

S. J. Petty

THE JEWELLER,

has always shown one of the largest and best assorted stocks in the county. We are never behind in anything New or Nobby. In a few days we will show some of the Newest Designs in

Broches, Pins, Ladies' Long Chains, Guards, Rings, Etc.

We are still doing a large repairing trade. Bring us your repairs. Best value in...

Wedding and Keeper Rings...

Special values in Wedding Presents.

S. J. PETTY

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FARMER'S ATTENTION!

FEBRUARY we will offer a Large quantity of...

WALOCK AND PINE SHEET-ING

considerably reduced prices. This is an opportunity for farmers and will be taken advantage of while the sleighing lasts.

FUEL!

Short Hardwood	\$1.50 per cord
Long Hardwood	4.00 do
Soft Hardwood	3.00 do
Soft Hardwood, 4 foot	2.00 do
Soft Slabs	1.75 do
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Stone and Nut Coal	\$6.00 per ton

at shed at \$5.75 per ton.

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BICYCLES



Line of Wheels is complete. You get the best value for your money. Pay you to see these wheels, get prices:-

King and Dodge List	\$115 00
King	100 00
King	100 00
King	100 00
King	85 00
King	75 00
King	75 00
King	60 00

at the store and make arrangements to learn to ride perfectly at the instruction of an experienced instructor.

J. RIGGS,

No. 6 Kent-st. Lindsay.

Money Lent on Mortgages.

PRICES. MOORE & JACKSON

The Squatter's Grave.

It was a typical Kansas autumn afternoon when I alighted from the train at the little station of Wilson. The atmosphere had that peculiar haze so characteristic of late summer and early autumn in the West. The weather was dry and hot, and as one looked across the rolling fields and pastures they seemed to undulate and quiver in the glare. The hedges, corn-fields and pastures were dusty, withered and parched, and the eye looked in vain for a green spot on which to rest itself. Surely not a very inviting outlook for a seven mile ride across the country.

I had come to Wilson to teach the school in the Cotton wood district seven miles north of the station. I was to board with Mr. Wells, a well-to-do farmer, who had lived in the neighborhood many years. I had met him on my former visit to the school district when I had been employed, and had then arranged for board and for him to meet me at the station. But no Wells was there. Disappointed, and oppressed with the heat, I picked up my satchel, and walked up the straggling street. In front of the village grocery, seated in his wagon, I found Wells. He was a big man, bronzed and tanned, and overflowing with good nature. He was evidently telling some yarn to the loafers and farmers congregated on the sidewalk in front of him, from the rapt attention with which they listened to him. He had evidently forgotten me for the time being.

"Hello, Jackson," he cried, "how are you? glad to see you, was just going to the train after you."

"Oh, I'm all right," I replied, "a little hot here, isn't it?"

"Yes, somewhat hot and a little dry, but then a farmer don't mind these things. He gets toughened like a hickory stick when he farms in Kansas. Climb in and we'll light out for home."

The crowd made way for me and, after pitching my satchel into the rear end of the wagon, I climbed upon the seat beside him. He backed his team from the hitch rack and we were on our way.

My companion was evidently in a communicative mood despite the heat and dust. He called my attention to the well kept farms along the road, the trim hedges, and carefully cultivated fields. The owners, too, came in for a share of his attention, and their characteristics and peculiarities, mental and physical, were commented on. I was not new to farm life and therefore listened with interest to his running remarks, and drew him out by various questions. About three miles out of town we passed a large white house on the left, located in a grove with a lawn extending down to the road. The house, barns and surrounding sheds showed that the owner was thrifty, orderly and prosperous.

"Who lives there?" I asked.

"That's Tom Kelsey's place," Wells replied. "He's one of the best farmers in this country. Lived there thirty years as my eyes roamed over the various object on the farm, I noticed a clump of evergreen trees in the middle of a wheat stubble field which extended in front of us along the road. Through the trees I caught the glimse of something white reflecting the rays of the afternoon sun."

"What is that clump of trees for over in the stubble field?" I asked, "and what is that glistening so white among them?"

"That's where the 'Squatter's Grave' is," said Wells. "Didn't you ever hear the story of that grave? The story is known all over the county," he continued. "Kelsey takes mighty good care of that grave. You see he has a fence around it. He planted those trees, and every spring plants flowers over the grave. We farmers think none the less of him for doing it either. Did you ever hear the story?" repeated Wells turning partly around in his seat.

"No, I never did," I replied; tell me about it."

I leaned back in my seat, pulled my hat over my eyes to keep out the glare and prepared to listen, while the team plodded slowly along the country road. "The story began somewhere back in Indiana," began Wells, "I don't know exactly where. Henry Willis and Tom Kelsey grew up together on adjoining farms. They attended the same school, and were almost inseparable companions. They fished, hunted and fought together. They were rivals as well as friends. They competed for the same prizes at school, and were almost equally matched physically. But finally an event happened which made them bitter enemies until death. Both loved the same girl, Hattie Lee. Hattie was a sweet girl, with hazel eyes and brown hair. She was a prize worthy any man's efforts. Both courted her ardently, passionately. At length Tom Kelsey won her. Why he was the fortunate one I don't know. Perhaps he was the stronger character. Perhaps more impetuous. At any rate he won her, and the engagement was announced. Henry took his disappointment bitterly to heart. He became reckless and restless, and Kelsey's bitter enemy. Before the marriage took place he disappeared and went no one knew where."

"Tom and Hattie were married and lived several years with Tom's parents. Then the immigration of Kansas began and Tom determined to go. When they arrived here much of the best land had already been occupied except what was held by 'squatters.' 'Squatters,' you understand, were the first settlers, the forerunners of civilization who seldom pay any attention to pre-emption or homestead laws. They were a shiftless class who disliked too much civilization.

"Kelsey looked around for a few days, but could find no land that suited him except the farm where he now lives. This was occupied by a squatter living in a log cabin near where Kelsey's barn now stands. Kelsey wanted the land, and he thought little of the moral rights of the squatter. He did not know who the squatter was and cared less. So he went at once to the land office and pre-empted the land.

"The squatter was ejected from the land by legal process and Kelsey, with his wife and one child, took possession. What was their surprise to learn a little later that the squatter was none less than Henry Willis. He had come west to forget his grief, bitterness, and hate, and to get away from the life that had ceased to have any charms for him. When Hattie learned who the squatter was, she entreated her husband to restore the land to its former owner. But he would not do so.

Willis did not a second time disappear. He squatted on that worthless piece of land across the road," said Wells, indicating the place with a wave of his hand, "and openly threatened that he would have Kelsey's heart blood. But Kelsey paid no attention to him, and the following spring pushed forward with the farm work.

"That summer was the driest, hottest, ever known in the State. The grass 'cured' on the prairies, the leaves curled and withered on the trees, the ground cracked, and many cattle and horses died of thirst. Prairie fires were new to us then, and we thought little about them and took few precautions against them. Henry Willis was more careful. He plowed a circular strip around his rebuilt cabin, and removed the grass from within the circle.

"The weeks passed, and then came the twenty-ninth day of August. Kelsey had gone to the trading post for supplies, leaving his wife and child alone. The day was hot and dry as usual, with a breeze from the south.

"About two o'clock the sky to the south became hazy and blushed. Willis watched it from his plow and knew that a terrible prairie fire was coming. In half an hour it would be at his cabin. He looked across the prairie to Kelsey's cabin, and a bitter smile crossed his face. The smoke peacefully curled above the cabin. The wife was unconscious of the danger. What a chance for revenge! How he would gloat over Kelsey when he returned and found home, child, wife swallowed up by the devouring pitiless fire! What then would his rival's triumph mean? This day would see the wrongs of a lifetime reversed.

"With folded arms he leaned against his plow and watched the approaching conflagration. It was an appalling sight. The smoke filled the whole southern horizon. Through the clouds there burst at intervals great tongues of flame, which shot far up into the heavens or leaped far in advance. The fire rushed with the speed of a whirlwind. Before it in blind terror fled rabbits, deer, cattle, horses. Behind it lay a black waste with smoking heaps here and there, to bear witness to the ruin it had wrought.

"Suddenly Willis started. That woman was the woman he had once loved. For the dead love's sake why let her perish! The picture of the young girl with fair hair, hazel eyes, and innocent laughing face came to him. He hesitated for an instant. Then he flung the harness from one of his horses, sprang upon it and dashed across the prairie to Kelsey cabin. He would have time to save her! The fire was yet ten miles away.

"Quickly Hattie and her child were placed on the horse and she was told to ride with all speed for Willis's broken ground. There was not a moment to lose. Already the distant roar of the fire could be heard. The horse frantic with terror, dashed for home followed by Willis running for his life. Thanks to the speed of the horse Hattie and her child were saved; but poor Willis was caught by the outstretched arms of the fire before he had run more than half way across the meadow. He lies buried where he fell."

My companion ceased, and I looked up. Before us a little way was the Wells farm-house, our destination. We both were silent until we reached the gate. Then I looked reverently back at the clump of trees in the distance, which mark the grave of him who in the triumph of love over hate gave up his life.

"Mamma, why should landladies object to children?" Mother—"I'm sure I don't know. But see what baby is crying about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate cease fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that tin trumpet I'll take it away from him.—London Times."

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.

Christianity Owes Much to His Zeal and Endurance.

HIS LIFE DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF METHODISM IN CANADA WAS OFTEN ONE OF GREAT HARSHNESS—THE STORY OF ONE NOW ENJOYING A RIPE OLD AGE.

From the Simcoe Reformer. In the early days of Methodism in Canada the gospel was spread abroad in the land by the active exertions of the circuit rider. It required a man of no ordinary health and strength; an iron constitution and undaunting determination to fulfill arduous duties incumbent on him who undertook to preach salvation to his fellow-men. It was no easy task that these men set themselves to, but they were strong in the faith and hope of ultimate reward. Many fell by the way-side while others struggled on and prospered, and a few are to-day enjoying ripe old age happy in the knowledge that a lasting reward will soon be theirs. Most of these old timers are not now engaged in active church work, but have been placed on the superannuated list, and are now living a quiet life in town or on a farm free from the cares of the world they await the call to come up higher.

Rev. David Williams, who lives 20 miles southwest of Nixson, Ont., in the township of Windham, Norfolk County, was one of these early days circuit riders. He was a man of vigorous health and although without many advantages in the way of early education he succeeded by dint of hard and constant study in being admitted to the ministry. He was the first born in the first house built in Glen Williams near Georgetown, Mr. George Kennedy the founder of Georgetown, being a brother of his mother. To-day he is 70 years old and for the past 25 years has lived in this county. For many years he had been a sufferer from kidney and kindred diseases. He tried all kinds of remedies, and although sometimes temporarily relieved he gradually grew worse until in October, 1855, he was stricken with paralysis. From this he partially recovered and recovered his powers of speech but his mind was badly wrecked, and his memory was so poor that he could not remember the name of whom he wished to speak to without thinking intently for several minutes. One day driving to church he wished to speak of a neighbor who lived next to him for twenty years but he could not recall the name for an hour or more. In addition to his mental trouble, he had intense bodily suffering; pains in the head, across the forehead, in the temples and behind the ears, across the lower part of the skull and in the joint of the neck.

He had great weakness and pains in the back, hips and legs. In fact, so much did he suffer that sleep was almost an impossibility, and he fell away in weight until he weighed only 145 pounds. By this time, Dec. 1855, he became despondent and felt that if he did not soon obtain relief he would soon bid adieu to the things of this world. On the 20th of December he read of a cure in the Reformer by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and being in a desperate condition he at once wrote to Brockville for a supply of that marvelous remedy. Immediately good results followed their use, and he has improved wonderfully during the past year. He has recovered his bodily health and strength, is comparatively free from pain and his memory is nearly as good as it ever was and as the improvement continues the prospect is very bright for complete recovery. He has gained 20 pounds in weight since beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Williams says: "I can heartily endorse them any good things said of them in the papers and strongly recommend them to any one suffering as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are blood builder and nerve restorer. They supply the blood with its life and health-giving properties, thus driving disease from the system. There are numerous pink colored imitations against which the public is warned. The genuine Pink Pills can be had only in boxes, the wrappers around which bears full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Refuse all others.

When the World Was to Have Come to an End. Mr. Thos. Conant of Oshawa writes the Reformer as follows: From some manuscript left by my mother and also from the words told me by the lips of my father, Daniel Conant, and my uncle David Annis mainly, I got the following account of this great event in our country.

During the winter of 1842-3 the Second Adventists, or Millerites, were preaching that the world would be all burned up in February 1842. Nightly meetings were held in the school house, generally, in this part. One Elijah Haight, about Prince Albert, Ont., owned a farm of 100 acres and upwards, stocked with stock and farm stock, as well as having implements of agriculture. So strongly did he embrace the Second Advent doctrines, of the Millerites, that he had no doubt of the fire to come in February and burn all up, and in confirmation of his faith gave away his stock and implements and his farm as well. Sarah Terwilliger, who lived about a mile east from Oshawa four corners, on the Kingston road, made for her self wings of silk, and jumped on the night of 14th February, expecting to fly Heaven word, from the upstairs door. Falling to the ground some 15 feet, she was shaken up severely and rendered wholly unfit to attend at all to the fires to follow the next day. Mr. John Henry on the 14th day of February was driving in a cutter alone, and met a man on horseback, coming at the top of his speed. Accosting Mr. Henry he said, "Say, stranger, do you see that sign in the sky?" Then Mr. Henry looked and saw a sun dot, frequently seen then and now in the winter season, and he replied, "Yes, what of it?" "Well that's the Lord coming to-morrow to burn the world up," and Mr. H. replied, "Get out! that's only a sun dog." "Oh, you are an unbeliever," he retorted and dug the spurs in his horse's sides, as if to ride away from the fire he felt so very near him. My father told me that on the evening before the final great day, the snow being deep, he took a sleigh load down to a meeting

in a log school house near where Ebenezer church now is, in Darlington. So deep was the snow, he said, they had no difficulty in driving over fences. Arriving at the log school house, they found it densely packed and most of the auditors standing. Being late they sought to push themselves in, when some one from the middle of the room called out, "Stand back boys, you don't know breeding." But they pushed breeding, or the want of it, and got in a few feet from the door and stood and listened to some Millerite in the master's rostrum desk, as he told about the fire to come on in a few hours and riveted the attention of all, cramped and uncomfortable as they were in the jam.

The snow dips, fastened in tin reflectors, shed a mild light over all, and the heat from their bodies became so great, as to be only a taste and a pretence, when, too, of the awful heat to follow, when the fires should come on. That old log school house, had been used before as a rude pioneer dwelling and a cellar had been scooped out in the centre. Without an instant warning the great floor beams broke and let the crowd down, who all expected to go up, as the Millerite preacher assured them. Such a scene, my father says, was too ludicrous for description. Praying, squirming, fainting, pulling, pushing, getting out, and fortunately the tallow dips, fastened to the walls, continued to light up the place. My father dried said he got out and got his load and went home (at Port Oshawa) and to bed, and next morning found the snow as usual upon the ground and no sign of fire accompanied his morning of the 15th he accompanied his men, as overseer, with their teams in the forests, cutting saw logs, that they might get sawed in the spring, in his and David Annis' mill and shipped in their schooner to Nipigon, the ancient capital, where the lumber brought, in cash, \$7 per 1000 ft. and by that business making big money in that early day.

Buffalo Italians Routed by Canadian Laborers. On Thursday last a gang of Canadian laborers employed by Craig & Craig of Hamilton, who have the contract for grading the new race track at Fort Erie, drove back a gang of Italian workmen who were hired in Buffalo, N.Y., and taken by boat to Fort Erie to help with the work. When the boat drew up at the Canadian shore the contractors Craig & Craig, and the men landed there were soon undeceived, for a short distance up the street a mob of fifty or sixty Canadians had collected.

"There they come, boys," shouted one of them, "lets drive them into the river." He started on a run, followed by his fellows, and as they reached the Italians one of the mob knocked the first one down and the next one kicked him. Blows fell like rain and the terrified laborers were too terror stricken to think of anything but flight. They ran to the ferry landing and the howling mob followed them, kicking and punching every man who was not fleet enough to distance his pursuers.

Down the hill the frightened Italians ran and they drove into the boat like rabbits in a warren. After the battle the men in Canada who had headed the riot walked up the village streets, making loud threats against the contractors Craig & Craig, and telling that they would kill the first Italian laborer who was brought across the border and others threatened to burn down the houses that had been built upon the grounds for the accommodation of the workmen.

Why Hen Fruit is One of the Most Profitable Crops. Chemists have figured out the amount of fertility taken away from the soil in different crops. Thus, one thousand pounds or six hundred and sixty-seven dozen of hens' eggs, shells included, contain the following quantities:

Nitrogen 20.
Phosphoric Acid 1.75
Lime 60.82
Phosphoric Acid 4.22

Now we see that eight thousand eggs, worth at least \$100, takes only about \$3.56 worth of fertility from the farm. Let us contrast this with other crops sold off the farm, \$150 worth of each:

Eggs \$ 3.56
Wheat 42.24
Milk 14.28
Cheese 11.04
Live Cattle 18.38
Timothy Hay 95.84

If we sell \$160 worth of wheat, \$42.28 worth of fertility goes off the farm. If we feed this to the hens and sell off the same amount of eggs only \$3.56 worth of soil fertility goes. When we sell eggs, we sell largely water.

It is also stated that "a good cow may produce in a year six times her weight in milk, with a calf in addition." If we take the cow as weighing one thousand pounds we have in the salable product about eight hundred pounds of dry matter containing 36.8 pounds of nitrogen. Hens of good laying breeds, weighing one thousand pounds will yield in the same time six which will include one thousand four hundred and four pounds of dry matter, containing one hundred and twenty pounds of nitrogen. It has been pointed out that since cows' milk is much richer in nitrogen than the carcass of an animal, so the food supplied to cows in full milk should be of a specially nitrogenous character. The argument has still greater weight in the case of a hen, as we have just seen that her produce, in the same time, from the same body weight, contains three and one-quarter times as much nitrogen as that of the cow. The albuminoid ratio of eggs is indeed as high as 1:1.82. Under natural conditions, a fowl's diet is in the summer time of a decided nitrogenous character, the feed consisting largely of grass, insects, worms, etc. The advantage of giving hens a good "run" is well known; this is partly due to the active exercise obtained, which is essential for the continuance of the egg laying conditions; but is also in part owing to the supply of insect food which the hens thus obtain. It will be seen in the above that the old-fashioned way of feeding hens on grain alone must be discontinued if we wish to make our poultry pay, and meat and bone must be supplied, especially in winters

Just Arrived..

..EXPECTING that a duty would be placed on Teas, we have bought heavily of late, and our consignments, which consist of the finest values in Japans and Blacks we have ever been able to procure, arrived this week. As you are well aware, no change has been made in the tariff which will affect this line, so while these goods are extra fine value, being all new and the cream of the market, we are left with a stock far too heavy for this season of the year. To overcome this difficulty it will be necessary to convert at least one half of our enormous stock into cash within the next thirty days, and in order to do so we propose giving our patrons the advantage of the following price list:

Finest Uncolored Japan, 1896 Crop, equal in every respect to regular 35c line 25c
Choice Young Hyson, good value at 35c 25c
Choice English Breakfast Congou 25c
Choice Ceylon, regular price 50c 40c

RAM LAL'S CELEBRATED INDIAN... TEA IN 1 LB. AND 1-2 LB. PACKAGES ALWAYS IN STOCK. TRY IT!

..AS TEA MERCHANTS we need no introduction to the public of Lindsay and vicinity, having been before you in this capacity for the last 22 years. You have shown your appreciation of our efforts to please by favoring us with a liberal share of your patronage, and during this sale we will strive to maintain the reputation we enjoy, of giving just a little better value than can be obtained elsewhere.

SPRATT & KILLEN, Grocers

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE..... ESTABLISHED OVER 22 YEARS

NEW TARIFF!

..THE PURCHASER of an article is not always satisfied by its popularity at home, but likes to know how it is regarded in the markets of the world. The possessor of a DOMINION PIANO OR ORGAN should, therefore, along with the makers, feel proud that these instruments are considered by musicians in all countries the sweetest toned and most durable manufactured on this continent. So much is this the case that no less than thirty to forty instruments are shipped weekly to Great Britain, South Africa and Australia. It is gratifying to know that a Canadian manufacturer, after many years' experience in the production of instruments that successfully stands the severe climatic changes experienced in Great Britain and the other countries mentioned, a fact which places beyond dispute the Dominion Organ and Piano Co. of Bowmanville in the first rank as makers of pianos and organs. A musical paper published in England, speaking of this in a recent issue, states: "That the pianos manufactured by this firm are highly appreciated in England, having achieved a splendid reputation, as they are specially adapted by their solidity of construction to stand the English climate, and that the most practical way in which the British public can further the desirable object of strengthening the ties which bind the Old Country to its distant possessions is by increasing the business relations with the manufacturing firms in the colonies."

W. W. LOGAN, AGENT FOR LINDSAY AND VICINITY.....

Are You Going To Build ..

.... If you are going to build a house I would like to give you a pointer. You want dry material and work well done. I can give you both, having a dry kiln to dry lumber and also good workmen to put it together. You can rely on getting good work. I am also adding to the already large stock of machinery a Band Sawing Machine so as to re-saw lumber any thickness. As for prices you will find I am as cheap as others; and with regard to quality, this shop is also noted for doing good Planing and Matching in both hard and soft wood. All kinds of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Etc., in stock.

GEO. INGLE.

The Lindsay Planing Mills.

JOHN PEARCE, MANUFACTURER OF

Rubber Stamps of all Kinds.

For a short time the prices for STAMPS of all kinds will be made exceptionally low. Write and let me know just what kind of a Stamp you want and I will quote you a price. TERMS.—Strictly cash. P. O. of 255, Lindsay, Ont.—6-6m.

Spring Gentle Spring

Will soon be here, and you will want a Nice, New, Nobby —SUIT OF CLOTHES, —A SPRING OVERCOAT, —A PAIR OF TROUSERS, Don't wait for the rush, but ORDER NOW. Prices are lower than they will be later on, and the selection of Tweeds, Etc., is excellent.

W. C. BLAIR & SONS, The Nobby Tailors, Foot of Kent-st.

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MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS CAREFULLY REPAIRED.

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Practical Machinist. LINDSAY, ONT

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I have a large amount of money to loan on Farm Property, at lowest rates of interest, with privileges of re-payment. NO SOLICITORS' FEES. I can also lend money on Town Property on the best terms. Come and see me before you arrange your loan.

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