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MARKABLE MAN.
Always having some one come
to my place as is out of the
last one was a man as
on account, was a wonder.
about chess and checkers,
and exert my utmost pressure on
pedals when he said he had

checkmated Blackburne, I opened my eyes.
"Checkmated Blackburne? You don't say so?" I says.
"Fact. Said it was the strangest thing he had ever met with. I just happened to stroll into a club where the greatest chessist—"
"Chessist?"
"Oh, yes—word I invented—New York Herald gave me \$100 to let them use it in a special the same week. Well, as I was saying, I strolled into the assembly-room where he was playing. It was a one-horse sort of place and Blackburne was evidently disgust- ed. He had beaten everybody and beaten them too easily. Ever seen Blackburne?"
"No."
"A fine fellow, a very fine fellow. He was walking up and down, cursing his fate, so to speak, and I accosted him in a general way. 'You have had an easy victory,' I remarked. 'Too easy, too easy,' he replied, 'there no one here who can play.'"
"Well, and what did Blackburne say then?" I says.
"Oh, then it was my turn to speak, you know. I just said that I hadn't touched a board for ten years, but if he didn't mind trying a game with me I should be particularly pleased. Well, you know, I was always pretty good at chess, and perhaps that gave me confi- dence. My father began to teach me to play when I was two years old— used to sit in my cradle and play. Head got formed for it, I suppose. There is much in the early direction of the brain. Well, sir, we sat down, Blackburne and I, and after two moves he saw he was in a hole, and after ten minutes I had checkmated him as nicely as could be wished. He was limp, sir—limp with surprise. He told the Mayor, and the next day the chess-players of the place gave me a dinner in honour of the occasion— you saw the account of it perhaps in the papers? No. I had a news-cutting in my pocket-book for some time, I don't know whether I have it now."
He hadn't it though. But he drew a piece of something flat from his pocket-book and handed it to me.
"Lead?"
"Yes; just a little souvenir."
"Indeed? Were you in danger?"
"Oh, no," he said, airily, "not the least in the world. Merely a case of marksmanship. I was at Disley, you know, when the Canadian lot went down to shoot: of the tie. I was just in the neighborhood transacting a little business—in fact an uncle of mine had died and left me an estate there of a thousand acres, so I walked over to see the shooting. Well, you know, I had not touched a rifle—oh, I don't know the day when. But when I was a good deal younger I had been hot on the volunteer movement, and when I saw the boys with their rifles, by George, sir, it came over me that I must have a go at it. Well, sir, they handed me a rifle, and hanged if I didn't make six bull's eyes in suc- cession in the nearest way! You should have seen the boys they were simply off their heads with enthusiasm. Big score you know."
"That that," says I.
"That estate I mentioned just now," he said, "cost me a good deal of trouble. Temants left and I had a good deal of it on my hands. Splendid shooting there, so my marksmanship came in handy. Used to have lots of nice shooting parties—all the best men of the neighborhood. Fine girls, too, down there. I had a splendid time. Sold it though, couldn't stand the bother of it. I go in for shares now and railway stocks. Nothing like it. No trouble. You get your dividends and there you are."
I said I wished I had some.
"Talking of that estate puts me in mind of a perilous bicycle ride I had there once. I was a terrific bicycle rider in those days. I really beat the champion, only I didn't care to come out publicly on the track. Always a bit modest and retiring, you know."
"Well, let us have the story," I says.
"Certainly. It was getting well on in summer, and their was a fair held some five or six miles from my place, and determined to ride over in the cool of the evening and visit it. There would be a moon at night and I thought I would enjoy the outing. And I must say it was lovely. I shall never forget the race I had along the level piece of road with Squire Haines a steplechasing neighbor. He was a wonderful judge of horse-flesh, and a great fellow for polo, and he was riding the prettiest pony you ever set eyes on. Of course I beat him— nothing could touch me in those days. But, by George I found Hail Columbia going on when I got to the fair. A tiger had got loose and escaped from a travelling menagerie, and all the people were scared to death. They couldn't find the beast anywhere, that was the strangest part of the business. Well, I had a stroll round and about eight o'clock in the evening I made ready for a start home, got on my bicycle, and was soon slipping along through the half daylight and half moonlight. The road was quiet and still and my wheel made but little noise, for I rode so perfectly that the rattle I made was next to nothing, and when I came to the quietest part of the road, there, as true as I'm alive, lay the tiger fast asleep on the turf. To bend down and exert my utmost pressure on my pedals was the immediate result of

this fearful discovery. But I had waked the beast and he came loping on behind me."
"You don't say so?"
"Fact. He didn't seem to hurry; there was nothing particularly blood-thirsty in his speed. He just kept about three yards in my rear. I kept pounding on for dear life, and by some mischance took the wrong turning, ultimately coming to a deep railway cutting bridged only by a single plank about eight inches wide. The chasm was about thirty feet wide. There was nothing for it to do but to dash on, so screwing up my courage I sped forward and launched myself on the fragile bridge. I could not help look- ing back to see what the tiger would make of it, and was glad to see that he had paused. But what was my horror, on looking back when I was about the middle of my perilous course, to see that he too was venturing upon walking the plank. My mind was made up. I rode steadily on and gained the further bank in safety. Then I dismounted, and in a moment I seized the plank and shook off the monster into the abyss below. He fell into some mortar that some men were mixing for building operations, and got his eyes so full of lime that it blinded him and stopped up his nostrils. A tiger is no good with neither nose nor eyes, and one of the men led him back to the fair with a dog chain and an iron bar to knock him on the head when he snarled."
"And you?"
"Oh, I had brain fever. It was in all the papers. Even the Prince of Wales sent to enquire how I was getting on. A nice fellow, the Prince of Wales."
"You know him?"
"Why, bless your heart, we're like- brothers. My first introduction to him came through that bicycle and tiger business. I was known all one London season as the 'tiger man.'"
"Quite the tiger, eh?"
"Precisely so. And then one night I happened to be in Hyde park when the Prince came by on foot. 'Hello!' he said, 'is that you? Would you mind giving me your arm the remainder of the way to Buckingham palace? The fact is there are so many roughs about, he continued, 'and there's so much talk about this dynamite business that I hardly like to walk alone.'"
"Certainly, Prince," I said. 'What a biceps you've got,' he remarked, when he laid hold of my arm, 'do you ever box?' I confessed I did, and after that nothing would please him but that I should go out with him for an evening to do some fancy boxing—ah, it's years ago now."
"You have been on this side some years, haven't you?" says I.
"Oh, yes, had lots of experience. Have been up in the forests and timber limits a lot. Never made much of a pull out of it, though, in some ways, did not do badly. I can handle an axe well, that one thing. By the way, that reminds me of Gladstone."
"Gladstone?"
"Yes. He's great on cutting down trees. Well, one day I happened to be in the neighborhood of H-warden, and who should come along but the G. O. M. He was evidently struck with my appearance at once, and I remarked that it was a fine day to cut down trees. 'You're right,' said Mr. Glad- stone, 'have you had any experience?' 'The monarch of the distant west has often fallen before this arm,' I said.
"Indeed?" he replied, with enthusiasm, 'and is it so?' I said it was, and he then asked me to dinner. After dinner we went out into the park, and he would have me cut a tree down for him in Canadian style. He was very much delighted. I can tell you I made the chips fly! You felt you could cut when you had a master of the art like that looking on. Oh, I could tell you lots of stories if I only had time, but un- fortunately I have to go and meet my uncle at the station. He's the steward of the Duke of Newcastle, and he and Lord — are just returning through Canada on a trip. One must make the best of one's relations, you know."
And he was off swinging his cane and leaving me gazing after him with my mouth open like a baby.

A CLERGYMAN'S LIFE.
Has More Worries than the Public are Aware of—Nervous Exhaustion the Frequent outcome.
There is no more worry connected with the routine life of the average clergyman than most people imagine. His duties are multifarious; and it is little wonder that he frequently be- comes the victim of nervous ex- haustion, insomnia, etc. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more speedily upon the nervous system than any other medicine, and promptly restores the user to a normal state of health. Rev. Wm. Clarke, a rising young Methodist minister stationed at Orono, Ont., says:—"I have derived great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found that when I attempted to study I would become drowsy and could not apply myself to my work. My digestion was very bad, and my nervous system seemed to be out of gear. At first I paid but little attention to the matter, but found myself growing worse. At this time I was stationed at Fort Stewart, Ont., and was boarding at the home of a store keeper, who advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

DAVID HELD THE BABY.
This Because a Young Woman was De- tained on a Fast Train.
There were only four persons in the party, including a very small and silent baby, but their advent caused a revolution of emotions in the car, which was com- pletely filled with passengers. The under- sized father and perky mother of the baby, together with Cousin Em, boarded the train at C—, bound for New York, and, as it was a Jersey coast express train on the Pennsylvania railroad, the stop at C— was of short duration. Immediate- ly after the train started the announce- ment was made in three different vocal keys that Cousin Em was being carried away from home against her volition.
"Here! Stop this train, David! Stop it, I say, and let Cousin Em off!" commanded the baby's mother, pushing her little hus- band toward the door of the car.
"Stop the train, conductor! Hold 'er up! Hold 'er up!" echoed the husband, running frantically down the aisle. "Yes, for goodness' sake, let me off," chimed in Cousin Em shrilly. "I ain't fit to go nowhere. I've got nothin but a check apron on."
The conductor, however, was somewhere else, and the brakeman's authority did not extend beyond keeping the excited young woman from jumping off the fast moving train. With a wail of despair, therefore, Cousin Em retreated to the center of the car and proceeded to relate to the passen- gers how she had only come aboard "to help Cousin Em on with the baby and the things, because Cousin David is no earth- ly use where women folks are. And here I am with nuthin but a check apron on." She sobbed in conclusion.
Meanwhile the baby's mother was mak- ing vigorous use of an ample vocabulary in setting clearly before her little husband's mind a few facts regarding his general uselessness. "Now you just fork over the money to pay Cousin Em's fare to the next station and back, and then you'll hold the baby till we get home," she said, with an emphasis that brooked no dissent. David handed out 40 cents and quietly took the baby.
When the conductor appeared, he was inclined to treat the incident as a good joke on Cousin Em, but that young woman indignantly bade him observe that she had "nuthin but a check apron on," and to keep his jesting for some more suitable occasion. To a few of the sympathetic female passengers she confided that she had some "bedding frocks" at home, and as she left the car at M— station, she expressed the hope that she might meet her new friends again "with suthin better than a check apron on."
Cousin David held the baby until the train stopped at Jersey City. His wife kept her eyes on him, and so did the rest of the passengers.—New York Times.

CHINESE WILD HORSES.
Curious Little Animals Found in the Western Part of the Empire.
The horse has become so thoroughly domesticated in all parts of the world that really wild representatives of the species are extremely rare. There still exist in parts of Hindgung partially wild horses, but these when captured young may be broken in and put to harness with as much readiness as horses reared on a farmstead. It is, however, far different with the wild horses of the Tartars, which are un- tamable and will not live in captivity.
During his journey through western China G. E. Grun Grunzmalz met with a wild horse in the Dzungarian desert, and after much trouble succeeded in securing two specimens, though neither of them were taken alive. The herds are extremely cautious and it was only by the utmost patience and cunning that the explorers were able to conceal themselves near enough to a small salt lake where the horses came to drink to shoot a couple of them. The wild horse has something in common with the Arab, Caucasian and Finnish ponies. It is of about stature, 1.46 meters high—has a broad chest and back, a short, massive neck and fine legs, as elegant as those of a race horse, ending with broad hoofs.
The head is rather heavy in comparison to the body, but the wide forehead is handsome, the line from the forehead to the nose straight and the upper lip covers the lower one. The upper part of the tail has the color of the body, but is black at the point, and like that of the wild ass, is not entirely covered with hair. The mane begins in front of the ears, the longest hairs being in its middle part. It is black in color and hangs over to the left. In the scantiness of hair about the body the wild horse rather resembles the Tekke Turco- man horse, but the latter specimens had a strange looking pair of workers, about four centimeters long.—Pittsburg Dis- patch.

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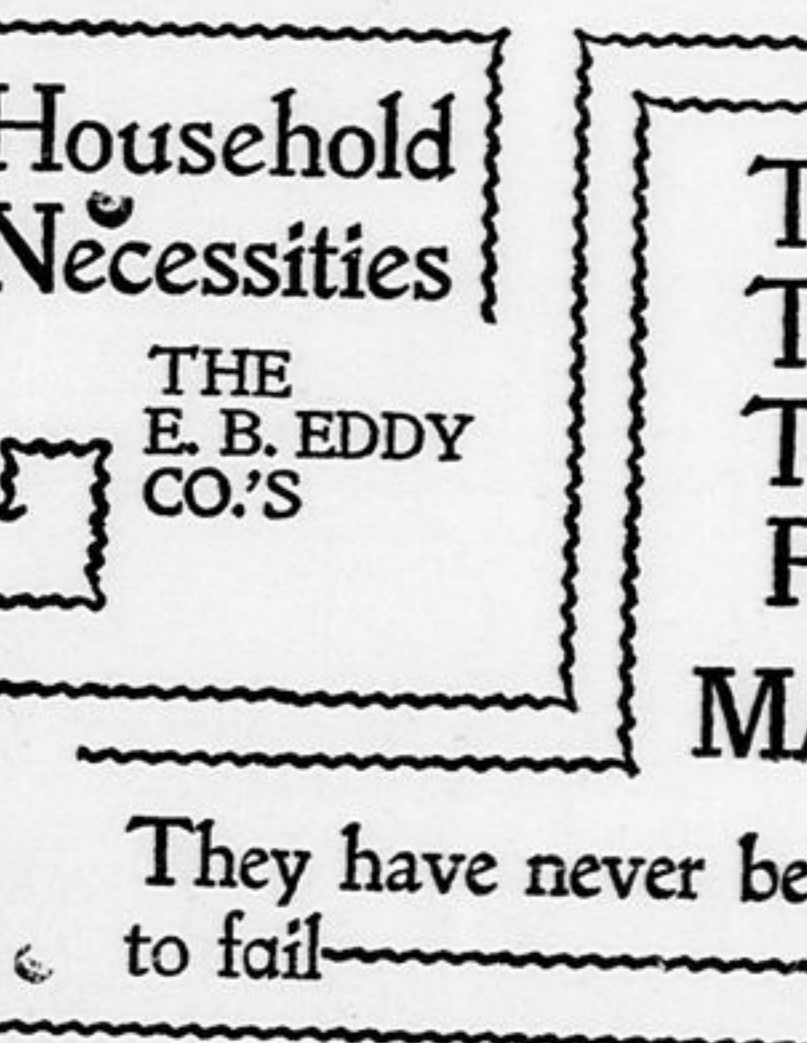
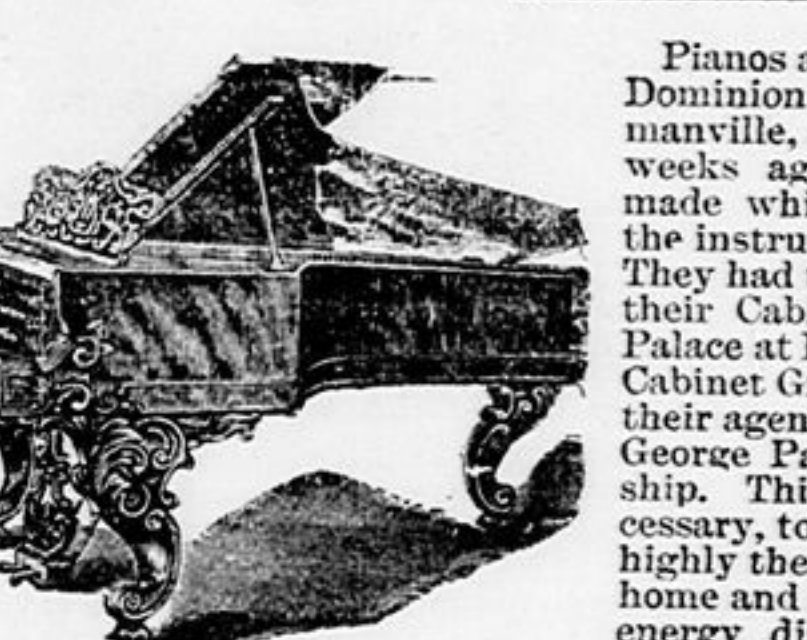
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Pianos and Organs.
Pianos and Organs, manufactured by the Dominion Organ and Piano Company, Bow- manville, are still having a wide sale. A few weeks ago two very important sales were made which are worth recording, although the instruments were placed 3000 miles apart. They had the special honor of placing one of their Cabinet Grand Pianos in the Crystal Palace at London, Eng., and another beautiful Cabinet Grand in Italian walnut was sold by their agent, Mr. Fleming of Pickering town- ship. This alone is sufficient, if it were necessary, to convince the musical public how highly these instruments are appreciated at home and abroad, and speaks volumes for the energy displayed in the management of this company.

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THE AGE OF MUSIC.
"This appears to be an age of music," said Mr. Bugleton. "Here in the ferry- house you find a phonograph, into whose ever open mouth somebody drops a nickel. As it begins to play people waiting gather around to listen, and the man who has started it displays his peculiarities by standing at one side and listening with the rest or by planting himself square in front of the horn and getting all he can out of it himself and letting the rest listen with him."
"Then there is the musical weighing machine, which plays a tune for you as you stand upon the platform, and finally comes out to you a little card, upon which you find your fortune told and likewise your weight."
"Or you may 'hear the band play' by stepping a penny in the slot, the band be- ing a music box with a cylinder as big as a rolling pin."
"It is indeed an age of music—for a consideration—but was there ever a time when you didn't have to pay the piper?"
—New York Sun.

There He Drew the Line.
"Pardon me," said the polite highway- man, "but I must ask you to stand and deliver."
The coach stopped. The door opened with surprising alacrity and a young woman with a very large hat stepped out into the moonlight. In her hand she held a small leather covered box.
"Here they are," she said cheerfully.
"What?" said the highwayman.
"My diamonds," said the lady. "I am an actress, you know, and—"
The highwayman snatched upon his horse.
"Madam," said he, removing his hat gracefully, "you must excuse me. I may be a highwayman, but I am not an advertisement."
—Boston Budget.

An African Menu.
Attendant—What would your illustrious eminence be pleased to eat for dinner today?
African Chieftain—I think a bump would be very nice.
Attendant—Pardon me, sire, but do you mean from a roundabout or a bicycle rider?
—London Answers.

THE CHATEAU CHANTILLY.
How It Came to Be Left to the Institute of France.
The chateau of Chantilly was bequeathed by the late Duc d'Anjou to the Institute, but this was really no new gift, as it had been virtually made in 1884. The Saturday Review of 1886 speaks of it as follows: "The Duc d'Anjou has responded by a crushing blow to the unmerited indignity offered by the French republic to the house of France. He has required the penalty of ostracism inflicted on the Orleans princes as a sop to the tyrannous rancor of the extreme republican party by dowering the land of his birth with the most splendid and the rarest gift ever offered to a nation by an individual."
To the north of Paris, about 25 miles from the capital, Chantilly is situated on the confines of vast forests, in an undulating region watered by the Oise. About 1840 the Duc d'Anjou first conceived the idea of rebuilding Chantilly. His two sons, the Prince de Conde and the Duc de Guise, were dead.
During 40 years the Duc d'Anjou had sedulously collected all the remnants of the splendor of the Montmorency and of the Condes that he could find. M. Daumet was asked to build a palace worthy to receive his precious souvenirs. But, like his predecessor, M. Daumet was limited by certain natural conditions.
The marvelous subterranean rooms and galleries existed still, and the moats, and the strangely shaped triangular rock, and this subterranean plan dictated and com- manded the form of the structures above ground, because the foundations remained, and on this honeycombed rock it was next to impossible to displace them.
The plan of the castle of the Bonfilliers, of the Montmorencys and of the grand Conde had to be followed by the Duc d'Anjou. The square perimeter had to be respected, and the new facades inevitably reproduced the big towers at the angles, the strong spurs, the posters and the drawbridges, which existed from the earliest times, in the ground plan. The certain difficulties which the architect had to surmount were especially the works undertaken in the honeycombed rock, with a view to supporting the projected structure above ground.
In brief, his performance was this: To follow rigorously the perimeter of the old residence, to provide fine state- rooms and galleries for the reception of certain specified objects of art, to accom- modate the chateau for living purposes and to build a chapel, in the adornment of which were to be utilized stained glass, sculpture, wood carving, stonary and faience slabs saved by Lenoir from the chateau of Ecouen.—Exchange.

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