NEVER BEFORE

China been shown in Lindsay as we are now exhibiting.

It is really beautiful. Why not have some when it costs so little more

BRITTON BROS

The Leading Jewellers, Lindsay.

If your eyes trouble you consult

WEST END Lumber, Coal and Wood Ward.

Dry Hardwood, Long and Short; firstclass Stove, Nut and Egg Coal; also the best Blacksmith Coal in the market.

Fresh Lime, Drain Tile and Sewer Pipe of all sizes. A full line of Lumber and Shingles for

Builders. Everything up to date, and prices to

suit the times. Give us a call. Telephone 56.

MESSRS. BARRON & STEERS, Solicitors, have arrangements by which large or small sums can be loaned on security of real estate for long or some periods, on terms suitable to borrowers, at rates of interest from 5 to 7 per cent. Office—Dominion Bank building, William St. Lindsay.—2007-1v

STEAMSHIP AGENOY.

all and see or write me.

Agent Dominion Building and Loan Association.

Own your own house on easy terms and thus save the rent.

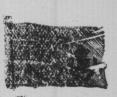
Bave you inquired into our perfectly safe, cheap,
money order system?

—73-ly.

G. E. WILDER, Express Office.

The Nictoria Farder

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1897.



A union hearts and a union of hards A union none can sever; a union of homes and a union of Lands and the flag, British Union, forever."

A STRAIGHT SLANDER.

The Post seems to have a diversified staff of editorial contributors, from Shears and Pastepot down to the lesser luminaries. whose professional productions are as whose professional productions are as perplexing as they are paralyzing. In a lectured in the presbyterian church on Wedperplexing as they are paralyzing. It a recent issue under the caption of, "Evil Farmers yery busy sowing wheat and rye.

Prophecies." it makes an uncalled for A considerable quantity is being sown. personal attack upon Mr. John D. Flavelle, with a side fling at Dr. Vrooman. while taking credit to the political party it represents for the visible improvement in the times. It charges that at the last general election for the Dominion parliament, Mr. Flavelle attempted to deceive the electors of South Victoria, by false statements, "and did deceive some, but would not be able to do so again." The Post cannot prove its assertion to be true. Let it produce the proof, or stand convicted of villifying the reputation of one of the most reputable citizens in the community. The opinions held by Mr. Flavelle on tariff and trade questions are the same to-day as they were at the time of the election when he took the platform on behalf of Dr. Vrooman and did yeoman service. The charge that he made of GOLD false statements for purposes of deception is as vile a slander as could possibly be uttered. The plous proprietor of the immaculate party paper should at once apologize. The brighter outlook in Canada is not due to the recent change of government at Ottawa, but to other causes; and the Post knows it if it knows anything. The fluctuation of prices for grains and farm produce generally is regulated by the law of supply and demand. Just the other day in a public speech. Erastus Wiman of New York remarked, "The dollar wheat, and the present prosperity, are of but temporary benefits, and could not last, because they were based upon the misfortunes of other nations." Mr. Wiman was the father of commercial wiman was the lather of commercial union, adopted by Laurier, Cartwright & Co., a few years ago, and his opinion should be accepted by liberals at least. There was a time when the Post contended that the United States was Canada's natural market—that the British Isles were too far away, and that if the Your Grocer will give you particulars. liberals were in power, reciprocity or tree trade with the Yankees, would soon be secured. The liberal leaders

have failed to make good their

election promises in any respect. They put corn on the free list, and last month \$915,000 worth entered the port of Montreal from the States. Canadian money going into the pockets of Yankee farmers cannot surely benefit the farmers of our own country. The Post should tell its readers about the extravagant expenditures of the new Dominion government, which is putting on full sail with a vengeance and with an utter disregard as to where the ship of state may ultimately

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The province of Ontario wants a new governmental broom, as the old one i getting badly worn.

An attempt was made to assassinate President Diaz, of Mexico, last week. The would-be assassin was done to death by an enraged populace.

boward Washington, and proposes to address some American audiences in order as with Britain.

The United States has notified Spain that it must whip the Cubans by the first of October or quit, as American interests in the island are being seriously injured by the prolonged conflict. The independence of Cuba is therefore assured. Late reports show that the Cubans are getting the best of it anyway.

The Chatham Planet has discovered this in one of G. W. Ross' collegiate text in arts and in arms; her golden harvest waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas; her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves." The country so gloriously set forth in this Canadian school book is the United States of

punished. It is generally believed that | prophecy :the reprieving of a criminal found guilty of murder naturally leads to an increase in the number of capital offences. Minister of justice Mowat has been merciful in commuting the death sentence passed on criminals found guilty of marders. During the present autumn there are no less than six murder trials to be held in Ontario alone. Has the the increase of this capital offence? again. Give me the practical Englishthe government not be held man for tombstones. For tickets to or from the Old Country and Europe | responsible for the increase in crime?

FENELON FALLS. Special to The Worder 28 FALL MILLINERY OPENING, commencing Thursday, Sept. 80th, and following days.
All are cordially invited to attend. Mrs.
McDougall, Fenelon Falls.—14.

BURY'S GREEN.

Special to The Warder. WE are happy to state that Mr. Thomas Hopkins, who left on the harvest excursion for Manitoba and who was taken suddenly ill at Winnipeg, is recovering as well as could be expected after undergoing an operation in the hospital, whereby a tumor was successfully removed from his stomach. Mr. H. has two sons and a brother-in-law there, who are with him during his illness. His many friends wish for him a speedy recovery, a very happy visit and a safe return home.

Mr. Chas. Hopkins, son of Mr. Thomas Hopkins, returned last Saturday to resume his studies at Albert College, Belleville, where he obtained a year's tuition free as a scholarship prizes
Mr. Wm. Fell is busy siloing his seventeen

acre crop of heavy corn. He has added another sile to his barn and the results of the labor of ensilage raising has proved successful so far with Mr. Fell.

Mr. Chas. Brooks returned last week after a year's sojourn at Ahmic Harbor, Parry

Stock buyers have taken several car-loads stock from here this summer and paid good

Prices. Quite a numiler took in the Lindsay exhibition.

Pain in the Back: Mr. M. P. Halpin, Brockville, Ont., makes a statement as follows: "For two years I suffered from kidney trouble, causing severe pain across my back, dizziness, headache, sleeplessness, etc. I had often to lean on the counter when serving a customer, so intense was the pain in my back. On taking Doan's Kidney Pills I improved from the very first, and now after using three boxes am all right; all my pains, sches, and dizziness having disappeared, thanks to Doan's Pills.—13-tf.

19 STEARNS' BICYCLES and WATCHES . . ARE . .

GIVEN AWAY **EVERY MONTH**

TO THOSE WHO SEND THE LARGEST



or drop a postcard to

Letter No. 8. Col. Sam. Hughes' Trip to Hing.

AMONG THE WESTERN SCOTTISM ISLANDS. The epitaph was not much in fashion n the last few hundred years in Iona. Another form, the object lesson, was adopted. A knight with sword or spear, or dog or buckler, is chiseled in the stone. Others are flowered, some are crossed, many are plain. There they are and they will repay inspection. The sight is free, and I have often paid a quarter for shows not a tenth part as good. In 1549 Dean Munro wrote of Iona that he saw the tombs, then marked plainly and resembling small chapels with a broad grey whinstone in the gable of each, "The Tomb of the Scottish Kings," and there were forty-eight kings buried there then and marked. "The Tomb of the Irish Kings" then held four. On the north side of the tomb of the "Scottish Kings" was engraved "The Premier Laurier is again looking tombs of the kings of Norroway' (Norway.) These and hundreds more have all disappeared during three hundred years. The inscriptions would tariff bars. The generous man wants | lead one to suppose that the "Scottish Kings" and "Kings of Norroway" were preferential trade with the states as well regarded as synonymous. A "King of France" lies there also. If such a great change has been wrought in the last three hundred years, what pray occurred in the thousand years preceding? What has become of the tombs of Ossian, Fingal, Lochlin, Alpine, Fergus, and the other heroes of their and immediate succeeding ages, for they were buried at Iona?

The tombs of Iona, however interesting they may be, are yet aggravating from their indefiniteness. What a pity rendalism has destroyed the old vandalism has destroyed the Scandinavian relics! But the world will wag on just the same.

Iona's epitaphs are not of that practical, business nature of some found books: "Yes, sir, they will see her great England. For instance, when one contemplates a great stone with a giant bearing a shield and sword all ready for the fray, cut three or four inches deep he kind of stands back and says "What great 'heathen' lies there?" But when he visits a well kept cemetery in England and reads such as these

"Here lie the dead and here the living LIE," he is infused with interest. There is no formality, no sentiment—as a rule, Orime to be prevented must be duly one, beautiful in its avoidance of definite

'Here lie several of the Stows. Particulars the last day will disclose."
Reader, just consider how easy it will be for that aggregation to come out on the morning of the resurrection and pass onward one way or 'tother without any hitch as between their destination and the direction on the tombstone. And then conceive, if you can, the feelings of the fellow crawling out from beneath a slab labelled with angels and wings and wholesele pardoning anything to do with trumpets, who will be turned downwards Britain; but study men, the development

"On the 29th November A confounded piece of timber Came down bang slam And killed I, John Lamb." No chills of superstition there. All

ousiness and practical. This is a sad one, yet impressive in the delicate object lesson presented :-"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,

The wife of Deacon Amos Shute. She died of drinking too much coffee, Anny dominy eighteen forty." If the English are essentially practical o are the canny Scots at times.

"Here lies interred a man o' micht, His name was Malcolm Downie. He lost his life as market nicht By fa'in' aff his pownie.'

The W.C.T.U. will endorse this one. "Here lie the banes o' Tammy Messer, O' tarry woo' he was a dresser. He had some fau'ts and mony merits And died o' drinkin' ardent spirits."

That fellow will have no reason to condemn his friends for tooting him up too much "when Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning." A "sea king" in full war outfit inspires

or thrills one; an angel with full complement of wings while prognosticating coolness yet causes a dreamy soaring sort of spirit to steal over one. But there is not the grip in them there is in one with a wire cable form a guard the entire like :-"im as was is gone from we,

So we as is must go to 'e.

It comes right "'ome" to a fellow, that ort of epitaph; and while there is uperstition more or less in the "angels," and the "pearly portals" and the "gates ajar" and all that—a kind of lonesome melancholy feeling in a sentimental cemetery, all that disappears among such epitaphs as :-"Here lies I and my three daughters,

Killed by drinking Cheltenham waters. If we had stuck to Epsom salts We shouldn't have been lying in the here vaults.

But there is something affecting in this shough it slightly borders on

Trying one day a corn to mow off The razor slipped and cut his toe off. The toe, or rather what it grew to, An inflammation quickly flew to.

The parts they took to mortifying, And poor dear Roger took to dying.' John Bull ever has an eye to business and while he will do all possible to save his friends, yet once they're gone he realizes the world cannot stand still for his troubles. That sentiment finds con-"Underneath this ancient mill

Lies the body of poor Will. Odd he lived and odd he died. At his funeral nobody cried. Where he's gone and how he fares Nobody knows and nobody cares. This chap made the most of

"Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion Doth lie the landlord of "The Lion." His son keeps on the business still, Resigned unto the heavenly will." A most dutiful son surely but some orthodox people might conceive him deserving of this one:—

"Too bad for heaven, too good for hell, So where he's gone I cannot tell." There may have been doubts about the foregoing subject, but this is concise and definite.

"Here lies William Smith And what is somewhat rarish LEVER BROS., Limited,
Scott St., TORONTO.

He was born, bred and hanged
In this here parish." In Dundee is a casny, non-committed

"J. P. P.

"Under this moss Lies John Ross Kicked by a hoss." Bobbie Burns turnshed his friend Tam Samson, now lying easy in Kilmarnock, Scotland, with an entanth, which, while not positively praising Tam, causes the reader, as so much of Burns' writings do, to see himself as ither see him.

"Tam Samson's well-yorn clay lies here. Ye cantin' zealots, spee him! If honest worth in Haven arise

Ye'll mend or ye win near him." But in Ireland while there is a superabundance of wings and such like, there are some practical ones also. Here I lie and my heart sure it aises. With the pint o' my tose an' the tips of

Turned up to the roos o' the daisies. In England one fequently finds the beautiful with the practical, as in

ollowing :-"Underneath this stone doth lie As much beauty is could die, Which, while it lived, did vigor give To as much virtue as could live.

And this :-Here rests a fine woman who was from above To teach virtues and graces to men:

hands, Recalled her to heaves again." Two of the most effective and modest found in all England ere Sir Christopher Wren's in St. Paul's cahedral, London :-

But God when he saw her in very bad

(Sir Christopher was architect of St. Paul's.) "Si monumentum requiris circumspice!" (If you want to see his monument, look .) And that to Thomas Hood in

Kensal Green cemetery, London. He wrote "THE SOIG OF A SHIRT." And each was sufficient. Friends, if ever I have an epitaph may it be devoid of the wisgs and crosses and other superstitious symbols. On the resurrection morn I shall greatly prefer reading as I journey apward "He went to the dell his ain way," than some of those falsehoods in cold stone one so frequently encounters. It must be annoying to a fellow to repese in peace under some goody goody entaph, feeling quite secure, to find himself startled in Gabriel's

What has all this to do with Iona and Mull, and Staffa and Ulva. Gentle reader, go to lona, ay, go anywhere, everywhere and observe the effort partly as adver-tisement for the place, but chiefly for formalism in religion, a weak attempt to build up a cottering superstition. Go to Iona and Mull for sure, if you visit brave fellows of old who scorned the bonds of priestcraft, and you will return wiser and nobler. De not go, however, with eyes and ears shit and mouth agape, thinking Iona cathedral ruins everything. For me the spot the old forts where flamed the camp fires of the sea-rovers on Iona are more consecrated than that within the precinits of Iona cathedral. The one breathes the spirit of freedom;

the other of slavery. A few miles from Ions and the Ross of Mull, is "famed \$taffa." But Canadian geographies and school books all have pictures and descriptions of Fingal's cave and the Isle of Staffa." The Island is small, only one and a half miles around. Its shores, very precipitous, are considerably upwards of 100 feet high. Basaltic pillars, chiefly hexagonal, one however is square, rest on a substructure of granite and are covered with earth and rock. Several caves are in its sides, chief of which is Fingal's. This I entered with the rest of the company. The waves rolling in, for it had turned rough, caused a deafening, thundering, reverberating roar as the water, pressed into the lesser caverns and holes, foamed and splashed aloft. The cave is 227 feet long, 42 feet broad and 66 feet high above water, 25 feet deep. Broken columns permit of safe walking along the shore from the landing and to the innermost point of the cave: but for nervous tourists, stanchious route. A good photo showing the three chief caves was secured, i.e., Fingal's cave, the Boat cave, and McKinnon's cave. There is another McKinnon's cave on Mull, an enormous one. Cormorants and other wild fowl inhabit the caves and cliffs in myriads, and sheep and goats revel in the rich verdure on top.

From the highest point of Ben More in Mull, a splendid view of the western isles is obtained. Close to the westward lie Staffa, Little Colonsay, Inch Kenneth, Erosa, Gometra and Ulva, all in the side of Mull, which encircles Staffa and those above named on the north, east and south. in brief they lie in the great bay in the west side of Mull. A few miles off to the southwest separated from the Ross of Mull by a narrow clannel, only a few practical.

"Here lies entombed one Roger Morton, whose sudden death was early brought on. rocks for ten or fitteen miles, a series of peaks jutting above water. Far off, over the Ross of Mull are seen Colonsay, a lovely island, the head of the famous McNeill clan, Juva with its three "paps" or mountain peaks, and fertile Islay in recent centuries the residence of the chief "Lord of the Isles," but that distinction at one time or other, las belonged to almost every western ide and important centre along the shores. Ireland may be clearly discerned on the horizon, but from Colonsay, Juva, Islay or any promontory southward it is nearer at hand, and indeed in places is only about twelve miles

> To the northwest of Staffa lies the open ocean, broken only by the Treshnish group of small islands off the west coast of northern Mull, and farther seaward Coll, a splendid island, and Tiree, with a low lying shore. Away south of Tiree and west of Iona and the Ross of Mull is seen the famous Skerryvore lighthouse on a rocky islet in the ocean.

Te the north, past the point of Mull loom up clearly the islands Muck, Eigg, Rum, Canna, Skye, Barra, South Uist and North Uist; while beyond, lie Harris and Lewis, the seat of the clan McLeod. The Morven peaks as well as those of Lorne, and the main land in general, tower upwards in solemn grandeur, but high over all may be seen in majestic loneliness, Ben Nevis, far up Loch Linnhe,

horizon are clearly discernible Ben Lomond with kindred peaks near the head of Loch Lomond, Loch Long and Loch

Fyne.

No view in all Scotland, no scene anywhere can surpass it. How much of history, of romance, of importance to human development has in the ages past been enacted within the range of that view. And yet for years the old homes are practically being deserted. But of that

another chapter.

Who but has read the romantic ballad "Lord Ullin's daughter." The east coast of Mull has turnished "Glenara" a poetical narrative romance. lons on the south west coast of Muli has supplied theologians, archaeologists, and historians with subject matter galore. The west coast gives the English language that beautiful ballad,

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch 'Gyle That dark and stormy water?" "Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle And this, Lord Ullin's daughter."

The word "Gyle" is so written that the English reader will have the rhyme with "isle" in the third line. Loch na Keal, pronounced by the Highlanders "Loch na-Kile," the i long, extends into the side of Mull, from the big bay on the west, and in which the island of Ulva lies. Many suppose Loch Gyle or Goil on Loch Long is the place, but Loch na Keal is the one Campbell meant. There he got the material for the ballad, at the time of his residence in Mull. Campbell should have saved the chief and his bride, and have followed the custom of modern novelists, by bringing about the reconcilia tion with the old man, and having a good time on the island. But Campbell lived in the age of tragedy.

"Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore, His wrath was turned to wailing. For sore dismayed through storm and

His child he did discover, One lovely hand she stretched for aid And one was round her lover.

"'Come back, come back' he cried in grief, Across the stormy water, "And I'll forgive your Highland Chief My daughter, oh my daughter."

"Twas vain, the wild waves lashed the shore Return or aid preventing The waters wild went o'er his child And he was left lamenting."

About the close of the great civil war in the United States, when feelings were very bitter between the North and the South, a daring "Northerner" wooed and won the heart of a rich Kentuckian's daughter, but the aristocratic Southerner scorned to grant his permission. With that practical way specially peculiar to Yankees and Scotch and English border folk, the couple eloped. The old man gave chase, hoping to effect a capture before the Ohio would be reached; for beyond that his jurisdiction was at an end. Like Lord Ullin, he reached the shore just after the boatman had thus addressed and been replied to by the

'Now who be ye would cross th' Ohio This dark and rapid water?" "Oh, I am this young lady's beau And she's John Thompson's daughter." Then when the planter reached the Ohio's

'His wrath was turned to wailing" also. For sore dismayed thro' storm and shade His child he did discover. One lovely hand held all his cash And one was round her lover."

"Come back, come back," he cried in grief, Across that rapid water. "But leave the purse and you may go,

My daughter, oh my daughter," But they reached the Indiana shore and afterwards effected a reconciliation. How much nicer would it have been had Tom Campbell saved Lord Ullin's daughter from the cold, wild waves of Loch na Keal? But it is too late. He drowned them and

resuscitation is now out of the question.

The Highland Scotchman is not

negative. He is strongly positive but cautious, "canny," stoical. While the Irishman is convivial and social, not only in habits but in spirit, the Highland Scotchman on the other hand, no matter whether amid the wild waves of his rock bound coasts, on his "mountains steep," in his "deep glens sae dreary," or amid the hum and bustle and jollity of city life, the Highland Scotchman, I repeat, is essentially lonely, viz., alone in spirit. There is a certain individuality about him that is specially peculiar. He will not display his weakness like the Englishman and not care who knows it; he will not gloze it over and look righteous as his Lowland kinsman sometimes does; he will not gush as does the Irishman. He just simply thinks, says little, and acts a great deal. "But in Tiree some few of the people are not like the other Highland Scotch." said one to me on the steamer. You see there were several Spanish men of war wrecked on the west coast in the big storm after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Wherever they went ashore on the large islands they were all drowned or slaughtered by the clansmen, but on Tiree, away out, the Spaniards were numerous enough to hold their own In Tiree in a few families only, even till to-day, our informant said, can be traced the distinctive Spanish features and their treacherous, cunning ways. The two races practically live among each other, not all knowing the causes of the differences: But I was assurred there are very, very few of Spanish descent now. They were weak bodied, and had not the strong bone of the Scandinavian, and my friend said they can surely be traced not only by their wily eyes but by the weak bones which show in "knock knees," bent backs, etc. These statements are however long authenticated facts. In Tobermory bay, on the north of Mull, a Spanish man of war, "The Florida," was sunk, and pieces of the timber, as well as the guns, etc., have been recovered in recent times. But the shores of Mull received no Spanish sailors. The watchword was "short shrift and long rope."

DANIELS—MOYNES—In Lindsay, on Wednesday, Sept. 16th, at the residence of the bride's father, Kend st., west, by the Rev. T. Manning, B.A., John James Daniels, to Miss Tena Moynes, both of Lindsay. THE WARDER extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Daniels.

Morrow.—At Peterborough, on Wednesday, September 22ud, Emma, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Morrow, formerly of Lindsay.

LINDSAY'S

...FAIR...

Visitors are cordially invited to call and look over our large assortment of

Ladies' Mantles and Capes, both in Cloth and Fur

on exhibit during Fair Week.

We were never in a better position to give you VALUES

in all classes of Dress Goods than the present.

In Dress Goods our selection was never more varied or choice.

Handsome effects in

Matelesse Repps, Fancy Boucles, Rich Broches, two Tones, Plain and Fancy Tweed Effects, Rich Fancy Plaids, Handsome Black Effects,

Henriettas, Soliels, Endovas, Fancy Crepons, Black Fringed Effects,

Broche Effects.

One of the most complete ranges ever offered to a buying

Our 10c Plaids are well worth 18c Heavy Tweed Effects for Suitings at 18c, 25c, 40c. Black Cashmeres, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, are very special Ladies' Vests and Hoisery Heavy Vests, 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c

Children's in all sizes and weights. Men's Boys' and Youths' Shirts and Drawers start at 20c each; some very taking goods at 40c, 50c

Hosiery Gloves.

We offer a Ladies' Ribbed Wool Stocking at 25c; regular 35c article. Heavy Cashmere Hose at 20c, 25c; very special. A big job in Men's Braces, 20c kind for 13c; the 25c kind for 20c.

A BIG LOT OF COLORED CASHMERE GLOVES

to be sold at 10c a pair. The very best drive in Ladies' Gloves to be found in the county are our Black and Colored Kid Gloves at 50c a pair. You will pronounce them cheap at 75c. We ask every lady to remember these gloves when visiting Lindsay.

Lovely Silver Grey, Double Fold Sheeting Flannel at 20c a yard. Unbleached

Cotton Sheeting at 14c, 15c, 18c, 20c.

FLANNELS

4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 10c, are six beauties as regards value. Grey Flannels, 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c. Navy Flannels, 20c, 25c, 30c, 33c.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Overcoats and Suits. We show a very heavy Frieze Overcoat, Tweed Lined, at \$4.75, for Men and

Our Boys' commence at 75c. Some very taking goods at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.50. Men's Suits, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, should be looked at before buying.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTH CAPS & HATS

for early fall wear. A most complete range at very moderate prices. SOFT FELT HATS commence at 25c. We show for 30 days a grand bargain in Ladies' Handkerchiefs at 2c each. Just fancy. White Handkerchiefs such as you pay 5c for, at 2c. Table Linen 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c; four very extra specials. Pure White, Bleached, 62 inches, at 48c, the best bargain of all. DRESS LININGS 5c, 7c, 8c, 10c, 12c. DRESS STEELS 5c a set. SPOOL COTTON 2 for 5c. GRAIN BAGS \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50. TWEEDS FOR BOYS' SUITS 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c:

Come in if you want CARPETS and inspect our assortment. UNIONS 25c, 28c, 30c, 35c, 40c. WOOLS 50c, 60cc, 68, 75c. SHADE BLINDS, complete, for 25c.

LACE CURTAINS 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.25, are all leaders.

Ben Cruachan eastward up Loch Etive,
Ben Lui, the greater Ben More and other
lofty peaks of the Grampian chain far inland, while away on the south eastern

daughter of Mr. Henry Morrow, formerly of
Lindsay.

When coming to rown call at Jewett's
restaurant and get a warm lunch.—29tf.

HOE

HOTE ADVANC

PAID FE SPECIA

On straig gages a

MOM Zou hav you w procra

GENE

Beal I

perfect guarante and LO SHOT,

goods sp and CL

Contain

Sunday

THE

Pocket Bold T Large T Music 1

Any

GEC

LO

A Suthat he eight selsewhe