

ale Stallion

J. Petty
THE JEWELLER,
always shown one of the largest and best assortments of stocks in the county. He is never behind in getting New or Nobby. A few days we will show one of the Newest Designs in

Watches, Pins, Ladies' Long Chains, Rings, Etc.

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

Wedding and Keeper Rings...

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COLEMAN'S SALT
IN BARRELS.

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PROPRIETOR

MASTER.

SALT!

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in town.

PBELL,
FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC.

winning more popular than any other wheel in the county. Has more practical improvements, so it therefore will be found a great help. Ride one and have conviction.

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Agent, Lindsay.

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ST SERVED.

ONNO
Streets

A WHEEL STORY.

"This is not the story of her first attempt to ride, but is my story of an attempt to teach her to ride.

"She was a sweet sister, was this maiden, a sweet sister of John Jones, when she came to me one evening just as old Sol was hissing his fiery red visage back of the trees in the far west, and asked me in an entrancing, apologetic way if I couldn't assist her in her bicycle practice, as 'Brother John had a pressing engagement and can't be with me, and, anyway, he says you know more about bicycling than he does.'

"Say, just then I could have hugged John Jones, and his sister, too, for that matter, but John was not there, and for his sister—well I did not dare.

"Miss Jones had been the possessor of a bicycle about three days, and as we wended our way side by side to her home to get the steed of steel she informed me that she was doing 'just lovely.' And she also ventured to remark that she actually believed she could ride alone, only she got so terribly frightened.

"When we arrived at Miss Jones's home she excused herself for a few minutes, saying she wished to don an appropriate costume, and when she emerged from the house a little later, clad in a neat-fitting garb of the bloomer type and leading a diamond-frame machine, why, it simply took my breath away. Oh, but she looked chipper, chic and debonair, and my heart was at once smitten with her, though I always had a peculiarly sympathetic feeling for her. She certainly was the most beautiful and sweet morsel of femininity it had been my pleasure to gaze upon. There was no doubt about this, this lesson would be extremely interesting. There would be no skirts to get entangled in the wheels and chain and to bother her in her awkward manipulations of the same, and the time spent in teaching her to properly manage the steed would surely be just so long a time of unalloyed pleasure.

"Miss Jones and I walked to a street seldom travelled after sundown and the walk over the intervening thoroughfares was an exceedingly short one. We arrived at our destination. The first thing was to show her how to mount and this was a stunner. I had assisted many young people in their efforts to master the bicycle, but all of them rode drop frame machines and they all wore skirts. This case was far different. However, I got on and off the wheel, using the step, 'man-fashion,' and explained to her in detail every succeeding movement. Then Miss Jones tried it. First I firmly grasped the handle bar with one hand, holding the frame in front of the saddle with the other. Miss Jones reached over my arm, took hold of the grips, put her right foot on the step, made a lunge for the saddle—and kerlop, we both landed on the hard road. I was underneath, the wheel made up the second layer of the pile, while Miss Jones sat, not too gentle, on top of the whole. I thought one of the handle bars had punctured my side and that I was swallowing a heterogeneous mass of bicycle spokes, good solid clay and rubber tires. Miss Jones did not get off the heap, but just sat there, half sobbing, half laughing, and said she hoped I was not injured, that she was so sorry, etc. With an almost herculean effort, I rolled from my position under the wheel and its fair but heavy burden, and after pulling myself together, gave Miss Jones my hand and helped her to her feet. I enquired if she was hurt, but she rejoicingly informed me that she came out unscathed and was ready for another trial.

"I was not much injured—no—but whatever thoughts I had had of spending an enjoyable evening were rudely dispelled from my mind. No I was not injured, but I could almost swear that one of the pedals of that machine had cut out a few square inches of my shin bone and I imagined I could feel it dangling about my ankle. I was also aware of the fact that there were several non-repairable punctures in my trousers and that my anatomy was bruised and sore in more places than I could enumerate in a three-page article.

"To tell the truth I was not at all anxious to continue the demoralizing lesson, as I was sure the experience would be the death of me, but I couldn't for an instant think of telling my fair companion that I had to give up.

"No! she should be the first to say it was time to postpone the practice until another day. I was in hopes the wheel was in such condition, after the hard fall, that it would be impossible to use it, but outside of a few scratches it came out of the tumble as did its owner—not in the least damaged.

"Well, we tried the mounting business over again, and this time I was prepared for the shock, and she did land on the saddle most beautifully. After I had balanced the seemingly uncontrollable wheel and told her to get ready for the start off, she said to me that she could ride fairly well now that she was on and if I could just take hold under the back of the saddle and follow her in that way she thought she could pedal forward very well. I did as she told me and after giving the wheel a slight push moved off. Yes, she went it alone all right. All I had to do was to follow her. At first she

went slowly, at what you might call a dog trot, then she increased her speed. And still all I had to do was to follow her!

"As we were booming merrily onward, she on the bicycle and I on foot, she asked me if I didn't think this most exhilarating sport. Of course, I said it was. Then she said she enjoyed it so much that she would continue on the same course until she became tired, when she would dismount, and after a rest we would return homeward.

"Well, I trotted and trotted and trotted after that wheel, and I thought she never would stop. She went and went, and I believe if I had not hinted to her that I sometimes became fatigued she would have been going yet. But she did finally stop, and in sheer exhaustion I fell to the roadside, and when I had time to recover my breath and looked about us I found we were away out in the country, at least three miles from home. She sat down at the roadside, a little way from me. Then she talked.

"She dilated upon the beauties of the summer's evening, the multi-colored foliage of the trees, the iridescent clouds which looked like rare jewels hung in the western skies, as the rays of the now obscure sun cast indescribable glittering tints over them. But poor me, my poor body and mind were racked with pain, and I did not enjoy the surroundings. After the fall, then the unusual exercise, every muscle and nerve in my body seemed to tingle with electric shocks. I was just about done up and when I would think of the return journey my heart would nearly bound from its natural and best location. Every breath I took seemed to be drawing huge chunks of solid air into my lungs, instead of pure, country atmosphere which I was actually taking into my system. I was tired, sore and disgusted with everything, even with the maiden at my side, whom I now thought one of the ugliest, most uninteresting persons it had been my misfortune to meet. I was thinking, thinking deeply, thinking some things I would not dare think aloud, when I was suddenly brought to my senses by my fair companion saying: 'Well, I'm ready.' So was I—I had to be, and I, at once rose and grabbed up the wheel. Of course, before I could start her homeward it was first necessary to get her on to the wheel, and I trembled as I thought of the task before me. This time I braced myself against a fence and held onto that wheel like grim-visaged death, and when Miss Jones boarded it in really artistic style, I was greatly pleased. I started her off gently and then took hold of the handle again, prepared to start home back of the young lady like a dog following its master. I was congratulating myself upon the little trouble experienced in getting her started, when the front wheel of the bicycle began to wobble and chug! went the off handle bar into a fence. Luckily, I was on the opposite side of the wheel and pulling terrifically at the night handle bar I got it and its burden again perpendicular. This time I asked her if she was injured, and showing me an awfully bruised hand, she bravely replied, 'a little, but it's immaterial.' Why, the skin was scraped off the whole side of her hand, but she bore it like a heroine. And right here I wish to say that I began to think just a wee little bit more of Miss Jones than I had while we were sitting at the roadside a way back.

"Once again she started homeward and by the way she pumped and pushed those pedals I know she was mad about that accident, and as she gained speed, I also began to realize my powers of endurance would give out ere long, unless she reduced her gait. At last I had to give up but I said nothing to her. I let her guide on homeward, as I thought she would soon notice my absence and then would dismount or fall off, I cared not which. But she went on and I gradually lost sight of her in the darkness that was growing upon the face of the earth. I was glad that she had gone and I hesuriously climbed upon a rail fence at the roadside and sat there meditating. I was mad clear through and the more I meditated the angrier I got. But at last it dawned upon me that it was not the proper thing for me to be sitting upon a wayside fence and leave a young lady to take her own way home after nightfall. Horror of horrors! suppose she had fallen from her bicycle and at this very instant was lying in the road, possibly with a broken leg or injured in some other way so as to be unable to move. Suppose a team of spirited horses were approaching and the driver could not see that prostrate form and ran over it. Ugh! the very thought made my blood run cold. I jumped from the fence and started in the direction in which Miss Jones had gone. I walked along slowly, but as more horrible possibilities came to my mind I went faster until at last I was running as fast as I could, but even then I thought I was going at a snail's pace. Half a dozen times I imagined I saw Miss Jones on the ground ahead of me, but always found it to be but a hallucination of my wild and disordered brain. I did finally reach town and because I had not found Miss Jones lying on the road in a pool of blood I was sure that she had been spirited away or kidnapped.

"I rushed to the home of her parents. Her brother John was sitting on the porch smoking a horrible rank stogy and when I excitedly asked him where his sister was he looked at me as though he considered me a lunatic. I implored him to tell me, for the love he bore his sister. "He looked at me again, then slowly turned his eyes toward the side of the house. My eyes followed his and there Miss Jones stood, cool and collected with a heavenly smile on her face, and how beautiful she looked. But I fell to the ground in a dead faint and when next I realized anything I was in my own room at home, with my dear mother at my bedside. I looked at her questioning, and then said: 'Mother, how many weeks have I been ill?' She looked frightened then answered: 'why, my dear son, you've been here but a few hours. John Jones and his father brought you here. Tell me what the trouble is. After getting over my astonishment I told her of my awful experience of the evening. She laughed at me and comforted me, but say, I tell you I got even with that John Jones for palming his sister off on me that night. You want to know how I did it? Well, I just took her from him, from his mother, from his father—I married her, that's what I did.

A THANK OFFERING.

A CLERGYMAN WRITES ON BEHALF OF GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED THEIR HEALTH AND THEY WISH OTHER SUFFERERS TO KNOW IT—A LETTER THAT WILL BRING HOPE TO MANY—NO OTHER MEDICINE GETS SUCH VOLUNTARY PRAISE.

The following letter written by the Rev. Wm. Lawson, Methodist Minister at Richibucto, N. B., attests in the strongest manner the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a perusal of it will suggest why this great medicine is so popular in thousands of homes throughout the Dominion—it cures when other medicines fail.

RICHIBUCTO, N. B., April 26th, 1897.
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

DEAR SIRS.—I am glad to furnish you the following voluntary given testimonial, with the fullest permission to give the names and place. They do this as a thank-offering to God and your medicine. Mrs. Wm. Warman, of Molus River (near here) says her son Alden was sickly from birth. He could hardly ever retain food, and his parents had but little hopes that he would live long and the doctors who attend d him were the same opinion. Till seven years of age he continued in that condition. Then the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was begun, and under them he recovered and is now a strong healthy boy. Mr. Warman, the boy's father, also adds his testimonial to the great value of Pink Pills saying:—"I suffered for years with a bad back, until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me." Miss Annie Warman adds this evidence with enthusiasm and freedom. "I was weak and sickly, and did not know the blessing of good health till I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used eight boxes and have enjoyed the best of health. In fact I am never sick now."

Here you have three members of a family restored to health by the use of your medicine, and you would almost covet their good health and genial ways largely resulting from such health. They wish you to freely use these facts to help other sufferers, and I am able as their pastor to certify to the facts above stated.

Sincerely yours,
WM. LAWSON,
Methodist Minister.

Literary Notes.

—The July number of Harper's Magazine will contain several notable features, including the last chapter of fiction that Du Maurier wrote, which bring "The Martian" to a close; a paper by W. D. Howells on "The Modern American Mood," and the first installment of "The Kentuckians," a novel by John Fox, jr. Among the illustrations there will be several by Du Maurier in an unfinished state, giving an interesting revelation of the artist's methods.

—Harper's Weekly has secured a most interesting serial in "The Vintage," by E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," "Limitations," and other popular novels, the first installment of which is to appear in a few weeks. The scene is laid in Greece during the war of independence early in the century, and the difficulty experienced by the Greeks in the narrative are said to be similar to those they have encountered in their recent contest with their old enemy. Among the important features during June will be the long delayed description of the "New American Navy," by Lieutenant-Commander J. D. Kelley, U.S.N., with a four-page illustration giving a view of all the ships, and illustrating articles on the "New Library at Princeton," the "Cuban War," the "New Era in Canada," and the "Chess Match between the House of Commons and the House of Representatives."

—During June Harper's Bazar will publish several interesting letters from its London correspondent, giving promises of peculiar features of the season there at its brilliant period of the Queen's Jubilee. There will also be a series of practical papers on "The Cultivation of Music in the Home," by Lucia Purdy, and a thoughtful article by Lillie Hamilton French, on "The Pandita Ramabai," who has been doing excellent work in behalf of the Indian famine sufferers. Colonel T. W. Higginson, who is spending a summer abroad, will contribute papers suggested by his experience in England and elsewhere.

SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS SO.

How did she know his heart was hers?
He spoke no word.
Of love to her. How did she know
That when she passed or touched him—so
His pulse was stirred?
How did she read his secret thoughts
And never err?
How did she know her glances thrilled
His soul? That all his heart was filled
With love for her?
How did she know her life would be
One grand, sweet song?
To tell the truth, she didn't know
These things. She thought that they were
But she was wrong.
—Pemberton's Weekly.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Simple Lines That Sweetlylinger In Our Memories.

It is said of that good old man John Quincy Adams that he never went to rest at night till he had repeated the simple prayer learned in childhood—the familiar "Now I lay me down to sleep."
Is there not something touching in the thought that these words, breathed from the rosy lips of infancy, went with him away down through old age into the dark valley of death? And who is there, man or woman, for whom this little prayer has not old, sweet associations? We "hear" its words, hears not, too, the "merry bells" ringing up from the golden plains of childhood? It may be a man in pride and strength of years, who has carved out for himself an honorable name and destiny in the world, perhaps the owner of broad lands and proud homes, with heart grown hard in his battle with the world.

How many years was it? Twenty, thirty, forty—no matter. At the sound of the old "Now I lay me" they have all rolled back their massive doors and we go down through them to the old, red, one story house where life first took its morning. We see the little window on the right side, close under the rafters. Well, we slept sounder slumber and dreamed sweeter dreams in that old garret than we ever have in our fifty chambers, with gilded ceilings and snowy draperies. And what of it, if the bed was a straw one and the coverlet made of red and yellow "patches" of calico? We have never snuggled down so contentedly on our springs and hair mattresses.

"Now I lay me." How softly sleep would come and weigh down the eyelids as we repeated the words after mother. We can hear her very tones, though it is so many years since death silenced them, and feel the soft touch of her hand on the pillow and the tender lingering of her kiss upon our lips. It may be years since we have repeated this little prayer, or it may be that, in the din and struggle of life we have forgotten it and that at night we never think to give thanks for the day and for the night.

But sooner or later we shall "lie down to sleep" when this prayer will be all our souls can take, all that will avail of rank or wealth or fame; whatsoever we most prize in this world. But the little prayer, which may be said to us as we sail our childish lips, shall follow us as we sail under the solemn arches; follow us as a sweet, faint, tender air from the shores, and when we cast our anchor, "the Lord our souls shall take."—Boston Herald.

Theory and Practice.

They were two pretty girls on the street car. They were talking at a rate to make a phonograph throw up its hands and everything was said in the strictest confidence, though all in the car could hear.

"Did you ever see such airs as Alice takes on since she's married?" asked the little blond as the pink in her cheeks deepened to a flush of scarlet. "She seems to think that her new existence is so delicious that we of the set who are not wedded must be pitiful and patronized. It's too ridiculous for anything. I guess that there are other fish in the matrimonial sea."

"It's a way they all have," smiled the more philosophical brunette. "Mamma says that a young married woman simply can't help showing over her girl friends and is pleased rather than troubled when she sees how they hate her for it. Don't you understand? She has landed her fish, and we are still angling for bites."

"Indeed we're not. I've reeled in two or three myself and then tossed them back. She has no business crowing over us. And she needn't think I'll be good natured under it either."

"But she hooked the fish she wanted and wouldn't throw it back, dear. That's where she has the best of us."

"No she hasn't."

Then there was a gasp, the blond whispered excitedly into the ear of the brunette, there was an embrace, a resounding kiss sounded through the car and the passengers could not but exchange meaning smiles as the charming little blond plumped herself and began to take on the airs she had so wretchedly condemned.—Detroit Free Press.

Lead Workers.

It is said that lead working disfigures the human body more than any other kind of work.

In this industry it is inevitable that sooner or later the workers must succumb to lead poisoning, and there would appear to be no part of the body that the poisonous fumes and floating particles which permeate the atmosphere of the workshops do not affect. The complexion takes on a ghastly, corpse-like pallor, the gums turn blue, the teeth decay rapidly and fall out, and the eyelids are hideously inflamed. A scratch or an abrasion of the skin becomes an unhealable sore.

A Fellow Feeling.

Later on, when nerves and muscles become affected by the poison in the blood, the eyeballs are drawn into oblique positions and take on a dim and bleared appearance. The joints, especially the knee and the wrist, become semiparalyzed, and the whole form is gradually bent and contorted.—New York Journal.

Better Late ... THAN NEVER

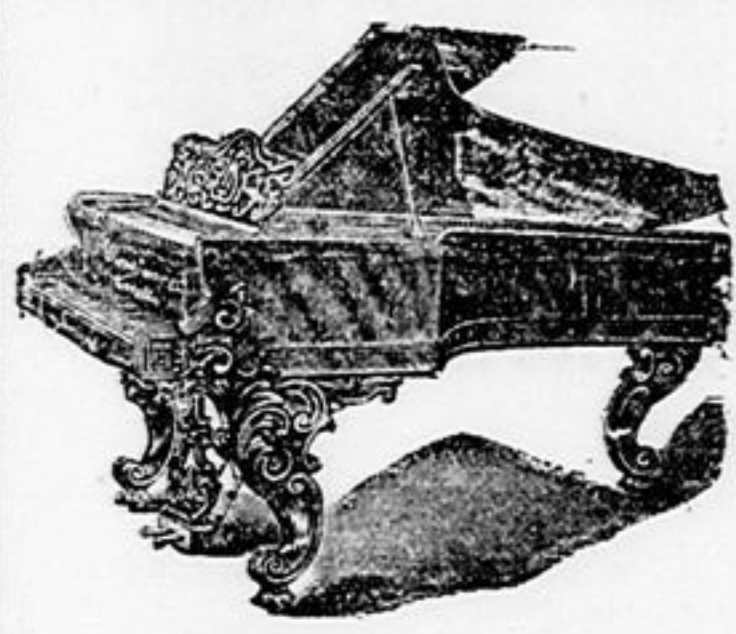
Although we have been in business for the last twenty-two years and have seen our trade grow from infancy to the magnificent proportions it assumes to-day, some people are always a little slow in falling into line, and it is to this class that we desire to direct our attention. To our friends who have favored us with their trade for years we take this opportunity of returning our heartfelt gratitude and assure you that the same courtesy and attention you have received in the past will be extended in the future. To the other class we might say that besides the goods usually found in first-class grocery stores our stock comprises such dainties as

Christie, Brown & Co's Biscuits—Armour's Canned Beef—Alymer Boned Chicken, Alymer Boned Duck, Alymer Boned Turkey—Potted Ham, Chicken and Tongue—Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, Heinz's Celebrated Sweet Pickles—Crosse & Blackwell's Marmalade—Batzger's English Jellies, and a full line of Canned Fruits, Prime Sugar Cured Hams, Breakfast Bacon and Rolls always in stock.

TEA & COFFEE--SPECIALTIES

If you have been contemplating changing your grocery house give us a trial order and we will feel assured of your trade.

SPRATT & KILLEN

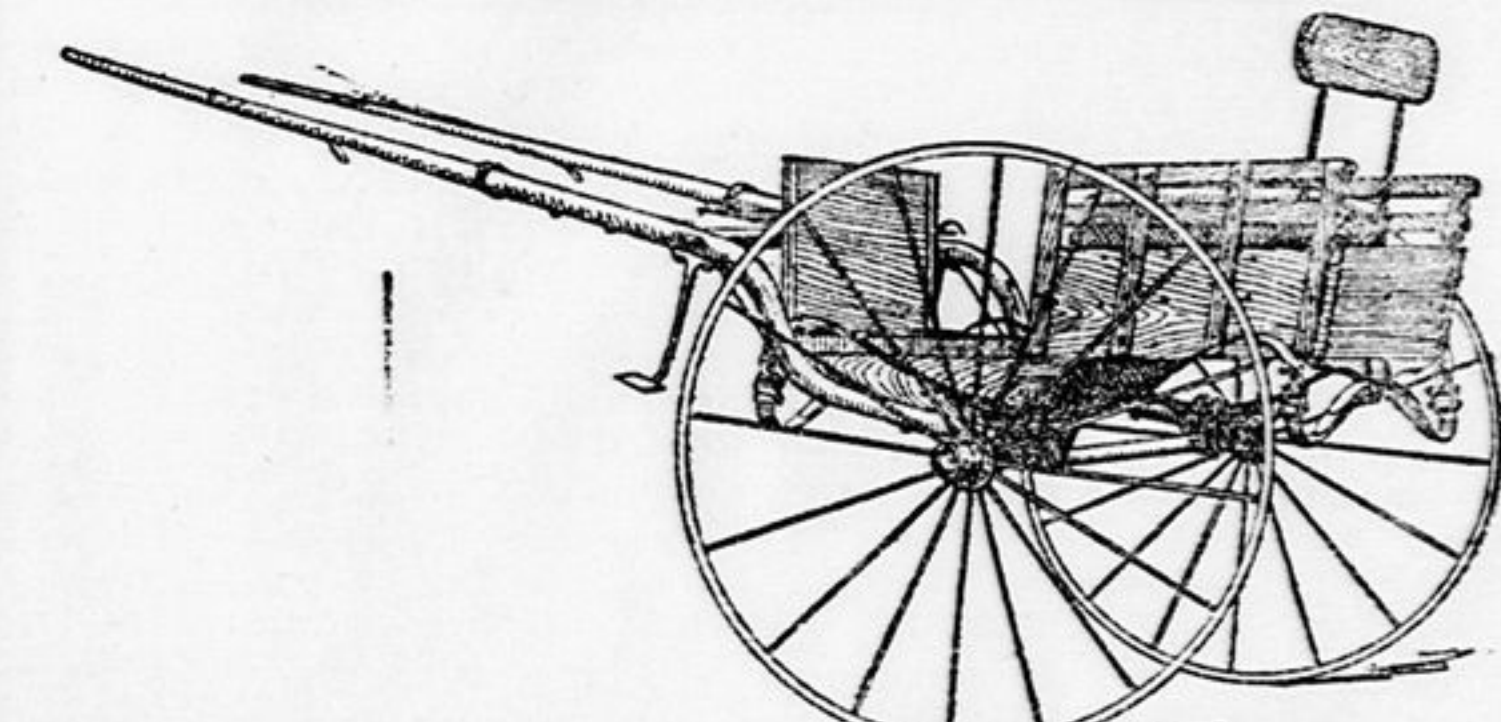


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Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines

In the market, and the cheapest according to quality, are sold by

W. W. LOGAN, GENERAL AGENT,
170 Kent Street, Lindsay, Ontario

A GROWING TRADE!



A magnificent three-seated Platform Spring Carriage was shipped last week from KYLIE'S CARRIAGE WORKS to Mr. Patrike, to run from Ensedale to Scotia, in Parry Sound District, and Mr. Patrike writes that he is delighted with it. Mr. Kylie has received three more orders from the same section for carriages.

He has orders from C. Algier for stage to run between Cambray and Lindsay, and a handsome Butcher Wagon for one of our local men; also orders from Mr. E. Ferguson of Saintfield, Mr. Gray of Minden, Mr. Brokenshire of Rosedale, Mr. Ferguson of Cameron, Mr. McLeod and Mr. McKinnon of Woodville for handsome carriages.

The most complete Bread Wagon ever built is in course of construction for our enterprising citizen, Mr. G. E. Martin. This will be a beauty. Mr. Kylie has also an order from a prominent citizen of Lindsay for an Eldorado Trap—the first of the kind ever built in Canada. This will be a beautiful carriage, on which will be used the celebrated Richard's Long Distance axle. This carriage will be out about June 1st.

All lumber used in the manufacture of the above rigs is out of good tough butts, as above represented.

City Carriage Works. **R. KYLIE.**

VICTORIA PLANING MILL

FRAMES... SASH... DOORS... MOULDINGS TURNINGS ETC., ETC.

CALL AND INSPECT WORK AND GET PRICES.

J. P. RYLEY