hand, and the strong man bent beneath it, whether he willed or not.

It was nearly winter when the end finally came, and that ending was indeed terrible.

For several weeks heavy storms had been raging along the entire line of the road, and many bars were expressed by railway officials about the safety of the road-bed between Carlyle and Eganville, the next station east. All along these few miles there were heavy grades and numerous small bridges and culverts already loosened by previous storms. That night when I went on duty it was raining hard—a cold, bitter rain, half sleet, blown here and there in gusts of heavy wind. The night itself was intensely black from swiftly scudding clouds, broken now and then by vivid glares of forked lightning that seemed almost to tear them in twain. My instruments were almost unmanageable, owing to the electricity in the air, but about midnight a message came through in jerks from the division superintendent at Ballou:

"The Carli."

"Send Ballou with extra car, to report back at Eganville for No. 2. Move cautiously."

"W. B. C."

Ballou was Tom's conductor, and I handed the order to him immediately. An engine was ready at hand, and they soon had the short train of ten cars made up in the yard. Just as the engine backed down from the tank and was being coupled on, George Ballou, muffled up in his chain and holding a small leather valise in his hand, came hurriedly around the edge of the depot building.

"Ballou," he said to the conductor, who stood there with his lantern raised to give the signal for starting, "I want to go down with you. I must be home to night."

Ballou looked around rather surprised at the request.

"We are likely to be wrecked before over we get there, Mr. Ballou," he said quickly. "But if you must go take your own risk and get on. I don't care."

"Ballou, don't go!" it was Tom's voice, speaking very low. "Take my advice, for there's not one chance in ten of our going through to-night without trouble."

"But I must go," came the answer. "My mother had been taken ill—a telegram just received."

"Wait for 'No. 2,' then—that will be nearer daylight."

"Yes, and it might be too late. No, I must go to-night, danger or not. Surely I may risk it if you can!"

"I have no one to think of but myself. The words were almost lost in the wind. 'You have Kate, and it is my duty to go, not yours.' And the brakeman retreated hurriedly away."

Only a moment did Ballou come after his lantern, as it were following down the wet platform, and then as the short train started he stepped into the caboose, and I leaned from my seat

to watch Tom swing up on the little iron ladder and mount to the top. Just exactly how it all happened, I do not know, but at the bottom of the second grade the earth had been washed away from beneath the rails, and they hung almost unsupported just below the surface of the water. Thundering down the grade in the rain and night, every brakeman at his post on the top, the great freight engine plunged into the water and went crushing down. Car after car was piled up there and hurled to one side down into the ravine. Clinging to a brake just back of the engine, and peering ahead through the storm, his hand wreathed clear by the shock, Tom was hurled outward into the air. The crash stunned him, but the cold water into which he fell revived him again, and he crawled out from the debris on to the bank and worked his way back towards what should be the rear end of the train.

When the first terrible crash came the caboose had been pitched violently forward and then flung down, and now hung tremblingly suspended upon a single timber of the trestle, which trembled and threatened each moment to part and let the battered car fall onto the ragged rocks below.

"There are any one hurt, Cal?" Tom asked, anxiously, as he finally found the conductor standing alone in the rain beside the track.

"No; all out safe, I think—close call, though, Tom; awful wreck? I never saw a worse in thirty years!"

"Help me help!"

The cry rang out shrill and agonizing from the suspended caboose below them.

"Help! I'm wedged in! Quick!"

It was Ballou's voice, beyond a doubt.

"Give me an axe!" and, seizing the weapon, Tom sprang out into the tottering car and dropped down through a shattered window. He knew the slender, trembling limb could not sustain that weight long. He knew he was going to almost certain death. He knew a moment's delay might rid him of one who had won from him the woman he loved. It was a moment for vengeance, but he forgot it all. He knew a woman's delay and all of George Ballou would be a dead tangled body. But he never hesitated, never doubted what to do. He was only a brakeman, but he was willing to sacrifice his own life, wreck his own happiness, to save the man Kate Carr loved. A martyr, you say—a hero. No; how could he be?—you forget he was a freight-brakeman.

"Here, quick!" he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut inside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car.

"Quick! for he felt the car settling, and heard the groaning of the timber giving way. 'Cal, catch him!' and, grasped by strong hands, Ballou was drawn up through the broken window to the ground above, and then, with a jurch and crash of breaking timbers, the heavy car plunged downward on to the rocks, splintering on their sharp points and dashed to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they found Tom lying there, crushed out of all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him—she loved him!" was all he said; and, as the sun came up over the high bank, he breathed his last sobbing breath in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot and laid him reverently in the great ladies' waiting-room, and as the railroad men bore him by the window, some one in the crowd said:

"How lucky that only a brakeman was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-hearted Tom Marshall has gone home to the father who never looks to the grimy clothes and the weather-beaten faces of his children, but rewards them according to their deeds. If so, his must be an exceedingly great reward.

100 REWARD

is offered for any case of catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's catarrh cure. Taken internally. Price 75 cents.

As a remedy for Sea Sickness, for any irritation of the stomach and bowels, for colic and hemorrhage, and for all varieties of bowel complaints, Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is nature's true specific.

The Wild Strawberry plant possesses rare virtue as a cleansing, cooling, astringent, antiseptic, and healing medicine, and when combined with other valuable vegetable extracts, as in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it is an unfailing remedy in all bowel complaints.

On Tuesday Mrs. John N. Watson, of Bridgerton, died suddenly. Though he had arrived at the age of 82, he was working at his business as a plumber on the morning of his death till noon. After his dinner he went on business to the blacksmith's, where he sat down on a keg, but before he had been there three minutes he dropped to the ground and expired immediately.

The firm of J. & S. McKaehren, Douglas, writes us June 1st, saying, "There is not another preparation we can recommend with so much confidence as Burdock Blood Bitters, as it invariably gives the best of satisfaction." Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of blood, liver and kidneys.

On Monday evening last a team of horses belonging to Mr. Alexander Brown ran away on Cameron street east, Canington. On the wagon were Mr. Hugh Currie and Mr. Brown, and both were thrown to the ground and injured, Currie receiving a severe wound on the leg, and Brown getting his hand hurt. One of the horses, a valuable animal, was also badly injured, the tongue of the wagon coming down and breaking off, a large splinter running through the horse's foot, just above the hoof, severing several cords.

BILLIQUENESS.

A furred tongue, bad taste in the mouth, nausea vomiting, variable appetite, alternate diarrhoea and constipation, faintness, restlessness, yellow cast of eyes and countenance, indicates serious biliary trouble. Jaundice is a dangerous disease, it is an overflow of bad bile in the circulation. Any of these symptoms should be remedied without delay, and Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy upon which you may surely rely.

Davy & Clark, Druggists, Banff, writes us June 3rd. "We have sold Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for a number of years, and find nothing equal to it, for the purpose for which it is designed." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all forms of bowel complaints incident to summer and fall.

WILL YOU EXCHANGE a case of Dyspepsia or Biliousness for 75 cents? It is awfully unwise to agonize under the manifold ailments arising from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Disordered Stomach and Liver, when this offer is made to you in your own home in all sincerity, with an absolute certainty of curing you.

ZOPESKA (from Brazil) cures Dyspepsia and Biliousness. A single dose relieves; a sample bottle convinces; a 75 cent bottle cures.

It acts directly upon the Stomach, Liver, and Gall-bladder, Cleansing, Correcting, Regulating, Zopessa gives energy and vim to the Brain, Nerve, and Muscles, simply by working wonders upon the Digestion, and giving activity to the Liver.

Cut this out, take it to any dealer in medicines, and get at least one 75 cent bottle of Zopessa, and tell your neighbor how it acts. It is warranted to cure Dyspepsia and Biliousness.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of self-abuse, loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a premature grave.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per package, or six packages for \$5.00, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by address.

After taking THE GRAY MEDICINE CO. Toronto, Ont., Canada.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE.

IS A SURE, PROMPT AND EFFECTUAL REMEDY for Nervousness in all its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power. It restores Nervous Waste, rejuvenates the jaded Intellect, strengthens the enfeebled Brain and restores surprising Tone and Vigor to the exhausted Generative System. The experience of thousands proves it an invaluable remedy. The medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box contains sufficient for two weeks' medication, and is the cheapest and best.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50 cents per box, or 12 boxes for \$5.00, or will be mailed free on receipt of money, by addressing MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Lindsay by A. HIGGINBOTHAM, and all druggists everywhere. 125-131.

WETHERUP'S

EXTRACT WILD STRAWBERRY

Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sickness and Summer Complaint; also Cholera Infantum, and all Complaints peculiar to children teething, and will be found equally beneficial for adults or children.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

THE Lungs represent the Lungs in a healthy state. STRICTLY PURE.

HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

In Consumptive Cases

It approaches so near a specific that "Efficiency" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

As an Expectorant it has no equal. It contains no Opium in any form.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Perry Davis & Son & Lawrence, SOLE AGENTS, MONTREAL.

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GOOD FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, CROCKERY, CHINA and GLASSWARE.

Fruits and Confectionery, and all kinds of Vegetables in season, will be sold at the lowest PRICES CURRENT.

OUR TEAS in particular will be reduced to correspond with the reduction by the duty being taken off.

Call and see our stock in general, and especially our SEEDS, which is very complete. A large stock of Pure Bones is also on hand. Not forgetting our Li-Quor Tea agency; remember with 3 lbs of Tea a volume given free. Respectfully soliciting a call.

W. M. ROBSON, 1303 KENT STREET.

KYLIE AND CURTIN, LINDSAY,

Manufacturers of BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, CUTTERS, WAGONS, SLEIGHS

Repairs of all kinds will receive prompt and careful attention.

Our work will speak for itself. KYLIE & CURTIN, Cambridge St., North of the Market.

IMMENSE VALUE

Dry Goods, Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, &c.,

JAS. WATSON'S

Business Change.

Having sold out my interest in the Woolen Mill, I have returned to OPEN UP ON KENT ST.

and have made arrangements with several large factories to supply me at their lowest mill prices with Full Cloths, Tweeds, Flannels, BLANKETS, YARN, KNITTED GOODS, ETC.

And I now offer to the trade any of the above lines as low as can be had in Montreal or Toronto.

Merchants who buy at the very lowest prices will find that they can save at least freight and packing by ordering from me.

RETAILING.

I have bought the stock of Dry Goods in the store on Kent Street, Wetherup's hardware at a very low figure, and am selling at prices to please. Am also receiving from Montreal and Toronto large quantities of Cottons, Prints, Embroidery, Lace, Kid Gloves, and other lines usually kept in dry goods, which I will sell at the very lowest living profits.

WOOL WANTED.

I am prepared to pay the highest price for Wool and Peltings the year round. Will be glad to see old customers and new ones, and will endeavor to deal so as to have you call again.

J. W. WALLACE, 1301-131.

DOMINION ORGANS AND PIANOS,

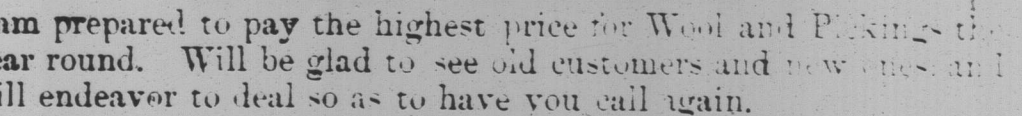
BOWMANVILLE, ONT. (LEAD THE WORLD.)

The largest and most complete factory in the Dominion. Highest honors awarded to our instruments in the world. Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876; Medal and Diploma at Sidney, Australia, 1877; Gold medal at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878; Highest award at Industrial Exhibition, London, 1881; Medal and Diploma, 1881. The Dominion Organ and Piano are the

BEST IN THE MARKET,

and will be sold at the lowest possible advance on cost. The CELEBRATED HEINTZMAN & CO. SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS. The WORLD RENOWNED WHITE SEWING MACHINE. Also RAYMOND & WANZEL for sale at reduced prices. As I buy for cash I am able to give purchasers the better bargains. Any other make supplied.

Office and Show Room 1st door west of Milne & Graham's W. W. LOGAN, LINDSAY, GENERAL AGENT.



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