Shortly before Mrs. Davorn closed

clerc got into trouble. He had left Dr.

practice in Clayfields did not flourish.

He offered to release Ethel from an en-

gagement which she had hurriedly en-

tered into without her aunt's knowl-

edge the moment the first sinister ru-

mors of her lover reached her ears.

Ethel was uncertain what to do. She

loved the man wholly and earnestly,

and while she was hesitating he threw



It cures Incipient Consumption and is the Sold by A High-botham, Druggist.

Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1896.

BEHIND THE DOOR. (Continued from last week)

gown, his face white and drawn, his eyes wild and bloodshot, stood in the open doorway.

CHAPTER III. CHLOROFORM.

"What's the matter?" stammered Mr. Vickery, his eyes blinking and his face twitching. "What do you want with

Constable Metcalf glanced at the agitated man from head to foot. With no sign of emotion in his voice or manner he answered him that the lady of the house had been found dead in her bed. "Mrs. Davorn dead!" gasped the man | I'll open it for myself." in the doorway. "Oh, you cannot surely mean that!" He held up his hands

in an appealing attitude. "I do mean it." said the policeman. Mr. Vicaciy seemed overwhelmed with horror. He covered his face with his long, bony hands, his body trembling as if he were shaken by an ague. In a few moments he uncovered his face, and in a subdued voice asked:

"Does Miss Rodney know?" "Yes, it was she who discovered the lady dead in her bed this morning." "It is true then. It is horrible. Shocking! I feel quite dazed."

"You sleep rather soundly," said the policeman. "Is it possible you didn't hear any disturbance in the house awhile ago?" "Disturbance? No, I heard nothing.

At least nothing that I can remember, stammered Mr. Vickery, raising his



"You sleep rather soundly." eyes and gazing at the constable and at Steinworth, who was standing behind the man of the law busily chewing his yellow mustache. "Yes, I do sleep soundly sometimes. I was up late last night. It must have been far advanced in the small hours when I got to sleep. I scarcely know what I am saying." He shivered again.

"Perhaps von had better get on your clothes, sir," suggested Constable Metcalf. "I expect you find it chilly standing there; your teeth chatter." "Thank you. Yes, it is cold. I will

get on my clothes. Suddenly the bravery which found its way into his voice disappeared. "Great heavens!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "This is terrible-what you tell

me of Mrs. Davorn!" "Ah, here comes the doctor at last!" exclaimed the policeman. "Come, get on your clothes, sir," to Mr. Vickery. "I'll take the liberty of locking you in your room while I attend to the doc-

tor," suiting the action to the word. As the policeman turned round on the landing, the keys of the bedrooms in his pocket, he saw the figure of a portly man, something under the middle height, on the first landing.

"All right, doctor," said the constable, moving quickly down the five steps. "That's the room, and this is the key," opening the door of the dead woman's room, and ushering Dr. Stanley Percival into the bedchamber. Albert Steinworth still remained on

the upper landing gnawing his yellow mustache. Dr. Stanley Percival was a grave,

taciturn man, about 55 years of age. He had a large practice in Clayfields, and fully deserved his popularity and the reputation for ability which he had As he approached the bedside of Mrs.

Davorn he sniffed the air. "Um!" said he, looking toward Constable Metcalf. "Chloroform."

"I got an odd sort of smell, doctor, as I entered the room first, but I didn't know what it was."

Dr. Percival was now busy examining Mrs. Davorn. A quick hope had surged into his breast when he had smelled the chloroform. The lady might be only stupefied with the drug.

A brief examination, however, took all the hope from Dr. Percival's breast. Mrs. Davorn could never be brought back to life. "She has been dead some hours," he

said sadly.

"So I thought myself, sir. I have had some experience with corpses, doctor, or I should not be so bold as to venture an opinion. Might I ask what you think it is, sir?"

Dr. Percival vouchsafed no reply. He was standing close to the bed, his arms folded across his chest, his eyes fixed on the face of the dead woman. Suddenly sniffing the air again, he stepped back a couple of paces, and then he stooped, which nand thrusting his hand under the bed woman. he felt about him for a few seconds, and with an air of satisfaction he drew out from under the bed a sponge.

Smelling the sponge and offering it to the constable, who sniffed at it vigorously, the doctor said, "I thought the chloroform wasn't very far off," and then went back to the bedside. "Um!" said he after a pause. "This

"Very strange, sir," said the police-un. "Queer job altogether. The face looks distorted, doctor, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Dr. Percival absently. He again turned to the dead body and peered into the half closed eyes. "It's a rum business all round, sir," observed the policeman, finding silence

irksome. "Ah!" exclaimed Dr. Percival, snapping his lips and losing his absent man-"Well, constable," said he briskly, "I can do no good here, unfortunately. I'll take that sponge. You saw where I found it."

"Yes, sir." "It may be of serious importance. As the spirit has not entirely evaporated the sponge cannot have been here long. I think you had better lock the room up and report matters at your station."

"I asked Miss Rodney to give word to one of my mates if she chanced to meet one. I suppose it was the chloroform did it, doctor?"

"We shall see. We shall see," said Dr. Percival. "As I have told you, I can be of no further use here just now. Mrs. Davorn is dead-has probably been dead for some hours. You will find me at my house if your inspector should want me before 11 o'clock or after 2. I'll be on my rounds between 11 and 2. Good morning, constable."

"Good morning, sir," said the policeman, ushering the doctor out of the bedroom.

"Don't upset yourself, my dear Miss Rodney," Metcalf heard the doctor say as the physician reached the hall. "And it is true then, doctor? She is

"It is unfortunately too true. But there, don't upset yourself, like a dear young lady. I'll call round about 11 if | this 'ere job." I can manage to snatch the time then. If not, I'll come later. Don't trouble.

Constable Metcalf had succeeded in closing the door of Mrs. Davorn's room -the lock seemed to be unusually obstinate on this occasion-by the time the noise of the closing of the hall door upon Dr. Percival reached his listening ears. Then he heard sounds of violent sobbing proceeding from the front par-"The poor young lady's grief is nothing to me, of course," reflected the constable, who had a softer corner in his heart than he gave himself credit for. "We must see what happened here during the night. I wonder has she

given the word to any of my mates?" He was not, however, eager to be disturbed just then by the advent of a fellow constable or by an inspector. He was losing no time, and the more information he could acquire the better for everybody. He turned round and again

mounted to the second landing. Albert Steinworth was leaning against the jamb of his own bedroom door, biting his thumb nail.

"I suppose it really is all over then?" said the young man, straightening his back and pointing toward the room where the body lay.

"Dead as a doornail," said the policeman. "I thought so myself when I entered the room this morning-exactly on the stroke of 6 it was then-but it don't do to be offering professional opinions in matters of life and death. with the thumb of his right hand, "made any move since?"

"No-at least I have heard nothing." "He ought to be dressed now. Perhaps he is waiting to be released." Constable Metcalf knocked at Mr. Vickery's door, and in response to the summons heard a gruff "Come in!" The policeman opened the lock, turned the handle and threw back the door.

Mr. Vickery, fully dressed, came forward as the door opened. "Were you aware, sir," asked the constable, "that you were locked into your room last night-or, at all events,

early this morning?" A puzzled look stole into the bloodshot eyes of Bernard Vickery.

"Locked into my room? I don't quite understand you. What do you mean?" "Why, that I found your door, as well as the other one on the landing, locked from the outside."

There was a perplexed look in Bernard Vickery's eyes as the policeman explained about the doors. "That is odd, surely," said he. "I seldom trouble about my lock at night or about the inside bolt. I am generally a late bird. But who could have locked me in, or why?"

"Don't ask me. Now, gentlemen, 1 want to have a word with Miss Rodney. What will you do with yourselves meanwhile? Recollect I am acting for myself, but I think I am right in saying that you must not leave the house until I have further instructions about you." "I suppose, then," said Steinworth, who had been strangely silent, "that I may put Paddington finally out of my

"I should say so." "All right, policeman. There is no use in crying over spilled milk." took off his hat and rubbed the sleeve of his coat round it.

"You see, we shall want the assistance of every one in the house to clear up the mystery-for it looks a bit mysterious-of Mrs. Davorn's death. Ah! think I hear the voice of one of my mates in the hall. I'll send him up here to you while I go down to the young lady. You'll keep my mate in chat, I hope, gentlemen. It's very awkward, I know. He's a gruff sort of customer,

but he means well." Steinworth nodded in a careless way and, abandoning his hat, he again addressed himself to his mustache.

"Now, sir," said Constable Metcalf, glancing at Mr. Vickery, "I'll take the liberty of locking your room."

"This is very arbitrary, surely," observed Mr. Vickery. "Not at all, sir," locking the door as Vickery stepped tremblingly out on the landing. "Now I'll run down stairs,

gentlemen." "Can I have just one word with you," asked Albert Steinworth, "say on the lower landing?"

"Certainly, only remember I am a "The caution, if it is meant for such, is, I think, unnecessary," following the

constable down the five steps. "What I want to ask you," said Steinworth, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "is, what does the doctor say?" "About Mrs. Davorn?" inquired Metcalf, placing his open hand on the door which now separated him from the dead

"Yes; what does he think of it?" "I don't know what he thinks-he's not very free with his thoughts, but I should say he thinks with me, that it is chloroform."

"What? Chloroform!" "Yes; looks rather like it." "Looks like what?"

"That the lady was sent off into her last sleep with an overdose of chloro- lently in love at first sight with Ethel

"You surely don't mean that? You first meeting he proposed.

The young girl was not prepared for

than an ordinary sudden death?" Steinworth's face was pinched and pallid as she declined to say "yea" or "nay" to he put the question.

Leclerc for at least another six months. The young doctor took his rebuff badly, "I am afraid it looks very like mur-

passion. He appealed to Mrs. Davorn, "Heavens! No!" cried the young but from her he got no help or promise man, trembling violently, and losing of help. Mrs. Davorn had for some reacontrol of his voice. "Who would murson taken an instinctive dislike to the der such a kind lady, and for what?" handsome young doctor. His impulsive "I don't know. I think I have said a manner jarred on her nerves. great deal too much as it is, sir," obher eyes forever on the world Dr. Le-

served the suave policeman. "This is most shocking." whimpered Steinworth. "It will drive Miss Rodney crazy. Does she know anything of this -this suspicion of chloroform, or whatever you say it is?"

"I can't say; you must not ask me too many questions. We are losing a lot of time. I am, at any rate." "What a mercy I was locked into my

room last night!" exclaimed Steinworth, throwing up his hands. "There is no knowing where this will end." "Hello, Young!" cried Constable Metcalf, affecting to ignore Steinworth's hysterics and addressing himself to his fellow constable who stood in the hall.

"Hello!" answered Constable Young "I say, Young, will you step this saw no way out of them except to flee in a gruff voice. way, and keep two gentlemen company from the country. He had a brother in np here for a bit? I want to see the | the United States who would help him.

young lady below." "All right," answered Young. "Been rather long, but from the information received from the young lady I thought it best to go back to the station. Inspector Briggs will be here presently. He met Dr. Percival on the Crescent road. I left them having a chat together about

CHAPTER IV.

MES. DAVORN'S NIECE. It was now about half past 7 o'clock. The morning mist had disappeared, and there was a promise in the sky of a

fine clear day. In the front sitting room of 13 Felspar road a young girl sat, her arms on a small table in the center of the room,

her head pillowed in her arms. Ethel Rodney, niece and only living relative of the woman lying dead, was five and twenty years of age. She was an only child, and her mother had died before Ethel had reached her fifteenth birthday. John Rodney, her father, held an honorable and lucrative post in the civil service. He was an improvident man, content always to regard the good and evil of the day sufficient. He owned to living up to every penny of his income and was always threatening himself with retrenchment. At 45, when Ethel was in her nineteenth year, John Rodney suddenly died. When his affairs were wound up, it was ascertained that not only had he saved nothing, but that he was considerably in debt. An appeal had been made to his department, and a sum of money was privately subscribed

by his colleagues. After the payment of John Rodney's | ing day. debts, for which purpose the money had principally been raised, it was found there was a small sum left, and it was decided to apprentice Ethel to her aunt -a widowed sister of John Rodney, who at that time conducted a fairly flourishing millinery business in the west end of London. When Ethel had been two years with her aunt, Mrs. Davorn, being anxious about her own health and eager to give up the cares of her shop, decided to sell the business, and proposed to her niece they should live together in some quiet London suburb, Ethel to perform the light duties of a companion to her aunt. Mrs. Davorn, on settling her affairs, found she was possessed of a sum of over £6,000, and she felt she could safely leave business and its cares behind her and be able to make comfortable provision for herself and for her niece, whom she dearly

loved. Mrs. Davorn had taken the advice of a friend, and had invested her savings in one lump in a prosperous colonial bank. Then she took and furnished 13 Felspar road, and felt that at 41 years of age all her business cares and worries had been buried forever. In the third year after she had settled down in Clayfields the prosperous colonial bank went into liquidation, and the widowed lady found her capital reduced from over £6,000 to something under £1,500. She knew she was unfitted to begin over again a business career, and she knew that £1,500 securely invested could not keep the house going. She was very much attached to the house, which sho had furnished tastefully and comfortably; there was a pretty garden at the rear, and the neighborhood was supposed to be eminently healthy. Therefore she decided to try the experiment of keeping the house and letting apartments. Steinworth and Vickery had been her first and only lodgers. Both men found their quarters specially comfortable, but Mrs. Davorn was just beginning to discover that the letting of

apartments was not, in her case, a very | think." profitable arrangement. When things had come to this pass, she received another shock at hearing that the bank in which she had invested £1,300 was in a perilous condition. Without waiting to learn if the rumor was worth her serious attention she had on Tuesday, the 8th of October, gone into town and drawn her £1,300 (which had been lodged on deposit at call) out

of the bank. About 12 months previously Ethel Rodney had met at a dance in the house of a friend in Clayfields a young doctor who was at the time an assistant to Dr. Stanley Percival. Maurice Leclere was a tall, slender, young man, about six and twenty years of age, with a pale face, a beautiful square forehead, piercing dark eyes, and crisp brown hair. Though his father was a Frenchman, Leclerc had been born in England. His mother was of Irish parentage, and young Leclerc inherited the volatile nature of his



French father and the impulsive and somewhat gloomy temperament of mis Irish mother. Maurice Leclero fell vio-Rodney, and three months after their

himself at her feet and passionately implored her to marry him at once and to fly with him as his wife to a new country across the seas. Half in love, half in pity, she had given a reluctant consent to his wild proposal, but on calm reflection she had seen the unwisdom of taking so rash a step and had suggested to Leclerc at the last moment

Mrs. Davorn absolutely declined to countenance Leclerc's wild scheme for rehabilitating himself, and she was so indignant at learning that Ethel had made the clandestine arrangement for flight with the young doctor (who had already armed himself with a marriage license) that she declared neither one nor the other should ever have a penny of her money. Losing her temper completely, she taunted Leclerc with having no object but that of escaping from the meshes in which he was entangled by marrying Ethel and possessing himself through her of sufficient money to enable him to escape from his difficulties. This taunt, which was wholly unworthy of Mrs. Davorn and undeserved by Leclerc, had angered Ethel beyond measure, and on the night of the 9th of October she had given her lover at parting a promise to marry him on the follow-

Ethel had pondered over all this in the solitude of her own room on the night of the 9th of October. She was sorely grieved at having upset her aunt, but she had not yet been able to forgive the unworthy taunt which Mrs. Davorn had leveled at her lover. It was long after midnight when she fell asleep, and the first sounds which had disturbed her in the morning were the sounds made by Constable Metcalf in his attempts to

Ethel Rodney was now in an utterly bewildered state of mind. She was frantic with grief and could not yet wholly realize that she was hever again to see her aunt, whose last hours she had

made miserable. Her dazed reveries were interrupted by Constable Metcalf, who knocked quietly at the half open door of the parlor. A faint "Come in" greeted him. "I am very sorry, miss," said the suave policeman as he entered the room

and gazed at the distracted girl, "but," closing the door, "I must ask you for some information." Metcalf was determined to have a full notebook before the matter was taken

out of his hands by his inspector. The sight of the policeman seemed to have a steadying effect on the young

you any information I can. I was almost stupefied when I opened the door for you this morning, but I think I feel

"I'm glad to hear it, miss," fumbling with his notebook. "The deceased lady, Mrs. Davorn, was your cunt?"

"When did you see her alive last?" "About 11 o'clock last night."

"In her bedroom." "Was she complaining of any illness?" "I do not remember that she complained, but she had not been well for

some days from overexcitement, I "By the way, miss," said the constable after he had committed this information to his notebook, "are you aware that the window of this room here was

opened during the night?" Ethel Rodney rose quickly from her chair at the question, her face distorted

"What do you mean?" she asked, panting. "The window opened during the night? You surely don't mean to convey that any one broke into the house last night. Oh, do not tell me this," she moaned. "It is almost more terrible than what I discovered this morning."

She fell back into her chair and buried her face in her hand. Constable Metcalf stood silently by,

still busy with his notebook. "Yes, miss," he added, after a pause. "It does look to me as if some one had broken into the house last night." The girl took her hands from her face

and gazed at the officer of the law. "You surely don't mean to suggest," she asked, with a calmness which disconcerted Constable Metcalf almost as much as Mr. Steinworth's early volubility, "that my aunt has been-has"she hesitated, the words almost choking her-"that my dear aunt did not die a natural death?"

"I am afraid it looks as if she didn't, "Oh, this is terrible-terrible!" cried Ethel Rodney, rising from her chair and walking up and down the room

beating her hands against her skirts. Constable Metcalf stood, notebook in hand, watching her furtively. He did not attempt to speak until he saw that she had again become calmer. "Could there be any reason in your

mind, miss," he asked, "why any one should break into the house?" "There might be. There might be a reason," answered Ethel, standing still and clasping her hands. "And it is almost too awful to think of. Oh, what shall I do? And we quarreled bitterly

[To be Continued]

Newspapers and Magazices. such swift and passionate courtship, and -The New Year's number of Harper's Round Table, issued January 7, 1896, will contain a story by Albert Les, entitled ' New Year's Day with the Cressy Family;' but it did not lessen the ardor of his "A Twelfth Night Party," by Emma J. Gray, the second entertainment of a series to be published through the year; "Ought a Boy to Go to Sea?' by William Clark Russell-one of the most interesting of w series of articles on "How to Startia Life;" the first instalment of Margaret E. Sangster's six-part story entitled "The Middle

Daughter; "Submarine Torpedo Boats,"

by Franklin Matthews; and an instalment

of "For King or Country," a serial story by James Barnes. The number is beautifully Percival for some time, and his own illustrated and has a colored cover. -Ex president Berjamin Herrison will discuss "The Presidential Office" very There were sinister rumors about his comprehen-ively in his "This Country of financial condition, rumors which Ours' series, in the forthcoming February reached the ears both of aunt and niece. Ludies' Home Journal. He will detail the Mrs. Davorn felt a certain amount of provisions and methods of electing a chief magistrate, and will have much to say triumph at discovering that she had bearing upon the eligibility of a president been instrumental in preventing her for re-election; will give his views as to niece from entering into an engagement the length of the presidential term, and with a worse than penniless young man, xpress rather dec'ded epinions relative to the annoyance to which presidents are but the news of the young doctor's diffisubjected from office-seekers. The article culties had caused the wavering girl to is practical, based upon experience and make up her mind suddenly and deciobservation, and is very timely. General sively. She would marry her lover at Harrison believes that the fears (expressed by the framers of the constitution that any cost. Dr. Leclerc informed Ethel the power of the office is such as to enable candidly of his troubles and declared he an ambitious incumbent to scare an ladeflatte succession of terms, have never

teen raal zed. -We have received the first number cf the new monthly, Industrial Canada, which comes to us from the publisher, Mr. W. Sundfield Johnston, 34 Adelaide st., Torontc. The prospectus sets forth that this rew and likely class journal represents the Mining Lumbering, Manufacturing, Milling, Agricu tural and allies interests of the Dominion, and if succeed ing members maintain the high standard indicated by the one before us the success f the publication is assured. In addition to very interesting articles on the subjec s oatlined above, Industrial Canada will give concisely written reviews of leading articles appearing in other trade journals, thus saving the busy business man from wading through the many trade journals published. The subscription price of the new journal has been placed at the low figure of \$1 a year, and the fact that Mr. Johnston is senior member of one of the leading printing and publishing houses in that the matter should be laid before Toronto, and an old-time newspaper publisher, is a guarantee of the success of the venture. Every business man who wishes to ke p abreast of the times should subscripe for Industrial Canada, and if he takes it he may, if he so desire, give up eyeral others without losing anything of

> DANGERGOUS RESULTS SURI TO FOLLOW

Negleat of Ki rey Trouble-South Ameri. can Eldney Cure is a Remedy thit Quickly E adicates Kidney Trouble in any of its Stages.

It is an unfortunate blunder to allow disease of the kidneys to obtain a hold in the system. The disease is of that character that leads to many ser'ous complications which too often end fatally. The strong point of South American Kidney Care is that it drives this disease out of the system whether taken in its incipient sugges or after it has more nearly approached the chronic condition. Toe medicine is a radical one, easy to take, yet thoroughly effective, and what is er couraging to the patient the results of its use are made manifest almost immidiately. As a matter of fact this u edicine will relieve distressing kidney and b'adder disease in six hour?.

American Sentiment Favors England. The following extracts from a letter received by Mr. G. H. Hopkins from a republican league friend in New York, show the trend of American sentiment on

the Transvaal question :-. My dear Hopkins,-I see by the press "you have some politics on hand. The "Manitoba school question interests ue, as we have the same question here in a "email way. While only a day ago our "country was ready to fight Old England "for what we believe a principle, tc-day "every man I have met is ready to side with Eagland against Germany. I was 'at our state committee headquarters for an hour; our state party leaders were present in considerable numbers, and all seemed to take the English side. I think "Lord Salistury will accorpt arbitration as "a way of settlement of the Venezzelan question, and the Angle-Saxon race stand cogether in tentiment, if not in war. think England would whip Germany



health and that of their husbands. A man's physical well being is closely watched by a thoughtful wife. It is part of her duty in the world to keep him well. If she sees him running down, she should take measures to stop it. Very few men enjoy being sick. They are sick. They will go on losing flesh and vitality-working too hard-worrying too hard-taking little or no care of their health. Maybe they need only a little help to be made well. Maybe a good simple tonic is all they require. Maybe it is something more serious. Whichever it is, it should be attended to. When a man gets really sick, his work stops. He can't tend to business. He loses all he has previously gained. Actual want may stare him in the face. It doesn't pay to get sick, or to stay sick. There's no need of doing either. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent sickness. It is a blood helper and flesh builder. It restores perfect digestion and insures perfect assimilation of the food. It is a powerful enemy to germs and will search them out in all parts of the body, forcing their evacuation. It has been proven by the written testimony of hundreds of grateful people that the "Golden Medical Discovery" will even cure 98 per cent, of all cases of consumption if taken in its early stages.

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The Canad LINDSAY, FRIDA

Great Work Tupper

THE BOLTERS Premier Bowell Inn Father-

for the leadership ell and Sir Chas. 1 back to th words Sir Macke to enter the Cabl lious Ministers a Sir Hibbert Tup taken by his fat nosal, but its fina postponed till to loubt about ng to sit again with Messrs. F Montague, again clared war. He again meet thes The situati had been made 4 ments would be faction in Paris promise. The "A usually said last I

> tual recriminat out, that charg tion to promote be settled."

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and get togeth Mackenzie Bo was able to t Mr. Ives was a pect of Hon.