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oba Martin Pianes, Organs and MachinesSewing t Lindon that he he re address, where all it attended by, of the Best Makers, CHEAPER THAN EVER. As I have No Expense of Travelling Agents,

Kowl Washing Machines and Extention Ladders. J. J. WETHERUP

The Tictoria Warder

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1898.

THREE TALES FROM A FIREPLACE

'OUT NTO THE NIGHT."

The following sketch, written by Mr. Laughlin, of Toronto, is a tale from real life, and is consequently founded on facts. This should increase the interest amongst our readers. TALE ONE-(SPARKS).L

Sadly fell Christmas night, that night of nights, to the old tolks in the cottage yonder, under the shadows of the church

yonder, under the shadows of the church tower, whose bell now seemeth to repeat in half articulate jargon the refrain; "On earth peace and good will to men."

The tew lingering leaves of the white cake are rustling dismally; the scattered, spiral pines upon the fillitops are breathing notes of mourning; the hemlocks beside the river-banks are arising in tapering cheen, and telling tales of spring. The vane in the market place has turned two points nearer cast. The clouds are ascending a few five snow flakes, which ascending a few fine snow fiskes, which you can only feel with your face turned

The heavens-that broad blue dome of mystery is crowded with strange points | fagots with one tiny spark of fire, finds an of light, whilst suspended in space the cold, shadowy meon shines upon the snowy earth, beholding as in ages past, its tears and its joys; its smiles and its frowns; its love and its batred.

As we gaze upon her face, so placid, As we gaze upon her face, so placid, shining upon the lands below her ken—the fallow fields; the atraggling villages; the steepled cities; the laboring ships; the net work of railways; the tragedy and the comedy; the work and the worry; the pride and the folis; the good and the evil in the world; we feel our own littleness. Our mind is filled with a thought, that the great ocean tide of humanity rolls on, them dig graves for our affections; but and that we are but one drop in this tide | this we do not know, nor can know, until of time, whose wind is fate, and whose purpose is to drift us past the golden the waters of death. Such is life—the sunny lands of youth, to a world more first bright sparks.

that the tailor upon the matthead, the we see those mysterious sparks of being the public exactly what goes on at the sentry upon the battlement, the sufferer in full sweep. Then comes the yolksentry upon the battlement, the sufferer in full sweep. Then comes the yelk-from his cot, the wanderer on the frosty exceet, the lover from his lattice, these also may gave upon the moon's shalowy of which we must endure. Too soon the

caves, as they despairingly cling to the oold, cheerless walls of the old stone about that little cottage next the church and long, did they struggle against the approach of winter but as the struggle their ekeleton fingers, in silent appeal, to the God of winter and of snow. Then as

and forth, attract our attention to the ittle cottage, now hide in the shadows? What phantom fingers beekon us to this onely spot? We know not! And just as the old bell ceases its joyful proclamation do we creep amongst the vines about the cottage and peer through the

with ite iron orane, hung there more than score of years ago, sis an old couple gazing at the suggestive sparks. These sparks seem to rush up the gloomy chimney, with reckless bilarity, chasing madly after their own delusive glimmer, as men even to-day chase after the banbles of life. It may be that suddenly a change comes to the blushing embersa and, apparently in despair they give one

final, dirge-like, sweep up the dark old fine, and "Out late the night." ideas come sweeping through the brain resurrected from the graves of the Past, by the conjurer Thought. What pictures throw their ead outlines upon Memory's walls. "What dreams, dreams, dreams; dreams of love and grace; dreams of love and our dearest friends sorrowfully eap for us "The fires of life are out—be aleeps—ring the curfew—bank up his ashes." We see the old minister come with the intention of promoting excuses for baving in their present condition, ashes to ashes." drasms of love and grace; dreams of heaped up gold; of triumphs manifold; of selence, wit, and praise; of sweet and tranquil days; of all the vanity of poor numanity. We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded to that adventurous godess, whose name is Ambitton, plays with our heart, whispering promises of Fame—which is her dower. In such moments we seem to hear the welcome echoes of long silent voices; to perceive the gentle gleam of sleeping yee, and to feel the touch of vanished and quivers with emotion, the old mother and colors. Thus it is, that sllence ereeps are more, whilst the fitful gleam of the fitted gleam of sleeping and quivers with emotion, the old mother the fitted gleam of sleeping and quivers with emotion, the old mother and to feel the touch of vanished to the fitted gleam of sleeping and quivers with emotion, the old mother and the fitted gleam of the fitted gleam o welcome echoes of long silent volces; to perceive the gentle gleam of sleeping yee, and to feel the touch of vanished lands. Thus it is, that silence creeps over us, as we sit before the fire, realizing the limitless, inexorable, pitiless reach of time, till at length the embers fall apart

and only cold, grey ashes remain. In like manner, upon this particular Cheistmas Eve—the threll of daily duties ended—did the old Father and Mother

sit before the fireplace, possessing the consciouences as they sit, that hoary age crowned with honors and with years, has no immunity from suffering. "This is the common heritage of all," so they say, as they sit is the room now quiet and darkened. Their sele companion in silence is their old Newfoundland dog, who dreams of haleyon days gone by. Three of them: a charmed and mystic number.

who dreams of halvout are gone by. Three of them: a charmed and mystic number. 2723

Yonder eit Mother, whose virue rage highest, and live longest, within the secret walls of "home"—thet goal of our earthly joys and hopes. How geniledisticooks, with har old fashioned puris clustering from underneath her little cap. Enve kind che appears, who can doubt it?—least of all you, who are living upon kindness, as the flowers live upon light. No longer are her eyes bright and clear, no longer is her form esest, but him with toll. Upon such a mother, modest, earnest the walls of two dwe gaze as we see the toll-worn fingers mechanically plying her needles to and irc. Meanwhile tears steal down the wasted cheeks, and a hait suppressed aigh escape from the thin lips. She must watch and wait till Death comes, then—"aden," and a welcome by that beneficent Power who "chasteneth whom he loveth," to the escaph world where jove Do last forever.

Opposite Mother cits Father; his features had and cold. He is one of those calm impessive men, who show little upon the urface. There sits the stillent hand a welcome by that beneficent Power who "chasteneth whom he loveth," to the escaph world where jove Do last forever.

Opposite Mother cits Father; his features had and cold. He is one of those calm impessive men, who show little upon the urface. There sits the still the search world where jove Do last forever.

Opposite Mother cits Father; his features had and cold. He is one of these broken home.

"The time we were at rest," asys father, taking a best lock at the expiring fire, and up the creaking stairs they go to a ricket in the r

hands, seeking to obscure his vision of their broken home.

"Can it be" whispers Memory "that he has forgotten?" He gazes anxiously towards his companion, but she is still knitting, knitting, knitting, knitting, whilet the dead leaves weary of winter, are singing a requieum song to the leaf-leas woods.

fagots with one tiny spark of fire, finds an analogy when we consider the fires of life burning within each bosom, kindled by a spark of Jehovah's breath, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

Thus in youth, whilst the sparks of life are burning so slowly, we form high ideals of what we shall do; of what we shall become; how we shall help the world with its people. Then, too, our youthful ambitions have their birth, helping us to make purpose great and achievement still greater. Hence in youth, bright with its merry sparks of dawning life, we forget "death, distance and time shall each of them dig graves for our affections; but

demons of pride, hate, greed, ambition, The air is calm, clear, and cold. No want and terror would us, as we endeavor sound breaks the stillness except an to shine in the Valley of the Shadow. Day by day, as the fires of life burn with increased vigor, does the soul struggle church in the moonist valley. The leaves circumstances of life. The fire glows in about that little cottage next the church manhood and womanhood. Its struggles attract us to them, as they sway back for existence upon this cold old fireplace and forth with long sad wall. Proudly the world-struggles ever upward towards the great life-giver; teaching us that a soul is but a spark belonging to the upper fire; on inued their taces became orange, orimson, searlet and brown. Then with all their greenness gone did they lift up fire; whereby we draw nearer our home.

And thus in joy or sorrow manhood passes on with its fires to the closing scene of life, with its dust and ashes-

Then wife comes the final tale as told to me by those glittering sparks—the last in the drama of life. Mark this well, the ruddy flames continue their conti Yonder before the antique fireplace, ruddy flames continue their work, consuming the fagote with increased appetite; unobservant of the fact that the sparks are growing dimmer; the latent energy feebler; the shadows longer and deeper upon the dusky walls. Then at last the embers fall spart, and only ashes remain.

fine, and "Out into the night."

How softly silence creeps over us as we sit, in the twilight hour, before the fire. What scenes fickle imagination places upon the blackboard of Conscience; what ideas some sweeping through the brain items our dearest friends sorrowfully and our dearest friends sorrowfully and our dearest friends sorrowfully down the fire of the fi

The father nedded approval, but answers not. Again, as her form shakes and quivers with smotlen, the old mother speaks once more, whilst the fitful gleam from the fireplace makes the gaunt sha-

CASTORIA.

Once more, as the gray dawn was creeping o'er the eastern sky the mother dreams a horrible dream—a dream of Christmas night. Can this be true? That Maggie, her sweet, guileless child has descried her home, a wanderer, God knows where, forgetting the words of guidance, of caution, of instruction? Yes. She has drifted out from the harbor of her home areas at a second life. less woods.

"Mary" said her husband, "for an hour or more I have been gazing into the old fireplace. To night it has suggested to me a trinity of tales, repeated over and over again, with constant and unchanging succession, like the duties of life.

When first we placed the fagots upon the cold, cheerless fireplace, and applied the match, how rapidly the sparks ignited particle after particle till the whole was in a merry blaze. Now the kindling of the fagots with one tiny spark of fire, finds an option of her home upon the great sea of life, leaving her parents heart broken. Thus it was that "sadly fell Obristmas night, that night of nights, to the old folks in the cottage yonder, under the shadows of the church tower, whose bell now seemeth to repeat in half articulate jargon, the refrain, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

[To be Continued]

[To be Continued]

The session of the Legislature still wears on. The opposition are fast getting the government nailed up in a box. The government are entirely aware of it, and they have taken the unheard of precau tion of toroing the house to sit during Ohristmas recess to prevent any break in their campaign of legislative oratory. A government with no consciousness of

breakers ahead would scarcely have dared such measures as the Hardy-Ross combination have taken at the eleventh hour; and it is to be hoped too late to save themselves from an overwhelming defeat purpose is to drift us past the golden sunny lands of youth, to a world more perfect and beautiful than this world in which we live but in which we do not have our being.

Yes we gaze upon the radiant moon as she shipes upon the rimy fields. We may not gaze alone. Who knows but that the sailor upon the matthead, the sentry upon the battlement, the sufferer.

The water of death. Such is life—the first bright sparks.

Then when the fagots are burning two months before the customary time for its convention. Second—knowing that the opposition had made appointments to speak in several places during Christmas recess, they have taken steps to prevent them from getting out anywhere to tell the sailor upon the matthead, the sentry upon the battlement, the sufferer.

The water of death. Such is life—the first bright sparks.

Then when the fagots are burning two months before the customary time for two months before the customary time for its convention. Second—knowing that the opposition had made appointments to speak in several places during Christmas recess, they have taken steps to prevent them from getting out anywhere to tell the public exactly what goes on at the sentry upon the battlement, the sufferer in full except. exactly the sort of government that is wasting the resources of the Province of Ontario, and is airaid the people of the Province will take some one to task for it.

It is an uphill fight, and Mr. Whitney and his lieutenants have to contend with every obstacle that the government can possibly put in their way. The govern-ment boasts of the freedom of the public accounts committee, where they claim that the fullest possible opportunity is given for investigating any item of expenditure that any member wishes to look into. For example, for the first ten months of 1897 the expanditure of the Province was \$3,186,565. During a session of the Legislature the public accounts committee, at the outside, holds about Thus in manhood—with its fires of life | twenty meetings of two hours each. This the God of winter and of snow. Then are if in answer, comes the relenties north wind propelling them forward, whilet the before the sunshine. The fires burn no longer slowly, as in youth, by rush along of the committee's meetings. What with increased momentum, till its last wonder that the government is able to bonus its friends to buy such of its enemands. mies as may be bought, and to maintain a system of salaried organization in the shape of minor officials in every county and township in the Province of Ontario even as golden autumn sinks slowly into to further dishonestly its own corrupt

> which it refuses to publish a properly detailed statement of public accounts. So with the wonderful fire of life. In youth's gay detirium, the sparks burn faintly. The breezes of ambition, purpose and resolution are fields. In manhood the sparks are in full sweep, fanned the sparks are in full sweep, fanned the declaration. Still no cre-

"nerve" will no doubt lay claim to the eredit of the legislation. If the people of Ontario don't teach them a severe teason by way of warning them not to sail under any but their own flag in future, then they deserve nothing better than to be left to suffer in pocket by the unwise, not part of the continue cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect.

One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25 CENTS OR 5 FOR \$1.00. The government with its quatomary

dows stagger upon the walls, like something spectral.

"Father, do you remember one year ago to night—it was an anniversary—of sorrow to us—when our Maggle left us. The bells were ringing out their gladsome message, as they do to-night." "Peace on earth, and good will to men." "Gone," and she turns to the face of her cilent husband with his crushed, bleeding desolate heart.

He answers not—unsolved problems meet his gaze in the fireplace. Hope stinking low in his heart takes hold of fath in God. Resolutions break forth from his swelling soul, he must not weep. Would he deepen his wite's grief? His hand goes upward to his eye, and the sleeve is drawn across his cold white face. Father awakens from his lethargy, moves his chair, and saye notibing. Passion is above all analysis and estimate, you think, as you gaze upon him.

At this solemn crisis, the intelligent old dog leaves his place before the fire.

above all analysis and estimate, you think, as you gaze upon him.

At this solemn erists, the intelligent old dog leaves his place before the fire, places his head gently upon his mistrees' knee: he gazes sympathetically into her ead blue eyes. All is silence save for the old clock upon the stair, now ticking loudly, and pointing with beckoning finger to the hour of tem.

"Tis time we were at rest," says father, taking a last look at the expiring fire, and up the creaking stairs they go to a lonely room. Mother dreams, per chance of her little blue eyed Maggie, lisping the infant prayer at her knee; prattling about old Santa Claus, who is prattling about old Santa Claus, who is said visite only good little boys and girls; Robertson, Thomas Endicott, Joe Greet, Violet May Thurston. Pt II—Willie Robertson, Milton Glison. Pt II jr—John Maiers, Wesley Irwin. let sr—Sarah Sampson. Addison Gilson, Willie Flynn. let jr—S Endicott, Eva Greer. Joe Flynn.

J. D. McFadyen, teacher.

GLANDING -Standing of the pupils of S.S. No. 17, Mariposa, for the month of December: — 5th class—F Webster, E 

Liver troubles, biliousness, sallow complex ion, vellow eyes, jeundice, etc., yield to the curative powers of Laxa Liver Pills. They are sure to cure. - 29 4

Yellow bkin and Byes. Billioueness causes yellow skin and eyes, tired, worry, singgish feeling, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cleaness the blood and regulates the liver, ouring all its diseases; "From a child I suffered from billiousness and headache and all the money I spent for medicine brought me no relief. Four bottles of B B B, cured me completely, however, and I gladly recommend it "Mrs. W. Coleman, Toronto, Out.—29 2.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders are easy to take, narmless in action and sure to cure any headache in from 5 to 20 minutes. —29-4

Almost Unbearable.

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All Sizes from 4 in. to 24 in. Also Connections.

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.. CURE ..

The Glory of War

He fell—this soldier—biting the dust, (Oh, mother and sweetheart, weep if you will!)
He stood like a man who is truest,

He died as our hero soldiers must, Who ride in front, and fight to kill. His shroud of blue is stiffened with gore; (Oh, mother and sweetheart, weep if

By the horses of half a hundred more Who fell in the ranks like himself to-day. He fought as men fight for the land they

love; (Oh, mother and sweetheart, weep And the carrion birds that circle above Shall teed, in the morn, on the man you

love;
And poets shall sing of the glory of war. GRAND -Idah Meacham Strobridge, in Munsey's Magazine.

A Code of Signals.

Nature has a code of signals—a listless step and tired, weary feeling are in the code. They show that the system is run down and dragged out. Nature's medicine for this is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills—they benefit the entire system, brace the nerves, and brighten the brain, curing nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness and palpitation of the heart, etc.—29-2.

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ation.
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Register of Bocieties.

\*MIDSLAND" Chapter of R.A.M. meets in the Masonic Hall, in Keenan's block, the third Thursday of every month. G. S. Patrick, S. E.

MASONIC. FAIVEFUL RESPERSE, NO. 77, meetings held on the first Friday of each month, in Keenan's block, Mr. Robs. Cornell, secretary, BOTAL BLACK EXHAUS OF INSLAND meets second Wednesday in each month in Orange Hall, over Dominion Bank. Robert Nugent, Preceptor; R. H. Bell, Registrar, Ro. 547, meets on the second Treeday Colleges, No. 547, meets on the second Treeday

Dominion Bank. Robert Nugent, Preceptor;
R. H. Bell, Registrar.

Onames Loden, No. 587, meets on the second Treeday of every month over Dominion Bank. J. W. Wallace, W.M.; R. H. Bell, Reed. Secretary.

Taus Blues Loden, Hacket, No. 28, meets the first and third Mondays of each month in True Blue hall Kent street, over Blackwell's store. Mr. Wm. Scott, secretary.

Lady Taus Blues Loden, Victoria Guiding Star No. 28, meets the first and third Tuesday of each month, in the True Blue hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, over Blackwell's store. Mrs. Thomas Murtagh, Worshipful Mistress; Mrs. T. Bunting, Secretary.

P. A. P. B. Loden No. 8, meets first and third Friday of each month in Keenan's Block. Mr. John Pearce, Secretary.

L. O. F., No. 130 meets every Monday evening in Britton's block. Elt Williamson, secretary.

C. O. J. Manchester Unity, No. 183, Loyal Lily of the Valley, meets in the Frentice Boys' hall, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. W. McWatters, N.G.; J. O. Harrington, Secretary.

COURT Lindsay, Canadian Order of Foresters No. 125, meets in the True Elbe hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, over Blackwell's store, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. Visiting brethren always made welcome. Mr. A. Gillies, Rec. Secretary.

I. O. Formstras, meets in the S.O. E. Hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, last Friday of every month. R. Nugent, O.R.; Thos. C. Matchett, Rec. Secretary.

Sons of Scotland.—Grampian Camp, No. 40, meets fourth Tuesday of each month in Baker's block. Mr. John Way, Secretary.

Sons of Scotland.—Grampian Camp, No. 40, meets fourth Tuesday of each month, in Association Hall, over Blackwell's store. Jas. Keith, Secretary. John McSwevn, Chief.

Hour Circles, No. 34, meetings held on second Monday of each month in Association Hall, over Blackwell's store. W. H. Gross, secretary.

Belackwell's store. Sherif McLeenan, secretary.

Univer Workshell Store. W. H. Gross, secretary.

Orange Hall, over Woods' store. W. H. Gross, secretary.

OTAL ARCABUM, No. 1105, meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Woods' block.

A. F. D. McGachen, secretary.

O. O. F.—Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets on first and third Tuesday of each month in lodge room over Mechanics' Institute.

NIGHTS OF THE MACCABUS, Lindsay Tent No. 203, meets in the 'Prentice Boys' hall, over Shannon's liquor store, Ind and 4th Thursdays of every month. Visiting brethren always welcome. Wm. McWatters, commander; W. H. Cresswell, record kesper.

Wm. McWatters, commander; W. H. Crosswell, record keeper.

7. M. O. A.—Meetings on cor. Kent and Cambridge Sta, Saturday, 8 p.m.; Sunday, 4.15 p.m. Reading rooms open daily 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Young men always welcome.—A; R. Jackson, Gensee W. C. T. U. meets first Wednesday of every month in the Y. M. C. A. rooms at 8 p.m.

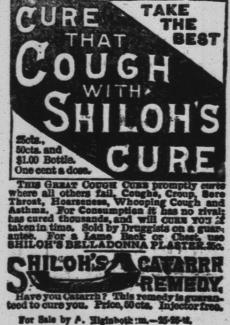
THE BROTHERHOOD of LOCOMOTIVE Enemen meet in the S.O. E. Hall every alternate Sunday at 2.90 o'clock p.m. G. Moore, Secretary.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENEMERIES meet in S.O. E. Hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, Lindsay, every alternate Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Thomas Pratt, Ohief Engineer. John McMahon, Insurance.

BROTHERHOOD OF RAILEOAD TRAINING, meets in True Blue Hall, corner Kent and Cambridge streets on the second and fourth Sundays at 8 o'clock p.m. GRO, JOHNEY, Marker; W. ABBOTP, Secretary, Box 100.

Ladies' Auxilliary to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Ladus' Auxillars to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen meets in True Blue hail, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 2.50 o'clook pm. Lina A lobbitt, Mistress Helena A. Crosler, Secretary



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St. Paul's Church, 2 Gurney hot air, coal.
St. Paul's Church, 2 Gurney hot air, coal.
St. Paul's Church, 2 Gurney hot air, coal.
Sheriff MeLeman, Bolton hot water system, coal.
Sheriff MeLeman, Bolton hot water system, coal.
J. J. Melands, Gurney hot water, wood.
Alex. Ecs. Gurney hot water, wood.
J. Killsby, Gurney hot water, wood.
J. Killsby, Gurney hot water, wood.
Roth Ward School, I Gurney hot air, coal.
Sheriff MeLeman, Bolton hot water system, coal.
J. J. Melands, Gurney hot water, wood.
Alex. Ecs. Gurney hot water, wood.
J. Killsby, Gurney hot water, wood.
Roth Ward School, I Gurney hot air, coal.
Sheriff MeLeman, Bolton hot water system, coal.
J. Mintheyre, Gurney-Harris hot air, coal.
J. Mintheyre, Gurney-Hot air, coal.
J. Mintheyre, Gurney-Hot air, coal.
J. Mintheyre, Gurney hot air, coal.
J. Mint

W. G. WOODS,

DEAR SIR.—I have much pleasure in stating that the Gurney Oxford Hot Water System which you set up in my house in the autumn of 1894 was fully what you represented it to be, and gave entire satisfaction. There was no dust, no smoke, no gas, no leakage, and the air seemed pleasant and agreeable to breathe, so that no one had a cough in my house during the entire winter. Notwithstanding the severity of last winter our house was so comfortable that we had to go outside to find if the day was coid, while the quantity of coal consumed was only a little more than we had burned in former winters in one large coal store with less rooms to be heated. The Furnace was easily managed, and with ordicary care the temperature of the house could be kept at any degree desired. I can heastly recommend this system of heating to any one who during our Canadian winter desires to enjoy what I can best describe as "Solid Countort," (Sgd). THOS, W. FOOLE, M.D., Lindsay.

Give W. G. WOODS the contract of making your life a comfort