dullest heart. The Captain was the first | It was Mario, there on the scaff to find some means of expre 'Give me some o' that best candy for her." he commanded to the storekeeper.

'No, take a bigger piece of paper, and tie it up well." "Ain't she dressed a little thin ?" said gruff Mr. Spooner anxiously, and for his part he pointed the storekeeper to a small plaid shawl that hung overhead, and stooped to wrap it himself about the

"I must get the girl something, too," said the minister, who was a grandfather and had just come in for his mail. 'What do you like best my dear ?" and French Mary pointed shyly, but with instant decision, at a blue silk parasol, with a white handle, which was somewhat the worse for having been openly displayed all summer. The minister bought it with pleasure, like a country

boy at a fair, and put it into her hand. French Mary kissed the minister with rapture and gave him her hand to hake, then she put down the parasol and ran and climbed into the old Captain's lap and hugged him with both arms tight around his neck. She thought for a moment whether she should kiss Mr. Ezra Spooner or not, but happily she did not decide against it, and said an affectionate good-bye to him and all the rest. Mr. Staples himself came out from behind the counter to say farewell and bestow some raisins. They all parasol and walked away down the street in the chilly autumn morning. charm and all her childish sweetness ky barrel. and dignity away with her. Little plucked her like a flower out of their

was half way home she began to run and the new shawl was given gayly to the breeze. The Captain sighed.

"I wish the little girl well," he said, and turned away. "We shall miss her,

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

THE BRITON.

Though why one should have called him "The Briton" is more than I know. He was Irish enough, and when the rheumatics, as he called them, got into his bones he was exceeding likely to lose his temper, and resent "The Briton" to the extent of hauling his traducer.

But "Briton" he was and "Briton" he always had been, even when he sought for and secured the job of head grave digger at Calvary Cemetery-a position which he said gave him the rheumatics in the first place.

Mario, the Italian, had moved over from the west side and was lounging along Polk street, one night sniffing trouble through delighted nostrils, when he saw Terita ahead of him on the mud-

dy and littered pavement. He had told her to stay at home Not even the grocery basket, palpably laden -though it had given her no money for provisions or anything else-would excuse that failure to obey.

He planned to follow her. He would loiter along till she spoke to some man. Then he would "smash" her, and devote terminating the man.

But Terita spoke to no one, though there were those who periled their heads by trying to catch her eye. And then suddenly she slipped from his sight and was gone. He didn't know the intricacies of this section, as he had known Canal and Bunker streets, so he

stood there, very full of anger, and plan-And it was there "The Briton" found

Mario was in the way, so the Irishman tripped him. If "The Briton" had known how hard a man this Italian was he would have begun differently. But he found it all out presently; only by the time he had fully learned it "The Briton" was bleeding and covered with

ways travelled together, untangled the combatants, thumped them warningly, and went on their way.

"The Briton" was surprised, and he went down on Clark street to consider. He didn't remember ever having met so unpleasant a man as this Italian.

And Mario went home the front way, to thrash Terita, by way of getting his the best scrapper on the west side if one is to be mauled by the first man he meets, and that when he feels like meeting men, too?

Next day Terita was out, a little the worse for wear, but concealing her bruises as a loyal woman should. But her patience was ebbing. She had hoped for better things when she got Mario out of that Canal street push. She didn't know but one more collision like that of last night would be the last she cared to suffer.

And always stands opportunity to assist temptation. Here was a sign which said a carpet weaver was wanted. Nothing lost by going up to inquire.

The boss was very glad to have her come. She knew he would be still happier when he saw her work. He was. and he told her she could have the other loom by the window. He would put an inferior weaver in the dark corner where

Men were tearing down the age-old ruin next door. She knew it less by watching them-for she took no time from her work—than by shifting lights and the noises that assailed her win-

She slept with a German girl in the weaving room, and the drama of each



A VOICE SHE KNEW.

igues were alien. But they came to te each other and to do many things r love's sake. It was new to Terita. The new walls were rising less than a from her window, and one day a snapped a thread in the loom, voice she knew had shouted her

afs arms and neck bare, his spl muscles swelling under the load of bricks. He emptied the hod with a jerk, hurled it through the window, and then leaped after it with a roar of conquest.

Terita simply laid down her clumsy shuttle and went with him. For a wonder, he did not beat her. He took her home and told her to get his dinner which she did. He sat down, and taking up the kettle, went down to the hydrant in the court to fill it with water.

When he came down ten minutes later the kettle was there and he carried it A thought came to him with his fast

bite of food. The weaver! He went there and inquired.

No, Terita had not drawn her wages. So Mario collected them, and by dark he was ugly again.
By dark "The Briton" was passing

calmiy up Custom House place, his hands behind him, his back stooped a little in compliment to the rheumatics, and his pale blue eyes restless ahead of him.

Mario was ascending the steps of a 5-cent saloon in Taylor street when "The Briton" found him.

They went to the bottom of the stairs together, and the proprietor shut the door. Ward and Finn came to the corner and heard something, but it was followed her to the door and stood no suggestion of an appeal for help; so watching her while she tucked her bun- they continued south, remarking upon dles under her arm and raised the new | the pleasure some men take in fighting. At 8 o'clock "The Briton" sat in the one whole chair the place afforded. She had taken her French gayety and | Mario lounged with one leg over a whis-

Each looked at the other and figured French Mary had gone. Fate had out the proper mode of attack for next "Youse boys had better take a drink.

and call it off," said the barkeeper. "You've had a nice time." Mario went back to the scaffold next day, for he belonged to the union, and

the foreman couldn't fire him. And he but she doesn't know what parting is. kept an ugly eye on the weaver's win-I hope she'll please them just as well in dow, and frightened the German girl who was trying to equal Terita's pat-

"The Briton" went back to the cemetery, and felt so good that he sang as he digged. And the common men, both scaffold and tomb, read the record of recent conflict in visage and garb, and profoundly pitied the other man.

The big German went to deliver a carpet and he met Terita again. He offered her big wages, and she went back with him; but she wove in the shady end of the room; and the German girl laughed as Mario glared through the window at her-laughed and tangled her threads, and didn't care.

Terita was saving her money. She was going home; no saint ever looked from sacrifice to heaven's swift release more joyously than she to the day when that journey should begin.

he found a good deal of pleasure of his such a delight in conquest, and there were so many people over here who didn't know him, that what was the man to do ?

He remembered that weak spot in "The | was quiet enough ordinarily, but when tice for it. Still, he didn't really want At such times no one dare loon by the depot, they two might have lived apart quite happily.

As it was, the damp weather planted another twinge in "The Briton's" knee, and he came down ugly.

It was just 6 o'clock and the crowds were rushing like a river. Terita; cloaked and bonneted, stood aside and waited. She saw the Irishman, and thought he needed help, because his hands were



bearings. What was the use of being and pulled him up out of the stream. So she caught him by the arm She knew he was Irish, but what did she care ?

Was not her ticket in her handkerchief? Was not she going home? She laughed in his sober face, for her heart was full.

And just then came Marie. True, he saw "The Briton" at about the same time, and his soul was swayed by conflicting ambitions, but he calculated she could be found again, while all his meet-ings with the Irishman had been adjourned without day.

And yet, as he stepped from the perpetually muddy pavement he could not but think of the girl, and harbor plans for her chastisement.

But pugilism, even of the informal kind, is a jealous mistress, and Mario lost his first advantage when he turned for that last malevolent glance. And then "The Briton" had him.

The conflict did not last long. Mario felt his feet leave the ground, and try as he would, he could not get them down again. He tried to break the Irishman's hold with one wild wrench, but he fail-

And there he stayed for a moment, at a man's arm length in the air, silent and gathered for the fall. But he turned as

he fell and struck on his back and lay "The Briton" watched him a moment, then retreated to the pavement, framing an Irish bon mot as a plan of triumph. But the cry of delight behind him stopped the words on his lips, and he turned to find two small arms flung

Still, he knew "the levy," and he caught the Roman in her broken words. So he held her away, mindful of stilettos until she said : "You have savada me. I willa stay

Blook was flowing from the one lone mark on his face, where Mario's hand had landed, and she flung her handkerchief open and swathed the wound. What cared she that a precious bit of

paper with a pictured steamship on it fell fluttering to the ground? Mario was picked up and taken to a hospital. When he left it, the funeral was attended by a large number of men who had never seen Mario in health, and by a smaller number who had inadver-tently met him when his health was algether too good. His local union paid for the carriages; so they took a day off and enjoyed themselves.

The head grave-digger stood by the little mound, just as he had stood by a thousand others. Only the priest and

the pallbearers were there, and when and arrest that infernal devil; go and they had gene to join their friends in do it yourself."

the resort outside till the down train He flung the star on the floor and should take up their funeral car he walked toward the back stairway. "I'm led in the earth, not knowing whom

The weather was good for a month after that, and be never went back to the levy. But in August a chill rain came, and he laid off for another bout

He did not find him, and he asked a stout German girl who sat at the foot of a stairway. The German girl shook her head, and the carpet weaver held his two hands palms upward, while his

Far back in the better streets he met Terita, and she greeted him joyfully. He returned her handkerchief, washed but wrinkled with much carying.

She knew how much trouble she could make for this man by a word to Ward

Briton had laid him." THE WAPSEYRINNIGON TIGER.

let him sleep on in the grave where "The

CHAPTER I.

It was Saturday night in Rock River. Teams covered with the dust of the August roads stood in rows along the sidewalks. Harvesting was in full drive, and the town was filed with nomads from the South, men who had worked their way north following the isthermal line of ripening wheat.

Farmers had driven in for provisions, and their hands had come with th m for an evening's outing. The streets swarmed with rough, lawless characters. Few women ventured abroad, but bands of yelling boys, feeling the unstable equilibrium of the atmosphere, fought or played up and down before the saloons which were crowded to the door.

The better class of farmers hitch d up and drove away before 9 o'clock, gathering together as many of their hands as possible, but others remained to see the fun, which everyone felt to

It was reported that the "Wapsey gang" was in town. The Swedes from Rock Run were also well represented down at Ole's "Hole in the Wall." The Vesey boys and Steve Nagle had been seen, and last and most important, Bill O'Shea, "the Wapsey Tiger," was down at the red saloon.

Bill was brother to the deputy sheriff, who had been in his day the most feared of all the Wapsey gang. He it was who used to terrorize the constable and make men like Steve Nagle quail, when, on his infrequent sprees, he took offense at the sound of their voices. He dominated the gang, and ruled as if with naked sword in hand.

By the advice of Dr. Carver Jim O'Shea had been made constable of the Mario never went off "the levy." but | town. The doctor had quoted with great effect the experience of Boston peculiar kind. Two or three times Ward in making the famous crook, Tukey, and Finn told him what they would do marshal, in the days when thugs ran if he didn't behave himself; but he took | the city in their own way. From being constable, Jim came naturally to be the deputy sheriff of the county. He had given up drink entirely. Bill, also from the Wapsey prairie,

Briton's" harness, and resolved to prac- in liquor was as ferocious as a panther. to put the lessons to the test. And it him nor lay hands upon him, that is, the Irishman's cousin hadn't kept a sa- no one but his brother, the deputy, Every law-abiding citizen regretted the infrequent visits of the Warsey Tiger. Constable Ranney, a tall, mild-mannered man, grew more and more nervous as the night drew on and reports came in about Bill. He kept sedulously out of sight after 8 o'clock; in fact, he went to the Mayor's office for com-

fort and reinforcement. He made a feeble effort to cover his flight by saying to several of the uneasy citizens "If I'm wanted, I'll be at the Mayor's office. I'm going up to consult him," This deceived no one. Every man and boy in Rock River knew Ranney was afraid of Steve Nagle, to say nothing of O'Shea. They shouted cat calls at him as he went along the street, but they could not blame him very

much. There was a sort of horse sense n keeping out of the Tiger's way. The matter was being discussed in the Mayor's office. Ridings was there, and Judge Brown, and two cr three others. Foster of the Saturday Morning Call took a humorous view of the matter, the others did not. Foster quoted a line or two while sharpening

' Now, 'whether Roderigo killed Cassio, or Cassio Rođerigo, all makes my gain,' I'm getting news." 'We may pull through all right yet,'

said the Mayor, a small man of a scholarly turn of mind, not fitted to cope with such crises. Depends on how soon Bill gets

whisky enough to put 'im to sleep," said Ridings, one of the Councilmen. A wild volley of whoops arose on the street. Ranney turned pale, the Mayor started up in his chair, Ridngs set his

"The fun begins," said Foster. Ranney, why ain't you out there on the street? You'll miss something." Ranney gave up all pretence. "I can hear just as well a little further off."

Judge Brown cleared his mouth of "Mr. Constable, we who are peaceable and not of powerful physical organiza-

tion hire you to fight our battle for us. Mr. Mayor, order the constable to the scene of the carnage. The Mayor smiled faintly. "Mr. Constable, you know your duty."

"All too well," said Foster. They all went to the window and ooked out. Up the street, clearly outlined in the briliant light of the moon, came the Tiger. He walked with a curious action as if his legs were made of steel springs. His bare feet glistened, his head was flung back in a wild gesture. He was Red Brian defying the English battle line on Balley Moor.

"Come out, ye sons o' dogs, ye all, ye white-livered whelps. Come to me arrums, come smell o' me fist." leaped in the air. "Come down out o' that," he snarled, as he caught sight of the men in the Mayor's office. The heads disappeared, and the crowd on the street laughed, and the

Tiger kept on waving his fist. "I can whip the worruld." "Constable, arrest that man," commanded the Mayor. "I can't do it, y'r honor," said Ran-

ney, in deep distress Ridings broke out : "Things have come to a narrow lane, if we can't con-trol the streets of our own town. If our constable can't or won't do his Ranney, nearly sobbing in his sham

and fear, dragged the star off his coat and extended it to the Mayor.

"Take back the office. I don't want it. I didn't go into this thing to arrest grizzly bear nor crazy maniacs for \$3 a day. It's all very well for you

Foster drily remarked: "There's a certain degree of justice in what Mr. Ranney says. There are too many ommanding officers here and too few etive warriers. There's just one man this country who can arrest Bill

You mean Jim ?" "Yes, of course."
"Jim's in Cedarville."

Then telegraph him."
I telegraphed him an hour ago," said the Judge. "I knew we were in for trouble. He ought to be here soon if he started at once,"

The Mayor sighed with relief. "Well, there's nothing to do but wait." They looked out of the window at and Finn, but she did not say it. Mario

every fresh burst of noise. The Tiger was gone, and could never come back paraded up and down, faping again; but little she'll reck if they'll into the air occasionally with a shrill "Wherroo!" He had the weight of a fion and the activity of a leopard. He was transformed from a slouchy, quietly humorous farmer into a demon Everybody gave way before him. Behind him followed a howling mob of admiring friends. Silence only came

> at the Mayor's office to ask why that man was not arrested. The Mayor cooled each one off by saying : "I'll deputize you to arrest him, if you wish." While they were waiting they heard the sound of hurry out in the street, then a word of command that brought

when he led the way into some saloon.

The better citizens kept dropping in

them to a halt. "Here comes Jim !" Quick, powerful steps were heard on the stairway and Jim came in. He was of moderate height, but the girth of his chest was enormous. His face was dark and handsome. His eyes had something placid and sorrowful in them. His drooping mustache conceal. ed his mouth. Altogether he was a fine

"In the red saloon just now." "Is he wild, boys?" Jim askel in

a hesitating way. They felt no inclination to laugh. "He is plumb crazy." Jim gave a groan of sor ow and dis-

"Murtherin' devils! What a task l have. He took out his big clasp knife and laid it down. "There's a gang with him, too," said

Ridings. "I don't moind that, it's Billy, poor divil." He laid aside his revolver and

took off his coat. "It'll be desprit, boys," he said, with a sad quiver in his voice. "I can't shoot him, yer anner. It's me duty to arrest him, an' I will, but it's loike embracin' a lion to take Billy when he's dhrunk. He'll kill me if he can, but I can't stroike him with a weapon, yer

CHAPTER II.

He looked sad and weak as he went out the door, but they knew the stuff of which his heart was made. "If he isn't too dhrunk, he'll come along when I lay me hand on his shouldher; if he's fightin' dhrunk, it's him or me," he said to himself, as he went

down the street accompanied by Foster, "Wan comfort," he added, in the It's fists wid him." They heard a wild shouting up th

street, when the open door of a saloon emptied its light into the street. A crowd of men alternately surged in and out of the door, as if they moved away from a chained wildcat making plunges to the length of his chain. As they drew near, the howl of the drunken man could be heard as he raged against the barkeeper, who stood in deadly terror behind his bar pleading with him.

He tried to assume a careless voice. 'Here, take all ye want. That's all right. I gave you y'r change. Take a drink-it's on me. That's all right-" Bill stopped suddenly like a hound scenting game.

"Here's Jim!" was the cry. "Get out of the way, here's Jim." Jim came through the crowd, his big brown eyes fixed on Bill's wild face. The sadness in his face and its resolu-

tion awed the crowd. "Billy, my boy, come home," he said, "Come home, Billy," and he laid his hand on his brother's shoulder. There was no sign of relenting in Billy's eyes. He looked astonished, then his eyes contracted to red slits, his mouth squared at the corners, and his teeth showed in a horrible grin. His hand spread on the counter like a paw.

"'To — Wid ye !" he answered. "Get out of the way," said Jim, without looking around. The crowd fell

back, leaving a clear space. "Come, Billy," he said again, but in different tone. He saw a madman before him. With a quick, clutching, downward jerk, he rolled the Tiger to the floor and fell upon him. But the insane man rose under him with a rolling, bearlike action, and forced him on

the floor with equal terms. It was a terrible sight. The two brothers, so nearly equal in strength, Jim fighting because it was his duty and hindered by his great love and admiration for his brother, the other man irrational, cruel, deadly. Jim broke loose and rose.

"God forgive me !" Jim said, " I nivir struck me brother before."
He waited for the fallen man to rise. Bill seemed to bound from the ground. Again Jim knocked him rolling, and again he rose. This time he rose with a knife in his hand.

"Ah!" breathed the crowd.
"Shoot him!" said the barkeeper. "Keep off!" said Jim. A new look came into his eyes. He was fighting for his life now. Again he met the infuriate with his fist, but the man fell at his feet, throwing him sprawling. Jim whirled upon his back, catching Bill's hand in a terrible grip. The blood was running from a gash in his cheek.

Over and over the two men rolled in the blood and sawdust. Notwithstanding their great bulk, they writhed with the bewildering convolutions of cats. Now Jim came to the top, now Bill, but always that right hand of the Sheriff gripped the murderous wrist that held the knife. Jim fought silently, grimly. The brother uttered short, snarling imprecations, like a carniverous animal at meat. He snapped at his

Again and again some volunteer raised a chair to strike Bill, but Jim said "no." His pride was touched. He would conquer him alone. He would not let another man strike his brother. For ten minutes the struggle continued, and then Jim arose and sat astride the Tiger, who lay breathing heavily, cursing, raving, under his breath.
"Handcuff him," cried the crowd.

Jim shook his head. "There is ne heed," he said.

At the word "handcuff," the struggle began again. Bill wrenched loose suddenly and struck Jim again with the knife. The blow fell upon his collar hone and the blood poured forth again. I'm caught the deadly arm again in his left and lifting his terrible right hand struck a blow upon the side of his brother's head, which laid him out

"Out o' me way now," he said, as he rose, holding the limp body in his hands. They made way for him and he ed out into the street.

A shudder seized the crowd. Jim was covered with sawdust and fifth from the floor. His face was unreconizable by reason of the terrible blows wi'h fist and knife which had fallen there. and his shirt was dripping with blood also. He walked into the middle of road with the stunned man held in his hands. The crowd made way for him as if he were a king. He put Bill down and knelt watchfully beside him. "Call the Mayor," he said. "I'll have a word with him."

A moment later and the Mayor came hurrying down.

What is it. Jim ?" He lifted a wild, sad face to the

"Y'r anner, I ask permission to take Billy home. God knows it would kill him to wake in the jail, y'r anner. The b'y dawn't know what he's doin' at all, He'll be near dead wit shame, whin he sees the mark he's put on me. If he wakes in jail, 'twill break the heart of 'im. Y'r anner, you know Billy, when the whisky's not in him, he's as fine a man as iver breathed the breath of life. May I take him home, y'r anner ?" The Mayor, deeply moved, nodded his

"Do what you think best, Jim." "God bless ye, y'r anner. Will some-body find Billy's team ?"

The team was brought, and the maniac was lifted into the wagon like a Jim climbed in. "Give me the Mnes," he said to the man in the seat.

"Shan't I go with ye, Jim ?" "Give me, I say." The man surrendered the lines and leaped out of the wagon.

"Good night, y'r anner. Good night, The wagon moved off in the glorious moonlight, with Jim sitting beside the drink-crazed man who lay on the bed of the wagon unbound, save by the grip of his brother's re'entless right hand. He never set foot in Rock River again, and the next year Jim was the only candidate for Sheriff in the county

A NIGHT WATCHMAN'S STORY.

"What gave me a start in business?" said Jerry Jarman. "Well, I'll tell

'In 1883. I was a night watchman About 2 o'clock one cold morning in March the street had become deserted, and I was able to sit down beneath the tarpaulen shelter and enjoy a pipe and the warmth from the coke fire that glowed in the iron basket which stood

against the open side of the hut. "My occupation called me into various parts of London and the suburbs where sewerage or other road-works were in progress. I was then in Brick Lane, Spitalfields-a locality none of the sweetest or quietest-and my job was no easy one, for the inhabitants were prone to remove, with an eye to firewood, any loose timber lying about, We are shewing all the latest and the rougher portion of the community were rather too partial to play ing with bricks, which they mirthfully threw at one another's heads, muc

to my wrath and fear. "I had just settled down for a quiet hour or two, when a man made his appearance in front of the shelter. He was, perhaps, thirty years old, very thin and pale, with unkempt hair and beard, and shivering in insufficient clothing-what little he had being ragged and old. His teeth were literally chattering with the cold, and he had a frightful hollow, hacking cough, as

he asked me, in a lost, forsaken sort of Will you let me have a warm ?" "It was against the contractor's rules to permit anyone in the hut, and if the police found such an outcast there they would most likely run him in, but have a heart, and I could not but take pity on the poor shivering fellow be-

"Well, it's against the rules, but you do seem cold, old chap, so I suppose I must let you come in.' "Thank you," said the man, coming

inside. "Thank you. I am, indeed, very "He sat down on the rough plank by my side, holding out his emaciated hands toward the fire, and after a little while he evidently felt the benefit of

the warmth and shelter. "Seeing this with satisfaction, I set about heating my can of tea over the fire. I then took some cheese and bread and butter from my basket, and was about to start on my meal, when I caught sight of the poor fellow's eyes looking longingly at the food.

"'Are you hungry? I asked. "'I've had nothing for near upon four-and-twenty hours,' was the reply. "So I divided my meal with the

"After the repast, the man began nodding and fell asleep. I went out, looked around the works and saw that the lamps were all right, and returned and settled down again, and my guest did not wake up till the rattle and rumble of the traffic for Spitalfields

Market got very noisy about 5 o'clock.
"The poor chp shook himself together and thanked me for my kindness, and was evidently making off, but I had been watching him while he was asleep, and had somehow begun to take an interest in him. There was a remnant of better days about the wan, diseased-looking face, which showed that he was not of the ordinary tramp class. So I restrained him from going "Where are you off to?" I asked

The man looked at me as if in wonderment at my question "'To the streets,' he replied, simply. "I put a few more questions to him,

showing him I wished to be friendly,

and got him to tell me his story. ortly it was that he had been a clerk in a merchant's office. His young wife died in childbirth, and his own health had given way so that he had lost his situation, and had been unable to obtain other employment. He had no relatives or friends, and had gone from relatives or friends, and had gone from bad to worse, till he had become an outcast of the streets; but, as he woefully put it, he had not long to live, so it didn't matter. 'I'm in about the last stage of consumption now,' he said, 'and shall soon be out of my misery.'

"I was a bachelor then, living alone, and I quickly determined to offer the poor chap a shelter for a day or two at, all events, and as soon as the workmen arrived and I was off duty, my stranger

arrived and I was off duty, my strang anion started off with me to my "For over six weeks I housed and fed George Rankin, for that was my

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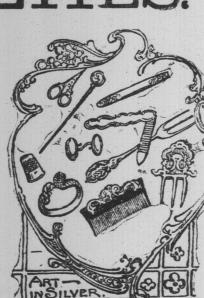
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