"GOOD ROADS" Supplement to

SKINNER'S Balsam

OF ANISEED

Will Cure

THAT HACKING COUGH

Sold by all Druggists

Another Testimony

MORRISBURG.

In my long experience as a druggist have sold very large quantities of Skinner's Balsam of Aniseed and always with the most satisfactory and gratifying results. I consider it the best remedy for Coughs and Colds on my shelves. It is a never-failing remedy.

E. H. CARMAN.

2193 ly.

The Victoria Warder

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1898.

"The Dragon of the Seas"

GREAT FEAT PERFORMED BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE—SPANISH LOSS AT CADIZ—FEAT THAT OVERSHADOWS DEWEY'S PERFORMANCE AT MANILA—DRAKE'S DRUM.

Drake, he's to his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yaander lumes the island, yaander lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel an'-toe,
An' the shore lights flashin', an' the high tide dashin',
He sees et arl as plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake, he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake, he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flies,
They shall find him 'ware an' wakin',
as they found him long ago.

—Henry Newbolt.

On March 23, 1587, Drake set sail under instructions to prevent or withstand such enterprises as might be attempted by Spain. He had hardly hoisted his flag before timid counsels prevailed ashore. Formal orders were sent after Drake to "forbear to enter forcibly into any of the King's (of Spain) ports or havens." But Drake did not wear that any orders should catch him, and he put to sea. When the Council's message reached Plymouth, Drake's squadron was below the horizon. The messenger put after him in a pinnace, but failing in with a prize took it and put back, reporting that his pursuit had been balked by heavy weather. Drake's Vice-Admiral, whom he put in irons before the expedition was over, declared before his court-martial that the Lord Admiral had particularly warned Drake not to land. Drake cleared Cape Finisterre, weathered a gale of wind, after which a breeze came out fair and fresh, and he summoned his captains of board. He was not the man to waste time speaking or hearing words; he did no more than shortly tell his officers that he meant to attack immediately, and so dismissed them. This immediately disgusted the Vice-Admiral, Borough, who asked to give his advice, and wanted detailed orders for the guidance of the seperate ships. Like all great admirals, Drake probably believed the fewer and simpler the orders the better. He had but one to give: they were to follow him in and destroy the shipping when they got there.

For Borough's caution there was some excuse, none for his conduct. The only channel led under the guns of the old Cadiz into an outer and an inner harbor. The defences were not formidable, being mostly batteries built fifty years before. Much of both harbors was so occupied by shoals that the English ships could not manoeuvre without a harbor pilot, while the water was ideal for the evolution of the Spanish galleys, of which dozens lay there, as Drake knew. By all the rules of war, on which Borough was the great authority in the service, to attack without the most elaborate precautions was madness. But Drake was born to break rules. In vain Borough pleaded for waiting at least until nightfall. Drake would not listen. The enemy was before him; his authority was in his pocket; the wind held fair; and, to Borough's disgust at four o'clock in the afternoon he stood in.

* * * * * * *

As he opened the harbor there before him at the shore end of the town some sixty sail ships, and under the second battery were a crowd of caravel and small barques. As Drake's fire upon the galleys declared his purpose, the harbor became a scene of terror and confusion. Everything that could get way on her cheered for such shelter as seemed available. Ten galleys put boldly out from under the first battery and bore down upon Drake's dream. But he was not to be frightened. Leaving his armed merchantmen to take the helpless vessels in hand, with the four warships he defiantly met the Spanish attack. Passing across the course of the advancing galleys he received them with raking broadsides.

It was a lesson that needed no repetition. Torn and mangled by the unprecedented storm of fire, they turned and fled, leaving Drake free to attend to his prizes. One unfortunately, had been sunk by the guns. The rest plundered and given to flames. Borough now wanted to put to sea, but Drake would not listen to his counsels. Great as was the destruction, he was still unsatisfied. He had another exploit in mind and he ordered his captains to their ships, with orders not to move unless he did.

At daybreak next morning Drake weighed, and Borough's dismay moved the Bonaventure still further in and came to anchor among the rearmost merchantmen. In the inner harbor lay a splendid vessel belonging to Santo Cruz himself, the commander of the armada that was forming. This he resolved to take regardless of the Spanish galleys, and rapidly organized a flotilla of pinnaces and boats, which on the flood tide he led in person with the Merchant Royal to cut her out. Borough put after him and found him, after the great prize had been taken, back aboard the Bonaventure. There, as Drake testified, Borough began "in trembling sort" to point out the danger of the position. Drake dismissed him to his own ship, which he began to warp out. The Spanish galleys emerged from their shelter to attack him, and Drake had to come to his rescue. Borough continued his retreat to the mouth of the harbor, where he anchored. He said afterward that his purpose was to protect the rest of the fleet from any attack that might be made from the sea. For this purpose his position was well chosen, and for the time being Drake accepted the excuse. He knew that Borough was not personally pusillanimous; thus far he appeared only too cautious to be fit for command.

** ** **

Having gutted Santa Cruz's galleon and set her on fire in spite of the galleys, the flotilla and the Merchant Royal came out of the inner harbor. During the past 36 hours the fleet had been entirely revictualled with wine, oil, biscuit and dried fruits. Thousands of tons of shipping and a vast quantity of stores destined to the future armada had been destroyed and six vessels laden with provisions were prizes to the fleet. The damage done to the enemy was near $4,000,000, reckoned at to-days equivalent. Satisfied at last, Drake prepared to put to sea, but now the wind fell. He had to remain where he was, exposed to all the devices the Spaniards could invent to destroy him. Troops were pouring into Cadiz, guns were moved down to the sand hills and brought to bear, five ships were launched against him with the tide, and the galleys attacked again and again. Now, if ever, was their time. "There were never galleys," says one English report, "that had more fit place for their advantage to fight; for upon the shot that they had received, they had present succors from the town, we riding in a narrow gut." Yet all was of no avail. If the smooth water was favorable to vessels of free movements, it was also favorable to gunnery, in which Drake was superior. The galleys, one after the other, were crippled. Nor were the fireships more successful. Not one did the English allow to approach them, and as they watched the vessels burning themselves out harmlessly upon the shoals they laughed to think how the Spaniards were saving them the trouble. At 2 a.m. a breeze sprang up, and Drake, sweeping the galleys once more from his path, stood out past the batteries. "Then," says the Brief Relation, "having performed this notable service, we came out of the Road of Cadiz on the Friday morning with very little loss, not worth mentioning.

* * * * * * *

Cruising about near Cape St. Vincent was a squadron under command of Recalde, perhaps Spain's best seaman. Drake steaped a course for this squadron, but Recalde was too wary, and when Drake reached Cape St. Vincent had disappeared. Drake then resolved to take the fortifications. Borough, aghast, protested. This conduct convinced Drake of Borough's disloyalty, and he clapped the Vice Admiral in irons. Drake's officers considered the place impreguable, but he took it all the same, and Drake made it his base for watering, for cleaning ship and healing the sick. He wrote home begging for authority to hold the place permanently. Before answer came he had taken the King's own carack, with cargo valued close upon $5,000,000, modern computation. In all those wars there was no campaign to match this naval one of 1587. "The truth is," wrote the Venetian ambassador, "that he has done so much damage on the coast of Spain alone that though the King were to obtain a most signal victory against him he would not recover the one-half the loss he has suffered." To this day it may serve as the finest example of how a small, well handled fleet may paralyze the mobilization of an overwhelming force. He returned to England in time to return to Spain before the armada could possibly sail. But it was not to be. The wretched diplomatists were at their bungling work, and Drake's squadron was dispersed and his gallant, trained seamen paid off. Drake's bitterness can be understood—a bitterness shared by his countrymen of to-day who have to write the history of those times. The ambassadors then in England cannot find language to paint the vacillation and spasmodic ineptitude of a policy that threw to the winds the advantage gained by the great Tudor seaman, and ended by imperilling the existence of England, which was to be saved later on by the valor and skill of there same seamen.

Abridged from "Drake and the Tudor Navy," by Julian S. Corbett. Longmans, Green & Co., 1898.

Happy Release

From a Trio of Afflictions.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Saves the Life of a Lady in Seamo, Man

THE TERRORS OF RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA AND HEADACHES ARE BANISHED FOREVER.

Health and Happiness Bestowed on All Who Make Use of Paine's Celery Comdound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN,—I am very pleased to be able to tell you of the great good that I have derived from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound. Before using your valuable compound I was so cripple with rheumatism that I had to crawl on hands and knees from one place to another. I also suffered from neuralgia and dreadful headaches, and could not get more than one or two hours of sleep each night. I often thought it would be better to die than live and endure my terrible agony.

I was happily advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and after use of six bottles the rheumatism and neuralgia are banished, and I now eat, rest and sleep well. My present improved state of health is due entirely to the health-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, which has done wonders for me. My husband is now using it for dyspepsia, and it is doing wonders for him. My neighbors to whom I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound have been greatly blessed.

Yours truly,
MRS ANNIE S. COBB,
Seamo, Man.

The Cost of War.

The war of the Union, from 1861 to 1865, cost the United States up to the end of the last fiscal year seven thousand million dollars. When all the pensions and interest are paid the amount will be swollen to twelve billion dollars. The Troy, N.Y. Press points to three legacies left by that war over a generation ago. The first is a pension list of one hundred and fifty million dollars a year, a tax of two dollars per head on the total population of the United States. The second is the bondholding class, whose money was loaned to carry on the war. Third, the numberless army of tramps, largely the direct outcome of the war.

Preachers and People of One Mind

A Host of Witnesses Tell of the Wonderful Cures Effected by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Right Rev. Bishop Sweatman, D D; Rev. W. H Withrow, D D; Rev. Mungo Fraser, D.D., and others sound the praises. It cures young and old. Mrs. Geo. Graves, Ingersoll, writes: "My little daughter, aged thirteen years, suffered from catarrh of the very worst kind. No physicians or remedy cured, until we used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and after using two bottles my child was completely cured." It is a pleasant, safe and speedy remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. Sold by P. Morgan.—49 1.

How Germany Feels.

Berlin, May 21.—Public attention in this country has temporarily been diverted from the war between Spain and the United States to the significant speech recently made at Birmingham by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the British Secretary of State for the Colonies. The bulk of opinion since the text of the speech has been available corresponds to the utterances of Prince Bismarck on the subject telegraphed to the Associated Press on Wednesday last, when the former Chancellor was quoted as saying:—"The importance thereof depends upon whether Mr. Chamberlain's private opinions are those of the British Government. Closer Anglo-American relations are doubtless feasible, but an alliance is improbable and unserviceable to both. Germany's duty, plainly, is to maintain her interests by carefully nursing the good neighborship of the European nations." Serious diplomats say they do not believe that an Anglo-American alliance if feasible, except possibly for purely pacific and defensive purposes. They utterly repudiate the idea of Germany joining such an alliance. The Government is cautious in expressing an opinion on the subject, but is inclined to be friendly towards Mr. Chamberlain's declarations. The Schlesische Zeitung, one of the leading semi-official papers, says:—"It is a mistake to undervalue a man who so intimately knows and expresses the ideas and wishes of his countrymen. Far from being an expression of Great Britain's weakness and embarrassments, the speech must be regarded as the expression of a political leader who is so sure of the strength of his country that he does not hesitate to point out weak places." The Liberal press favors a friendlier understanding between the two countries, but even the most favorable of the papers do not go to the length of advocating an alliance with Great Britain, still less with the United States. A notable example of Anglophobia is furnished by an article in The Tageliche Rundschau vehemently supporting the scheme of the Russian Prince Uchtomski for an anti-British European combination for dealing with an Anglo-American alliance. This paper says:—The British lion would rather roar than fight. It sounds well and costs nothing. But England finds herself confronted with the question now of her very existence. Count Uchtomski says the nation of shopkeepers suddenly raises the cry of "a kingdom for an alliance," and, behold, an ally appears in the shape of Brother Jonathan. America, with its mish-mash of waste pieces of nationality, millions of emigrant murderers, English tongues and black, red and yellow skins, suddenly becomes an Anglo-Saxon race." The Tagliche Rundschau then proceeds to argue that "Moneybag selfishness constitutes the basis of the coming alliance between the cockney and the Yankee, and in order to counteract this Germany must join Russia, thereby also helping to increase France's anger against England."

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

To a Snowbird.

Miss Frances E. Willard's Last Poem.

Dear little bird with bright black eye,
If you but knew my eyes were kind,
How swift the pretty form would fly
Our shining porch-berries to find.

Dear little bird with fluttering heart,
If you but felt my heart was true,
That fairly figure soon would dart,
To sheltering hand held out for you.

Dear little bird with glancing wing,
Did you but know I long to fly,
Perhaps you'd sit quite near and sing
To me in my captivity.

Dear human heart, be not afraid,
Thy need of food, thy dream of flight,
He knows, by whom the worlds were made,
To speed thee on in His delight.

—The Independent.

The Christian Endeavorer and the Theatre.

The Rev. James Mursell spoke very decidedly on the subject of the relation of the society to amusements, at the convention of Christian Endeavorers held recently at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the words met with the hearty approval of his audience. "I hold strongly," he declared, "that we Endeavorers have a special duty to perform as regards amusements as in all other matters of life and conduct. . . . . Christian Endeavor teaches us to enjoy only amusements of the right sort, and to keep these amusements in the right place. For my part, I cannot imagine an earnest member of a Christian Endeavor Society feeling at home in the theatre. People who are at home in the pit of the theatre, are out of in the prayer-meeting. The same must be said of the dancing saloon. If young men and young women are to keep their garments clean they must steer clear of such resorts. Amusements are of a wrong sort when they divert our souls from God or cast a stumbling-block in the way of a weaker brother."—The London Sentinel.

Newsboys Selling More Than Papers

A traveler on a Massachusetts train was recently attracted by the suspicious conduct of a boy, who appeared to be carrying on a business sub rosa with the young men passengers as he made his regular tours through the train with books, papers and confectionery. Finally the newsboy began a whispered conversation with a boy traveler, about fifteen years of age, who sat directly in front of the one who was watching the affair, and after a few moments the newsboy pulled out a book from under his pile of papers and offered it to the boy passenger. The lady passenger immediately leaned over the boys and saw the book and its name, which confirmed her suspicions as it was one of the vile sort that is a perpetual assault upon the citadel of purity.

She at once sent an account of her discoveries to the authorities of the road, who put a detective on the track of the newsboy, and he discovered that the boy was regularly carrying on his illegitimate trade. The boy was discharged from the employ of the road, and the news company. Will Social Purity workers who are travelling please watch out for similar cases of criminality, secure proof, and report them at once to the railway companies?

Women of the Day.

Mrs. May R. Thornley is not only an official leader of the W.C.T.U. by virtue of her position as president of the premier province of Ontario, but also a leader de facto, as our friends of the legal persuasion would say, by reason of her gifts and graces, her devotion and vigor, her genius and faith. She was born in Drummondville, Ont, within the sound of Niagara Falls, the daughter of a Methodist minister, G. N. A. F. T. Dickson. She was educated at Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, and took a Post Graduate course at Victoria University, Cobourg. She married Joseph H. Thornley, of Philadelphia, and it was while residing in that city and at Ocean Grove, N.J., that she first became prominent in W.C.T.U. work. Her husband died in 1889, when she returned to Canada and took up her residence in London, where her leadership was soon recognized and she was made president of the local W.C.T.U. There had been a remarkable recession in temperance organization and activity in Forest City, but the revival was contemporaneous with her return. She was elected president of the Ontario W.C.T.U. in 1893, and has held the position continuously to this date. Mrs. Thornley has done considerable writing for the press and delivers herself eloquently upon the public platform. She has been selected on more than one occasion as a speaker representing deputations to the Government, and her annual reports to the provincial W.C.T.U. are documents of great historic value. She is also a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance.

Liver troubles, biliousness, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, jaundice, etc., yield to the curative powers of Lazo-Liver Pills. They are sure to cure.—46 4

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases Cured for Thirty-five Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c Sold by P. Morgan.—49 1.

"Is there a man in all the audience," demanded the speaker on woman's rights, fiercely, "who has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn-out wife to her slumbers, gone quietly down stairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's shoes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, and done all this, if necessary, day after day, uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in this audience, let him stand up. I should like to see him." And far back in the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first chance he had ever had to assert himself.

Constipation Cured.

It's important you should have natural action of the bowels. Purging and griping do violence to the system. Lazo-Liver Pills are nature's own medicine for all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Cure constipation by toning the bowel wall and stimulating the secretions. Leave no bad after effects.—48 cf.

Register of Societies.

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

MASONIC PATRIOTIC BROTHERS, No. 77, meetings held on the first Friday of each month, in Keenan's block. Mr. John Kelley, secretary.

ROYAL BLACK KNIGHTS OF IRELAND meets second Wednesday in each month in Association Hall, over Blackwell's store. Robt. Nugent, Preceptor; John Kelley, Registrar.

ORANGE LODGE, No. 887, meets on the third Friday of every month in Association Hall, over Blackwell's store. J. W. Walker, W.M.; R. H. Bell, Rec. Secretary.

TRUE BLUE LODGE, Hackett, No. 38, meets the first and third Mondays of each month in True Blue hall Kent street, over Blackwell's store. Mr. Wm. Scott, secretary.

LADY TRUE BLUE LODGE, Victoria Guiding Star No. 38, 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. LODGE No. 5, meets first and third Friday of each month in Keenan's Block. Mr. John Pearce, Secretary.

I. O. O. F., No. 190 meets every Monday evening in Britton's block. Eli Williamson, secretary.

C.O.O.F., Manchester Unity, No. 182, Loyal Lily of the Valley, meets in the Prentice Boys' hall, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. W. McWatters, N.G.; J. G. Harrington, Secretary.

COURT LINDSAY, Canadian Order of Foresters No. 125, meets in the 'Prentice Boys Hall, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. Visiting brethren always made welcome. Mr. Frank Britton, Rec. Secretary.

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

SONS OF ENGLAND, No. 20, meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Baker's block. Mr. John Way, Secretary.

SONS OF SCOTLAND.—Grampian Camp, No. 46, meets fourth Tuesday of each month, in Association Hall, over Blackwell's store. Jas. Keith, Secretary. John McIlwaym, Chief.

HOME CIRCLE, No. 84, meetings held on second Monday of each month in Association Hall, over Blackwell's store. Sheriff McLennan, secretary.

UNITED WORKMEN meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays, in Orange Hall, over Woods' store. W. H. Grose, secretary.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES, Lindsay Tent No. 208, meets in the 'Prentice Boys' hall, over Shannon's liquor store, 2nd and 4th Thursdays of every month. Visiting brethren always welcome. Wm. McWatters, commander; W. H. Cresswell, record keeper.

Y. M. C. A.—Meetings on our. Kent and Cambridge Sts., 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, Gen-sec.

W. C. T. U. meets first Wednesday of every month in the Y. M. C. A. rooms at 3 p.m.

R. T. of T.—Meets second and last Tuesday of each month, in Junior Boys' room, Y.M.C.A., at 7.30 p.m. W. H. Stevens, B.A., S.C.; A. W. Lee, Sec.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN meet in the S.O.E. Hall every alternate Sunday at 2.30 o'clock p.m. J. Moore, Secretary.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS meet in S.O.E. Hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. A. Millar, Chief Engineer. Thomas Wilkinson, Assistant Engineer. John McMahon, Insurance.

BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD TRAINMEN, meets in True Blue Hall, corner Kent and Cambridge streets on the second and fourth Sundays at 2 o'clock p.m. GEO. JOSLYN, Master; W. ARMOUR Secretary, Box 109.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen meets in True Blue hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 2.30 o'clock p.m. Lina A. Tebbitt, Mistress Helena A. Crozier, Secretary

Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it.

Here's how you can tell:—

If you have Back Ache or Lame Back.

If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet.

If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty.

If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth.

If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

the more quickly will your health return.

They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can cure you.

Book that tells all about Doan's Kidney Pills sent free to any address.

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS TRADE MARK

THIN MAN—What Makes You so Fat?

FAT MAN—I Drink Calcutt's Porter.

Price $1 per dozen delivered any where in Ontario Mail money to

H. CALCUTT, Brewer, Peterborough

Dec. 16, 1897.—70-tf.

Wool Wanted!

We have taken contracts to supply the Northwest Indians with Blankets, and Frost-proof Underwear for the Klondike Miners. For that reason we must purchase a very large quantity of Wool, for which we intend to pay

HIGHEST TORONTO PRICES

We especially need your FINE WOOL and LAMBS' FLEECES for knitting purposes; also COTTED or BURRY WOOL for Shanty Blankets.

You may have Our Goods at Wholesale Rates in Exchange for Wool.
Freight paid on large lots. Give us a chance to bid on your wool.

HORN BROS.
LINDSAY WOOLLEN MILLS

—94 tf.

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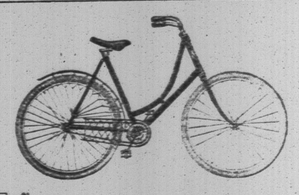
BARGAINS IN DRUGS!

Seigel's Syrup, large size	55c.
Medicamentum	5c.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills	30c.
Dodds' Kidney Pills	30c.
Chase's Liver Pills	19c.
Ayer's Cathartic Pills	15c.
Agnew's Liver Pills	15c.
Our Own Liver Pills	10c.
White Pine Balsam	20c.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription	75c.
Pierce's Golden Discovery	75c.

A. HIGINBOTHAM,

NEXT DOOR TO DALY HOUSE.



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HIGH GRADE BICYCLES

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Samples may be seen at Mr. Little's Harness Shop.

ALSO THE BEST—

PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES

and the cheapest, according to quality, are sold by

W. W. LOGAN,

General Agent, Lindsay, 170 Kent St. West.

W. G. WOODS

Loads the procession in Furnace Work.

The following are samples of his ability to Heat your Home so hot that an Electric Fan wont "phist"

The County Jail, Gurney Hot Water System, Coal.
The County Buildings, our own original system, hot air and hot water combination.
Lindsay Post Office, entire hot water, coal and wood.
Cambridge St. Methodist Church, 1 Peace hot air Furnace and 1 Peace Combination hot air and steam, coal.
St. Andrew's Church, 2 Gurney hot air, coal.
St. Paul's Church, 2 Gurney hot air, coal.
Queen St. Methodist Church, 2 Gurney hot air, wood.
North Ward School, 1 Gurney hot air, coal.
Francis St. School, 1 Buck's hot air, coal.
South Ward School, 1 Howard hot air, coal.
Sheriff McLennan, Bolton hot water system, coal.
O. Bigelow, Gurney hot air, coal
D. J. McIntyre, Gurney-Harris hot air, coal.
John McDonald, Gurney-Harris hot air, coal.
Mrs. Houghton, hot air, wood.
Elias Bowes, hot air, wood.
Jas. Graham, Burrows Stewart & Milne, hot air, coal.
Sam Irwin, Gurney hot water, coal.
E. D. Orde, Gurney hot air, coal.
J. H. Southorn, Gurney hot air, coal.
John Kennedy, Gurney hot air, coal.
Dr. Poole, Gurney hot water, coal.
John Dobson, hot water, coal.
Wm. Needler, hot water, coal.
J. B. Knowlson, hot water, coal.
Dr. Wilson, hot water, coal.
Knowlson Bros., hot water, coal.
J. McLennan, hot water, coal.
Father Bretherton, combination wood.
David Duncan.
Mat. Carter, Gurney hot air, wood.
Geo. H. Wilson, Gurney hot air, wood.
John Kelly, Gurney hot air, wood.
Geo. Stephens, Gurney hot air, wood.
Geo Milne, Gurney hot air, wood.
Thos. Adams, Gurney hot air, wood.
Mrs. Ross, Gurney hot air, wood.
Mrs. Wright, Gurney hot air, wood.
J. Neelands, Gurney hot air, wood.
Thos. Sadler, hot water, wood.
E. Woods.
Wm. Sadler, Gurney hot water, wood.
Alex. Ross, Gurney hot water, wood.
J. Kilbby, Gurney hot air, wood.
John D. Flavelle, Gurney hot water, coal.
Bradburn House, Gurney Harris, hot air, wood.
S. D. Thexton, Burrows, Stewart & Milne, hot air, coal.
Mr. Hooper, Gurney hot air, coal.
Sam G. Parkin, Gurney hot water, coal.
Dr. McAlpine, Gurney combination, coal.
Thos. Matchett, Sr., Gurney hot air, coal.
Dr. Degrassi, Gurney hot water, coal.
Geo. Martin, Bolton hot water, coal.
Hugh Workman, Gurney hot water, coal.
Geo. Little, Gurney hot water, coal.
Col. Deacon, Gurney hot water, coal.
Wm. Flavelle, Gurney combination, coal.
D. & F. Bros., Gurney hot air, coal.
Warner & Co., Howard hot air, coal.
Britton Bros., Gurney hot air, coal.
Chas. Britton, Peace combination, coal.
Richard Kytle, Gurney hot air, coal.
J. P. Ryley, Gurney hot air, coal.
James Lovell, Gurney hot air, coal.
W. H. Robson, Beck's hot air, coal.
Thos. Beall, hot water combination.
Geo. Beall, hot water combination.
W. W. Logan, Gurney hot water, coal.
Silas Bigelow, Gurney hot air, coal.
Hogg Bros., Gurney hot air, coal.
W. King, Gurney hot air, coal.
R. Sylvester, Gurney hot water, coal.
Miss Foster, Gurney hot water, coal.
G. H. Hopkins, Gurney hot water, coal.
Opera House, steam.
Wm. McKenzie, Kirkfield, Gurney hot water, wood.
R. McKing, and many others.

The subjoined is an unsolicited testimonial which Dr. Poole kindly handed me a few days ago. "Read me Read it.

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 1896 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 severity of 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 cold, while the quantity of coal consumed was only a little more than we had burned in former winters in one large coal stove with less rooms to be heated. The Furnace was easily managed, and with ordinary care the temperature of the house could be kept at any degree desired. I can heartily recommend this system of heating to any one who during our Canadian winter desires to enjoy what I can best describe as "Solid Comfort."

(Sgd). THOS. W. POOLE, M.D., Lindsay.

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

August 21st, 1896.—1839-1y.

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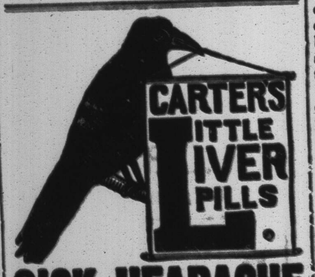

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