THE BEST UGH One cent a dose.

It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure. Sold by A. Higinbotham, Druggist.

Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1896.

SINNERS TWAIN.

(Continued from last week.) boots reversed, on the soldier's last pa-

rade and a volley of musketry had been discharged over his grave. There were some who said it had been better so. What availed now his medals and clasps for distinguished service? He dare not wear them lest his story might get about. Perhaps only Dick and one or two others knew his melancholy history, and they kept it a sacred secret. They strove in pity to help this man who had erred not because he had once been "somebody," but because he had been punished for his sins and was himself striving to lead a new life.

There in that other cot in the corner deep in shadow, lay the only son of a widowed mother, who with him had been left penniless by some sudden and unexpected monetary crisis. Brought up to a life of ease and plenty, he found that gifts like his had little chance of earning salt in a country like England, where the race was only for the strong and the trained.

He had emigrated to Canada. But those who employed him-only manual labor of the most unskilled and menial sort could he get-had after a brief trial



They pressed forward one after another. of him dispensed with his services. They said that, no matter however willing a man might be, the hands of a woman and the lack of bodily strength and ordinary skill would not suit them. Then from one stage of hardship and penury to another, and then nothing between him and starvation but the red coat. Yes, here at last was a life where intelligence and a knowledge of horses and firearms would stand him in stead. And now he had taken the position of servant to an officer, in order that the extra \$5 a rionth which he earned by it might swell the little sum that every month, with religious punctuality, he sent home to his mother and sisters in the old country. Nor did he stop here, but blacked the boots of many of his comrades-many of whom had some little private means-so that he might make an extra 10 or 15 cents by doing so. Think of it! A graduate of one of the English universities blacking boots and flunkying for those who, in comparison with him, belonged to a lower order of beings altogether, so that he might send an extra 10 cents to a widowed mother. Noble life, though only a matter of duty, some may say. Nobility and boot blacking, oh, ye gods! Yes, my masters -ten thousand times yes !- and nobility of a very much higher order than any that can be granted by royal letters pat-

Oh, the undreamed of tragedies! Oh, the pathos contained in the histories of some of those lives hidden away under the scarlet tunic of the dragoon! Those lives, the greater number of which were more wonderful romances than any ever penned by the hand of man, and which were now bound together by a something more than the merely conventional term of camaraderie-by a spirit of sympathy and common brotherhood: Oh, the infinite and unspeakable possibilities of human life! But beyond the veil, and guiding as it were the finger of what men call destiny, was there no existent great and just Power that appealed to the mind and the faith of those tried ones, helping them to do what the spirit of religion demanded of themwhich was to crush down the devil in them that would fain rob them of their ultimate reward?

A few minutes before Yorke had given way to this demon of discontent and revolt with the insidious whisperings. But he had thought of the lives of these men who lay side by side with him. These lives which were not the outcome of a puling and sickly sentimentality, such as is affected by the drawing room scribe, who has never seen life outside that congenial apartment, but lives in the rough, the lives of strong men with noble aspirations and strong passions, at the very door of whose hearts the yery muse of tragedy herself had knocked. What were his troubles compared with theirs indeed? And what was this life but a trial of faith, after

all? Truly, no fight, no victory. He rose from his cot, and going down on his knees did what he had neglected to do for many a long year—he prayed. He was not the first man who had done so in a barrack room, and perhaps there were those near him who had a share in

A man's prayers are always answered, if only-as they always do-they make him a better man.

CHAPTER XVII. Summer in New England-a quaint old farmhouse with straggling outbuildings hiding amid a wealth of rustling, sweet smelling greenery, and an air of peace and healthful existence every. where. It was quite a patriarchal place

for a new country, for Gabriel St. Denis had bought it from the representatives of the old Shaker whose forefathers had owned and tilled the farm for over 100 years before him. It was a one storied, roomy, but very erratic house, for a room had been added to the main building from time to time, probably as the demand for space of some growing family had necessitated, until it was impossible to tell which of the many sides of which the back. There was nothing to have all my life been learning to read the house constituted the front and | one. guide one in determining this point, for there were three different porches to it, each one with a good deal of old fashioned trellis work and a profusion of

roses and honeysuckle sprawling over it. Each of these three porches in their particular day had indicated the front proper of the house. "The times change, and we change with them," would have been an appropriate motto above each doorway. Perhaps it was the nonexistence of that damp, bare, stained, slipshod, untidy side to this house, and commonly called "the back," that contributed to the mystery. There were beautiful roses trained against the walls everywhere and flowerpots with geraniums and fuchsias in them on the window sills. Some people have got an idea that you cannot see a real picture of rural beauty outside the old country, but then some people never travel. To admire another place need not be to detract from the beauty of a home picture. That would be an impossibility. In the bright and pleasant sitting

room by the open window a girl sat sewing a button on a shirt. Now there is not much poetry in a shirt button of itself, but when a pretty girl is sewing one on it becomes quite another thing. Therefore the button and the shirt were quite in keeping with the idyllic surroundings. The girl's head was mostly somewhat inclined over her work, but from time to time she lifted it, to smile at some caustic and original remark that the elderly, dark skinned woman who was folding some snowy linen and stowing it away in a little sideboard was addressing to her. But, upon the whole, the girl, who was Marie St. Denis, did not seem to take that interest in her self imposed task that she ought to have done; neither did the volatile and cheerful remarks of Jeannette seem to arouse any responsive flow of spirits in her. Her thoughts were evidently otherwise engaged. The girl looked at some of the familiar objects of the old Canadian days that were ranged around her, with taste and simplicity, on the walls of that low roofed room-the miniature bark canoes, the tiny snowshoes, the plumed and beaded tomahawks, the many beautiful and delicate articles of the Indian's and half breed's skill in beadwork (though perhaps savoring not a little of that barbaric richness of coloring that the savage loves), the antique coarse blue delft that came from France 200 years before, the picturesque spinning wheel in the corner and the many old world things that would have delighted the heart of a lover of bric-a-brac. But still all these familiar things did not seem to bring any sense of comfort

At last Marie threw down the shir on which she had sewed the refractory button, gave a little half querulous sigh as if of relief, and said:

"Do you know, Jeannette, I don't be lieve it is in the nature of any human being to be ever really happy. When we were upon the prairies in Assinilooia, used to think that if ever I could get dad to come away to where there was some sort of civilization and to different scenes and associations-such as these, for instance-I could be quite hap py, and now that I have had my wish, that he is happy, and even more prosper ous than he was on the ranch, there are times when everything tires and wearies me until I could almost wish I were back again on Many Berries creek."

As she spoke the roses stirred and nodded their heads at the open window as if in assent; there was a subdued and drowsy murmur as of myriads of busy bees among the honeysuckle and flowers of the old fashioned garden there was a scurry and chase of squirrels and chipmunks across the stem of a great fallen tree that was used as a garden seat at the far and shady end the lawn, and a hawk flew past screeching, followed and tormented by an avenging crowd of small birds. A butterfly fluttered in through the open window with all the colors of the rainbow glorifying its wings, and the spirit of that beautiful summer's day seemed to speak through and permeate every living thing. Surely here if anywhere one ought to have been happy. But it is a great mistake that modern philosophers make when they think that it is one's physical surroundings that conduce to happiness-it is in one's relations and associations with humanity that one is happy or otherwise. The silence of the country is the worst place in the world for a man or woman who has something to live down. The human heart and its promptings are at all times more potent than the mere senses, and it is only in work and in mixing with the busy crowd that we can ever hope to escape for a brief space from our own rebellious selves. Human nature is, generally speaking, a complex and inexplicable thing, but perhaps it was not so very strange, after all, that when Marie St. Denis had left Canadian territory with all its troubled memories behind the heart whole, happy and careless light that used to dance in her eyes seemed to have been left behind also. There was a subtle change in

her, and what it exactly was she herself perhaps only imperfectly knew. Suddenly old Jeannette turned to her, and, as if she had read the girl's thoughts, said in a quiet, kindly voice: "Don't fret, Marie. If he is worth having, he will come back for you, child. If he does not come, then you are well rid of him; he is not worth having, and the best thing you can do is to forget. Those troopers are much alike,

what I have seen of them." This was what Jeannette had been trying to find courage to say for several weeks, and now that she had said it she was apprehensive of the consequences.

"Jeannette!" cried the girl imploringly, the warm blood suffusing her soft, clear skin. "You talk as if I had taken you into my confidence and as if I had not anything else to think about. You talk as if he-for it would be nonsense to pretend I did not know whom you meant-had been a-a sweetheart or lover, or something of that sort. Why, he never once hinted at-at the sort of thing you mean. He never acted differently toward me, more than any stranger would, only that he behaved in a very friendly manner on one occasion. I often wish now that I had cut my tongue out instead of asking a favor, for I believe it cost him his position. The thought of it sometimes drives me

almost mad."

And as if she could trust herself no further she rose and turned her back, so that Jeannette could not see her face.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, honey; I've been there myself," said Jeannette, smiling sadly as she thought of it. Then, with the persistent inconsistency of some good hearted women, she went on: "But I think, Marie, he'll come back, if I am a judge of men at I liked his face; it was an honest all If I have not read many books, I

But the girl had fled. She had caught up her light straw hat, and with eyes that were strangely dry and bright and cheeks that were strangely flushed she had run from the picturesque homestead along the soft green turf that fringed the public road and under the shady limes and chestnuts. She avoided the shady pasture field into which her father was helping the manservant to drive some cattle. She walked on till she came to a little rise, and then she

sat down on the grass. What was this that had changed the current of her life so, that came into her thoughts the first thing in the morning, that followed her about like a shadow all day, and that colored her dreams at night? What was this thing that had robbed her of her girlish peace of mind and left her heartstrings quivering and pibrating as if they had been rudely touched by some master hand? What was this thing that now seemed to her like a blessing and now like a curse? What need to ask when it comes to nearly every one some time or other and there is no power on earth better known? It is that which makes or mars our lives, that which is older than the hills-they change-and is the primary and most potent instinct of our beings: it is that which makes fools of philoso pher and sage and makes fools divine it is that which is graven on the hear of time, car blossom from the ver dust of deat and is the keynote of ex

The girl looked down the long, dusty and tree frit ;ed road, which with many a dip and g utle rise went straight on to the neares; railroad town, some four miles away. She could see a figure come travel ug along slowly, about a mile or so off Now it was on the top of a little rise, and a tiny speck it seemed, no leger than a fiv. and then it was lost to sight in one of the hol lows, but always it was coming nearer

Strange that Marie should take any interest in watching a speck! But how often had she built up castles in the air regarding those tiny specks that came toiling along, and as they bore in sight generally resolved themselves into importunate tramps or even individuals of

the opposite sex-women! She had often, for the sake of indulg ing for a few brief minutes in fond, expectant hope, tortured and disappointed herself sadly, and she had time and again resolved that she would do so no more. But perhaps she did not know the strength and persistent nature of that thing which had taken possession of her, for day after day her footsteps had mechanically sought that road and her eyes had wandered wistfully along

And now the solitary figure of the traveler was lost to sight, and again i appeared on the crest of the rising ground. No sooner there than it shortened and disappeared again. A flock of dusty and noisy small birds indulged in a dust bath within a few feet of her in the roadway. An old crow perched on a dead limb right above her (query -why do crows prefer dead limbs?), and who, by the way he carried his head on one side, looked as if he knew a thing or two, shut one eye in a critical fashion and looked down upon her inquiringly. He was an inquisitive old crow; he had followed the girl right up the road to see or hear what was going on. It is sometimes just as well perhaps that crows can only talk in their own language; otherwise the amount of scandal that would be floating about the world would be something horrible to contemplate. It is a mistake to suppose that gossip and scandal are confined to the human race. Those who have lived lonely lives in the bush or on the prairie, and have had exceptional opportunities for observing, can testify to the fact that certain kinds of birds are the most persistent chatterboxes in the world. Then the girl heard a hurried pattering behind her, and Michelle, the great hound, came scampering up. It fawned upon her and gamboled with awkward movements round her. "Poor Michelle," she said, patting the dog on the head; "he liked you. You never used to growl at him or be jealous of

him, did you?" Suddenly the dog lifted its head, turned round, sniffed the air, looked along the road inquiringly and then ran a few paces forward and stopped. Dogs

have a wonderfully sympathetic sense. Then the girl's heart seemed to stand still, then to start beating so violently that she placed one hand upon her breast. Her limbs trembled under her. She stared apprehensively at the ap-



"Maric, do you know what has broug

thing that obscured her vision, for the blood at first had rushed to her heart, leaving her deadly pale, then had rushed to her head, making everything, as it tops when these two happy ones wanwere, swim before her eyes and her dered back to the farmhouse hand in heart to throb almost painfully. Had hand to have a talk with Gabriel and the end of the world come-or the beginning? And now she saw the figure was that of a tall, dark individual with the stride of a cavalryman, who carries his toes slightly turned inward, as if there were spurs on his heels. He was

dressed in ordinary civilian clothes. The old crow on the rotten limb, roused himself all of a sudden, and gave one leg and nearly fell off his perch; whose attention had begun to wander, a significant and expectant croak.

Then the stranger lifted his hat from his forehead and said: "Miss St. Denis, don't you remember

The dog crept toward him, sniffed at him and did not growl suspiciously, as was his wont at strangers, then dashed at him with boisterous welcome. "Down, Michelle! What are you do-

ing?" Marie cried to the dog as if it were a relief to her to say something. But it was a moment or two before she could find her voice to talk to the stranger. There was a wistful, hungry look in his eyes all the while. He looked like one who was only controlling himself by a strong effort. Then she turned in the most matter of fact way in the

"How do you do, Mr. Yorke? This is indeed a surprise. Who would have thought of seeing you in this part of the

She was wonderfully self possessed now, this girl, so much so, indeed, that perhaps it was hardly natural. A stranger would have been puzzled just then to have guessed in what relationship these two stood to each other.

Even the old crow looked puzzled for a second or two. He knew that all men were liars in a more or less polished or brutal way, but that this pretty slip of a girl should have reduced it to a fine was a cynical old crow.

"I have just been wondering for some months back if you would be surprised to see me again," he answered slowly and somewhat irrelevantly, watching the girl's face intently as if he would have liked to have drawn some inference from it. "I hope you are glad to see me?" he added.

"Of, of course," she rejoined quickly as if she thought that perhaps she had not been quite so civil to him as she might have been, "and my father will be glad to see an old friend, for you

know you were one to him." The hound made another circular bound into the roadway and scattered the little birds right and left. As for the old crow, he leaned back on his perch until he was in imminent danger of falling off backward and chuckled hoarsely and grimly to himself, as if he were immensely tickled over something. He looked as if he thanked-goodness knows what-that he was a crow and not a stupid human being. He was a satirical old crow and looked as if he had indeed seen life. An apoplectic seizure after hearing some spicier piece of scandal than usual shall one day be his ultimate fate. Pessimists and cynics and such minded creatures as this crow, by the way, are generally those who have not only-if the truth could only be brought home to them-run the gamut of earthly pleasures, but by violating nature's laws have destroyed their capacity for further enjoyment. It is worse than a dog in the manger spirit. But perhaps this particular old crow

was not quite so bad as some of his kind. "Marie"-the girl looked up and started slightly as she heard him pronounce her name-"is this all you have to say to me? Is this all the welcome you have for me?"

The old crow became impatient and scratched his head vigorously with one

"We might shake hands," she suggested calmly, but with her breath coming quickly and with heightened color in her cheeks.

She held out one hand to him timidly, but he caught both of hers-and held them.

"Ha-a, ha-a!" cawed the old reprobate up on the dead limb. Then he broke into a hoarse laugh, but pulled himself up short and tried to look as if he had only been clearing his throat. He wanted to see the whole of the com-

Harry Yorke looked steadily into her eyes, and she in turn looked shyly into He is a younger brother of that widelyhis as he held her in front of him. "Marie," he said again, after an awkward pause, "do you know what has

brought me here?" "Why-why do you ask me this?" she asked evasively, but she was shaking like a leaf, and her eyes were fixed on the ground before her.

"Because I wanted to tell you that you have," was the answer. "I want you to tell me that I have not done wrong in coming and that you are glad "Don't you think you are asking me to undertake a rather heavy contract?"

she rejoined, the perverse and inscrutable promptings of old Mother Eve and the instincts of her better self each having their share in the framing and significance of this question. "Heavy!" he repeated, somewhat taken aback, and a sudden sense of fear

seizing him. "Is it then such a very hard thing to do?" "But is it necessary to do it?" she persisted, ignoring his question. "What do you mean?" he asked fearfully, still impenetrable to the drift of

her protest. There is no more stupid creature under the sun than a man when he is in love. "What is it you "That you are like Thomas-of little faith," was the comment, with unruffled severity, "since you think it neces-

sary to probe an old wound and view the print of the nails. Is there not anything you can take on trust?" The old crow on the rotten limb lost patience with the shortsighted male animal at this point and swore at him in a way that only a crow or a Queensland bullock driver can. He had a sense of the fitness of things at times, this

old crow. But when she lifted her eyes from the ground and looked into his he understood her. He drew her to him after the manner of lovers from time immemorial and kissed her. "I thought you would come back to me," she cried in a broken voice. There was nothing enigmatical in her talk now. Had there been the way she kissed him on the lips

would have explained matters. They lingered there so long-as lovers will linger-holding each other's hands and talking about such trivial things in such tragical tones—the usual things, the usual tones-that Michelle, the hound, grew disgusted at the want of attention paid him and trotted off home with his tail between his legs. The sun had disappeared over the tree to confirm Jeannette in her belief that

she was a prophet. As for the old crow, who was in no particular hurry home-he belonged to the Order of the Latchkey-he chattered and chuckled to himself in a most outrageous fashion; rolled his head about till he became giddy; made matters worse by trying to stand rakishly on swore so terribly at this that he choked,

gasped for breath and recovered; got struck with a new idea; winked, but kept closing both eyes at once; leered horribly instead and generally misconducted himself after the manner of elderly crows who have led a fast life. Old crows are ten times worse than young ones. Then he flew off to retail his own version of the affair to his own particular cronies-mostly like himself-at his own particular club. Crows are such inveterate gossips.

THE END. Awakened.

When I entreated for her hand, I was quite unaware Of what I've learned since to my cost-The gloves that she would wear. -Detroit Free Press.

A General Invitation. The proprietors of a West Philadelphia sale stable have this sign outside their establishment: "If you are looking for mules, don't forget us.".

THE OLD, MIDDLE-AGED AND CHILDREN.

Are one and all Cured of Eldney Trouble by South American Cure.

Kidney troubles are not confined to those of any age. The grey-haired suffer, and keenly sometimes. The man in the vigor of life has his happiness marred by distressing disease of these parts. Much art fairly staggered him. No wonder he of the trouble of children is due to disordered kidneys. South American Kidney Cure treats effectively those of any age. And with all alike relief is secured quickly. In the most distressing cases relief comes in not less than six hours. It is a wonderful medicine for this one spreific and important purpose. Sold by druggists. Sold by A. Higinbotham, druggist, Lind-

> A Quarter of a Century. It is announced that the Canada Presbytarian will commence, with the 1st of January, its twenty-fifth year of publication. The paper has gradually grown from small beginnings, until now it is recognized as second to no religious journal in the Dominion. Its columns have always commanded the best talent in the large and influential denomination it so worthily represents; and for the coming year all the old time favorites are retained, while a number of new writers have promised to contribute to the various departments of the paper. The "make-up" of The Presby terian is simple and comprehensive. It table of contents each week falls under the following haddings, viz: Notes of the

> Week, Oor Contributors, Teacher and Sabelar, Christian Eddeavour, Paster and People, The Family Circle, Our Young Folks, The Missionary World, Health and Household Hints, British and Foreign, along with a strong editorial page. The yearly subscrip'ion continues at \$2; but any of our readers who desire club rates should write the office, 5 Jordan Street, Torcato. Accident at Fenelen Falls.

About half past nine o'clock on Christmas eve Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Magee, who a few weeks ago moved into their new house in the Grove, heard a strange noise as of some person mosning or groaning outside the back door and Mr. Magee, upon going to ascertain the cause, was surprised and somewhat startled to see a man of venerable appearance, covered with mud, crawling up the steps to the kitchen on his hands and knees. It was Mr. Jas. Simpson, one of the caretakers of the swing bridge, who, being a bachelor, lives alone in a small house near the north end of the bridge. He bad been to the business part of the village, and was on his way home when, in walking up the lane between the residences of Mr. Burgoyne and Mr. Joseph Walsh, he by some means fell and broke both bones of his left leg so close to the ankle that there is some danger of the joint being permanently sliff. As he was unable to rise, and was suffering a great deal of pain, he crawled as well as he was able through the mud and clush to Mr. Magee's, which was straight in front of him and about a hundred yards distant. Having been careful ly helped into the house, Mrs. Magee did her best to make him comfortable, while her husband went for medical assistance, attendance, and, without administering chloreform, set the broken bones, an operation which the patient bore with great fortitude. Mr. Simpson is still at Mr. Maget's, where he is progressing favorably, his broken leg giving him very little pain. known lover of horses. Mr. Joha Simpson, of Lindsay .- Fenelon Falls Gazatte.

AND MISERY

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE YOUNG MEN OF THE DAY?

Cigarette smoking is one of the evils which is fast increasing among the young men of the period. It is an age of nervousness; nervous excitement, nervous weakness and debility is the growing malady of the day. Minds are over-burdened in school, the pleasures of social life follow business worry; intemperance, sexual excesses or abuses over excite the already enfeebled nerves and result in exhausting diseases or drains upon the nervous system. It's a drag and a handicap to every young man to be a sufferer from nervous debility or weakness, low spirits, irritable temper, impaired memory, loss of willpower, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from pernicious habits often contracted through ignorance of nature's laws. The wreck of constitution, weakened vitality and manly power, following such habits would be a sorry ending to life in this splendid age of learning and labor. It will fast become an age of unsettled brains and shattered nerves unless our young men know themselves. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book of 1000 pages, profusely illustrated, written in

plain language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home-treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent FREE on receipt of thirty-one (31) cents in stamps, to prepay postage and duty only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. For more than a quarter of a century physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution have made the treat-

ment of the diseases hinted at above their specialty. Thousands have consulted them by letter and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permanent Sufferers from premature old age, or loss

of power, will find much of interest in the book above mentioned. Pyny Pectoral.

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COUGHS and COLDS in a surprisingly short time. It's a sci-entific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects. W. C. McComber & Son, report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garceau of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a Mr. J. H. Hutty, Chemist,

528 Yonge St., Toronto, writes:

"As a general cough and lung syrup PynyPectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It
has given the utmost satisfaction to all who
have tried it, many having spoken to me of the
benefits derived from its use in their families.
It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to
the taste. Its sale with me has been wenderful,
and I can always recommend it as a safe and
reliable cough medicine."

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child's medicine. Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour C Castoria cures Diarrhosa and Wind Castoria relieves Teething Trouble Castoria oures Constipation and Flatney Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic a gas or poisonous air,

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, oper narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates thromach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It not sold in bulk.

Don't allow any one to sell you anything else the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer by purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A. The fac-simile

signature of Charty, Televis Children Cry for Pitcher's astoria.

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WE HAVE THE FINEST STOCK EVER BROUGHT INTO LINDSAY, BAR NONE.

IT'S NOT ALONE THE GOODS, BUT THE PRICE, THAT WILL ARREST YOUR ATTENTION.

WHEN YOU GET THESE FACTORS ACTING TOGETHER IT'S ALL RIGHT. WHAT DO YOU

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CLOVER SEED wanted for which Highest Cash Price will be paid,

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JAS. KEITHS', William-st.

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Children Sh from taking medicin don't like its taste. Bu eager to take what the

Scott's Emulsion, for Children almost all Scott's Emulsion. And it does them g Scott's Emulsion is t most palatable form of Oil, with the Hypophe Lime and Soda added the bones and tone u vous system. The ren gain flesh and s

Scott's Emulsion is even to physicians. All delicate childre Don't be persuaded to accept Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 5

The Canadian LINDSAY, FRIDAY,

Will Oppose Both and Bond B

THE POSITION OF THE

of California in Fat Cottage - An Amen the Laria Bill

is likely to e last message, Yet the D Washington, Dec. 27. the House bill, "To crease the revenue to \$ ses of the Government the House, read a first at and referred to the F

yesterday, an opposit claimed, threatened to age of the bill, results ment by the Ways a notes. The implied rel in the bill, as furnished the the hostility The actio House the de opened by advocated its passag its provisions would t and protect the gold ing it a fund for th greenbacks only, and drawn upon fer curr The passage of the by Mr. Grosvenor (Retriotic duty: by Mr. Johns Ohio), and Mr. Johns

The opposition to the

It was opposed by Ga.), who said the wanted all the papand that if he had h to do so, he would amend the bill; by Congress was to rethe currency; and (Dem., Va.) and Wh The sensation of Johnson (Rep., Cal.) the measure in the t ity. He said it gas Republican speech i can platform, and 1 political associates He was cheered by

> the only true relief in the free and un imposed by and subject to the tations of that act vitriol, not otherwis per, sulphate of, o tar, all preparation copperas;indigo, iod croton oil, paints, sulphate of soda, salt or nitre cake. Schedule B-Iron iron or steel; co

Schedule D-Flat Schedule G-Ag fresh milk, broom, eggs, plants, etc., low, grease of we Schedule H-Let and other similar Schedule N-Su paintings, statutal ticles under sectle 1890-coffee, goat The new bill in per cent. of the is imported free. ad valorem; squa

Lumber, hewn o of a cent per cubi 60 cents per thousa lumber, \$1.20 per cents extra for cents planed one Pine clapboards per thousand; st cents per thousan sand; pickets, 6

shingles, of white other wood, 18 A Woodmi Wiarton, Ont., Johnson of Spry in the woods, wa which he was fe on him, almost t

which had to be Lost \$5,000,6 Sedalia, Mo., D extent of damage The valleys of th ade rivers suffer an exaggeration loss at \$5,000,000. some localities.