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CAP'N ERI

(Continued from Page 4.)

"sampling" seasons his temper was not of the best.

The forenoon trade at the billiard past 11 the man of business was dozing in a chair by the stove, and the "watchdog," having found it chilly outside and venturing in, was dozing near him. The bell attached to the door rang vigorously, and the man awoke with a start. The visitor was Captain Eri.

Now, the captain was perhaps the last person whom the proprietor of the billiard room expected to see, but a stranger never would have guessed it. In fact, the stranger might reasonably have supposed that the visitor was Mr. Saunders' dearest friend and that his call was a pleasure long looked for-

"Why, cap'n!" exclaimed Web. "How are you? Put her there! I'm glad to see you lookin' so well. I said to Squealer the other day, s'I, 'Squealer, I never see a man hold his age like Cap'n Hedge; I'll be blessed if he looks a day over forty,' I says. Take off your coat, won't you?"

Somehow or other, the captain must have lost sight of Web's extended hand. Certainly the hand was large enough to be seen, but he did not take it. He did, however, accept the invitation to remove his coat and, slipping out of the faded brown pea jacket. threw it on a settee at the side of the room. His face was stern and his manner quiet, and, in spite of Mr Saunders' flattering reference to his youthful appearance, this morning he looked at least more than a day past

But, if Captain Eri was more than usually quiet and reserved. Web was unchanged, and if he noticed that the handshake was declined said nothing about it. His smile was sweetness it self as he observed: "Well, cap'n mighty mod'rate weather we're having for this time of year, ain't it? What's new down your way? That's right have a chair."

The captain had no doubt anticipated this cordial invitation, for he seated himself before it was given and, cross ing his legs, extended his dripping rub ber boots toward the fire. The rair was still falling, and it beat against the windows of the saloon in gusts. "Web," said Captain Eri, "set down

a minute. I want to talk to you." "Why, sure!" exclaimed the genia man of business, pulling up another chair. "Have a cigar, won't you? You don't come to see me very often, and I feel's though we ought to celebrate Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, I guess not, thank you," was th answer. "I'll smoke my pipe, if it's all the same to you.'

Mr. Saunders didn't mind in the least but thought he would have a ciga; himself. So he lit one and smoked in silence as the captain filled his pipe Web knew that this was something more than an ordinary social visit Captain Eri's calls at the billiard room were few and far between. The cap tain, for his part, knew what his com panion was thinking, and the pair watched each other through the smoke

The pipe drew well, and the captair sent a blue cloud whirling toward the ceiling. Then he asked suddenly "Web, how much money has Elsi-Preston paid you altogether?" Mr. Saunders started the least bit

and his small eyes narrowed a trifle But the innocent surprise in his re ply was a treat to hear.

"Elsie? Paid me?" he asked. "Yes. How much has she paid you?"

"I don't know what you mean." "Yes, you do. She's been payin' you money reg'lar for more'n a month.

want to know how much it is." "Now, Cap'n Hedge, I don't know what you're talkin' about. Nobody's paid me a cent except them that's Who did you say? Elsie That's the schoolteacher.

ain't it?" "Web, you're a liar, and always was, but you needn't lie to me this mornin' 'cause it won't be healthy. I don't feel like hearin' it. You understand that,

do you?" Mr. Saunders thought it time to bluster a little. He rose to his feet threat-

eningly. "Cap'n Hedge," he said, "no man 'll

call me a liar." "There's a precious few that calls you anything else."

"You're an old man, or I'd"-"Never you mind how old I am. A minute ago you said I didn't look more'n forty; maybe I don't feel any have no money. I told her her grandolder either."

"If that Preston girl has told you work and earn some. I guess she any"-"She hasn't told me anything. She

ten minutes last night." Mr. Saunders' start was perceptible this time. He stood for a moment without speaking. Then he jerked the chair around, threw himself into it, and said cautiously, "Well, what of

"I come up from the house to Elsie home 'cause 'twas rainin'. was told you was with her, and thought there was somethin' crooked goin' on; fact is, I had a suspicion what 'twas. So when I got up to the door I didn't go in right away. I jest stood outside." "Listenin', hey! Spyin'!"

When I'm foolin' with a snake I'd jest only been givin' up ten. I want more. as soon hit him from behind as in I want"front. I didn't hear much, but I heard enough to let me know that you'd been him. takin' money from that girl right along. And I think I know why." "You do, hey?"

"Yup." Then Mr. Saunders asked the ques- figgerin'. Now, then, hand it over." tion that a bigger rascal than he had asked some years before. He leaned back in his chair, took a pull at his cigar and said sneeringly, "Well, what are you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"I'm goin' to stop it, and I'm goin' to make you give the money back, How much has she paid you?" "None of your bus'ness."

The captain rose to his feet. Mr. Saunders sprang up also and reached for the coal shovel, evidently expecting trouble. But if he feared a physical assault his fear was groundless. Captain Eri merely took up his coat.

"Maybe it ain't none of my bus'ness," he said. "I ain't a s'lectman nor room was never very lively, and this sheriff. But there's such things in forenoon was no exception. At half town, and p'raps they'll be int'rested. Seems to me that I've heard that blackmailin' has got folks into state's prison afore now."

"Is that so? Never heard that folks that set fire to other people's prop'ty got there, did you? Yes, and folks that helps 'em gits there, too, sometimes. Who was it hid a coat a spell

It was Captain Eri's turn to start. jacket back on the settee and sat down once more. Mr. Saunders watched him, grinning triumphantly. "Well?" he said with a sneer.

"A coat, you say?" "Yes, a coat. Maybe you know who the house." hid it. I can guess, myself. That coat it got burned? And, say, who used to wear a big white hat round these diggin's? Ah, ha! Who did?"

There was no doubt about the captain's start this time. He wheeled sharply in his chair and looked at the speaker. "Humph!" he exclaimed. "You found

that hat, did you?" "That's what I done! And where do

you think I found it? Why, right at



"No man'll call me a liar!"

the back of my shed, where the fire started. And there'd been a pile of shavin's there, too, and there'd been kerosene on 'em. Who smashed the bottle over in the field, hey?"

Captain Eri seemed to be thinking, straight to Jedge Baker and I'll tell Web evidently set his own interpretation on this silence, for he went on, raising his voice as he did so:

"Did you think I was fool enough not to know who set that fire? I knew the night she burned, and when I met Dr. Palmer jest comin' from your house and he told me how old Baxter was took sick goin' to the fire-oh. yes, goin'-I went up on that hill right off and I hunted and I found things, and what I found I kept. And what I found when I pulled that burned shed to pieces I kept too. And I've got 'em vit!"

"You have, hey? Dear, dear!" "You bet I have! And somebody's goin' to pay for 'em. Goin' to pay,

pay, pay! Is that plain?" The captain made no answer. H thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at the stove dolefully, so it seemed to the man of business.

"Fust off I thought I'd have the old cuss jailed," continued Mr. Saunders. "Then, thinks I, 'No, that won't pay me for my buildin' and my bus'ness hurt and all that' So I waited for Baxter to git well, meanin' to make him pay or go to the jug. But he stayed sick a-purpose, I b'lieve, the mean, white headed, psalm singin' "-Captain Eri moved uneasily and

broke in, "You got your insurance money, didn't you?" "Yes, I did, but whose fault is that? "Twa'n't his, nor any other darned 'Come Outer's.' It don't pay me for my trouble, nor it don't make me square with the gang. I gen'rally git even some time or 'nother, and I'll git square now. When that girl come here | way." swellin' round and puttin' on airs, I see my chance, and told her to pay up | \$70. or her granddad would be shoved into Ostable jail. That give her the jumps,

I tell you!" "You wrote her a letter, didn't you?" "You bet I did! She come round to see me in a hurry. Said she didn't dad did, and she could git that or go to thought she'd ruther work. Oh, I've got her and her prayin', house burnin' doesn't know that I know anything, granddad where I want 'em, and I've But I do know. I was in the entry got you, too, Eri Hedge, stickin' your upstairs at the schoolhouse for about oar in. Talk to me 'bout blackmail! For 2 cents I'd jail the old man and

Saunders had received of Elsie Preston This was the real Mr. Saunders. He \$44, which sum he promised to pay on usually kept this side of his nature for

me use. His wife was well acquaint. demand. Captain Eri was evidently frighten-

ed. His manner had become almost "Well," he said, "I wouldn't do that if I was you, Web. I heard you tell Elsie last night she wa'n't payin' you

enough, and I thought"-"I know what you thought. You thought you could scare me. You did not know I had the coat and hat, did "Yup. I don't think much of folks you? Well, what I said I stand by. that listens, gin'rally speakin', but The girl ain't payin' me enough. Fourthere's times when I b'lieve in it, teen dollars a week she gits, an' she's

But here Captain Erl interrupted

"I guess that'll do," he said calmly. "You've told me what I wanted to know. Ten dollars a week sence the middle of November-'bout \$70, rough "What?"

"Hand over that \$70." "What are you talkin' 'bout?"

The captain rose and, leaning over, shook his forefinger in Mr. Saunders' flabby red face.

"You low lived, thievin' rascal," he said. "I'm givin' you a chance you don't deserve. Either you'll pay me that money you've stole from that girl or I'll walk out of that door, and when I come in again the sheriff 'll be with me. Now, which'll it be? Think quick."

Web's triumphant expression was gone, and rage and malice had taken its place. He saw now that the captain had tricked him into telling more than he ought, but he burst out again, tripping over words in his excitement.

"Think!" he yelled. "I don't need to think. Bring in your sheriff. I'll march down to your house, and I'll show him the man that set fire to my buildin'. What'll you and that snivelin' granddaughter of his do then? You make off to think a turrible lot of the old prayer machine 'cause he's your chum. How'd He hesitated a moment, tossed the pea you like to see him took up for a firebug, hey?"

"I ain't afraid of that." "You ain't? You ain't! Why not?" "'Cause he's gone where you can't git at him. He died jest afore I left

Mr. Saunders' brandished fist fell was burned some. How do you s'pose heavily on the arm of his chair. His face turned white in patches and then flamed red again.

> "Died!" he gasped. "Died."

"You-you're a liar!" "No. I ain't. John Baxter's dead. He was a chum of mine-you're right there-and if I'd known a sneak like you was after him I'd have been here long afore this. Why, you"-

The captain's voice shook, but he restrained himself and went on.

"Now, you see where you stand, don't you? Long's John lived you had the proof to convict him. I'll own up to that much. I hid the coat; I smashed the bottle. The hat I didn't know bout. I might have told you at fust that all that didn't amount to anything, but I thought I'd wait and let you tell me what more I wanted to know. John Baxter's gone, poor feller, and all your proof ain't worth a cent -not one red cent. Understand?"

It was quite evident that Mr. Saunders did understand, for his countenance showed it. But the bluster

was not out of him yet. "All right," he said. "Anyhow, the girl's left, and if she don't pay I'll show her granddad up for what he was. And I'll show you up too. Yes, will!" he shouted as this possibility began to dawn on him. "I'll let folks know how you hid that coat and-and all the rest of it."

"No, you won't."

"'Cause you won't dare to. You've been hittin' at a sick man through a girl. Neither of 'em could hit back. But now you're doin' bus'ness with me, and I ain't sick. If you open your mouth to anybody-if you let a soul know who set that fire-I'll walk him the whole story. I'll tell him what I did and why I did it. And then I'll tell him what you did-how you bullied money out of that girl that hadn't no more to do with the fire than a baby. If it comes to facin' a jury I'll take my chances, but how 'bout you? You, runnin' a town nuisance that the s'lectmen are talkin' of stoppin' already; sellin' rum by the drink when your li-

cense says it shan't be sold 'cept by the bottle. Where'll your character land you on a charge of blackmail? "And another thing: The folks in this town knew John Baxter afore he

was like what he's been lately. A good many of 'em swore by him-yes, sir, by mighty, some of 'em loved him! This is a law abidin' town, but s'posejest s'pose I should go to some of the fellers that used to sail with him and tell 'em what you've been up to. Think you'd stay here long? I think you'd move out-on a rail."

Captain Eri paused and sat on the arm of his chair, grimly watching his opponent, whose turn for thinking had come. The face of the billiard magnate was an interesting study in expression during the captain's speech. From excited triumph it had fallen to fear and dejection, and now, out of the wreck, was appearing once more the oily smile, the sugared sweetness of the everyday Mr. Saunders.

"Now, Cap'n Hedge," purred the re constructed one, "you and me has always been good friends. We hadn't ought to fight like this. I don't think either of us wants to go to court. Let's see if we can't fix the thing up some

"We'll fix it up when you pay me the

"Now, Cap'n Hedge, 'tain't likely I've got \$70 in my pocket. Seems to me you're pretty hard on a poor fellow that's just been burnt out. I think we'd ought to"-

After a good deal of talk and prot-

"How much have you got?"

estation Mr. Saunders acknowledged being the possessor of \$26, divided between the cash drawer and his pocket. This he reluctantly handed to the cap-Then the captain demanded pen, ink and paper, and when they were brought he laboriously wrote out a screed to the effect that Webster

"There," he said, pushing the writing materials across the table. "Sign

At first Mr. Saunders positively re fused to sign. Then he intimated that he had rather wait and think it over a little while. Finally he affixed his signature and spitefully threw the pen across the room.

Captain Eri folded up the paper and put it in his pocket. Then he rose and put on his pea jacket. "Now, there's jest one thing more,

he said. "Trot out that coat and hat." "What do you mean?" "Trot out that cont and hat of John's. I want 'em."

"I shan't do it." "All right, then. It's all off. I'll step over and see the jedge. You'll hear from him and me later." "Hold on a minute, cap'n. You're

in such a everlastin' hurry. I don't care anything 'bout the old duds, but I don't know's I know where they are. Seems to me they're up to the house somewheres. I'll give 'em to you tomorrer."

"You'll give 'em to me right now. I'll tend shop while you go after 'em." For a moment it looked as though the man of business would rebel outright. But the captain was so calm and evidently so determined to do exactly what he promised that Web gave up in despair. Muttering that maybe they were "round the place after all," he went into the back room and reappeared with the burned coat and the scorched white felt hat. Slamming them down on the counter, he said sulkily: "There they be. Any more of

my prop'ty you'd like to have?" Captain Eri didn't answer. Coolly tearing off several sheets of wrapping paper from the roll at the back of the counter, he made a bundle of the hat and coat and tucked it under his arm. Then he put on his own hat and started for the door.

"Good mornin'," he said. The temper of the exasperated Mr. Saunders flared up in a final outburst. "You think you're almighty smart, don't you?" he growled between his teeth. "I'll square up with you by

and by." The captain turned sharply, his hand

on the latch. "I wish you'd try," he said. "I jest wish to God you'd try. I've held in more'n I thought I could when I come up here, but if you want to start a reel fust class rumpus, one that'll land you where you b'long and rid this town of you for keeps, jest try some of your tricks on me. And if I hear of one word that you've said 'bout this whole bus'ness I'll know it's time to ly. start in. Now, you can keep still or fight, jest as you please. I tell you honest, I most wish you'd fight."

The door slammed. Mr. Saunders opened it again and gazed vindictively after the bulky figure splashing through the slush.

CHAPTER XVII.

T was true-John Baxter was dead. His violent outbreak of the previous afternoon had hastened the end that the doctor had prophesied. There was no harrowing death scene. The weather beaten old face grew calmer and the sleep sounder until the tide went out -that was all. It was like a peaceful coming into port after a rough voyage. No one of the watchers about the bed could wish him back, not even Elsie, who was calm and brave through it all. When it was over she went to her room and Mrs. Snow went with her. Captain Eri went out to make his call

upon Mr. Saunders. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in Orham. The little house was crowded. Old friends who had drifted away from the fanatic in his latter days came back to pay tribute to the strong man whom they had

known and loved. The procession of carryalls and buggles followed the hearse to the ceme tery among the pines, and as the mourners stood about the grave the winter wind sang through the evergreen branches a song so like the roar of the surf that it seemed like a dirge of the sea for the mariner who would sail no more. As they were clearing away the supper dishes that night Captain Eri said to Mrs. Snow: "Well, John's gone. I wonder if he's happier now than he has been for the last ten years or so."

"I think he is," was the answer. The following day Elsie went back to her school. Captain Eri walked up with her and on the way told her of his discovery of her secret and of his interview with Web Saunders. It was exactly as the captain had surmised. The note she had received on the evening of the return from the life saving station was from the proprietor of the billiard saloon, and in it he hinted at some dire calamity that overshadowed her grandfather and demanded an immediate interview. She had seen him that night and under threat of instant exposure had promised to pay the sum required for silence. She had not wished to use her grandfather's money for this purpose, and so had taken the posi-

tion as teacher. "Well," said the captain, "I wish you'd have come to me right away and

told me the whole bus'ness. 'Twould have saved a pile of trouble." The young lady stopped short and faced him.

"Captain Eri," she said, how could I was sure grandfather had set the fire. I knew how ill he was, and knew that any shock might kill him: Besides, how could I drag you into when you had done so much already? It would have been dreadful. No, I thought it all out and decided I must face it alone."

"Well, I tell you this, Elsie, pretty gin'rally a mean dog 'll bite if he sees you' afraid of him. The only way to hat that kind is to run straight at him and kick the meanness out of him. The more he barks the harder you ought to kick. If you run away once it'll be mighty uncomf'table every

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time you go past that house. But nev won't bite. I've pulled his teeth, I to keep on with the school or go back to Boston?"

Miss Preston didn't know. She said schoolhouse was reached by this time, the captain said no more.

tion that troubled him and that seemed to call for almost immediate settle ment. It was, What should be done Jerry and the widow. Honor called for a decision one way or the other. Mrs. Snow of course said nothing about it, neither did Captain Jerry, and Captain Eri felt that he must take the nitiative, as usual. But somehow he was not as prompt as was his wont and sat evening after evening whit tling at the clipper and smoking thoughtfully. And another week went

Captain Perez might and probably would have suggested action upon this important matter had not his mind been taken up with what to him was the most important of all. He had made up his mind to ask Patience Davis to marry him.

Love is like the measles; it goes hard and water to win ber. Captain Perez

"Fire and water!" he mused, "That's a turrible test. But she's a wonderful woman and would expect it of a feller. I wonder if I could do it. Seems 's if I would now, but flesh is weak and I might flunk and that would settle it. Fire and water! My, my! That's aw-

So the captain delayed and Miss Patience, who had cherished hopes, found need of a good share of the virtue for which she was named.

But one afternoon at the end of the week following that of the funeral Perez set out for a call upon his intended which he meant should be a decisive one.

He found the lady alone, for old Mrs. Mayo had gone with her son, whose ime was Abner, to visit a cousin in Harniss, and would not be back until late in the evening. Miss Patience was very glad to have company, and it required no great amount of urging to persuade the infatuated swain to stay to tea. When the meal was overthey washed the dishes together, and the captain was so nervous that it is a wonder there was a whole plate leftthe pair were seated in the parlor. Then said Captain Perez, turning red

Now this remark was purely a pleasant fiction, for the captain was about to undertake a compliment and was rather afraid to shoulder the entire re sponsibility.

Miss Davis, smiling sweetly, "Well, a feller told me you was the best housekeeper in Orham. He said that the man that got you would be

This was encouraging. Miss Patience colored and simpered a little. "Land sake!" she exclaimed. "Whoever told you such rubbish as that? Besides," with downcast eyes, "I guess no man would ever want me."

"Oh, I don't know." The captain moved uneasily in his chair, as if he contemplated hitching it nearer to that occupied by his companion. "I guess there's plenty would be mighty glad to git you. Anyhow, there's-there's one that-that-I cal'late the fog's thick as ever, don't you?" But Miss Patience didn't mean to

give up in this way. "What was it you was goin' to say?" she asked by way of giving the bashful one another chance. "I was goin' to say, Pashy, that-that

thick as ever." "Oh, dear me! Yes, s'pose likely 'tis," was the discouraged answer. "Seems to me I never see such weath-

-I asked if you thought the fog was as

all out of the bay, and there ain't a bit of wind, and it's warm as summer, pretty nigh. Kind of a storm breeder, I'm afraid." "Well, I'm glad you're here to keep me comp'ny. I've never been sole

come." This was offered as a fresh "Pashy, I've got somethin' I wanted to ask you. Do you think you could-

"What, Perez?" "I wanted to ask you"-the captain swallowed several times—"to ask you-What in the nation is that?" "Oh, that's nothin'; only the hens squawkin'. Go on!"

(Continued on Page 3.)

"Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to ealth. Then keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking

er mind. I cal'late this p'tic'lar pup guess. What's your plans now? Goin'

she had not yet decided, and, as the

There was, however, another queswith Mrs. Snow? The housekeeper had been hired to act as such while John Baxter was in the house. Now he was gone and there remained the original marriage agreement between Captain

with a man past fifty, and Captain Perez was severely smitten. The decision just mentioned was not exactly a brand new one; his mind had been made up for some time, but he lacked the courage to ask the momentous question. Something the lady had said during the first stages of their acquaintance made a great impression on the captain. She gave it as her opinion that a man who loved a woman should be willing to go through fire went home that night pondering deep-

and hesitating, "Pashy, do you know

what a feller told me 'bout you?"

"No, I'm sure I don't, Perez," replied

er for this time of year. The ice is

alone in this house afore, and I should be dreadful lonesome if you hadn't

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