BY R. E. YOUNG.

Both were unpleasantly familiar. "Good evening," he said, bowing studiously. Tall, broad and perfectly dressed, he possessed a face only spoiled by its expression. "Is he accessible? Ah, yes, I see his light in there. Afraid I must disturb his inspiration, then." "Indeed? He is very busy," she sim-

"Of course." He sat down. "Ermay I ask how the great play progress-

No answer. It had come back that morning for the fourth time-declined. She pretended to sew until the position grew unbearable and then rose



and tapped at the door of that inner room is which her husband spent more hours than she liked to total. No reply. "Gilbert, dear, don't start," was

whispered fearfully. "He is here again—that Mr. Mainwaring. What shall"—Why, he was not soribbling away feverishly. His head had fallen forward —asleep? When she touched him, he slowly roused to stare past her with eyes so dilated that she almost shrank. "Gilbert, don't!" She was uncomsciously on her knees now. "Oh, give it up, if it's killing you! I'll work, has-

"Eh? There! I was dreaming-my plot was just coming to me, and you— you disturb me so!' he said, putting her arms away. "If I lose grip of it this time, it—it—may mean madness! Marion, it was sublime! Only go away-

He found his pen and started. Awed, though hesitating whether to obey or snatch his precious manuscript away. Finally she stole out and stood guard at

"My husband cannot see you to-

"Oh, very good, madam! Half this house was furnished with the £100 he coolly borrowed through me-before I knew, of course. Sympathy means forbearance. As you don't want it, I'll sell him up now!"

"You-you will not!" She ran and caught his arm. "I did not know it. I simply say—if you but knew how he has slaved and tried! Let me tell you something. Wait—and his play will be accepted. Yes! Tonight he has found his plot—the great idea he has missed for months. There!"

"Found his plot?" He stared incredulously, appearing to weigh the chances.
"Bah! That was to have thrilled creation long ago. I will call once again next week, and then'— He went out without finishing it.

In a sort of stupor Marion sat down and waited—waited hour after hour. Then at last Gilbert came groping out, one hand pressed to his head, his face haggard, but ecstatic. Not even her white and hopeless face struck his at-

"Done it!"he gasped. "I was coming to wake you. They—they say that every man is capable of one stroke of genins. Listen to this—but the room seems -why, Marion, I-I"-

The manuscript fell. She realized something and sprang forward. He had swayed and then toppled down.

Twelve hours later found him in the heat of unmistakable delirium. And the play! It was lying neglected upon his study desk. Weeks would pass, the bluff old doctor said, before his sanity could return. It meant that the home must vanish bit by bit-but what of that? Night and day she hovered over him. He had tried and failed. Only to save his reason! Then she would try herself.

In the first excitement she quite forgot Mainwaring, and his last veiled threat, until, precisely seven days after his previous visit, the girl informed her that that gentleman and a "friend" were waiting in the sitting room. Both frightened and desperate, she went down as far as the doorway.

"He is ill." she said, her face a study in supplication. "He knows nothingperhaps never will again." "There!" Mainwaring's teeth snap-

ped. "What did I say? A planned affair! My friend here wants his moneyor some equivalent. There is the agreement. I stay until I see your husband." Marion managed to get "Then you must stay" past the lump in her throat. Then she ran back and locked the bedroom door.

"They've gone, ma'am," came through the keyhole at last. "They mumbled away for a time, and then they were suddenly quiet. I think they were frightened. They almost crept

Marion, sitting back from Gilbert's wild stare, found temporary relief in a

"It's most strange," said the doctor one day. "I've been thinking—what mild excitement would be likely to rouse

"Oh, the theater—the play," she answered mechanically. "Then take him. Here. There's matinee advertised for tomorrow at the Jollity—some new and wonderful drams

to be tried. The very thing!" Gilbert, never seeming to wonder where the money came from, assented, and accordingly that next day. Christ-mas eve, found them both seated in the Jollity. If this failed-

The play commenced, but Marion her-self had not come to be thrilled. Holding her husband's hand tightly, she sat ealthily watching for a sign of dawning comprehension. In vain. During the first and second acts his expression re-mained all but lifeless. Suddenly, however, Marion almost cried out. His thin fingers had been quivering. Now, half way through the last act, they closed upon her own crushingly. The lights were low, but she could see his eyes dilating. Only too thankful that every one appeared engrossed by the play, she

whisperingly implored:
"Try, try and keep calm dear! It's

"My plot-my play!" he said. "You you have let them steal my brains!" For the moment she was stupefied. Then, "Nonsense, dear," she whispered back "It is safe."

"My very words," he gasped, not heeding. "Let me go. I've been rob-bed, robbed! I'll shout it all over the

Then, indeed, she stared and tried to realize the play, but he was struggling past. There would be a scene. So, holdng his hand still, she followed him out into the corridor. Before she could prevent it he had gripped an attend

"Your manager—at once!" he breath-ed. "Your manager!" he repeated, as a swell of applaces drowned the man's reply.

The manager? In that bex over there. What name shall I say?" "Gilbert Hartley—the author of this

followed him round winding are and up to the door of a bex. Two gentlemen were just emerging laughingly when the white faced man and whiter faced woman barred their

"Not yet! I demand," said Gilbert, ointing, "the identity of the man who writes himself the author of that play." "Why," said one coolly, "I happen to be the author. Anything amiss?" "You!" Hartley, looking like one

just risen from the grave, put out two working hands. "Come here! Look me the face. I wrote it-almost as it stands. If my manuscript is gone, you —have stolen it."

The finale was at hand. The audi-

ence, little dreaming of that side drama. est spellbound. Then—then a crasy, unmistakable cheering rose to the roof "Author! Author!" went up. The situation was critical, the manager stu-

The "author," with Marion's wide, eading eyes upon him, hesitated.

"No fraud at all! I bought that manescript in a crude state from a man who claimed to have produced it. There is nothing discreditable"-"His name?"

"His name?"

"I—I cannot give it. He was here just now. Prove that he stole it, and I am willing to divide all'—

The cries for "Author" were growing deafening, when Marion gave that little scream of realisation and said:

"He was here—Gilbert, look—Main—

waring! He came for his money that day! He stole the papers for spite, thinking you might never know! Deny that name if you can!" she finished breathlessly, staring into the other

"Madam, I can't." Swallowing a hump, he gripped Hartley's hand. "Siz, my reputation is at stake. I must appear with you as joint author, but I promise you two-thirds of all royalties."

The audience was upon its feet, staring about in wonderment when the our-



"I WROTE IT." tain waved. Two men stood bowing in the footlight glow, and the foremost was Gilbert Hartley. Neither ventured a speech, and not a few people were puzzled afresh when next day a joint authorship was publicly announced, but

the play itself was unanimously voted a thrilling success, and that was enough, Enough—yes! Later that day, when the bells were pealing, Marion crept up behind her husband and placed a twisted sprig of holly upon his tired head.
"Laureled!" she whispered. "A little
alliteration, dear—my king, my king,
crowned on Christmas eve!"

And Mainwaring? Well, they simply allowed him to slip into oblivion. A long way up the ladder of literary fame, and climbing still, Gilbert Hartley can easily afford to be merciful to the man who tried to topple him off the first

Olive-shaped but conscovered with gilt, silver, black and colored silks, are one of three awful weeks. Hartley, physically safe, could cross his bedroom. Only it terrified her to realize that he was but a living automaton. Six weeks, and the mysterious stuper showed no signs of lifting. And when he crept down stairs again it was only to sit staring vacantly through the hours. And Christmas was close at hand—dear, joyous Christmas!

Olive-shaped but conscovered with gilt, silver, black and colored silks, are one of the early silver, black and colored silks, are one of the fancies in dress trimming and is an old fashion revived. One pretty example of their use is in a collar band of white satin made in two narrow birtled ground the little magician trusts to its entirety for protection. How is it done? As soon as he is threatened he starts the vibrations of his airy hammock; they when the crept we do not always mean, and after it is said we start as a first again of lifting. And when he crept was come shower you see a blur, and then the come slower you see a blur, and then come slower you see a blur, and then the only animal that is really dumb is the giraffe, which is unable to express itself by any sound whatever.

The Only Dumb Animal.

The only animal that is really dumb is the giraffe, which is unable to express itself by any sound whatever.

A NIGHT SONG.

er the white moon, Nita, The lilies lie awake, And red as blood in flower and bud, And all for your sweet sake,
The eager rose o'erleaps the close
And climbs the columned wall
To hide his face in the drifts of lace

That ever your lattice fall. The dead sweet scent of the woodbine
Some languid breeze hath stirred,
And out of the dark, dew haunted park
Floats the pipe of a restless bird,
And far and faint the gurgle and plaint
Of the wood brook sounds alone
As I listen and pine for some answering

sign, Some whisper of thine, my own!

I lie with the lilies, Nita, Under thy lattice bars, And the infinite night brims over With the glory of moon and stars,
And the wooing woodbine's passionate spice
Out of the darkness blows
And faints and dies with the mingled sighs Of perfumed lily and rose.

No prayer of mine may win The crystal walls of slumber That shut thee a ftly in. But, oh, that the mystic angel
Who keepeth the pearly key
Of sleep would open some door of dreams
And had thee, sweet, to me!

Emma Alice Brown in New York Ledger.

Yet rest thee, my beloved, since

BUFFALO BILL'S START.

More Accident Made the Well Known Scout a Showman.

An old Nebraskan was speaking of Buffalo Bill recently, and incidentally he told how he came to engage in the

"Cody was for years a government cout on the western plains," said the Nebraska man, "and it was when he conducted the buffalo exterminating exedition for the entertainment of the Grand Duke Alexis in 1870—I think it was-that he got his name. Cody at that time distinguished himself by the number of buffaloes he killed, and thereby earned his cognomen, which was given him by the duke. While he was well known as a social he would prob-bly have never been widely known as showman except for an accident.

"It was in 1881 that the people of North Platte, Neb., near which sows was Cody's ranch, decided to celebrate the Fourth of July, and at the sugges-tion of John Kieth, who is a wealthy ranchman at Sucherland and North Platte and formerly claim adjuster of the Union Pacific, they selected a wild west show. Cody was one of the men most prominently interested in the scheme, and to him was left the work of securing the cowboys and Indians to help out the show. In North Platte at the time was an old stageousch owned by Jim Stephenson of Omaha, who was the proprietor of the Deadwood-Sidney and other western stage lines. At the suggestion of Cody the Indians were to attack the coach and be repulsed by the

cowboys and soldiers. That Fourth was the hottest celeseen in Nebraska. The Omaha papers had men to cover it, and it attracted a crowd from all parts of the west. The programme which Cody and Kieth arranged included riding wild horses, shooting, rope throwing and all the other amusements and business proceedings of a western man.

"It was a few days after the entertainment, if such it may be called, that Matt Kieth, no relation of John, but an old time western man, told Cody that is was a big thing and ought to be repeated every Fourth of July. Cody at once said that it was something new in American entertainments, and he believed that by taking the aggregation east he could make money. The matter was discussed in North Platte, as finally Cody said that he would a vance the money and start out. He d so, and his success is well known.

"When he first started, he had but a small show, but he has added to it. He got with him Major Burke, Sherm Canfield, Bill McCune, and last, but by no means least, Nate Salisbury. There was a quartet that cannot be beat, and with Cody boomed the business. Bill has made and spent a dozen fortunes and is today making money like a cranberry merchant."-New York Press.

Struck the Right Man.

During a visit to Massachusetts a distinguished author was invited by a friend to a meeting of an agricultural society, then holding its annual session in the town.

The invitation was accepted, and author and friend took seats near the door. Nearly every farmer in the house had something to say. Finally the president, pointing toward the author, said:

"Everybody's given us a talk tonight, except the farmer down there by the door-I mean the brother with the hasel beard, the boots and the slouch hat. I can tell by his looks that he's a farmer, and nothing but a farmer, and I call upon him to take the floor and tell us how crops are in his neighbor-

The man referred to was Hamlin Garland, but he was equal to the occasion, and rising he said:

"Yes, I'm a farmer, and I'm proud of it, but just now I'm doing a little literary work in order to get money enough to pay off my hands."—Atlanta Constitution.

On the borders of the Everglades you On the borders of the Everglades you often see a large yellow spider. He swings a strong web from two pliant twigs on each side of a path of clear space of ground and waits for his prev. The web is in the shape of a hammock and tapers at each end to a fine point, though quite broad in the middle, says The Florida Citizen. The bright color of the owner seems to mark him out for destruction—he is clearly defined against the white sand or dead leaves, and you wonder what he would do for defense in case of attack. Approach quietly and he watches you intently. Now raise your hand suddenly and he will disappear. While you are wondering what became of him you see a first blur where he had been, then serveral spiders, then you caten sight again of the yeilow ball you noticed at first. Repeat the performance and the stage effect is converted. HIS SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

He has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball, * He had haden all his dolls behind the door; He must have a rocking horne And a hardwood top, of course, For he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has cut off all his curls, they are only And has left them in a heap upon the ficor;
For he's six years old to-day,
And he's glad to hear them say,
That he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has pockets in his trousers, like his older brother Jim,
Though he thinks he should have had them long before,
Has new shoes laced to the top—
'T's a puzzle where they stop;
And he isn't mamma's baby any more,

He has heard his parents sigh, and has greatly wondered why
They are sorry when he has such bliss in

For he's now their carling boy,
And will be their prile and joy,
Though he cannot be their baby any more,
—Youths' Companion.

Legend of St. Cecilia. The legend of St. Cecilia is one of the most ancient that has come to us from the church, and as lelated in the simlanguage of the early days is as

In the third century there lived In the third century there lived in Rome a young girl who possessed the those qualities that make an ideal woman beauty, grace, modesty, nobility and a pure heart. She was remarkable for her religious entlusiasm, and excelfor her rengious entrusiasm, and excel-ling in music she consecrated her gift to the glory of God, composing hymis, which she sang with unusual sweetness and devotion. When but 16 years of age she made a vow hat her life should be consecrated to he venly things and that she would remin a virgin. But her parents, not kniwing of her vow, obliged her to marry a rich young to-bleman called Valerian. After her marriage, when Cecilia told him of her faith and vow, and of the guardian angel who watched over her night and day, he was impressed by her eloquence and earnestness, and soon was convert-ed to the Christian faith, as was also

From this time the three devoted themselves to giving hims and preaching the gospel, convertint hundreds. They were commanded by the Roman go'ernor to desist, but they refused, and the two brothers were thrown into a dangeon and executed. Cecilia remained form and when commanded to sperifice

geon and executed. Cecilia remained firm, and when commanded to sacrifice to the gods or be tertured she only smiled and kept silent.

This so enraged the governor that he ordered her to be planged into boiling water, but the water cooled at her touch. Then an executioner was sent to behead her with he sword, but as her voice broke out trembled and he only which she spent in prayers and exhortations to her people, distributing to the poor all she possessdistributing to the por all she possessed. It is on the site of the house in which she died that he church dedicated to her memory in Rome now stands.

Beware the Tain Banana. When you are busing bananas never ourchase the long thin ones unless you want fruit which will pucker your mouth. No matter how well ripened these thin bananas may appear to be, they will always be bund both sour and acrid. This is because the bunch which contained them was picked too soon. The banana grows fastest at first in The banana grows fastest at first in length. When it las reached its full development in that direction, it suddently begins to swell, and in a few days will double in girth. It is at the end of this time that it begins to ripen naturally, and the effect of the banana importer is to have the fruit gathered at the last possible moment, and yet before the ripening has progressed even enough to tinge the bright green of the fruit with yellow. A difference of 24 hours on the trees at this time will make a difference in the weight of the fruit of, perhaps, 25 per cent., and all the difference in its final flavor, between a black of the fruit with yellow. A difference at this time will make a difference in the weight of the fruit of, perhaps, 25 per cent., and all the difference in its final flavor, between a black of the route was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the last article was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the last article was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the plate was missed, and an active search for the robbers took place. In the midst for the robbers took place. In the midst of the alarm and the confusion Master Tommy ran with the news that he had found the plate. "Where "was the cry. "Down the well," replied Tommy. "I was wit quite plain, shining at the bottom—spoons, ladles, bread baskets, salvers, and all." The housemaid hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, sure enough, the plate was seen. A ladder was procured, a servant descended, and the plate was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the plate was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the plate was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the plate was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the plate was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please the plate was fished up the pla ference in its final flavor, between a puckery sour and the sweetness and down for the soup ladle."—London Telesmoothness which are characteristic of graph. the ripe fruit. To get the imanas to our market in good condition requires with ventilation and other means of keeping the fruit from ripening too fast in the hold. Much of the finest fruit does ripen in the few days of passage, and this is sold to hucksters for street

The Many Bibles.

It is estimated that at the beginning of the present century not more than five or six million copies of the Scriptures have seen no estimate as to the number of copies probably in existence at the present time; but in one year, 1883, alone, the statistics for which happen to be at hand, the number of copies issued considerably exceeded the six million which happen to be a considerably exceeded the six millions which were received. millions which were possibly in txistence in the whole world in 1800. In the decade preceding this year, 1878-1888, the number published in various languages is given as having been about 34,000,000—some six times the whole number in existence when the cent iry

egan. It is certain that the number of copies now existing must be numbered by hundred millions. From the rooms of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London alone are sent forth daily from 5000 to 7000 copies, to which must be added the copies issued from all their subordinate depots in various lands, and the issues of the American Bible Society, and of several other lesser bodies; so that the recent statement is quite credible which puts the whole number of copies of the Scriptures issued since the century began as over 404,000,000.— The Church at Home and Abroad.

The Works of Antiquity. The moderns may boast of their extra-The moderns may boast of their extra-ordinary achievements and discoveries, but what are they compared with the works of the ancients? The largest of the pyramids is 471 feet high, and its base covers thirteen acres. The 206 layers are composed of stone thirty feet long. One hundred thousand men were comployed in its exection. A small part employed in its erection. A small part of the pyramids is occupied by chambers and passages, and the rest is solid ma-sonry. The Labyrinth of Egypt contains 2000 chambers and twelve halls. In literature and art, also, they far surpass us. Their works serve as our models and though centuries have passed, they stand unequalled—the admiration of the world.

Watch the Little Things.

It is not the great things that make for human happiness, but the little things, and it is a pity that so small a thing as a foolish word should be fraught with such direful results. To be slow to take offence and to judge by motives rather than actions is the prerogative of an exalted character, but it is a very difficult attitude to attain, and a very difficult attitude to attain, and few stand on that spiritual summit. In like manner, to be so kindly and so loving that you cannot give offence even by a thoughtless word is the peculiarity of a thoroughly consecrated nature. What we say from conviction indicates candor, but what we say from mere impulse does great mischief. It is nearly

CHANGE OF COLOR IN ANIMALS.

Some of the Reasons for It and Some of the Mysteries of It.

Observation and experiment go to show how large an influence food has in determining the color of animals. Every-body knows how easily the color of the yellow canary can be altered to an orange red by mixing cayenne pepper with its food, though it is true that the color change may be produced only in very young birds whose feathers are not completely matured. It is also sent the color change may be produced only in very young birds whose feathers are not completely matured. completely matured. It is also a mat-ter of experiment that all varieties of canaries are not equally susceptible to the influence of the pepper, and it is a very curious fact that if the pigment that causes the red color of the pepper be mixed with the food of the bird, without the other constituents, yellow-colored canaries are not in the slightest degree affected by it, while brown birds or the brown feathers of yellow birds become distinctly lighter in hue.

Here is another interesting experiment: The large tortoise shell butterfly normally feeds upon the leaves of the elm, while the small tortoise-shell is addicted to nettles, but when some imagoes of the large tortoise-shell were bred from caterpillars that have been found upon nettles, they showed a wonderful similarity to the smaller spicies, though the color was nearer that of the larger. Quite in the same line is the observation that the thorn moth exhibits variations in celar according as the larva is fed upon oak, hawthorn, lime or lilac. Many other experiments have shown a similar effect of food in m difying or com-

pletely changing the color of animals. Among the charges of color that are most perplexing, if one would refer their cause to utility only, is that of the gull, which is blue and white, and is therefore generally allowed to be of protective value. But of the first three years of their lives several common species of have a brownish speckled plumage which is totally unlike that of the older birds, on which fact Mr. Bernard remarks: "If one color be advantageous, the other must be the reverse, and three years is either a considerable period, or it is not long enough."

Another perplexing part of the subject is the color of deep-sea animals. It is an established fact that marine animals can and do live at the enormous depth of more than five miles below the surface of the water. It is also certain that the sunlight does not penetrate to that depth, so that the animals that exist there exist in more than midnight darkness. Yet the fact is that brilliant colorations are generally found in them. Of what use can it be? How can natural selection or sexual selection have anything to do with it? It is true, indeed, that there may be phosphorescent light emitted by the animals themselves; and of this there are many evidences, but though the deep-sea fish may be guided to its pray by a series of natural "bullseye" lanterns, the color of its pray could have no protective effect, but exactly the reverse.— Our Animal Friends.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated his par-ents, the footman, the gardener, the coachman, the cook, the housemaids to go down into the well to recover his drumstick. In his distress a brilliant expediment occurred to Master Tommyhe secretly carried off all the plate from the sideboard and threw it into the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search

The Trousers He manted. A small boy, who lives with his parents in the east end, was brought to Pittsburg one day this week to get his first pair of trousers. It was one of the cases where the youth had a mind of his own, and had decided on what he wanted before the store was reached. The fond parents asked for the boys' department and were shown upstairs, where ment and were shown thistans, where a clerk took them in hand. Suit after suit was exhibited, but the boy shook his head and said he knew what he wanted. Finally the father asked: "What do you

With a sparkle of triumph in his eyes the youngster exclaimed: "One with a pair of red suspenders." The deficiency was supplied and the boy went home happy.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Strange Marriage Law. The Argentine Republic has passed remarkable law to encourage marriage It inflicts a fine upon any person of

Here is the statute: People of marriageable age of either sex who refuse an offer to wed without reasons which are considered valid in law shall not be permitted to marry thereafter without the permission of the Government. They shall, moreover, pay an indemnity sum of not more than \$500 to the person whose offer they have

Young men and women under twenty years old are exempt from the law and can marry as they please. After they are twenty-eight the men are obliged to pay a heavy tax if they remain single In Argentina women propose as well as men; so an unmarried young man between twenty and twenty-eight years old in that country has a troublesome time. Not only is he made to pay a tax for being a bachelor, but if he refuses a proposal he has to pay the proposer a

laulog of the Turquoica, The white hand of a lady, if it is beringed, is pretty sure to display a turquoise set in silver or gold, just now. There is quite a demand for these jems, not only for finger-rings (and no stone seems to set off the whiteness of the complexion as does the robbin's egg colored stones) but for earrings, as studs and as slides in the long gold muff-hains and watch chains.

Turquoises are set in the fit is ds of bonnet pins. The stones are often surrounded with brilliants when set for earrings. Turquoise is often set in the tiny gold pins used to fasten a baby's bib or on shoulder-knot pins. Pearls and turquoises are the only iewels ever worn by little children, and as the pearl is a gem, properly speaking, and not a jewel (a distinction observed by dealers in precious stones), it may be said that the turquoise is the only one

these were lowered slowly, a signal for the audience to depart. These chande-liers furnished a goodly amount of light on a circular zone immediately below them; the actors' faces and figures were lit in the natural way, as the sun would Book to get my autograph, and one of a more presentable valume, said:
"It's a shame, Top, to offer such a
book to Mr. Dure for his signature."
"Arrah," said Top, "why shouldn't l
offer it to him? Isn't v. like himself, tattered and torn in the service of God and the people?"—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in The Contemporary Review.

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TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES IN THE

TOWN OF LINDSAY

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Lindsay, and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said Town, bearing date the 9th day of November, 1897, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and con hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall on WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1898, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred.

t	All the undermentioned lots are Pate	ented.					
d d	Street) Lot	Part)	Acree	Arrears	Cost of Advertisin Commiss	tising Total	
I t-	Park Q, N George, E Logie and W R R track N King 3 N King 3	SEpt SWpt	3 20 x 32 46 x 32	\$10 97 4 79 16 07	\$ 2 27 2 25 2 40	\$13 24 7 04 18 47	
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0	Sub-div pk 1 E Adelaide & W Bay 12 do 13 do 14	N pt	4	8 48 8 48 17 02	2 25 2 25 2 43	10 73 10 73 19 45	
S	do & N Durham 15 do 16 do 17		4	6 97 29 35 3 19 21 92	2 25 2 73 2 25 2 55	9 22 32 08 5 44 24 47	
s e s	N Glenelg W 19 N Glenelg E 16 E Huron 9 S Melbourne E 10	W pt E pt W pt	47½ 10 ft 24½ ft	21 92 2 76 2 38 3 40	2 25 2 25 2 25	5 01	
e e	S Melbourne E 10 do 16 N Ridout 29 S Russell W 15	W pt	1-10	1 66 3 75 11 63	2 25 2 25 2 28	3 91 6 00 13 91	
ers	E Simcoe 7 do 8 Sub-div Park B W Albert 6			12 12 12 12 5 74	2 30 2 30 2 25	14 42 14 42 7 99	
i. u	do do 7 do CE Albert 2 Park F E Lindsay 5	Cpt	8 ft	5 74 9 73 2 03	2 25 2 25 2 25	7 99 11 98 4 28	
s, a y	Sub-div Park N 1 N Mary 6 Park P 1 do	C pt S pt N pt	56½ ft 13/16	6 02 9 96 11 29	2 25 2 25 2 27	8 27 12 21 13 56	
	Sub-div Parks 8 & 9 W Adelaide & N Kent 6 Block L 1 Block U	N pt N pt	11/2	9 74 18 43 4 80	2 25 2 47 2 25	11 99 20 90 7 05	
a. e.	Lindson Nov 16 1907			KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer.			
l.	Lindsay, Nov. 16, 1897.			10	1100		

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