

Every time it moved it moaned. Or salm summer days when the sea was smooth it seemed to rest in peace, as if meditating in silence on its griefs. When gales swept over the water from the southwest it rocked in restless, uncertain motions and the surf, the tolling of the fog-bell, and the cries of the seabirds as it mouned and mouned in perpetual reiteration as if it had a tale to tell, but could only mourn over it in fitful inarticulate sighs meaning much and saying little. Only calmer days and nights, when there was only a gentle swell moving in from the Atlantic, it spoke slowly at intervals, like a child that sobs over me little grief that is past, but not for-

To the fishermen it was a commonplace affair. An iron buoy anchored in mid-channel just at the entrance of the little port,-at once a guide and warning. Within the buoy was a curious arrangement of valves, air and water-chambers, and pipes. On top was a steam whistle. When the buoy swayed on the waves the water ened in its hollow chambers flowed to one closed in its hollow chambers flowed to one side, and the valves opened to admit air to fill the vacuum caused by the moving water. When the wave passed and the busy keeled over in the opposite direction the air-valve closed, and the water within, rushing back to its first position, forced out the imprisoned air through the whistle, and it spoke, in a harsh and mournful note. The sound began as a murmur, swelled out to a discordant forte, and then died away in a despairing sigh. At the next roll of the huge iron mass it moaned again in the same manner. If it rolled one way the right-hand valve opened and admitted a supply of air; when it rolled the other way the left-hand valve opened; and thus it kept up its dismal crying at every wave that swept beneath it. The note could be heard for more than a mile, and sailing-masters bound into the little harbor listened for it through the darkness, through tog and storm, as a guide to port and a

To the under side of the great iron buoy was secured a chain that extended down through the green water to a massive rock below, a rock whereon the hopes of a life-time were wrecked and lost long years ago. On yachting parties sailing out the port the mouning buoy had a depressing effect. Its unending moan seemed to be for the blue water, and wondered if they would solve the riddle of that life, if ever knight would come to redress a grievous wrong.

Two miles to the west by north stood the | never be undone.

harbor light. It was a short round tower of brick and painted white. At the top was the black lantern, its shining windows deck in yellow curtains by day and opening a lurid eye on sea and land by night.

The light-house, too, was said to be familiar with the lost secret under the sea, and every night appeared to look furtively all around the horizon as if revolving something in its mind and not daring to speak of it. It could only look askance at the world and wait. There was behind the light-house a small white house with a little garden, grass plot and picket fence. Everything was orderly, neat, and comfortable, as befitted the residence of an official of the United States government. There was also beside the house of a wooden structure, half trestle, half tower, in which hung a bell. Beneath the wooden cage wore a large, white sun-bonnet that half where hung the bell was a long pendulum and a chain and heavy weight, these being did not observe the stranger parts of the clock work whereby the bell till she was close to the stile. was rung when gray fogs crept up from the

The light-house stood at the extreme ed by the curving arm of the cape was an anchoring-ground for the fishing boats and yachts that used it for a sum boats and point of a miniature Cape Cod at the south-east end of the island, and in the bay formyachts that used it for a summer harbor. Along the shore of this bay were the few scattered houses of the little village. On the south side towards the sea stood the big yellowish-green hotel and the fantastic tages of the transient guests who made

the cape their summer pleasure-ground. By some oversight on the part of the offi-cers of the United States Coast survey, the exact position, latitude and longitude of exact position, latitude and longitude of the light-house and the port were not put on any of the official maps. Neither were there any sailing directions printed giving the right course to take to enter the port or find the moaning buoy. It is really not im-portant, because he who steers by "the light that never was on sea or land" can find any port where life and love have found an anchorage.

The buoy was known to the fishermen and isitors at Wilson's Holl as the two-fathom buoy. It was painted in alternate horizontal stripes of black and red; and everyone knows that the Light-House Board by these marks meant to say that the buoy marked an obstruction in mid-channel, and that the navigator in entering port might pass on either side of it in safety. It also stood as a mark of a terrible obstruction at the entrance of a fair young life. He who would come to the knowledge of all she was and all she did and said must steer carefully and pass by on either side the moaning memento of a mystery and heavy sorrow. Two fathoms deep in her young heart lay the unspoken secret of her life and the sea.

Could there be any connection between that prosy busy and a woung girl's life and love? Wait. Everything comes ashore at

"Did you see the arrival last night?" "No. I understood the barge came over from the steamboat-landing with only a man. I was not interested."

"Have you learned his name, my dear?"
"I examined the hotel register after takfast, because he sat next to our table, ther good-looking—fine eyes—and very

girls would like, thought and did not."

"What is his name?"

"Tell you as soon as I come to it. It's a little singular, because I hear his mother, who was a widow for many years, has married again —married very well, too, for her, and for the young man, too, for I hear he has nothing and spent it all in Paris."

"And who was she?"

"His mother? Oh, I don't know; but he first married some person by the name

of Yardstinkie."
"Yardstickie?"

"Yes. Curious name—pronounced Yed-stick, with the accent on the first sylfable, and spelled with an ie. Royal Yardatickie

is his name." Then she added, in a lower voice,—

"Here he comes now."

A young man about 28 years of age walked slowly out of the open door of the hotel. He was dressed in white flannel, and seemed very much at ease with himself and the world. He gazed round with an air of calm assurance on the few ladies and children scattered over the piazza, and then looked out over the garden, the path and children scattered over the piazza, and then looked out over the garden, the path along the bluft, and the bluc sea beyond. The view did not seem to interest him in the least, and he looked a trifle bored, as if he wondered why he should be cast upon such a charming and uneventful shore. Seeing the top of the lighthouse, he sauntered down the steps and took a leisurely pace along the path that followed the shor on top of the sandy dunes that bordered the broad beach. "I do not like him."

"Why not, dear? I'm sure he's very "Dissipated,-or has been. Comes down here for rest-cure. I shall tell my Milly to

decline an introduction."
"It may not be asked, dear." "Weil, I must say I don't see why not. Milly is not as handsome as your Clara, my dear, but she's very bright, you must

"Perfectly, but I shall decline any advances,—if made; and I hope they will not be."

"I do not know. I do not like him; that's

The young man wandered aimlessly along Well might he linger, for at his feet lay the broad beach, now creamy with breaking surf, and, beyond, the blue sea sparkling in



the sun and stirred by a salt and fragrant breeze. To the left the sandy dunes, here and there dotted with patches of bronzecolored grass and dark waxberry bushes On yachting parties sailing out the port the mouning buoy had a depressing effect. Its unending moan seemed to be for the young life whose fate was bound up in some strange secret lost in the sea. They listened to its note, floating faint and sad over the blue water, and wondered if they would be water, and wondered if they would be water, and wondered if they would be water. If he had that he would leave this It is said the buoy knew all about it, and would tell everything, if it could the sea that he water to charming Paris. He looked over the sea that he had crossed only three days speak. But merely a buoy, it could only before with a sigh of regret—regret for past moan.

> "And here I must stay for two weeks or more, till they come down here for the summer-or until she lets me have some

money. Just then he reached the neat wooden fence that stretched across the end of the cape and enclosed the plot of land belonging to the government and on which the lighthouse stood. Just where the path met the fence there was a stile, or low place in the fence, with a big yellow boulder or a step over the gap. He paused here a moment debating whether he would enter the government grounds or return to the hotel, when the door of the little white house opened, and a young girl stepped out on the flat blue boulder that served as a door stone and came briskly towards the stile. hid her face. She seemed preoccupied, and did not observe the stranger by the fence from him. The truth was, Mr. Royal

"Allow me to help you over, miss."

She paused abruptly to see who spoke, and found young Mr. Royal Yardstickie at the stile with one hand offered as if to

"Thank you, I can help myself."

"Beg pardon, miss. I'm a stranger here.
Can you tell me the name of this light-

"I can. I live here-with my father." He was not accustomed to this particular phase of the Massachusetts temale mind, and was vexed, though he took care not to

"What is it called ?" "Hedgefence Light. Good morning, With that she moved away towards the

hotel with a free and vigorous step, as if quite able to take care of herself.

Mr. Royal Yardstickie had a new sensation. Never before had he met with quite this kind of a rebuff. Women commonly bowed down to him, or he thought they did. And those who he imagined declined his acquaintance had always left an impression that they had been pleased to meet

"She has gone to the hotel on some errand. From the lay of the land, she must come back on this path. I may as well look about here for a little while and see

look about here for a little while and see what happens. I'll go into the lighthouse — I always did enjoy lighthouses—and see what sort of a creature the father may be."

The young man watched the retreating figure as it followed the path on the bluff. Here was a girl of charac er and with a mind of her own. How different from one he knew in Paris!

"If Julie had been like that, I shouldn't be in this hole—figuratively speaking—and I might never have seen Wilson's Holl, which would be a blessing."

he saw a large schitch little harbor.

"There's one ma life. No bothers of you just sail away care of itself. I we walked slow village street, past houses with long to the ground at t store and postoffic that extended far water. Seeing a water. Seeing a

By this time he had crossed the little yard, and, mounting the great doorstep, he knocked at the green door of the house.

"I wonder what the father is like?"

To his surprise, the wooden door with green panels promptly opened wide, and a blond, curly headed giant in brown overalls atood before him.

"Ah! Beg pardon. Do you allow visitors to the light? I'm greatly interested in such things."

"Visitors admitted to the tower only from twelve till one. Read the notice on the tower."

With that the door was quietly closed in his face.

"Hum! Official, I suppose. Can't be her father; too young for that. Can't be her brother; tor she's a brunette. I'll go back to the path and wait. Wender if he observed my

He knew very well what he intended to do. He would wait till she returned home, and thus see her again. Not the chivalrous thing to do. He also knew that, and said to himself to himself—
"A fellow must be amused; and in such a stupid place anything is allowable if it is

nly amusing."
He went back to the stile, and then, see ing a log of driftwood on the beach below, he slid down the sandy bluff to the beach, lit a cigarette, and made himself comfortable on the sand with the log for a low-backed chair. Left alone in the shore, he fell into a revery of the past, and chewed the end of a scrap of bitter reflection. He could see the edge of the bluff for some dis-tance towards the hotel, and felt sure he would see any one who approached along the path. Should he see any one coming he could saunter along in that direction and

meet them—quite by accident.

Presently he heard voices, and rising, he began to climb the bluff. It was not very easy climbing, and when he reached the top he saw the young woman, her of the bonnet, arm in arm with the young blond giant, the couple laughing and talk-ing together in the most familiar manner. They came towards him along the path, and passed by and over the stile and through the garden to the house, absorbed in each other and paying no more attention to him than if he had not existed.

He looked after them till they entered

hotel with only one word of comment:

People wondered why old Cape. Diver Johnson gave his daughter such a strange name. Capt. Johnson, retired Sandy Hook pilot, and now keeper of the light-house, best knew what the three letters that made his daughter's name meant-if they meant anything. She had never been baptised; the name had simply been given to her by the old Captain, and apparently for no reason whatever. There were those in the village who said it was an "outland-

ish heathen name anyway, and not fit for a sweet young thing like old Capt. Johnson's Merely three letters—Mai. Mai Johnson. The old man, her father, pronounced it as if spelled "May;" so, for those who never saw it written out, it seemed a proper and rather pretty name for a young girl

As for Mai herself, she thought its curious spelling merely some pretty conceit of her father's fancy, and wore her name with becoming pride and dignity. It was her name, and it never entered her young heart to ask what it meant. The old man knew in part, and so did the moaning buoy, but one would not tell, and the other spoke only in moans no man could understand.

The season had fairly opened. The white steamboats had already begun to make their daily trips to Wilson's Holl from New London, Conn. The procession of vessels continually drifting along the horizon to the northeast, between Long Island Sound and the Vineyard, or turning southeast past the Cape and making for the open sea had largery increased. Already a yacht or two had anchored at the Hoil, and the yellowish-green hotel and fantastic cottages were open and expectant of summer boarders. There was a broad piazza at the front of the hotel, where the guestt sat to view the sea spread out before them; and here, on a bright morning

CHAPTER II.



and was thoroughly glad when he took Limself off to the pinzza for a smoke. The young gentle man was plainly out of sorts, for he quite forgot the chief daty of man-from the What could he do in such a stupid place ? There were pleasant people all about him, but though very Yardstickie had never learned that "there

Thinking there might be something to be seen in the little village which ded the night before, he started out to find the port, or, as it was commonly called, "the Holl." There were two ways in which he might reach the Holl. There was the foot-path along the bluff, through the lighthouse yard, and then along the inner lighthouse yard, and then along the inner world. She had never been away from Holl but once, and then only to Providence for the curving the life lay in the seen in the little village where he had landwas the longest and most popular route, be-cause of the sea view to the south till the light was reached, then the pleasant view of the sheltered bay, with its fleet of fishing boats, and the picturesque steamboat landing, and the irregular row of low white houses. The woods that covered the cape back of the hotel formed a green wall or hedge cutting off the view of the Holl, and the shore path was the most desirable, as it avoided the sandy road that made the shorter and more direct route between the hotel and the landing. The settlements on the bluff were comparatively new, and a road had been cut through the woods connecting the village and the hotel. Mr. Royal Yardstickie took the road through the woods, though the roadway was soft with sand and dusty from passing teams.

As the young man came out on the north side of the woods and in view of the port, he saw a large schoner wacht at anchor in he saw a large schooner yacht at anchor in

"There's one man knows how to enjoy life. No bothers or worries about money. You just sail away and let the world take care of itself. I wonder who it can be?"

He walked slowly on through the single village street, past the singular one story houses with long roofs sioping down close to the ground at the back, past the village store and postoffice, to the old wooden pier that extended far out over the shallow water. Seeing a number of people at the end of the wharf, he sauntered down to find

end of the wharf, he sauntered down to find out what was going on. To his surprise and pleasure, he thought he saw someone he knew. Yes; he was not mistaken.

"Jack Manning! This is a surprise! How are you, old man? Haven't seen you since I went abroad."

"Oh! It's Yardstickie! Glad to see you, What brings you to the Holl?"

"Just back from Paris. Been studying there—worn out—quite used up. Old lady sent me down here for rest-cure. What brought you here!"

"Got a yacht? You're in luck."
"Yes. Just going on board. Won't you ome out and see her?"
"See her? Not married?"
"Oh, dear, no! The yacht. Here's my sipper. He's going off to the boat. Come

ladder fastened to the upright piles of the wharf, and nimbly climbed down into a boat below. Mr. Royal Yardstickie saw a boat below. Mr. Royal Yardstickie saw a man in the boat, but paid no attention to him till he had descended the ladder and had taken a seat at the stern of the boat.

"Shove off, Captain. Let's go aboard. Oh, excuse me. Capt. Johnson, my friend Mr. Yardstickie of New York. Capt. Johnson is my skipper, and a man that it will pay you to know."

Mr. Royal Yardstickie was for an instant surprised, but recovered his self-possession and bowed to the blond giant who sat before them, our in hand.

them; our in hand. "Morning, sir. Glad to meet you. Come down in the boat last night, didn't ye? Thought I'd seen you before. Guess it was at the landing last night."

With this he bent his imm

With this he bent his immense strength to the oars, and the little boat seemed to surge suddenly through the water.

"Easy, Captain. Don't perform your great steamboat act just new. We are not spearing sharks to-day."

The young man at once began to paddle as quietly as could be desired, and kept looking ahead, as if to find the way to the yacht.

"Dare say the brute is vexed about something. Well it does not concern

This Mr. Royal Yardstickie said to him-self, talking absently meanwhile with the young owner of the yacht on things indifferthe house, and then turned toward his Presently the boat reached the yacht, and by the help of a sailor on deck the two friends scrambled aboard. "Come below, Royal. The ladies must he at lunch."

Mr. Manning led the way to the cabin, and there they found a merry party at the little table that circled the big mast that came through the deck. "Here we are again and I've brought

company. Let me present my friend, Royal Yardstickie. Mr. and Mrs. Van Cliff, Mr. Boylston, Miss Boylston, and Miss Johnson."

The young man bowed to each in turn.
Mr. and Mrs. Van Cliff seemed to be middie-aged people, well-to-do in the world.
Mr. Boylston seemed a young professional man, and his sister was a charming girl about 19. Miss Johnson was Mai, the brunette he had met at the stile, and the lighthouse keeper's daughter. They all received him cordially as the guest of the owner of the yacht, for they also were his guests. Mai Johnson received him with gracious dignity, and gave not the slightest hint that she had ever seen him before,

Conversation fell into sundry nautical channels, and then after a little they went on deck and sat in comfortable case as if all were quite at home. Through the couwersation the young man began to wonder why it was this beautiful girl, daughter, as he guessed, of the lighthouse keeper, should be on this yacht and apparently one of its most honored guests. Could it be possible she was engaged to Mr. Manning? possible she was engaged to Mr. Manning? He would be a lucky man indeed if it were true; and yet this Miss Boylston seemed to be in some vague manner the mistress of the boat. Both Mrs. Van Cliff and Miss Boylston treated Miss Johnson with marked attention, and even affection, as if they had known and loved her for a long time. The time flew so pleasantly that they hardly noticed the westering sun till the

skipper came aft and said : "Guess we'll have to up anchor if we we want to get out before the tide falls."
"All right, Captain. Have a man ready with the boat to take Miss Johnson

Then, turning to Mr. Yardstickie, Mr. Manning added, "Sorry we can't take you with us this trip. We are going to run up to Providence, and then shall come back; and if you are here I should like you to spend a few days with us." Royal Yarkstickie was profuse in his thanks, and said he should await the return

of the party with pleasure, "Here's Capt. Glass coming in. I'll hail him, and mebby he'll put Mr. Yardstickie

A fishing boat was beating up the chan nel, and would on the next tack cross under the yacht's stern. The skipper hailed it, and with ready good nature the boatman ran up alongside, and a sailor stepped on the boat's deck and had the boat fast in a moment. There were pleasant hand-shakings and partings, and then Royal Yardstickie found himself in a boat, flying over the water under the care of a venerable fisherman, and Miss Mai Johnson at his side. He called it "his luck."

It was something else-perhaps a test put upon him to see what manner of man he

night be, The sun was sinking behind the sombre wood as they sauntered along the beach towards the lighthouse and watched the sail of the yacht as they turned from gray to pink and from pink to gold as it droped down on the ide towards the murmuring are pleasant people everywhere—if you are bouy rocking idly in the purple sea. The young man determined to remove any un pleasant impression that might linger on the young girl's mind, and, now that they but once, and then only to Providence for a day. All she had seen of life lay in the village and in one or two families among the summer visitors at the hotel. those were the Van Cliffs and the Boylstons, whom she had just left on the yacht. She had attended in her youth the village school, and in the abundant leisure of the lighthouse she had read a great deal, so that she was practically as well educated as the majority of girls of her age living in retired communities. She was naturally bright and observing, though, like all people who live by the sea, she was rather silent and ro-

Royal Yarkstickie found her charm ing, more so than he had thought any one could be who lived in such retirement; and the walk ended for him much too soon at the green door of the little house behind Hedgefence Light.

Mai paused a moment, standing on the Mat paused a moment, standing on the blue door-stone, and gazing far out on the darkening sea, as if looking for the yacht. She made an enchanting picture in the haif light, with the quaint white tower and homely house for a background, and there came to the heart of Royal Yardstickie a wish to have and to be always near this lovely girl inst entering more a charming lovely girl just entering upon a charming wemanhood. That it might not be he did not care. The selfish wish was all that he

egarded.
Just at that moment there came a faint low moan, distant, strange, awesome. It seemed like the ghost of a dead voice on the quiet evening air, half heard, half understood. She, too, seemed to hear it, for she stood with dilated nostrils, looking far out over the water toward the

"What is that, Miss Johnson?"
"What?" "That sound."
"Oh! that? We often hear it when the venings are calm and there is a slig well on. It's the two-fathom buoy,"

"JACK MANNING, THIS IS A SURPRISE." "JACK MANNING, THIS IS A SURPRISE."

In spite of himself, Royal Yardstickie felt a certain vague fear in his heart as he followed the bluff-path in the gloaming. In some curious fashion that he could not explain, he felt glad to reach the lighted piazza of the hotel and to escape from the loneliness and darkness of the shore.

"A man would be justified in suicide if he were obliged to hear that thing moaning in his ears all night. There's one consolation in staying in this dismal hole; I've obtained an introduction to the local belle, and while that brute of a brother keeps

and while that brute of a brother keeps away I shall do very well."

This to himself in the sectusion of his d not been wholly without amusement nd after dinner be became more agreeable and, just as nappens in small summer hotels, he found no difficulty in making an acquaintance or two among the men in the bar-room. This he hoped would lead in time to something that might prove

The steamboat that night brought quite a large party to Wilson's Holl and the little hotel began to fill up. Among the new arrivals were one or two, while they did not personally know Mr. Royal Yardstickie, at east knew something about him. noon the next day the prazza gossips had it

"Just as I told you, my dear." "Told me what?"

"Why, about this young man. He's gone over to the lighthouse now. They do say that he is the adopted son of Judge

"Why, the judge, you said, was only recently married."
"Well, if he is not adopted he may be, and meanwhile he is treated as a son. You see, Judge Gearing married the young man's mother—a Mrs. Yardstickie—while the young man was abroad, studying medicine or something. So he will come in for a share of the Judge's property."

"I thought you said the judge was a widower."

"Yes; so I am toid. He married when very young, and his wife died abroad, or at sea, or somewhere. At any rate, he is now married to this young man's mether, and of course will make him his heir. He is to be presented to us after dinner by the Saunders, who say they know him."

"My Clara thinks he's very handsome and distinguished looking."
"Well, I don't know. Milly is very young; but if the young man is in the judge's family he must be a very nice sort of person. He may have been a little wild in Paris, though of course he has got over anything like that by this time:

In the bright sunshine and pleasant weather of the next day the young man

quite forgot the unpleasant thoughts of the night before. Having nothing whatever to do, and not caring to read, for he did not know how to read, he decided to take a ittle walk. It need not be supposed he did not know his letters. He could read a newspaper with ease, particularly journals nbling Puck of New York or even som French newspapers of a certain kind. For all that, it could not be truthfully said that he knew how to read. His mother and a few others fondly cherished a notion that he was a student. This, too, like his reading, was open to qualification. How-

ever, this is an aside. He was sure that Miss Johnson had invited him to call. That was, in his opinion only a formality that she must have in tended, but overlooked. There was noth ing better to do. He would visit the light again. As he came near the white fence he saw Miss Johnson at work in the little garden beside the house.

"I'm in luck again," he remarked to him-self, as he reached the big yellow boulder at the stile. "Good morning, Miss Johnson."

She looked up to see who spoke and "Fine day for blue-fishing. I suppose you will go out with some of the boats "Well, no; hadn't thought of it. Is it

the thing to do ?" "All the gentlemen at the hotel go. Any of the fishermen will take you for half the She had not asked him to enter the gar-

den, and when, without waiting for an in vitation, he mounted the stile and came towards her, he said to himself : "Sae's trying to be coy. It only means, Whatever she meant, she paid no further ttention to him till he was close by he

side; and when he again spoke she stood up and began to take off the old gloves she had evidently worn for the work in the garden, as if intending to go into the

"I enjoyed our walk so much last night, Miss Johnson, and it is so desperately lonely at the hotel—you see, I don't know a soul there—that I ventured to call on you again and renew the acquaintance so pleasantly hegun." She could not in politeness resist any onger, and said, with a faint smile:
"There is little that would interest you

here, sir We are very quiet folks. Hedge-lence Light is not exactly an inspiring "Oh, yes, it is. I like it immensely. You bave such a wide view of the sea and the

surf dashing on the rocks all day just at your parlor window, as you might say. It's all very interesting, I assure you. It must be grand in storms." The girl made no reply, and turned and ooked out over the water with a pecu-liar grave and far-away look in her eyes.

"The sea is always sad-to those who "Come! you're a trifle low-spirited owing to your brothers absence on the yacht. Why not take a little walk along

the beach and let me cheer you up? (To be Continued.) ONTARIO

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