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AYER'S

Hair Vigor to keep my hair of good color, to remove dandruff, to heal itching humors, and prevent the hair from falling out. I never hesitate to recommend Ayer's Hair Vigor to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGIR, Avoca, Neb.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the Complexion.

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A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Boreal Complaints. It is a simple, safe and quick cure for Croup, Cough, Whooping Cough, Colic, Cholera, Diphtheria, Croup, Toothache. TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1897.

THE GREAT K. & N. Train Robbery

(Continued from last week.)

I was now heading for the station over the ties, and was surprised to see Fred Cullen with Lord Ralles on the tracks up by the special, for my mind had been so busy during the last hour that I had forgotten that his train was due. The moment I saw him I rode towards him, pressing my pony for all he was worth. My hope was that I might get time to give Fred the tip as to where the letters were; but before I was within speaking distance Baldwin came running out from behind the station, and, seeing me, turned, called back and gesticulated, evidently to summon some cowboys to head me off. Afraid to about anything which should convey the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of the letters, as the next best thing I pulled a couple of old section reports from my pocket, intending to ride up and run into my car, for I knew that the papers would be taken to the wanted letters, and that if I could get inside the car even for a moment the suspicion would be that I had hid them. Unfortunately, the plan was no sooner thought of than it was abandoned, for I had advanced far enough towards civilization, and before I could guard myself the noise had settled over my head. Fred threw the papers towards Fred and Lord Ralles, shouting, "Hide them." Fred was quick as a flash, and grabbing them off the ground, sprang up the steps of my car and ran inside, just as a bullet from my pursuers. I tried to pull up my pony, for I did not want to be jerked off, but I was too late, and the next moment I was lying on the ground in a pretty wretched and jarred condition, surrounded by a lot of men.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EVENING IN JAIL. Before my ideas had had time to straighten themselves out, I was lifted by my feet, and half pushed, half lifted to the station platform. Camp was already there, and as I took this fact in I saw Fred and his lordship pulled through the doorway of my car by the cowboys and dragged out onto the platform. The reports were now in Lord Ralles' hands. "That's what we want, boys," cried Camp. "Those letters."

"Take your hands off me," said Lord Ralles, coolly, "and I'll give them to you." The men who had hold of his arms let go, and quick as a flash Ralles tore the papers in two. He tried to tear them once more, but, before he could do so, half a dozen men were holding him, and the papers were forced out of his hands. Albert Cullen—for all of them were on the platform of 21—by this time—shouting, "Well done, Ralles!" quite forgot the excitement of the moment, and in English accent drew. Apparently Camp didn't care a bit with him, for he ripped out a string of oaths which he impatiently divided among Ralles, the cowboys and myself. I was decidedly sorry I hadn't given the real letters, for his lordship apparently had no scruple

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about destroying them, and I knew few men whom I would have seen behind prison bars with as little personal regret. However, no one had apparently paid the slightest attention to the pony, and the probabilities were that he was already headed for Baldwin's ranch, with the likelihood of his stopping till he reached home. At least that is what I hoped; but there were a lot of ponies standing about, and not knowing the markings of the one I had ridden, I wasn't able to tell whether he might not be among them.

Just as the fragments of paper were passed over to Mr. Camp, he was joined by Baldwin and the judge, and Camp held the torn pieces, saying—"They've torn the proxies in two." "Don't let that trouble you," said the judge. "Make an affidavit before me, reciting the manner in which they were destroyed, and I'll grant you a mandamus compelling the directors to accept them as bona-fide proxies. Let me see how much they are injured." Camp unfolded the papers, and I chuckled to myself to see the look of surprise that overspread his face as he took in the fact that they were on a section report. And, though I don't like to boast, I have to acknowledge that I enjoyed the two or three that he promptly ejaculated.

When the first surprise of the trio was over, they called on the sheriff, who arrived opportunely, to take us into 97 and search the three of us—proceeding that puzzled Fred and his lordship not a little, for they weren't on to the fact that the letters hadn't been recovered. I presume the latter will some day write a book dwelling on the favorite theme of the forenoon, that there is no personal privacy in America. The ruling remark as the search was made seemed to open Fred's eyes, for he looked at me with a puzzled air, but I winked and frowned at him, and he put his face in order.

When the papers were found on any of us, Camp and Baldwin both nearly went demented. Baldwin suggested that I had never had the papers, but Camp argued that Fred or Lord Ralles must have hidden them in the car, in spite of the fact that the cowboys who had caught them insisted that they couldn't have had time to hide the papers. Anyway, they spent an hour in ferreting about in my car, and even searched my two darkies, on the possibility that the true letters had been passed on to them. While they were engaged in this, I was trying to think out some way of letting Mr. Cullen and Albert know where the letters were. The problem was to suggest the saddle to them, without letting the cowboys understand, and by good luck I thought I had the means. Albert had complained to me the day we had ridden out the Indian dwellings at Flagstaff that he had chafed on his trip to Moran's Point. Hoping he would "catch on," I alluded to him.

"How are your sore spots, Albert?" He looked at me in a puzzled way, and called, "Aw, I don't understand you." "Those sore spots you complained about the day before yesterday," I explained. He didn't seem any the less befogged as he replied, "I had forgotten all about them." "I've got a touch of the same trouble," I went on, "and, if I were you, I'd look into the cause."

Albert only looked very much mystified, and I didn't dare say more, for at this point the trio, with the sheriff, came out of my car. I had known that the letters were safe, I could have read the story in their faces, for more disgusted and angry-looking men I have rarely seen. They had a talk with the sheriff, and then Fred, Lord Ralles, and I, with the marching off by the official, his lordship demanding sight of a warrant, and protesting against the illegality of his arrest, varied at moments by threats to appeal to the British consul, minister plenipotentiary, Her Majesty's Foreign Office, etc., all of which had about as much influence on the sheriff and his cowboy assistants as a Moqui Indian snake-dance would have in stopping a runaway engine. I confess to feeling a certain grim satisfaction in the fact that if I was to be off in my seeing Madge the Britisher was in the same box with me.

Aah, Fozks, though only six years old, had advanced far enough towards civilization to have a small jail, and into that we were shoved. Night was come by the time we were lodged there, and, being in pretty good appetite, I struck the sheriff for some grub. "I'll get you something," he said, good-naturedly. "But next time you shove your friends, Mr. Gordon, just quit shovin' yer friends. My shoulder feels like—perhaps it's just as well not to say what his shoulder feels like. The western vocabulary is expressive, but at times not quite fit for publication."

The moment that Sheriff was gone, Fred wanted the mystery of the letters explained, and I told him all there was to tell, including as good a description of the pony as I could give him. We tried to hit on some plan to get word to those outside, but it wasn't to be done. At least it was a point gained that some one of our party beside myself knew where the letters were.

The sheriff returned presently with a loaf of canned bread and a tin of beans. If I had been alone I should have kicked at the food and got permission for my boys to send up something from 97, but I thought I'd see how Lord Ralles would like genuine western fare, so I said nothing. That, I have to state, is more or rather less than the Britisher did, after he had sampled the stuff; and really I didn't blame him, much as I enjoyed his rage and disgust.

It didn't take long to finish our supper, and then Fred, who hadn't slept much the night before, stretched out on the floor and went to sleep. Lord Ralles and I sat on boxes—the only furniture the room contained—about as far apart as we could get, he in the sulks and I whistling cheerfully. I should have liked to be with Madge, but he wasn't, so there was some compensation, and I knew that time was playing the cards in our favor. So long as they hadn't found the letters we had only to sit still to win.

About an hour after supper the sheriff came back and told me Camp and Baldwin wanted to see me. I saw no reason to object, so in they came, accompanied by the judge. Baldwin opened the hall by saying—"Well, Mr. Gordon, you've played a pretty good game, and I suppose you think you stand to win the pot?" "I'm not complaining," I said. "Still," said Camp, angrily, as if my contented manner fretted him, "our time will come presently, and we can

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the end. He fell a victim to Bright's Disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.



is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally recommend. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

box on which I had been sitting, and prepared to make the best fight I could. It was a good deal of relief, therefore, when the door opened just wide enough for a man to put in his head, and I heard the sheriff's voice say softly—"Hi Gordon!"

I was at the door in an instant and asked—"What's up?" "They're gettin' the boys together, and sayin' that you shot a woman in the hold-up." "It's an infernal lie," I said. "Sounds so to me," said the sheriff; "but two-thirds of the boys are drunk, and it's a long time since they've had any fun."

"Well," I said, as calmly as I could, "are you going to stand by me?" "I would, Mr. Gordon," he replied, "if there was any good, but there ain't time to get a posse, and what's one Winchester against a mob of cowboys like them?" "If you'll lend me your gun," I said, "I'll do just what it is worth, without troubling you."

"I'll do better than that," said the sheriff, "and that's what I'm here for. Just sneak, while there's time." "That's it," I exclaimed, and I'll leave the door unlocked, and I'll clear for me know your address, and, if I want you, I'll send you word."

CHAPTER XIII. A LERSON IN POLITENESS. Within five minutes we had a big surprise, for the sheriff and Mr. Baldwin came back, and the former announced that Fred and Lord Ralles were free, having been released on bail. When we found that Camp had gone on the bond, I knew there was a scheme in the move, and taking Fred aside I warned him against trying to recover the proxies.

"They'll probably think that one or the other of you knows where the letters are hidden, and they'll keep a watch on you, so go slow." He nodded, and followed the sheriff and Lord Ralles out. The moment they were gone, Baldwin said, "I came back to give you a last chance."

"That's very good of you," I said. "I want you," he said, threateningly, "are you not men to be beaten. There are fifty cowboys of mine in this town, who think you were concerned in the hold-up. By merely tipping them the wink, they'll give you out of this, and after they've got you out I wouldn't give the loss of a nickel for your life. Now, then, will you hand over those letters, or will you go to—inside of ten minutes?"

I lost my temper in turn. "I'd much prefer going to some place where I was sure of meeting you," I retorted; "and as for the cowboys, you'd better be as tricky with them as you want to be, before you'll get them to back you up in your dirty work."

At this point the sheriff called back to me, and I went to the door. "All right," cried Baldwin, and went to the door. "This is the last call," he said, pausing for a moment on the threshold.

"I hope so," I said, more calmly in manner than in feeling. I have to acknowledge, for I didn't like the look of things. That they were in earnest I felt pretty certain, for I understood now why they had let my companions out of jail. They didn't care to risk hanging more than was necessary.

CASTORIA

so that by a few sweeps of my arm I could cover my whole body, leaving only my mouth and nose exposed, and those below the level. That made me feel pretty safe, for even if the cowboys found the loose plank and crawled in, it would take uncommon good eyesight, in the darkness, to find me. I had hollowed out my living grave to fit, and if I could have smoked I should have been decidedly comfortable. Sleep I dared not indulge in, and the signal showed that I was right in not allowing myself to luxuriate.

I hadn't much more than comfortably settled myself, and let all thoughts of a cigar and a nap fit through my mind, when a row up street showed that the jail-breaking had been discovered. Then followed shouts and confusion for a few minutes, while a search was being organized. I heard some horsemen ride over the tracks, and also down the street, followed by the hurried footsteps of half a dozen men. Some banged at the doors of the specials, while others knocked at the station door.

One of the Cullens' servants opened the door of 218, and I heard the sheriff's voice telling him he'd got to search the car. "Search the car," said the "gentleman" all away, and only the "miss inside." The row brought Miss Cullen to the door, and I heard her ask "what was the matter."

"I'm sorry to trouble you, miss," said the sheriff, "but a risoner has broken jail, and we've got to look for him." "Escaped!" cried Madge, joyfully; "How?" "That's just what gets away with us," said the sheriff. "My idea is—"

"Don't worry," said the sheriff. "I'm on the car he can't get away. We'll send a fellow up for Mr. Cullen, while we search Mr. Gordon's car and the station." They set about it at once, and used up ten minutes in the task. Then I heard Camp say—"Come, we can't wait all night for permission to search this car. Go ahead."

"I hope you'll wait till my father comes," said Madge. "Now go slow, Mr. Camp," said the sheriff. "We mustn't discomfit the lady if we can avoid it."

"I believe you're wasting time in order to help him escape," spat Camp, so angry as hardly to be able to articulate. "If you won't do your duty, I'll take the car into my own hands, and order the car searched." "Nothing of the kind," said the sheriff, "but when a female is in question, a gentleman, Mr. Camp, yes, sir, a gentleman—is in duty bound to be polite." "Politeness be—!" cried Camp.

sheriff, wrathfully, "but the—" said the lady. "I'll talk in the presence of a lady!"

CHAPTER XIV. "LISTENERS NEVER HEAR ANYTHING GOOD." Before I had ceased chucking over the sheriff's indignant declaration of the laws of etiquette, I heard Mr. Cullen's voice demanding to know what the trouble was. It was quickly explained to him I had escaped. He at once gave them permission to search his car, and went in with the sheriff and the cowboys. Apparently Madge went in also, for in a moment I heard Camp say in a low tone—"The car and crew in under the truck where you can't be seen. Evidently that crew ain't here, but he's likely to come by and by. If so, nab him if you can, and if you can't, fire two shots. Mostly, are you heeled?"

"Do I carry a gun?" said Madge, ironically, clearly insulted at the suggestion that he would travel without a gun. (To be Continued.)

Advertisement for Castoria, 900 Drops, Fac-Simile Signature of Dr. J.C. Ayer & Co. Includes text: 'A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.'

Advertisement for Seeds, James Keith, Highest Market Prices Paid for ALSIKE, RED GLOVE and TIMOTHY SEED. The Very Best LAWN SEED—always on hand. JAMES KEITH, WILLIAM-ST.

Advertisement for Single Tax Column, The Son of Bishop Hall talks about Canada. At the last meeting of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, Bolton Hall, of New York and Delaware, addressed the members and many outsiders on 'Canada and the Single Tax.'

Advertisement for Beauty, Beauty is the power which captivates the strongest natures. A woman's personal attractiveness is the most attractive force of beauty. Mankind is more influenced by the bright glowing vitality of a classic cast of countenance than by the sweetness of perfume or the softness of complexion or unwholesome beauty.

Advertisement for Proportional Representation, We deal with this subject under the heading of our Single Tax Column, although there is no direct connection between the two subjects, because the adoption of proportional representation would greatly help the progress of radical reform. Believing, as we do, that the adoption of the single tax principle would be of immense benefit to the people of Canada, we desire to spread a knowledge of anything which would help it on.

Advertisement for Catarrh of Long Standing, It is not alone the people of our country, and prominent citizens of Urban Lippe, M.P., of Joliette, Que., other members of parliament, who have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, announce it the most effective remedy ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratitude for the effectiveness of this medicine. Dr. Archer of Brewer, Maine, says: 'I had catarrh for several years; I would run from my eyes and nose day after day. About four months ago I induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal remedy I have not had an attack since. It is not pleasant to take, but it would not be without it.' It relieves ten minutes. Sold by A. Higginbotham.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil prepared as a food. At the same time, it is a blood maker, a nerve tonic, and an up-builder. Principally it is a food for the tired and weak digestion for those who are not getting the fat they should from their ordinary food; for children whom nothing seems to nourish; for all who are fat-starved and thin. It is pleasant to take; at least, it is not unpleasant. Children like it and ask for more.

Advertisement for Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc. HERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

Advertisement for Gold is King, Steele, Briggs, GOLDEN RETURNS. CATALOGUES FREE. The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., TORONTO, ONT.

Advertisement for The Canadian Post, LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1897. RAILWAY CARRIAGE MURDER. General of the Victim in London. Think They Will Discover the Murderer.

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS Any POISON in the blood is sure to do havoc somewhere. The only Preventive is sound kidneys, the only Cure, kidney medicine, the only Medicine is DODD'S Kidney Pills.