COMMODORE JUNK

hands. For the mamous Kumphrey, as he hear hands on these beneath the place on which he had an often stept or late to think, lett certain that he must have been seen; but the musted whose same chose up, the steps trampled here and there, annualing dult and notion, and there was no seizing of the great stens, he smitting upon its sides.

We held his breath as he stood bending down and listening for some indication of danger; but it seemed as it the seen had coursed all ever the place, searching in all directions, and were about to go, where, all at once, there was a chunt chose to the place where he had raised Mary from the alter.

The should was followed by a musted sound of many videa, and he listened, wondering what it meant. Some discovery had evidently been made, but what!

He shirtlered, and a chill of horror show the might him, for he knew directly after.

It was broad.

CHAPTER RESPECT With the deathly altered which enduct are the kency echeing stops of the searchers passed away, the men being completely at fault as to why certain drops of blood should be lying near the ecount, Himphrey descended the stops care the ecount, Wimphrey descended the stops care more.

"They are gone," he whispered, but there was no copity; and, healing softly about, his band came in contact with Mary's arm, he had that she lay back in a certain of the vault, with a kercinist present lightly against has breast.

her breast.
He hantily bandaged the wound, firmly hinding the handkerchief which she held there with his own and the breast seart he were, and, after placing her in a more convectable position, began to search in the derivers for the fact and water which were

The water was soon from: a deep, and catera in the middle of the floor.

The food by chose at hand, and with it mad if the alver cope he had had in use above. With this he bore amore of the controllershing liquid to the wounded woman, solding some to her mps and bathing her haw, fill the uttered a sigh and returned to consciousness, her heat act being to atrotch out her hand and lay it upon itumphrey's chantler in draw him nearer to her.

"I han't leave me!" she said feetily. "It is very dark!"

to very dark !"
" this we are mile," he whispered: "They are gene." The author's "I heard them. How

She alghed as the felt the unwanted ten-derness and rested her head against his anouther.

(1 No. 1 the said, softly, "It cannot be

shoulder, "I re," she said, softly, "It cannot be long now. It will come ion mon !"
There was an much meaning in her voice that he felt a cold chill, as if the hand of death had passed between to separate these

"Are you in path ?" he said.
"Form! Ro. Happy me happy !" she
whispered. "For you do love me?"
"Love you!" he eried.
"And the at home?"
"Phat was not been

"That was not love," he mid, wildly, are the they when it comes ?"
"You will," the ends, entity. "I shall-

perhaps:

"Parhaps! No, you shall!" he whispered, as he present his arm gently around her forgething everything now of the past, are that this woman hoved him, and that there was a future hetere them of hope and jay.

"Pell me what I can do to help you."

"It did no like that," she whispered, with a sigh of content, "It is instere so. If contil never have hear any my wild dream a woman's thirst for the live of one in when she could believe. A woman's love!"

I take more than an hear could have passed, during which flumphrey had twice heart sounds of veless, and more a heavy are overhead this last making him see

bis hand asthy toward the sword that his by his state whose a table light assumed to also on the water in the center of the valle; and soon after he found that this served to another a softened dawn through the place—a dewn which grow abringer, but was never more than a subdued swillight. It was example, though, to show him the proportions of the place, its quanticarving, and the fact that beside the large shaft which opened one far above his healt there was what seemed to be a stone gille, beyond which was the tangled growth of the farest, much of which, in root and

long, prickly shoot, ponotrated nearly to where they are.

As the light grow stronger he new that his companion seemed to have less the old the companion seemed to hiere less the old magnitude look given by her attire; for coat and vest had been cast andre, as the loose whire, open at the neck, had more the aspect of a ratio. Her dark hair unried closely about her temples; and as flumphrey armatring gased down at the lace, with the partial lips, and long lastics lying upon the creamy dark checks, his heart throughout, her he love of as hand groups a written as any upon whom his eyes

had ever He.

It larged the wound, the bandaging kerchief acoming in the semi-darkness like
seme scarf; and se he are and gased he bent
deve lower and actify banched the moist
forehead with his lips.

Many awake up with a brightened start
and gaved of him wildly, but as someologic
ness came her look actioned and she nestled
to him.

"I did not moun to wake you," he said.
She sparted again and looked at him wild.
To see if she functed she had detected a chillity, as if she innered she had detected a chilliness in his manner; but his eyes undeceived her, and as he raised her hand to his lips, she let it rest there for a few moments, and then stele it reand his nock.

"Tall me," he said gently, "your wound?" She shock her head softly,

"Ne," she whispered; "let it rest. Talk of genracif. You will wait here two days, and then steat out at night and make your way fown to the shore. You know the way?

amorety of his words in his frank eyes, and shock her head again.
"No," she whispered, "You asked me of my wound. It is home. Humphrey armateung, this is to be my fomb!"
"What!" he oried. "Ok, no! no! no! You must live to bleas me with your love!"
"Elve to disgrace you with my love!"

re year anch a depth of love, and y let the tone in which he affected that the meaned along the first are in pain !" he oried.

If you are in pain !" he oried.

If want for you," and whichered, "
puter for my water. Miet! Do y

Mary signed to him to listen; and at that moment the stene slate moved gently a lew inches, for someone had seated himself upon the edge, and the buss of talking was heard. "Now, my lad," oried a heares, drink-margendered voice, which came plainly to where they oranched, "you know all about it, and I'm captain now. Where's that prisener?" "Sirie, and how could I know anny way, thack Massard!" roared the first speaker." "Oh! murther! Fut them glabtole away,

Oh murther! But them glantole away, I'll call ye captain, or adhmiral if ye

"Which one, mer?"
"No facting, Paddy! Captain Arm

"No fooling, Pandy! Captain Arm

strong!"

"Faty, an' he must have run away, exemt

loilee, whin he heard you were coming."

"You know where he is?"

"Faty, and that's thrue, "mid Dinny,

"Where is he, then? Pett me the truth,
and I'll let you live this time. Tell me alle
and I'll hang you."

"Och, don't, captain! Ye'd waken yet

crew herribly if ye were to hang me."

"I'l hang you, as sure as you stand there,

If you don't confess."

"Fil hang you, as sure as you stand there, if you don't confess."

"Murther! Don't, now, captain, for I shouldn't die decently if ye did hang me. It isn't a way I've heen accustomed to. All, moint! Phat pishted might go off."

"It will go off if you don't speak. He's hidden somewhere here, and you know where. Speak out!"

"Speak out!"

"Shake out! And is it shouke out!" said Dinny, slowly, as with advanced blade trumphrey stood ready to plungs it into the breast of the first man who attempted to descend. "Oh, well, I'll sphake out them."

"The traiter!" muttered Humphrey. "False to age, false to all."

"Where is he, then?" reared Massard. "Fate, he's in his skin, captain."

"You dog!" reared Massard. And there was the report of a pistol, followed by a wild shrick."

"Don't don't kill!" oried a piteous wo-

was the report of a pistel, followed by a wild shrick.

"Don's dan's kill !" cried a pitcous woman's voice. "Don's kill him!"

"No kill him!" marled Massard.

"No no! Spare him, and I'll tell you."

"Redad, an' If yo do, I'll never forgive yo," oried Dunny, heroely. "Ye don's known withing. He's asheaped."

"Whore is he!" foured Massard. "Speak out, woman, or I'll how his head off!"

Humphrey sprang up a couple of stops te defend Dinny; but Mary Doll lay there, and to show himself was to betray her—the woman whom he knew he passionately leved. Of himself he thought nothing.

Into the task of hetrayal to save her lever was apared to Mistress (treenheys, for, as illack Massard stood with one hand on Dinny's shoulder, and his second pistol pointed close to his sar, as that his second shot should not fail, one of his men exclaimed aloud—"Why, he's there! Look at the blood!"

Massard turned and glanced down at the food which he should had for upon which he stood, then at the staine at some which formed the cover of the vante. He oftened a harsh laugh, for the stone had been alightly moved.

"Here, half a dosen of you!" he roared. "Eay hald!"

His men seized the stone; and after one of two trials to raise it up, it was thrust side was and the hiding-place revealed.

two trials to ruise it up, it was thrust side ways, and the hiding place revealed. ways, and the hitting place revealed.

With a yell of savage delight black Massard began to descend, followed by his crew. There was the clash of swords, two men fell wallowing in their blood, and then Humphrey drew back into the corner before Mary Deli, determined to defend her to the last.

determined to detend her to the law.

Fur more men work down; and there was a brief pance, followed by a savage rich and meles, in which Rumphrey's sword mapped off at the hilt, and the next minute he was above in the great chamber, pinioned be tween two of Massard's men; and Mary was borne up to He at her conque

"You myege!" roured Humphrey, as male panting on a stone:
"Savage " retorted Massard, with a brutel grin: "Stand up, you dog!"
"Stand yourself—in the presence of page

king's officer !" shouted Humphrey in his

tings officer!" mounted Rumphrey in the read.

"Eing!" cried Massard, mockingly. "In ting here. Now then, you!" he eried to he men, who enjoyed seeing him bearded.

"Quick - two ropes!"

He turned sharply upon his men, who hurried off to obey the command.

Humphrey gaved at Massard aghast. The threat implied in the order seemed too hereible to he believed, and for the moment he

rible to be believed, and for the moment he looked round in doubt.

But Maysard was in power; and in a few minutes the ropes were forthooming.

Fumphrey planead from the men who approached and then at Mary Dell, with the intention of proclaiming her sex; but a horrible feating of dread thrilled through him at the thought of making such a revelation to the moneters who had gained the upper hand, and, gathering himself up, he waited hits time, and then wrested himself free, sending the men who held him right and left, and leaped to where—unable to stand upright—his fellow prisoner was held.

Hefore they could recover from their surpice he had forn a sword from one of them, and, whirling it round his head, he dreve them back, and clasping Mary Dell's waist, stood with flashing eyes, ready for the first who would attack.

"Hedad there is " eried Dinny, leaping upon the search, and in a moment tearing his weapon from his hand. "If f die for it

his weapon from his hand. "If f die for it, captain, it shall be like a man."

Flack Massard stood for a moment aginal at the during displayed. Then a grim look of avagery oresed his soil countenance, and he drow his sword.

"Now, my lede," he said, fleroely, "Ive three ropes we want, f see, Come on."

He made a rush forward, followed by his men; but at this moment a solitary shot flashed from the folds of the outlain, and as the report reverberated through the great stone chamber, black Massard span round as if upon a pivot, and fell with a heavy thind upon the floor.

His men paused in their onslaught, appalled by the middenness of their leaders fall; but as they saw Bast come forward, piece in hand, their hestestion turned to rage, and they advanced once more to the attack.

rege, and they attended once more to the attenck.

"('lood-bye'" whispered Humphrey, bending for a moment over Mary, who ching to him, her eyes fixed on his with a longing, despairing gaze, and then, as he thrust her back, the attack began.

The edds were about eight to one, and the issue could not for a mement be in doubt; but hardly had sword met sword, and blow boan exchanged, when a ringing cheer arose, and with a rush a couple of dezen well-armed astlors dashed in by corridor and window, and tables were completely turned.

There was a rush made for the door, but those who pried in that direction were driven back while half a dezen who backed into a corner of the great chamber, as if desperately determined to sell their lives dearly, were boldly attacked and beaten down, the whole party being reduced from the savage band of followers of the dead rullian at their feet to a herd of helpless prisoners, abject to a degree.

Mary dearest—"
He said no more, for the longing look in those eyes seemed intensitied, and the pupils dilated slowly to remain fixed and stern.
It was the buccaneer's last look on earth.

The officer who led the strong boat's crew to the resone, guided by some of Captain Armstrong's men who had escaped weeks before and after terrible privations at less found help, drew back and signed to his fel-

lowers:

If was enough. Hats were doffed, and a strange silence reigned in the gloomy chamber as Humphrey knelt there holding the dead hand in his till he was touched upon the shoulder, and looking up slowly, half-stunned by the event, it was to meet the pute, drawn face of flart.

"De they know, captain !" he whispered, measured."

par a few moments Humphrey that not realise the import of his question, till he turned and gased down once more upon the stern, handsome face fixing rigidly in death. "No," he said quickly, as he drew a hankerchief from highreast and softly spread it over the face of the dead. "It is our

it over the face of the dead. "It is our secret—ours alone."

"Rah!" sighed lart, and he drew back for a moment, and then gave Humphrey as imploring look before advancing once more, going down upon his knee, and taking and listing the cold hand lying across, the motioniess breast.

"Captain Humphrey Armstrong, I think!" said the officer of the rescue party.

"Yes," said Humphrey, in a dreamy

"We are just in time, it seems."
"Yes," said Humphrey, with a dased

"I'm glad you are safe, sir; and this is ""

Re had not inished his sentence when one of Black Massard's men yelled out—
"The Commodore—our captain—sir!"
"Once, "said Humphrey, roused by the ruffien's words, and gasing sharply round; "but one who spared my life, sir, and with this poor fellow here defended me from that dead scondred and his gang!"

As he spoke he spurned the body of Black Massard, who had hardly stirred since he received flart's builtet.

"I am at your service, Captain Armstrong," said the officer, " and will take my instructions from you."

"For the wretches taken in arms, sir, I have nothing to say; but for this poor wounded fellow I ask proper help and protection. I will be answerable for him."

Bart looked at him quickly and recled slightly as he limped to alse side.

"Thank yo, captain," he said. "I ought to hate you, but she loved you, and that's enough for me. If I don't see you again, sir—God bless you and good-bye!"

"That we shall see each other again, Bart, and I hope—here, quick!" he cried, "help here; the poor fellow is fainting from loss of blood!"

Bart was borne off to be tended by the

surgeon, and Humphrey Armstrong stood

He did not speak for some minutes, and all around respected his sorrow by stand-ing aloof; but he turned at last to the of-"I ask honorable burial, sir, for the dead clean to save my life."
The officer howed gravely, and then turned away to give a few short, sharp orders to his men, who signed to their prisoners.
These were rapidly marched down to the boats, two and two, till it came to the turn of siluny, who stood with Mrs. Oreenheys

olinging to him, trembling with dread.
"Now, my fine fellow," said the warrant officer who had the prisoners in charge; "this

"Stre, and ye'll let me have a wurrus wid the captain first?"
"No nensense. Come along!"
"Stre, as he'd like to skpake to me was wurrud," said Dinny. "Wouldn't ye, see?"
If umphrey, who was standing with his arms folded, wrapped in thought, looked up sharply on hearing the familiar tones of the Irishman's voice.
""These whee did I tell we see?" he

"There, what did I tell ye, sor?" he ted. "Sure, an I'm not a buccaneer by eried. "Sure, an' I'm not a buccaneer by trade—only a prieiner."

Humphrey strode up, for Mrs. Greenheys had run to him with clasped hands.

"I'd take it kindly of ye, sor, if ye'd explain me position to those gintlemen—that I'm sot an inimy, but a friend."

"Yes," said Humphrey, turning to the officer in command; "a very good friend to me, sir, and one who would be glad to serve the king."

"Let him tend his companion," said Hum-hrey. "He is a good nurse for a wounded Mistress Greenheys caught Humphrey's

hand and kissed it.

"Int she would have betrayed us," he said to himself, as he looked down into the little woman's tearful face; "still, it was

and to himself, as he looked down into the little woman's tearful face; "still, it was for the aske of the man she loved."

That night, covered with the Ruglish flag, which she had so often defied, the so-called Commodore Junk was borne to the resting-place selected by Humphrey Armstrong.

It was a solemn scene as the raughly-made bier was borne by lantern light through the dark aroade of the forest, and the sailors looked up wonderingly at the strange aspect of the mouldering old pile.

But their wonder increased as they entered the gloomy temple, and the yellow light of their lanterns fell upon the flag-draped coffin in the centre, and the weird-leaking figures seated round.

Side by side with the remains of hes brother, Mary Dell was laid and then draped with the same flag, spread by Humphrey Armstrong's hands, the picture exciting the wonder of the officer in command, to whem it all seemed mysterious and strange. Greater wander than all, though, was that Humphrey Armstrong, lately a prisoner of the famous bucanneer who had been laid to rest, should display such deep emotion as he slowly left the spot.

As he stepped outside volleys were fired by the men, and as the reports of the pieces rumbled through the antique building, and echoed in the cavernous cenote, the reverber ation loosened some portion of the roof over the voat reservoir, an avalanche of stone fulling with a reverborating hollow splash, and a great bird flew out and disappeared in the darkness overhead.

Three days later, laden with the valuable plunder amassed by the buccancers, and a vast amount consigned to the flames in pursuance of the orders to thoroughly destroy the hornets nest, the resous ship set sail, is company with the buccancer's fast schooner, the price Humphrey Armstrong once longed to take into Dartmouth Herbour. But the sight of the warship's consert only gave himpain now as he ley in his bertin or reclined

western glow.

"Home, sir," he cried, hearsely.

"Yes, Bart, home," said Humphrey, gloomily.

"What are you going to do?"

"You know best, sir. Prison, or the

He had good excuse for his dilatory ways, being still far from strong; but now he was bound on the task of performing what he told himself was his duty—that of going straight to Lady Jenny Wildersey, confessing everything in an open, manly way, and begging her to set him free from the engagement he had made.

"Ask Lady Jenny if she will see me—a private interview," he said to the ponderous old butler who came forward as the footman desant the door.

olosed the door.

"Lady Jenny, sir? The countess is at the lakes with his lordship."

"The countess! Why, you don't meas

"Yes, sir; she was married to the Earl of Winterleyton a year ago, sir. His lordship's town house is a hundred and ten Queen Square, and Hallybury, Bassenthwaite, str." "Oh!" said Humphrey, calmly; "I have been to the West Indies, and had not heard

been to the West Indies, and had not heard the news."

He nodded good-humouredly to the old butler, and west off across the square.

"Now, it's my belief," said the old butler, "that he's another on 'em as het young ladyship was always a-leading on!"

"Thank Heaven!" said Humphrey with a sight of relief; and he west and behaved like an Englishman, for he walked straight to his club, ordered his dinner, and for the first time for months thoroughly enjoyed it; while as he sat afterwards over the remains of his bettle of fine old Carbonell port.

At last there was but one glass left in the bettle, and raising the handled basket is which it reclined, he carefully poured it out and held it up, seeming to see in the candle lit, ruby rays a torrid land, a sun-drowned face, and two dark, imploring eyes gazing into his till they grew dewy, and all around him seemed to be blurred and dim.

"Mary Dell! True woman! I shall never love again!" he said to himself.

never love again!" he said to himself.
He drained the glass to the memory
Commodore Junit, and, stubborn Englis
man to the last, he kept his word.

(WHE END.)

The reception given by Lady Wilde at her house in Oakley street, Chelses, on Saturday afternoons, are always interesting. The ostess herself, with her ardent leve for Ireland and all that is best in literature and art, is most delightful. She is ever ready to welcome any American who has done any thing with heartfelt cordinity. Her rooms are darkened and only lighted by lamps with deep red shades, and the contrast from the daylight outside to the picturesque gloom within should be seen or rather felt, to be appreciated. Assembled here are sure to be actresses, novelists, poets, artists, can find sympathizers. Oscar Wilds and his pretty wife are almost always there, and Willy Wilde, a clever journalist, is present at his mother's salon whenever he is in town. Miss Tynte, an esthetic reciter; Miss Edmiston, a clever actress; Mrs. Moss Caird. who asked the question. "Is Marriage a Failure?" Mrs. Frank Leslie, of New York, and Mrs. Edward Russell, the Delsartian, are among the interesting persons to be met at sweet Lady Wilde's conversazione. - Bos-

ton Gazette. - London Letter. A Mistop With 200,000 a Year, Somebody has remarked that a Rishop is the most enviable of all human beings, seeing that he has everything the soul can desire in this world, and ought to be secure for the world, and ought to be secure for the next. But on the whole, an Austrian Archbishop is probably more to be envied than any English bishop. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna has only about £6,000 a year, it is true, but the Cardinal Archbishop of Olmut has £40,000, the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague has £35,000, and the Archbishop of Eriru has £60,000. Luckier than all is the happy Primate of Hungary, the Cardinal op of Grau, who has £80,000 a. year. Why are so many Austrians so foolish as to be born village priests with £20 a year.—Pall Mail Gazette.

museum of wood curtosities. He has done nothing else, although his jack-knifery has brought him no money except the small proceeds of two exhibitions. He has made animals, tools, a violin case composed of 2,937 pieces of wood of 106 different kinds, a yoke of oxen and a cart put together in a glass jar with a small neck, &c. Many of his carvings are ornamental and others would find ready mie as toys, but he will not set a price upon anything or part with any article, and his collection is consequently increasing

Sam Jones again addressed the big as, sembly at Marimont, Ind., yesterday. Speaking of his work, he said: "When I Speaking of his work, he said: "When I was in Minnespolis some wealthy people got around me and proposed that it I would move there and preach once every week they would build me a fine house to live in a fine taberasole with 6,000 seats, and give me a minry of \$6,000 s year. I said: "Do you take me for a feel? I am now preaching to a million people and get \$25,000 a NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

A glance at the advance sheets of the Jeweler's Circular for August shows some interesting novelties in silver and gome, few of which are given below :

Numbered among novelties are stude and sarrings of silver, finished to simulate black

Infantile jewelry includes button studs, bib pins and finger rings, all of which are alike worn by boy or girl babies. A new color this season in leather goods s pearl gray. Purses, blotters and card-

New silver buckles are out in floral patterns, and there are some attractive buckles formed of silver cords and chains ingeniou

ly knotted into the required shape. The orchid, which is enjoying a wide spread popularity among florists, is just now a favorite model in jewelry. A flower broach recently seen consisted of a cluster of orchids, perfectly reproduced in enamel, with sapphires to give them color.

Parms violets are favorites in jewelry, where they often have a diamond dewdrop to relieve the monotony of their lavende

One sees nowadays a great deal of flexible ewelry, bracelets that cling to the arms, necklaces that adjust themselves to curve and undulations of the throat and neck and corsage pieces that may be fitted to the

There is a fad now among society women for collecting coffee and dessert spoons to figure at luncheons and "five c'clock" teas. In these collections duplicates are avoided and each spoon is a souvenir. The spoons especially prized represent the collection of a traveller who has visited many countries and many climes. In this case each spoon is etched or engraved with the name of the town and the date of the collector's visit

Unique birthday collections are gained in a few years, in many families, by the custom now prevalent of presenting cach child, on its birthday, with an odd piece or two of silver. Spoons large and small, and designed for a great variety of uses, are included in these gifts. It need hardly be sided that this collection usually begins with the apostle spoons presented at the christening by the God-parents.



Unhappy Siders-Nope. Got ketched in

a street-sweepin' machine, feet first. -

When Capt. Watkins, with the City of Paris, left Queenstown on the 25th of last month and started on a course fifty-nine miles shorter than his famous run-shorter grows smaller and came down over the shoulder of "the great globe we inherit," taking any possible chance there might be of fogs and ice in crossing the Banks of Newfoundland at this season—the engines were put at full speed, and for something over four days they were driven at the average rate of ninety revolutions of the screws per minute. There was a variation from eighty six to ninety-two revolutions. When the furnaces were opened to be cleaned the in. tensity of the steam would be diminished for a few minutes and the speed of the screws reduced to eighty-six turns in the minute-It will be noted that the average speed was three revolutions in two seconds, and the screws are twenty feet in diameter. It is astonishing that this velocity can be maintained day and night without a second's waiting, and avoid developing excessive and crippling heat. The fact that thirty men Lindsay, May 14th, 1888. are employed to pour oil upon the bearing and all parts where the friction is severe will perhaps account in part for the phenomena, but certainly only the greatest per fection of material, and the most delicate adaptation of one part to the other, could provide for such a strain without disaster. doubt whether so startling a test of integrity and absolute exactitude in manufacture can be found in any other machinery. During the late run of the City of Paris the wind as to give the ship a decided list, elevating the larboard screw so that at each turn the ing rush far behind the vessel. There are four blades in the screw, revolving three times in two seconds-so there were six white surges per second dashed to the wildand a fine reminder of the snowy rapids of



street !! I've told yer four r' five times already. Let 'm off first.-Puck.

NEW - WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE

Is the best in America. The only machine made which can be relied upon to do all kinds of work and not get out of order. Every machine fully warranted. Over 600 sold in the county of Victoria and not single complaint, A present of a new machine to any one who can find one not giving satisfaction with proper management.

J. WETHERUP. Sole Agent for Victoria

Sign of the Mill Saw, South side Kent st.

Binder Twine, Grain Cradles, Scythes and Snaths, Binding Mitts, Rakes and Forks, House Furnishings and

HARDWARE. BUILDING

Machine Oil. Also Stove, Nut, Egg and Blacksmith Coal delivered at

McLENNAN & CO.

Lindsay, July 30, 1889.—14-ly

DR. PETTIS' Australian - Blood - Purifier

Is made from roots and herbs discovered by a missionary while travelling in the islands of Australia, and is the grandest Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine in the market. Remember our signature is on every bottle, 25c. or 5 for \$1.

AT HIGINBOTHAM'S DRUG STORE,

18 doors from the Butter Market.

Builders' Interests Looked After

DRY KILN

Now in full blast, and dry

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.,

guaranteed, with prices right. Parties intending to build should call and inspect our work before buying elsewhere, and we will convince them that they will save money by doing so.

Corner Cambridge and Wellington Streets.

ALWAYS CO TO

If you want a Gent's Gold Watch go to S. J. Petty. If you want a Lady's Gold Watch go to S. J. Petty.

If you want anything in Jewelry go to S. J. Petty.

If you want a Clock go to S. J. Petty. If you want anything in Silverware go to S. J. Petty.

Do you want a pair of BOSS SPECTACLES

go to S. J. Petty. Do you want any repairing done to Watches, Clocks or Jewelry.

S. J. PETTY.

Lindsay



The Champion Fanning Mill

WITH BAGGING ATTACHMENT LEADS THEM ALL

AND TAKES THE CAKE EVERYWHERE.

This Mill is capable of cleaning and separating all kinds of Grain and Seeds, separating Oats from Pease. Vetches and Wild Tares from Wheat, Oats from Barley. It is easily operated and the most perfect separator in the market. Cleans very fast and runs light. The name and reputation of this Mill in the past is enough to insure confidence for intending purchasers to buy no other.

Sylvester Bros.' Manufacturing Co., Lindsay, Ont.

ADVERTISE in the WARDER

The largest Circulation of any Paper in the Midland District.