RETRIBUTION;

ST "WASASS,"



consequence was that almost before the full tenor of the situation had made itself felt in Anton's mind he stood charged with the murder of Mario Delara

The accused man's distracted wife had arrived on the scene by this time, and as soon as it was told to her that her husband would be tried for wilful murder she swoon-

But before the order for Anton's commitment to prison could be made off a man applyed on the scene for whom every half made way as if by instinct. This was none other than Mr. Jost Wilcox, the richest man in Sonoma County, an uncultured, good-natured, large-hearted, "grasp-my-hand-tight" down haster. Wilcox had made an immense fortune in California and spont his days in the valley at a large and insurficiely appointed house which he had built in the midst of a beautiful estate.

He knew everybody for miles around and hobshoot with rich and poor, great and small. All mot him on equal forms and he had a good word or hearty laugh for

His draws was untily and ill-fitting, owing to the fact that he paid very little attention to outward appearance

He Head a man of his own lik, but he hated, as he suid, "them as put on airs below they'd med a bit o' money. Accompanying him was Velasquez, the man whom Wiles despised above all the

many deept able people he had met in the course of a long lifectime. ' Hollo,' wild Wilrox, in his 'ree and easy manner, to the justice, "what's up?"

Ho had the every one also heard all about the traguly, but is t bound to give vent to The old goddienner walked across to the prefige and enclower boards him while the

administrator of law and order related to When Wilcox heard that Anton Royman was charged with the nurder he excitedly

pumped from his sont and shouted; "Why you thundren" blockheads, you thet betime appeal at it angry words with him and happened to be the first man to both a rith out of the colours last ments "There we us to be so afternative," said

the health, "but you may rest assured he with, by (ed, that he shall," said the half Vinker, "If I rake army cont of mour t've get to seeme it. Danimit, he's no more guilty of bash oring than his poor

As he speak these works whether interbounday or not his somes wandered to wante Valusques, we are in the room, and Historick hon that Vor engines wintest.

From horses and see a total and said: Concern od to and keep a good heart. friere's ner judas in times paris at all you

Then turning to Voltague & be said; "Ant se for y that an anne more then to be in out of the one y is an expensed it no become of y inearly men. Y wise to trying next to turn the water of the house and home thanker to got mover to token nerves the tubles up to kinder. I know more than you think I do about your grings on, and you can make y ar most up right here that you're not going to have it all your own was. If the book over wants probablion from succe formers blood suckers as for who knows works to that one

Vengo & betweet appropriate quietly, but a wardly furful improst, and said as p litely as in courts of fail to comprehend when I have ever done to morit this abuse,

"Then you can know now that I've got a mighty good reason for my words and you'd With this hoy both walked away. That

wight Anton sport bonind the bars, charged win the dreatful evine of murder.

CHAPTER IV.

While Anton lay in jail weartly awaiting his trial. Valuerprox arrived at the conclusion that a an the best thing he could do was to more out of the valley. So the ladyers were emsulted in regard to ladare's estate, and after several dis-

putes a settlement was agreed upon. Delands surrowing wife, finding that the here the associations of the district would be too much for her, resolved to sell every thing and move to Santa Rosa where her

friends and parents had long resided. In all her negotiations and other business matters, she was ably assisted and indeed grided by Jool Wilcox, and this proved a fortunate arrangement for her. For a weman with no more knowledge of law and busines than Mrs. Dolaro would have been

a plinble tool in the hands of so unprinciple ed and crafty a man as Velasquez The estate, including the wine collars and every thing else connected with it, was sold and, a top all the final details were settled, the enter amount he had agreed upon with also in Do are on the night of the murder.

He lost no time in bidding "Good bye" F the Valley, bending his steps toward his

His stay there was not of long duration, for he become harful that Auton Reyman might be acquitted of the charge of mur-der, following which event the impetuous Jost Wilcox would undoubtedly make matters rather unpleasant for him, if his where abouts were known.

So he reclient on all valuable papers in his possession and started East.

Nearly a month olapsed between the exactment of the vineyard tragedy and the time of Leon Velasquer's final disappearance from the Sonome valley. With the assistance and advice of Jost Wilcox, Mrs. Delaro was preparing to dispose of her house and leave the district. Thanks to the old Yankov's lustinest act, she found that the had sufficient money left from the proceeds of the sale to keep how in comfort for a number of years. It if she was anxious to be rid of the house caso.

In any case the would have been compali-

pwentieth of the month, thirty days after Delary's death, a notice was served on the executors of the estate to the effect that a note for (\$50,000) fifty thousand dollars drawn in favor of Leon Velacquez and discounted has him in San Promeiron. counted by him in San Francisco, was due and must be paid in three days.

This threw a new light on affairs, and Mrs. Delaro was ama 61 Why had her husban given Velasquez a note at thirty days for such an amount of money? She was utterly unable to solve the riddle, and at ones the her ole fr and for aid.

This is what old Joel Wilcox, the millionaire, said about it: "You kin depend upon it, Mrs. Delaro, that there is more in this than you or I know at present. This note that's a lyin' in the bank for you to meet was drawn on the night that my friend Mario was murdered, and I'm as sure that it's got sunthin' to do with that dirty work as I am that Anton Reyman is innocent of it all. The note'll hev to be met, but it'll knock a big hole in what you got out of the sale of the vineyard to do it. So when you're ready to sell your house don't go to any body else. I'll buy it and give you a fair price

Mrs. Delaro was much stirred by old Wileax's words, and it was with a blanched face that she looked up at the big millionaire, and said: "Mr. Wilcox, do you think for no moment that Leon Ve asquee had any h ug to do with the death of my poor hus-

"Yes I do," was the reply, "and what's more I'm going to flud out just how much he did her to do with it, or my name ain't

"I don't like to think this without some good grounds for the belief," said the beaugood grounds for the belief," said the beau-tiful woman; "but I will arouse myself at once. I am unusually quiet and do not as a rule jump at conclusions, but when my hus-band was cruelly taken from me it seemed as though my heart had been forcibly torn from its place to be replaced by a spirit of revenge. Henceforth my duty shall be to and Mario's slayer. I, too, do not believe Anton Royman guilty, but-" here her voice became choked with emotion and passion. The quiet, passive nature of the lady was fast fading before the hot southern blood of an aroused woman, and it was with flashing



ed: "I will find his murdorer, and nay the blessed Virsin have mercy on him when I do for I will have none. Joel Wilcox promised that he would leave

no stone unturned, but as it warm's trial go to San Francisco and interview the brok-Volument's recent actions "That is the clay I must follow." he said

to the widow of the mountime, you, of course, will keep your eyes and cars open to all that transpires in this immediate neigh-

Such was the compact which Joel Wilrex and the widow of Delars entered into that night, and through many weary years of mingled hopes and disappointment, they kept the one aim in constant view.

The next morning Jost Wilcox started for San Francisco, to learn what he could about the money which Velasqu's had raised on

For this purpose he called at the office of Crandall & Co., investment brokers Delaro of doing a little specula ing occasionally through this house, Volasquez invariably.

conducting the deals. So Wilcox naturally thought this would be a good starting point. On entering the office, he inquired for Mr. (Sandall, and was ushored into the gentle-

man's private room. As soon as Mr. Crandall heard the name of his caller he pricked up his ears and was immediately prepared to act as obsequiously as an obsequious man possibly could, under

For Jost Wilcox was a well known man in Prisco, his enormous wealth being a matter of public goserp, and the little lynx-eyed broker thought he was in for a good stroke of business, he of course surmaing that the millionaire was on the lookent for an in-

In this, as we know, he was doomed to disappointment. The hroker foresaw what was coming when Mr. Wilcox asked:

"Do you know if Leon Volusius is in town, Mr. Crandall?" Now, the broker and Velasquez were "bosom cronies," having worked many quiet and sometimes shady deals together. Still, the broker was by far the shrewder of the two men, and while Velasquez brought the lambs to the slaughter Crandall managed to catch most of the blood. Therefore, when this question was suddenly sprung upon him he was decidedly surprised, but at the same time was too old in the business to betray any undue agita-

"Mr. Velasquez. Ah, yes, I remember him now; the gentleman from San Paola?" he said, with assumed indifference. why do you come here in search of that gentleman, Mr. Wilcox; it is hardly probable that I should be aware of the fact even if he did happen to be in town. calls here are exceedingly few and far between, like the angels' visite, as it were, if

I may be permitted to make use of an old

and familiar expression."
"What a lie," thought his clork (a young Englishman), who had without intention left the door ajar when he ushered Mr. Wilcox into the private room, and thus heard the remarks as he sat at his deak in the public

informed that he had a good many business transactions with you and that this would be a likely place to find him."

"Yes," the little broker responded. "Mr. Velasquez certainly did have some business to transact with me but his visits here were

always of the most format nature, and we were not on such terms that I could be supposed to know much of his movements while in this city." The clerk outside had become interested by this time and mentally ejaculated: "What a liar?"

ejaculated: "What a liar!"

"I am not the nort of a man to bear around the bush, and I may as well be plain with you," said Mr. Wilcox. "You have, of course, heard of my friend Mario Detaro's murder near his own wine callars on the night of the twenty-first of last month?"

"Yes, I did bear of the and occurrence," was the rejoinder. Jost Wilcox continued: "The week before that murder Mr. Dalaro told me of a deal he had made with you,



YOU WERE INQUIRING ABOUT MR. VELASthat paid big, and I'm here as a representative of Delarch's widow to know if the matter has even fixed \$\mathbf{u}.\)

"Yes, I believe it has," replied Crandall: "but to make sure I will step around to the office of the broker who sold the stock for Velasquez and inquire if the money has been paid;" saying which he rose to go and hand-ed Mr. Wilcox a newspaper to read during

his temporary absence.

As soon as Crandall had gone Joel Wilcox muttered to himself: "Well, I wonder how much more money the villain has scrap-ed tegether. There is no account of that money being paid to Delavo on his books, at least I couldn't flud it if there was. The yaller-skinned 'possum tried his best to clean out his best friend before he killed him."

He was not left to his thoughts very long, for, no sooner was Crandall's back turned than the clerk made an excuse to come into the room with a bundle of papers in his hand. As soon as this individual got close mough to Mr. Wilcox he whispered:

"You were inquiring about the transac-tions of Mr. Vela-quez with this house?" "Yes, I was," the astonished millionaire

"Then appoint a meeting with me to-night and I will give you some information that will prove of value." "What do you know about the business meried Mr. Wilcox.

"More than I care to know," was the rejoinder, "but I'm getting tired of it and must tell somebody. What hotel are you topping at?"
"The Palace," was the answer.

"Expect me there to-night at nine o'clock, then," said the clerk, who then left the room, not a moment too soon, for at that moment Crandall returned, his walk out to the other broker's office having been merely a "blind." Without waiting until he was seated he informed Mr. Wilcox that the stock certifleates had been sold and the money paid to Velasquez, who held a power of attorney for

At this Mr. Wilcox rose to leave, for he felt that the interview with the clerk would serve his purpose far better than any quantity of talk with the unprincipled broker. With many polite farewells and expressions of hope for future interviews, as well as regrets at the shortness of the present visit entirely upon the part of the broker, however), the two men parted.

Punctually at the hour of nine Crandall's clerk put in his appearance at the Palace Hotel and was shown up to Mr. Wilcox's

He introduced himself by means of a card bearing the legend: "Percy Beaufort Lovel."

"Now, Mr. Percy Beaufort Love"," said the jovial host, "I guess you know a good eigar when you try one, so help your elf out of that box on the table; and I know you can drink a glass of wine, else you ain't English. So sit you down and I'll call for some of the genuine article, then we'll have a talk. But suppose, instead of calling you Mr. Percy Beaufort Lovel, we drop part of that dime novel title and call you plain Parcy?"

The Englishman made no demur to any of these suggestions; so the wine was brought in, and, under its steadily increasing influence, he told the millionaire all he knew about Velasquez.

"So you say he was squeezed into a corner the day before the murder," asked Wil-

"Yes, and a pretty tight one, too," was heard him tell Mr. Crandall that he would get the money in three days by fair means

"Whew!" was the only reply.

Then Percy proceeded and told what had happened since, how Valusquez bought up the mining stock cartificates, and sold them at a slick profit, and how he had held a note for fifty thousand dollars, given him by Delaro, which Crandall managed by false representations to get discounted for him on the quiet. Finally, Lovel told how only a week ago. Velasquez came into the office and went with Crandall to cash a cheque for a good part of forty thousand dollars which he said was the proceeds of the share in the sale of the Posada vineyards. Lovel gave it as his, opinion that Valasquez had stacted East with very intile short of a hun-dred thousand dollars cash money in his

"Do you know which way he went?" asked Mr. Wilcox. "No, I do not, sir," was the reply.

"Now, come, Percy, we shall get along a good deal better without any of that kind of business. Don't 'Sir' me any more," said the plain-spoken Yankee.

Lovel smiled and continued: "Velas-

quez said he might stop at Denver awhile, but he expected to be in Chicago inside of

This information woke up the millionaire "" " time is precious. Are

you willing to go with me to San Paola to-morrow, Percy!"

"Well," said Lovel "the question is rather sudden, Mr. Wilcox, and I might lose my place if I go without Mr. Craudail's per-

"Curse your position!" ejaculated Wilcox. "Come with me and help to run that villian to earth and I'll see that you have a

position as long as I live."
"That settles it," said Percy. "I've been frifting all over for the last seven years and I may as well keep it up."

The next day the millionnis and his newfound friend, the poor English clerk, started off to San Paola rogether and forgether than the started of the san Paola rogether and forgether than the san Paola rogether and forgether than the san Paola rogether and forgether than the san Paola rogether and san Paola rogether than the san Paola rogether and san Paola rogether than the san Paola rogether and san Paola rogether than the san Paola rogether

shie service. CHAPTER V.

ed links of friendship to at were only snap-ped by death, while Crandall lost a good elerk who was too housest for his question-

During the journey to Sun Paola on the following day, Joel Wilcox took the opportunity to have a good long talk with Percy Lovel and accertain what that young management the point the mount to the properties. knew about the many transactions which had taken place between Velasquez and

Sometimes the year; Englishman got very communicative for us was naturally a free open-hearted sort of a fellow, nos more than twenty-seven years of age or there-

Wilcox liked him so well that he saked Lovel to give him a little of his history, fluid Lovel: "If I tell you my history you may not think so well of me after you hear liter you do now,"

on, I dare say, size most young men who drift to Frisco, you have led a kinder wild life, but it is evident you were primed with a pretty good education | e ore you started in on it," was the response. "Yes," said the Englishman, "I suppose

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I suppose that so, and since I left Oxford I have seen that so, and since I lett Oxford I have seen life through the kaleidoscope of many promiscuous journeyings. I left home before I was twenty, got through a good pile of money in Paris and Brussels and then suddenly found myself in New York. I played the races, gambled and knocked around from one job to another, and altogether left. Bohemian life. But I feel like sobering up now; it isn't necessary for a fellow to be a vagabond all his life, and I'm ready for the s vagabond all his life, and I'm ready for the change. It isn't more than three weeks since I handled the chips for the last time, but I have done with it for keeps. By the way, the very last game I sat down to was in the same room that Velasquez frequented and he dropped over five thousand dollars that night. It was the same evening he sold the mining stock. He often used to come to that den, and some of the boys there know a good deal about him, but I very much question which there any of them would nuch question wh ther any of them would tell you much."

"Good," remarked Lovel's newly found friend, "I'm glad to hear that you are tired of your wild life, and, what's more, I believe you. So from now on you will ple consider yourself private secretary to Joel Wilcox. I never did put on airs before, but

I will try to deserve your confidence."

"All right: I count myself a pretty good judge of a man when I see one, and I think that so far as I am concerned, I am safe in engaging you for an unlimited period; the salary question we can settle as we go along," added Wilcox in a jovial man-

"But what," he continued, "was that you said about Velasquez being known by the boys in the gambling house?"

Percy then repeated what he had already recounted, and Mr. Wilcox said that the

knowledge might be useful in hunting down were good talkers the conversation was kept up in a lively manner, and it was not long before Wilcox knew all about Percy from his

As the train pulled up at San Paola Mr. Wilcox said: "Ah! I guess, my boy, you've been more of a fool than an intentional

The remark was full of truth, for Percy lovel was never really bad, only one of those lads so especially common among the better English classes who become utterly reckless in the eager pursuit of "folly as it flies." Yet through all his ups and downs he was nonchalent, easy-tempered and cool as an iced cucumber. Always he could find time to part his hair in the right place, no matter if the house was on fire; but he could also be relied upon to reach the outside safely. And no matter where or how deep he would sink in life's turbulent waters, he



MRS. DELARO MET THEM AT THE DOOR. Always philosophically contented, he never ost his temper or became unduly excited, and after a varied experience covering a range of occupations, from speculator to book-canvasser, he floated into Crandall & Co.'s office, and from there, as we have seen, to his present position. And this last move was to change the whole course of his

When Joel Wilcox went to bed that night he felt certain that Auton Reyman's release was near at hand. He was now entirely confident that Velasquez had murdered Delaro, but he was not the man to act rashly or with undue haste.

So he concluded to sleep on his recent discoveries, and make disclosures later.

Next morning he and Percy Lovel started over to see Mrs. Delaro. She met them at the door and said: "Oh! Mr. Wilcox, Pm so glad you have come. Something of great

importance has transpired."

They walked into the house and into the library where Mr. Wilcox was astonished to see one of the workmen from the cellars seated. The door was closed, but, at Mr. Wilcox's request, Lovel was allowed to re-

"This man," said the unhappy widow "has brought something here which will probably prove beyond a doubt who it was that killed my dear husband. Yesterday one of this man's boys was bathing in the stream which flows at the foot of the hill youder," said the lady, pointing from the window as she spoke, "and, in diving to pick objects from the mud in the bottom of

the river, found this weapon."

Here Mrs. Delaro produced an ivery

handled stiletto upon the hen lie of which was carved the initials "L. V."
"Great guns," exclamed Wile x, "we shall prove that snake guilty sooner than I expected."

Then a long conversation ensued and the workman was asked to repeat his story to Vilcox, and so much engrossed did everybody become in the recitatal that in the nt of the hour it was forgotten that

Excitement of the hour it was forgotten that
Lovel had not been introduced.
But Mr. Wilcox soon made amends for
his forgetfulness and told Mrs. Delaro of
the value of his newly-formed acquaintance.
There was much to be said about the new
clew and Velasquez's former history, and

Percy warmed up and became almothusiastic over his prospective work. They discussed how every thing should be arranged. On the morrow they proposed to go to the lawyer at Santa Rosa, and inform

him of the new developments.

They supposed naturally that Velasquez had little idea of his crime being discovered so soon, if ever, and that he was probably on his way East. So they did not raise a hue a do at once but decided that it would be far wiser, and more prudent, to be sure hey were right before going ahead. The next day they all started for Santa Ross, the country seat, where the trial was to be held, and Wilcox was at last full of hope that the unfortunate Auton would soon be released.

A consultation was held with the leavest

A consultation was held with the lawyers, but they did not deem it wise to take steps to secure a warrant for Velasquez's arrest; they advised waiting until after the trial of

Antos Reyman.

The trial was set for ten days later, and at that time nearly every adult inhabitant of San Paols was at Suits Ross.

The witnesses who had appeared before the coroner and the grand jury were again called, and during the first part of the proceedings there was only a repetition of the

The African Pygmies The name of dwarfs, applied by some to these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Neither of the kind can be said of the African pyg-

mies, who, though of short stature, are well-shaped people of perfectly normal for-mation. It is true that the Hottentots and bushmen show certain strange anatomical peculiarities; but these may be said to be more or less accidental, being, in part at a st, the result of special and unfavorable

The pygmies are nomadic in their habits and neither keep cattle nor till the ground, but live by hunting and snaring wild animals and birds, or, under the most unfavorable circumstances on wild fruits, roots and berries. Their weapons are always bows and arrows, the latter usually poisoned—the resource of the weak. They have no fix d abode; and, if they build shelter at all, only construct rude huts of branches. They have no government, nor do they form regular communities. They usually wander about like our gipsies, in hordes composed of few families each. This, however, depends on the nature of the country—in the parched deserts of the south they are not even united to this extent. Sometimes they are to a certain extent dependent on more nowerful tribes, who afford them protection n return for certain services. Their no tions of the Unseen, when they have any. would appear to be of the very crudest. Their language seems to be distant from others, related among themselves, and very peculiar.—Popular Science Monthly.

The descent of the Congo is Stanley's real title to fame. There is the insight of genius in his convictions that the Lualaba would lead him to the sea, and he displayed, throughout the terrors and the privations of endurance and the steadfast will of a great leader. There is nothing to mar the symmetry of the exploit. In his later achieve-ments many things have a dubious aspect. The energy and the endurance are the same, but the heroic stamp is gone. He is jealous of other explorers, and praises none but subordinates and his Zanzibaris. There are implied processions of devotion to an ideal, and of generous purpose, and with these, utterances abounding in unworthy sugges-

The founding of the Congo free state was the outcome of Stanley's great exploration. It will be long before the true author of the conception is known, but meanwhile the king of the Bergians is the reputed father. He closed his arrangements with Stanley and in 1870 the beginning was made by the international association. It was in clearing the ground for the town of Vivi that Stanley acquired the name of Bula-matary (Stonebreaker), by which he is known on the Congo. Three years were spent in making roads and establishing five stations, the last being Leopoldville, on Stanley pool, opposite to the French post of Brazzaville, which Savorgnan de Brazza had secure i in ISSO by treaty with the native chiefs, while Stanley was on his way to the spot, -George C. Hurlbut in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

After dinner, if you have discomfort and suffering. take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, or Mr. Mudie, who died in London, Eng., Anti-Bilious Granules. They're made | Can you ask more? last week, will always have a celebrity of his own as the founder of the present lending library system of Great Britain. He conceived the idea of lending books to the general public on payment of a small yearly subscription. He had some literary gifts, a sort of instinct for what people would wish to read, and remarkable business talents and

organizing power. He create business out of nothing, in diffed to a considerable degree the whole course of the publishing trade in Ear and, kept up the published price of books, and fixed in the English public the habit of borrowing instend of buying books. He even found time to form opinions on the morality of books as they came out, and set up a kind of censorship which has not lone much harm or good. Mudie's is now a limited liability company with a hundred thousand subscribers, but still managed by the founder's younger son. It is noted among Mr. Mudie's claims to remembrance that he knew Emerson and published the first English edition of Mr. Lowell's poem-,

The Mud-Fish.

Africa is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more remarkable creature than the mud-fish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and as its name implies, it lurks at the muddy bottoms of these rivers. At presents, however, it is not necessary to go to Africa to see this fish, as it can be seen by anyone who has the time in the reptile-house at the Zoological Gardens. At first sight there is perhaps nothing especially striking about this animal: it looks very much like an ordinary fish except for its curious long slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression

that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrived each one was enased in a ball of dry mud, lined with mucus from its body, and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing. This "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated mud at the bottom of the river is a mest wonderful provision of Nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. It can suffer with impunity the complete drying-up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its volunary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, just like a land animal. When the returning rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish it breathes by means of gills, just like any other fish.—Leisure Hours.

Encourage Your Sons.

A wise father gives this sage advice: "My boys are out in the world doing well, but I sympathize with the anxieties of fathers who have yet to see how their boys will pan out. My plan was always to encourage the boys in all possible ways. Remember that all boys are not equally smart. Don't crowd your boy. Above all, don't be comparing him un-favorably with some other boy, your neighbor's son. That sort of thing breaks a neighbor's son. That sort of thing breaks a boy's spirit, destroyes his pride, and he may lose all ambition. Protect him; build up on his weak spot; let him feel that you are back of him; that while you expect him to plunge in and swim for himself, still you have a long pole that you will reach out in case he need it. Don't hurry him if he is a little bit slower than some other boys. Percocious boys are not always the successful men when they come to the mature stage of life. Don't let your boy get the idea that money is the sole end and aim of existence. But teach him thrift, and by adding something to his savings bank account, say \$5 to every \$20 he away, realizes the value for a rainy day of a dollar laid by."



Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Don't pointed out. That's the reason its

Dr. Sage's treatment of Catarrh in cure. the Head is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent take such a medicine?
to the verified claims of this unfailing Remedy.

"An advertising fake" you say.
Funny, isn't it, how some people pre-

pear with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter And "faking" doesn't pay.

A DEAD SHOT

how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed.

Thousands of such cases can be fool around with a pop-gun, nor a makers back their faith in it with "Flint-lock," when this reliable "Win-chester" is within reach! makers back their faith in it with money. They offer \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot

It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk. Doesn't common sense lead you to

fer sickness to health when the reme



to assist Nature in her own way—quietly, but thoroughly. What the old-fashioned pill did forcibly, these do mildly and gently. They do more, too. Their effects are lasting; they regulate the system, as well as cleans and renovate it. One little Pellet's a gentle laxative; three to four act as a cathartic. They're the small-est, cheapest, the easiest to take. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is

returned. You only pay for the good you get.

MISS MITCHELL DRESS & MANTLE MAKER

New Cutting System. Having secured the services of a first class Cutter, I am prepared to warrant all Cutting and Fitting. Is always ready to assist in matching Trimmings. All customers from a distance waited upon on Saturdays.

Latest Fashions always on hand. All orders promptly attended to. MILLINERY-I have on hand a select stock of Millinery, and am now prepared to make Hats and Bonnets and all Millinery in the Latest Fashions. Prices reasonable. ROOMS-Over Warner & Perry's Dry Goods Store, Doheny Block, next door to



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by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved and the fish liberated. The habit which the mud-fish liberated. The habit which the mud-fish liberated in the mud-fish liberated in the mud-fish liberated in the mud-fish liberated. The habit which the mud-fish liberated in the mud-fish liberated KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

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