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Without injurious medication.

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As a rule people are good enough except in the little things of life.

Cuticura Remedies.

WORST FORM ECZEMA.

This is to certify that a child of mine had Eczema in its worst form...

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The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally and externally...

GREGORY'S LIVER TONIC.

The Great Blood Purifier and Health-Giving Tonic.

A safe, pleasant and reliable medicine that will cure DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, SCORFULA, JAUNDICE, PIMPLES, HEARTBURN, LIVER COMPLAINT, RHEUMATISM, LOSS OF APETITE, and all diseases arising from impure blood.

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Gold Medal Dyers, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec.

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HE AND SHE.

He Answered Her Questions but Didn't Tell His Story.

If there is one thing more than another calculated to throw a man into a gushing-out-of-teeth and out-of-hair condition, says the Toledo Evening Journal, it is his attempt to give the wife of his bosom an account of some ordinary affairs, to which she listens after this fashion:

"Oh, my dear, I must tell you something Jack Burroughs told me to-day while—"

"She—Where did you see Jack Burroughs?"

"Oh, we went out to luncheon together, and—"

"How did you happen to go out to luncheon together?"

"Well, we didn't exactly go out together. I met Jack on the restaurant steps, and—"

"What restaurant?"

"Colloway's. And Jack—"

"How did you happen to go to Colloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's."

"I nearly always do, but I just happened to drop into Colloway's to-day, along with Jack, and—"

"Does he always lunch at Colloway's?"

"I'm sure, my dear (a little sharply), that I don't know if he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if—"

"Oh, of course not. (Hastily.) I just wondered if he did; that's all. Go on with your story."

"Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack—"

"What kind of soup?"

"Turtle. Jack said that—"

"I thought you disliked turtle soup."

"Well, I don't care much about it; but—"

"How did you happen to order it if you don't care for it?"

"Because I did. (Severely.) But the soup has nothing to do with the story."

"Oh, of course not. (In a relieved tone.) I never said that it did. I don't see why you should get so cross over a simple question. Go on."

"Well, while we were eating our soup Lawrence Hildreth and his new wife came in, and—"

"They did?"

"I have just said so."

"Well, you needn't be so cross about it."

"They came in, and—"

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty enough. Jack bowed and—"

"Does he know them?"

"Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare I—"

"How was she dressed?"

"How should I know? I never looked at her dress. What I was going to tell you was that—"

"Did they sit near you?"

"At the next table. And while they were ordering Jack said that they—"

"Could they hear him?"

"Do you suppose (fiercely) that Jack would have no more sense than to tell them hear him talking about them? I'll swear if—"

"James, if you can't tell me a single little incident without getting into a passion, why'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?"

"He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and—"

"How did he know that?"

"Great Caesar! I don't know you go again!"

"James, will you please remember that it is your wife to whom you are speaking, sir?"

"No other woman would drive me raving, distracted crazy, asking silly questions about—"

"James?"

"Every time I try to tell you anything you begin and you—"

"James (rising with dignity and saying ruefully) I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and—"

"You never listen to anything. That's the trouble. If—"

"When I ask a simple question you—"

"I'd say 'simple.' You've asked me a million 'simple' questions in the last half hour, and because I was going to tell you that Jack Burroughs said that—"

"I do not wish to hear what Jack Burroughs said if you cannot tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room, since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot." (Retires scornfully, while he narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.)

A RARE POEM.

It Was Written by a Poet Who Has Since Won Fame.

In the house of a gentleman in this city, says the Kokono, Ind. Dispatch, we saw a poem written on the fly leaf of an old book. Noticing the initials "E. A. P." at the bottom, it struck us that possibly we had run across a bonanza.

The owner of the book said that he did not know who was the author of the poem. His grandfather, who gave him the book, kept an inn in Chesterfield, near Richmond, Va. One night a young man who showed plainly the marks of dissipation rapped at the door, asked if he could stay all night and was shown to a room.

That was the last they saw of him. When they went next morning to call him he had disappeared, he had gone, but had left the book on the fly leaf of which he had written these verses:

LEONAINNE.

Leonainne—Angels named her and they took the light Of the laughing stars, and framed her In suits of white.

And they made her hair of gloomy Midnight, and her eyes of glowing Moonshine, and they brought her to me In the silent night.

In a solemn night of summer When my heart of gloom, Bloomed up to greet the cozier Like a rose in bloom:

All forebodings that distressed me I forgot as joy crowned me, Lying joy that caught and pressed me In the arms of doom.

Only spake the little lipper In the angel's tongue, Yet I, listening, heard her whisper: "Songs are only sung: Here below, that they may grieve you— Tales are told you to deceive you— So must Leonainne leave you While her love is young."

Then God smiled, and it was morning Matchless and peerless adorning Heaven's glory seemed adorning Earth with its esteem:

Every heart but mine seemed lifted With the voice of prayer, and lifted Where my Leonainne drifted From me like a dream.

E. A. P.

Really J. Whitcomb Riley.

Superstitions.

Any one hearing dogs howl should stop their ears, for it is a sign of bad luck.

Put your right foot out of bed first and into your shoe and you will have good luck that day.

Any one going to bed without moving the chair they sat in last will be subject to the nightmare.

When a cat washes itself and puts its hind leg straight up behind its ears there will be rain.

To step over a child will stop it from growing unless the same person steps back the same way.

An spider on your clothes in the morning is not good luck, but in the afternoon or evening all is well.

If any one meets a hare or a rabbit when on a journey it is better to turn back unless the person turns round three times.

If your ears are singing it means some one is talking about you. If the right ear, it is something in your favor; if the left ear, it is something against you.

Any one that has an empty purse should be careful the new moon does not shine in it, or else that purse will not have anything in it so long as the moon doth last.

THE HUMAN PILE DRIVER.

An Englishman from Wales Who Beats Things to Smithereens.

"Alexander Jones of England" is not the largest man in Butchertown, but his popularity is unbounded, and he owes his popularity to the undeniable fact that he has a "great head." When a reporter called there yesterday there came walking briskly along the street the original Jones. He was as modestly dressed as any another man whose strong point is his head, and his manner was not that of a man with whom it is difficult to get acquainted.

"And so this is Alexander Jones, the butcher, is it?" queried the reporter.

"That's what they call me," was the cheery response; "and I believe I've got the hardest head in the world. Want to see it?" he asked, taking off his hat as he spoke.

"Just feel of it. It is as hard as a rock. I've butted iron with it and I've butted sheep and niggers, and nothing don't have no effect on it."

It certainly was a peculiarly shaped head, and the scalp seemed utterly immovable. It felt like a cannon ball. Jones' low brow and protruding crown gave it an appearance of having been battered down a bit, but he soon gave ample proof that nothing short of an earthquake could make any impression on it.

"Now look at this chair," said he. "It is solid as they make 'em. The bottom is an inch and a half thick. Now watch me."

He raised the chair in his hands and balanced it over his head by resting on the back upon his chin. The hard chair bottom was nearly two feet from the top of his head, when, quick as a flash, he gave his chin a jerk and down came the full weight of the chair to the top of the head. The sound was like the blow of a hammer on a solid block of wood, but Jones hardly winked. The effect of this performance was rather startling to one who saw it for the first time, but after Jones had done it several times to let the artist get a snap shot of it, and "just for the fun of it," it was no more than any other exhibition of thrilling gymnastics.

"Do you ever do that before the public?" asked the reporter.

"Only among my friends," said Jones, "but there's a joint down on First avenue where every chump in the place has been split by coming down on my head."

When this remarkable man had tired of letting chairs drop on his head he allowed himself to tell stories. He did not easily tire of talking. His story of the discovery of his hard-headedness and his development of the specialty can best be told in his own words:

"I am Alexander Jones, the Englishman, but I was born in Wales in 1859. Sometimes they call me 'The Human Sheep' and 'The Boss Butcher.' It all goes. I struck 'Frisco in 1882. You see, I'm an all-around man. I'm a bit of a wrestler and the sports all know me. Once I took a run to St. Helena and had a row with a Chinaman there. The yellow fellow struck me over the head with an iron bar and I didn't feel it. So, sez I to myself, I have got a hard head and had there's a lot of the boys that see me but an iron post up at Fifteenth and Railroad avenues."

By this time it had leaked out that Aleck had company, and some of the boys began to drop into "the little back parlor," as he calls the lithograph-decorated apartment where he sleeps, cooks, eats and entertains his friends. Each newcomer was full of confirmation of all Jones had said about his wonderful head work. One had seen the iron post tremble when Jones' head struck it, and all were as proud of having him for a friend and neighbor as if he had been John L. Sullivan himself.

"The boys like me," said Jones, "and they can't help it. They won't let me buy a bit of meat, but they bring me tenderloins and choice bits every day. There ain't no feller in Butchertown better liked than I be."

Jones then went on to tell about the day he went into Lawrence's sheep corral. "There was three big bucks in there," said he, "that had cleaned the others out, and I went in there and butted all them to a standstill. It was a big order, but several of 'the boys' said they saw it all, so the reporter put it down.

"But did you ever butt a man?" we asked.

"Oh! I've butted niggers," was the reply. "One night in Pete Dorsey's there was a big nigger talking about buttin' and I chipped in. 'Who is you?' asked the coon. 'I'm nobody but Jones the Englishman,' sez I. 'Kin you butt?' asks the coon. 'A little,' sez I. 'Well, how would you like to butt this,' takin' off his hat. 'Get ready,' sez I, takin' off mine. Well, I just went for him and knocked him right on the floor. When he got up he sez to me: 'Well, you is a butter; but did you hit me as hard as you could?' and, far a fact, I hadn't hit him hard at all. After that I made up my mind that I could butt any nigger in the town, and I want to make a match for \$1,000 to butt anybody, black or white, and the sooner man and money come up the better I'll like it. I'm goin' to make some money with my head somehow, and I don't care how soon."

Scott's Emulsion.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold. The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in SCOTT'S EMULSION.

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful fish producer. Take no other. All Druggists, 50c, 1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1892.

MONKEYS AND SPEECH.

R. L. GARNER, DISCOVERER OF MONKEY LANGUAGE, TELLS TALES.

He Denounces Lies About Animals and Tells Some Truths—A Monkey and the Milk Bottle—Mrs. Sheldon's Monkey Murder—Monkeys and the Snake.

Many of the wonderful stories told about animals are not in keeping with known facts. Some of them are invented by travellers, who tell them to startle the unlearned; some are told by people who attribute higher motives to certain acts than they really deserve; some are told to prove certain claims made by enthusiasts, and the truth upon which the story is founded is often strewn to a mere gaud. Many of them serve to illustrate the stupidity of observers and others are instructive as studies of human imagination and credulity.

It is only natural that in pursuing my search for the language of animals I should come in contact with many stories which never venture into print. I shall only mention a case or two with which I have been afflicted, and this will serve to show that Job got off easy.

One man tells me of a sea lion which he saw that could say, "I am hungry, I want some fish," and this was uttered as distinctly as any human could speak. Another instance he could speak was, "How is that for high?"

Another tells me seriously of a dog that could say, "O mamma, I want some bread." A lady assured me of her faith in my theory that animals talk, and reminded me that the Bible says that "Balaam's ass talked back at him." In some cases I have been backed up by recasts of some of Esop's fables which could be identified even in their new garb.

Now, I believe that all animals have some form of speech, but none but the most sublime stupidity could for a moment suppose that they attempt to converse in human speech.

Ferrets, magpies and similar species of birds have been taught to utter certain sounds of human speech, but I know of no case where animals have ever been taught such things with any degree of success, nor do I think it possible for any animal to acquire human speech within the scope of one lifetime. But each kind of animal has a form of speech suited for the plane of life to which it belongs and never, as a rule, attempts to learn the speech of any other animal.

I know of a few very remarkable exceptions to this rule. Under peculiar conditions one monkey acquired a single sound of another species of the same genus, but such cases are exceedingly rare in my experience, and I do not know of any single case where such an attempt has ever been made to cross the line into another genus.

To assert that animals talk is no great venture, for very few people doubt that, but the aim I have in view is to define its limits of volume and degree and find the way into their mental lives. It must not be supposed that a type of speech which is suited to the plane of life's monkey could enhance the ideas which come with and of a high state of civil and social culture. In the higher types of human speech there are thousands of words and ideas which can not be translated into savage tongues, because no savage ever had use for them and no savage tongue contains their equivalent. The growth of speech is always equal to the growth of mind. It is a mental product, and must be equal to the task of conveying thoughts into words. It is essential to all social order, and no community could survive as such without it.

It has been stated by travellers that each tribe of monkeys has a leader, in whom great authority is vested and from whom there appears to be no appeal. He devises the plan of attack upon an enemy, delivers all orders and leads in the execution of them.

One traveller has told me of seeing an army of hundreds of monkeys in the valley of the Amazon. One of them had found a huge serpent, and on spreading the alarm the monkeys came from every quarter and assembled around the snake. Very soon the leader approached the great reptile, who seemed to realize his danger, and as the leader attracted the attention of the snake another monkey sprang from some other direction and gave the snake a terrible bite and was gone before he could be harmed. As the poor reptile reached for his assailant another monkey attacked from the opposite side, and thus in quick succession one after another would assail him until they tortured and killed their terrible victim and left him where he had fallen. My informant assures me that when they had assembled the leader uttered a loud cry, which was responded to almost in one unbroken chorus, and when they had destroyed their enemy that a loud cry was uttered by them as they dispersed. There is every reason to credit the statement that these little creatures unite their forces to attack a strong foe, and that their preconceived plans are

intelligent and unique and differ in detail as the conditions differ.

Not long ago I was in Central Park when an alarm was raised by a little macaque, and it was instantly caught up by all the others. I did not know the cause of it, but was aware that it was something unusual.

Every monkey in that end of the house rushed to a point in his cage nearest the window, and while some of them could not see the cause, they were all in a fever of excitement. I could not see myself what it was, but I was aware it was something very rare, and when I approached the window I saw it perched on a railing of a small stoop very near by the window a beautiful peacock. At my approach he flew obliquely past the window, alighting on the ground some thirty feet away. As he crossed the field of view from the window in his flight, the excitement of the monkeys was intense. They screamed as the bird flew, and the other monkeys in the house peeped out of the excitement, and after he was gone entirely from view first one and then another of the monkeys would spring to a place in the cage which commanded a view of the field and look out to see where that beautiful spectre was. In the excitement I had only time to observe that each species uttered a sound peculiar to itself, although the general character of all was much alike, but each monkey appeared to recognize the alarm of all the others. I do not know really whether they were afraid of it or admiring it, but they were wild with excitement.

I taught a little Capuchin named Nellie to drink milk from a bottle with a rubber nipple. She soon caught the idea, and as long as I held the bottle it was easy, but when she undertook it alone she failed completely. What seemed to puzzle her was how to get the milk to come up to her end of the bottle. She turned the bottle in every way, but the milk always kept at the other end of it. Poor Nellie would whine and worry her little head over it and in disgust throw it down, when to her surprise she would see the milk right into the nipple. Again she would pick it up, change ends and again abandon it in despair. While trying to solve the mystery of that milk always accidentally struck a new lead.

While the bottle was partly inverted she caught hold of the nipple and sucked it, and squirted the milk across the room. This afforded her so much fun that she could scarcely be restrained, and when she accidentally threw it into the faces of some ladies who were watching her, she reached the climax of her merriment, and while she remained with me she remembered this funny trick and never failed to perform it whenever she was allowed to do so. By and by she learned how to hold the bottle so she could drink the milk.

One evening I gave her a pocket match safe to play with. I had put into it a small key to make it rattle and also some small bits of candy. I showed her a few times how to open it, but her little black fingers were not strong enough to press the spring open. She knew how to open it, and when she could not do so with her fingers she tried her teeth. Failing in this she turned to the wall and taking the box in both hands she beat it against the wall until she struck the spring and the lid flew open. To see her delight at this was indeed a great pleasure, and for the hundredth time I closed it for her to open again.

To let her out of her cage and give her something to play with was happiness enough for her, and I almost think she preferred such a life to the freedom of the Amazon forests. But you cannot afford to turn one out of the cage in a room where it can tear or break anything, as they enjoy such mischief very much. But Nellie would be little so pitifully to be taken out of her little iron prison that I could not have the cruelty to refuse, even at some cost in preparing the room for her. I cannot ignore the fact that we detain these little captives against their will and make worse than slaves of them, and while it is true they do not have to toil, I am in doubt whether the more inhuman, to confine them in idleness or work them in the open air.

Some time ago I described how certain monkeys had laid the side of the head on the floor and put out the tongue as a sign of submission, and how they will touch the hand of a man with the tongue as a token of friendship, and seem to say by the act, "Pity me, I am helpless," or "I will not harm you." These were all South American monkeys, but the sign appeared to be common. Recently I learned that a certain naturalist had commented on a monkey and quite agreed with me. Only a few evenings since, during a visit to Mrs. Sheldon, the wonder of African travel, she showed me the skin of a small monkey she had shot in the depths of the Nyanza forest. The little fellow sat high up in a tree and chattered to her in his sharp musical voice, until, at the crack of her gun, he fell mortally wounded. When he was laid dying at her feet he turned his bright little eyes pleadingly upon her as if to ask for pity. Touched by his appeal she took the little creature in her arms to try to soothe him. Over and over again he would touch his tongue tenderly to her hand, as if kissing it, and seemed to wish in the hour of death to be caressed, even by the hand that slew him, and which had taken from him without reward that life