would be deeply hurt at any suggestion of reward. More than likely the daughter would decidedly refuse any money reward. If she was to be rewarded at all it must be

"We are very serry your daughter is not at home. We brought something for her that I trust she will accept. Judge, perhaps, asthe girl is not here, you can give it, with my respects, to her father."

"Now, marm, excuse me. Mai's not wantin' for anything. If it's a piece of calcicker you have in that bundle, Mai couldn't take it."

"Oh, that bundle is only her dress, Cap-tain Johnson. It's your daughter's frock she loaned me to wear home. What the Judge brought to her is a piece of paper." This last she said with great meaning but the old man either did not understand pretended not to understand, for he

"Piece o' paper? Oh! mehby you mean a bill. Well, no; Mai ain't wantin' anything just now."
"My dear," said the Judge, "the Captain will, of course, excuse us if we ever

thought of such a thing as offering a re-ward to his daughter. Still, we feel very grateful to her, and you too, Captain, and if there is any way in which we can show our gratitude we shall be glad to know it."

Mr. Royal Yardstickie had been leet in thought for a moment or two, and he new went to his mother and spoke quietly to her. She seemed greatly pleased at what

"Excellent idea, my son. We'll de it."
"What is it, Maria? What de yeu wish

"Why, it seemed to me that, as we shall return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss Johnack with us for a short visit."

"Capital? Don't say a word, captain. We will not take no fer an answer. Your daughter must travel with us for a week or two and then make us a visit in New York. I confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose we take Miss Johnson to Saratega with us

would come back, and the abundant life that dwelt there waited patiently for the waters that would bring them feed and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand and piles of recks festooned in rock-weed dimly seen under the stars, oppressed her. There seemed to be a shadow spreading, half seen, half felt, ever her young life—a something advancing

A languid breeze stirred the salt grass by her path, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the sea. A wave broke ever the low rocks somewhere on the edge of the shoals. The tide had turned. The waters were again advancing to cover the land. By some odd connection of ideas she remembered how the young floods crept over the wet sands on the sheals. She had many a time, as a child, stood perhaps with bare legs at the very verge of low tide and seen the first advancement of the flood, seen the water run with tiny fits and starts over the sand, gaining a little here and a little these, submerging a blanched shell and brimming a little pool where the green sea-lettuce waved its beautiful leaves in the limpid water. So it might be in her young life. It had been fair and calm, with youthly pleasures slowly melting into womanly joys without a thought of stress or She had grown up with Sam. He had been as a brother to her, and now he was to be more than a brother Even now she held in her hand a letter from him. She must hasten home and read it, and forget these dull forebodings born of the night and the tide.

At the door she met her father. At the door she met her father.

"Come in, Mai. More's ordinary gein's en since you went away. That lady and the Judge, her husband, have been here, and they are going home to New York and want you to go with them for a visit. The lady's quite set on it; and as for the Judge, he wouldn't hear a word but you

"Go to New York, father! How can I? What would Sam say should be come home and find I had gone away?"

"I guess you could get back 'meet as seen as he does. It would do you goed, Mai. They are real nice folks, and were se set en your gein' that I said I guessed you'd ge; and they seemed real pleased about it."

"I've a letter from Sam. Let me read it and see when he is coming back. Why, he sent this ashere at Would Holl! They are

—yes, then they sail direct for New York."
"I declare, Mai, it's comin' out just right. You go with the Judge's folks, and when Sam gets to New York he can call

and bring you hum."
"Sam says it will be in about three weeks, if the wind is fair and there's not much fog."
"Just 'bout the time you'd be thinkin' of somin' back. Never seen things work so

lick. I'm real glad I told the Judge you would go. He says they would like to start to-morrow afternoon."

"I've never been to New York, father." "Do you good, Mai, to see something of the world. I can get along first-rate till you come home. Mrs. Glass will run over every day and look after the house while

The young girl sat for some time gazing intently at the little lamp on the table. It intently at the little lamp on the table. It seemed as if something new had appeared in her life. A rising tide of curiosity, pleasure, and anticipation had crept into her heart, stirring new thoughts and new desires, awakening new ambitions. Was this lonely spot of land all in the world to her? Were there not other things besides the homely duties of the light, the simple interests of the little village? Why should she not accept this chance to see the greater world of towns? Why should she not have seem thing of the experience that other girls she had mot had passed through? She had it before we started."

Miss Johnson's visit pleasant for her."

Just here the Judge said that, as they were approaching New London, he would go down and look after the baggage. It did not seem to enter the younger man's head that he might have offered to attend to this duty. He seldom did offer any assistance to the man whose bread he ate. His nature was of that kind, for selfishness was its only guide. It would be pleasanter to stay with Mai Johnson; and stay he did.

"Oh," said Miss Johnson, abcuptly, "I forget my letter, I intended to have mailed it before we started."

when she visited Providence. She saw and appreciated the advantages that women like Miss Roylston had enjoyed. Why were not such things for her! To her surwere not such things for her? To her sur-prise, she found a new awakening in her ewn heart and mind, as if in some vague way she guessed she herself might be fitted for a wider and nobler life than that behind her. Why should she not accept this sud-den chance to see and do what other and more fortunate girls saw and did? Why not accept this gracious and well-meant kindness, this delicately offered reward for the saving of this woman's life? Why not —except for love?

—except for love?

The old man urged her to go. Her young nature prompted her to accept this unexpected pleasure. She would write a long letter to Sam and tell him to meet her in New York and bring her home. It was nearly midnight before she finished the letter, and then she left it unsealed on the

"I must ask them to-morrow where they live in New York, and then add it to the

She fell asleep happy with expectation, and in silence round the lonely house rose the resistless tide, devering again all the bared secrets of the sea. Not a ripple disturbed the water, and, save when a languid wave broke on the rocks, not a sound dis-surbed her dreams of her pleasures before

Judge Gearing was very silent on his way back to the cottage. At the door he bade his wife and her sen to go in; he would take a little walk along the shore and do some thinking. He had only had a momentary glance at the face of this young girl who in some curious fashion spoke with his dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of nature was it that caused two nothing. He had only seen the girl in the

mething. He had only seen the girl in the excitement of the rescue, and there was aething in it to suggest the least relation, except perhaps the color of the hair and eyes, between features and voice—between the living and the dead.

Would it be treason to his present wife to take this girl, whose every tone was such an eche "of a voice that was still," to his house, even for a visit? Would not the child continually remind him of the wound in his heart? No. She was a stranger, to whom they were all deeply undebted, and in his heart? No. She was a stranger, to whom they were all deeply indebted, and the mere accident of her voice would not draw him from the love and respect of the woman who was his wedded wife.

As for young Mr. Royal Yardstickie, he was entirely contented with the events of the night. The girl was to go home with

In her presence he would every day find amusement, and perhaps an incentive to a better life.

be all right. Sorry the old man at the light wouldn't let her stay more than three weeks. It don't matter much. I can do a good deal in that time, if I lay myself out to do it. Curse that Julie! I'm glad she's taken herself off. It was all the little feel could do; and I don't want to see her again

as long as I live."

Then he slept the sleep of the unjust and was content—for the time. About the cettage also rose in stealth and silence the tide, hiding the black, blank spaces where crawled. low, strange things born among dank weeds and the bones of dead creatures. So in the young man's life rose the tide of selfishness, hiding the past. He was content, forgetting that planets turn and that there is an ebb to every flood.

And the morrow was fair and calm, beau-tiful on sea and land.

we take Miss Johnson to Saratega with us te-morrow."

At 2 e'cleck there was the usual gathering tired of the company on the yacht, becoming tired of the company on the yacht, become tired of the co home. Village rumer had it that Judge Gearing's city house was a palace on Fifth avenue, rivalling in splender the Steward mansion. The barge Fairy Queen drove down with much wooden thunder over the planks of the wharf, and the Judge and wife and soen appeared. There where pleasant greetings, hurried hand-shakings as the bell of the boat rang for departure, and then Mai Johnson found herself alone with her new friends on the boat, with her father on the dock, surrounded by the friends of her youth, slowly moving as it were away from her. There were fluttering handkerchiefs, even a parting cheer, and then, it seemed scarcely a mement later, the boat swept by the two-fathom buoy, black and silent en the sea.

She saw the light, the olive-green woods, the white sand-hills, fading in the distance. She saw the water widening between the beat and the shore. If there was a tinge of regret it was dispelled by hope of speedy return. The Judge had found comfortable seats for his wife and visitor on the upper deck, and the trip seemed to open most pleasantly. The Judge was quietly atten-tive to her every wish, and seemed to like being with her. His manner was respect-ful and yet cordial; and his wife, in a different way, was even more gracious and pleasant. In a certain way Mai Johnson recognized that the Judge was a gentleman and treated her as a lady, and that she could and did accept the implied compliment. It seemed, and she felt it with a little pang of remorse, as if in some way she were more like these new friends than like her father. She telt it would not be difficult to be a lady among ladies—that she was a lady—quite as much a lady as this Judge's wife—and that she could hold her ewn in the society to which she was

going.

An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and they began to approach Fisher's Island. The Connecticut shore came interplainer view. Her new life of travel and pleasure was about to begin. They would probably go direct to New York, and would reach there late that night or early the next morning. She had even begun to weader whether they would go by rail or by beat, when she was somewhat startled at the approach of young Mr. Royal Yardstickie. Mrs. Gearing seemed to have quite forgetten what her dutiful son had said to her only the night before, and at ence said to him—

ence said to him-"Where have you been, my son? You have quite neglected our guest, Miss Johnson. Let me present you to her. Miss Johnson, this is my son Royal. Miss Mai Johnson, Royal. I shall expect you to be very

attentive to her, for I owe my life to the Mai hardly knew what to say, but had sufficient selt-possession to greet the young man with formal politeness, very much as if she had seen him before and was pleased to renew the acquaintance.

"Why, you have met before?" "Yes, nother. Before you came I used to call occasionally at the lighthouse. I am deeply interested in such things, and, naturally enough, I saw Miss Johnson several times, and learned to respect her greatly." "Dear me! How very fortunate that was!

"Dear me! How very fortunate that was! You must do everything you can to make Miss Johnson's visit pleasant for her."

Just here the Judge said that, as they were approaching New London, he would go down and look after the baggage. It did not seem to enter the younger man's tead that he might have offered to attend to this duty. He seldom did offer any assistance to the man whose bread he ate. His nature was of that kind, for selfishness was its only guide. It would be pleasanter to stay with Mai Johnson; and stay he did.

"It's not sealed yet. I want to add your address in New York."

"You can add it now. Here's a pen-cil. No. 69 West Thirty-Ninth Street. Sixty-Nine—thirty-nine. Easy to remem-

Without a thought she added a few penciled words to her love-letter, sealed it and gave it to the young man. He took it, put it in his pocket and assured her it should be deposited in a mail-box the moment they landed. Life turns on trifles. As the boat drew up to the dock at New London the young

man went below, to be near the gangway and go ashore with the letter. He would show this girl every attention and begin by doing this little duty for her. There were many people crowded about the edge of the boat, waiting for the gang-plank to be put out, and as he stood by the rail, looking at the men busy preparing for the landing, he took out the letter.

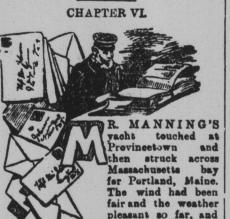
"Just as I thought, It's for the blond giant. Love letter, I dare say. What arrant nonsense? He's her brother. No. Can't be. Cousin, perhaps. The very first day I saw her they behaved more like lovers than like brother and sister. I said at the time they were engaged. Well, I suppose I must deposit the letter and trust to luck. I'm on the ground, and that's something in such an affair."

The gang-plank was put in place, and with the crowd he pushed over it on his way to the station. Just as he stepped upon the bridge a man behind him fixing a rope struck his arm, and the letter slipped his dismay, it floated for an instant, and then went wavering down, fading into the dark-green water. The people behind pushed him gently forward, and he was ferced to move on towards the wharf.
What should he do about it? Go back

and tell the girl. That was the proper thing to do. There were many people thing to do. There were many people coming ashere, and he was detained for a moment on the dock.

He hesitated. Why do anything about it? Letters were semetimes lost in the

mails. It was so easy, so easy, and so much more pleasant to do nothing.



for Portland, Maine. The wind had been fair and the weather pleasant so far, and Mr. Manning was anxious to reach Mount Desert, and

Harbor. Arrived here, fogs began to be frequent, and there was decided change in

pany were more than pleased at the prospect of a run across open water. At night, when about thirty miles from the island, the barometer began to be despondent and low spirited—which, considering its mercurial temperament, seemed to suggest something ill-natured in the way The wind shifted to the northweather. east, and there were white-caps visible now and then through the darkness. The sun fan of gray clouds that stretched long feathery fingers across the sky from the

southeast. The skipper and his men were not at all abrened. The yieht was a good sea boat, am while it might be wet and stagger under jib and mainsail both pretty casely reefed, and they were in the grip of a northeast storm. The wind was fair astern, and all was safe till they began to haul up to the land. The beat elbow of Cape Cod was a dangerous shore thrust far out into the open Atlantic, and beyond the cape, to the southwest, lay the shoals and intricate passage-ways into the Vineyard. They must either make Proyard at best they could and make a port at Hyannis or Wood's Holl. They deci adopt the latter course, and on the afternoon of the next day they made out Chatham Light through the driving mist and rain, and then cautiously felt their way round from light to light till Bishop and Clark's gray tower lay just ahead, and the laboring boat was turned to the north and ran in behind the breakwater at Hyannis Port and came to anchor among

fleet of schooners weather-bound by the The next morning Mr. Manning and his skipper went ashore, and, landing in the little village, made their way to the telegraph station. Mr. Manning telegraphed to New York, and Skipper Johnson to Wilson's Holl, asking if all were well there. Within an hour both received an-

"My telegram tells me to come to New York as soon as convenient. How soon can we make it, Johnson?" "Oh, twenty-five or thirty hours. They tell me Signal Service says it will come out strong from the "nor ard to-night."

think it's safe." "Seems to be lightening up a little. I see some of the colliers are getting up anchor. Guess we can stand it if they can." The young man held his telegram tightly n his hand. He would sail for New York

without an instant's delay. If the yacht could sail, she should sail now. His telegram perplexed him:
"Mai gone to New York. Will meet you

.How and why should she go to New York? She had no friends there. What did it all mean? He would make that boat do her best. Without stopping to think how he might find Mai in New York, he would do his best to get there at all speed. He was troubled and perplexed, and perhaps despondent. It was a relief to work; and work brought hin nearer to her at every mile. By some mysterious instinct the seemed to understand that the skipper had some reason for wishing to urge the boat to her utmost. Usualy they felt that there was no special reason for haste, and the best speed of the boat was seldom got out of her. Why take the trouble? They were not bound anywhere in particular, and the longer the voyage the better the net result in wages. The anchor came up quickly, sails ran up with wonderful speed, and, almost before the boat that had brought skipper and owner to the yacht could be made secure on board, the long black break-water was astern. The sky seemed to understand that the skipper had

"Certainly, I will. Give it to me new of clear sky to the westward." In an hour

was still overcast, but the wind had shifted to northerly, and these was a long streak of clear sky to the westward. In an hour Martha's Vineyard homed to the southwest and the mainland arretched away towards Wood's Holl, and the wide portal between opened to the west. With a wreath of feam at the bow and a boiling, bubbling wake astern, the yacht flew through the water towards the splendid purtal, with love at the helm and hope for a compass.

Unaccustomed to travel, and trusting entirely to her new friends, Mai Johnson paid no special attention to the direction they took. It was enough that she went with the party. A train was in waiting, and she was given a seat in a drawing-room ear, and soon was upon the way, as she thought, to New York. The country was wholly new to her and it soon grew dark, and she thought no more about it. The Judge was attentive and seemed to like to talk with her. He was exceedingly well read, and it was a new delight to her to have such cordial relations with a mature and cultivated mind that opened to her such new and pleasant realms of thought. Even the younger man made himself agreeable, and she began to regret that she had treated him with such cool indifference when at the light. She had evidently been greatly mistaken in her first estimate of him, and she would try to make amends by more kindness to him in the future. In a couple of hours the train pulled past brightly-lighted streets and stopped in a low, gloomy, and rather dirty station.

"What place is this?"

"What place is this?"
"Providence, I think."
"Providence?"

"Why, yes. You seem surprised."
"I thought we were going direct to New

"No; we will stay in Boston to-night, and "No; we will stay in Boston to hight, and in a day or two go on to the White Mountains, and then to Saratoga, and down the Hudson to New York. I want you to see a little of the country, and so I planned this trip for you. Wentd you not like to see the White Mountains." "Why, yes. I never saw a mountain."

"I'm very glad, as it will give me the pleasure of showing you some wonderful scenery and the added pleasure of seeing how much you will enjoy it."

"Then we shall not reach New York for

severa! days?" "No, not for a week or ten days. Ah!
Royal has ordered a little supper for us.
Let me arrange the table for you."
Already a shadow had come over her pleasure trip. Sam would get her letter and go to New York—and miss her. She would write that very night and tell him of the change in their plans.

One step taken, the next is easy. That night at 11 e'clock young Mr. Royal Yard-

"I'm glad you're up mother. I've planned a little trip out to Cambridge for Miss Johnson to-merrew. They tell me it is the correct thing to do; and, as the Judge wishes to visit some of the courts, you and I and Miss Johnson might tak a little drive."

drive."

"Very good idea, my son. I'm glad you are so thoughtful for the dear child. She's a fresh and charming girl and she entertains me. We will all go to ride right after breakfast. Oh, by the way, give these letters to the hall-boy. I've written to Mademoselle Rechet to be ready to come to our house as soon as we return. the weather.

At every port Skipper Johnson had gone ashere to the local postoffice for letters, but had found none.

At last the company on the yacht, becom
At last the company on the yacht, becom-

He walked along the brightly-lighted streets, looking for a mail box. He passed two without seeing them. He was hesita ting again, but with weaker will this time Never before had the yacht made such a splendid run through the Sound. The wind held good, and they passed Execution Light and came through East River to the bay with a fair wind and a swift tide. The umn on the first page. On the second page moment the yacht had come to anchor off had gone down, hiding its face behind a fan of gray clouds that stretched long Skipper Johnson had out a boat, and he and the yacht's passengers were rowed ashore just in time to catch the beat for New York. Arrived there the skipper took

car for the postoffice.
"You are sure there is no letter for me?" he asked of the sleepy clerk. "Sure. None here."

"There are no other places in town-no "Lots of 'em ; but you wouldn't find it at any of them unless it was so directed. All letters directed 'city' would be here."

It was too late to do anything now. Mai had not written here. Why, of course not. His letters were at the light. He must telegraph, He found a telegraph office, and with trembling fingers wrote a vague, uncertain message to his father. With rural ignorance and pride of heart, he would not let these heartless operators see how deeply he was hurt.

by 8 o clock the next morning he was spent a sleepless night, asking at the tele-graph office for a reply, and there was none. For three hours he wandered about the streets, waiting for word that came not To think Mai was in this very city and he could not find her! At noon he returned to the yacht, and found this message from

New York." How strangely stupid he had been! He should have telegraphed for her New York address. Back again to the city, for he did not think it advisable to telegraph from Bay Ridge, lest further confusion

should arise. He telegraphed this time careless of who might read, and found the message would cost nearly two dollars. He paid it, for he begrudged a single word. He would wait in town for the answer, and it came in about five hours, -a bitter com mentary; he thought, on the speed of the

"Mai is with a Judge Gearing. No letters here from her." His pride was gone, and he boldly said to the young girl at the telegraph office that he wished to find Judge Gearing's, for a friend of his was staying

"Directory on table, sir."

How stupid in him! He searched the
big book with nervous haste, and then started up town by the elevated railroad. Never before had any railroad train seemed so slow. He seemed to be hours in reaching Forty-second street, and then precious inutes were lost in finding the right num ber on Thirty-ninth street. It was so strange, almost heartless, that people did not put the numbers on their doors where they could be seen. At last, by dint of counting the doors, he found the right number, and rang the bell. The house seemed dark and deserted, and the maid who opened the door did not unfasten the

"No, sir; no such person staying here. The family? No, they are not at home. Where are they? White Mountains. Won't be home for two weeks or more." Discouraged, and alarmed at Mai's silence, he returned to the boat, only finding a note calling him back to the city. By 3 o'clock he was in his employer's office on

Must lay the yacht off for the present."

It was all arranged in a few moments, checks drawn to pay off the crew and wind up the season affoat. Everything was done on a generous scale, wages paid for a month ahead, and tickets provided to take the men to their homes. Skipper Johnson was the last to leave, and it took two days to wind up all accounts and turn the boat and her stores over to a keeper. Every hour seemed a day, and only when he was, at last, on the New London boat bound east did he feel at ease. At least he was going did he feel at ease. At least he was going home; that was something.

Recognizing that the delay in reaching New York would not be long, and that it had been kindly meant for her own pleasure, Mai Johnson put away all fears and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour. It was a new experience to have everything made so smoom and pleasant. All trouble was saved, it seemed to her. She did not have to think what should be prepared for breakfast, or even to look out of the win-dew to see if it would be a good day for the wash to dry. The homely routine of her life seemed far behind her. Then, too, it was a new experience to receive such kindly attention at every step from one so much older and wiser than herself. She much older and wiser than herself. She began to take great pleasure in the Judge's society. His learning and wide experience stimulated her naturally active mind, and she found herself talking with him with a freedom and confidence that surprised her-self. Everywhere they went they met self. Everywhere they went they met people of distinction, to many of whom she was presented by the Judge much as a father might present a daughter.

With new pleasures effered to her every hour, and constant change of scene, the days flew quickly, and a week had passed before she noted it. Still they were among the mountains, and another week passed before they reached Saratoga. Mrs. Gear-ing was an industrious letter-writer, and had every day one or more letters which she intrusted to her son to put in the mails. So it happened that, without attracting the slightest attention, young Mr. Yard-stickie mailed Mai's letters also. She wrote stickie mailed Mai's letters also. She wrote frequently, directing all to Wilson's Holl, knowing that, if Sam had not yet returned, her father would send them to him. By the third week she began to be impatient to get to New York. There must be many letters waiting there for her, and yet she did not like to ask to be taken there. The Judge seemed to be enjoying the trip great-ly, and she was unwilling to ask him to orten it on her account.

At last the day came for the trip down the Hudson. It was a beautiful day, and the voyage was a wonder and delight, and on in advance in one of the trains that flew along the shore. At last the boat reached town, and in half an hour the family were

Not a letter there. Skipper Johnson was a changed man. Every one in the village had remarked on his silence, his indifference to the ordinary interest of the sea and shore, since he had come home. The old light-keeper was also changed. He sat long in gloomy silence in his big chair by the door, and the clock called in vain to duty. He even forgot to light the lantern till minutes past the appointed time. Far out on the horizon lay a light-ship. On this the light-keeper observed the delay at Hedgefence, and made a note of it in his log-book. Twice every day young Sam Johnson went to the little postoffice for letters, and there were

they were all personal in their character describing the movements or doing of this or that more or less unknown person.
While no single paragraph was marked to attract attention, he guessed that in some way it might give him a hint of Mai's abumn on the first page. On the second page

he found something. "Judge Gearing and wife, with Miss Johnson, who is traveling with them, are at the Profile House. Miss Johnson is a protege of Judge Gearing, and is very greatly admired. Mr. Royal Yardstickle is also of the party, and rumor has it that there may be congratulations in a certain direction soon."

Unfamiliar with the peculiar English of such journals, he saw nothing in this except the fact that the Miss Johnson must be Mai, and that she was still at this hotel, wherever it might be. He read two columns more and then the paper suddenly fell from his nerveless grasp. His head

(To be Continued.)

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