Ayer's Remedies.

Dr. H. F. Merrill.

No Other Medicine

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. H. F. MERRILL, Augusta, Me.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills for liver and bowels.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1895.

A FAIR CONFEDERATE.

AN INTERESTING STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

(Continued from last week.)

er, a crescent shaped line extending from the bank of the creek above the ford across the northern end of the ridge into the Pea Vine valley. Battle-flags appeared above the line at regular intervals. Each one of the 15 flags Maynard counted, indicating a regiment. He knew that the little Union force east of the Chickamauga could not stand against what appeared to be at least a division of infantry, with a very strong force of cavalry. Nor was he wrong. The sythe swung round as if moved by the arms of a Titan, mowing with its sharp edge the opposing Unionists. They were sent flying back to the bridge and hurriedly put themselves into a position to defend it.

They are ready for the storm when it breaks, meeting it with artillery and charge of cavalry. The Confederates are driven back, but by this time artillery has been got forward and posted at a point north of the bridge, where it can sweep the valley of the creek, the bridge and those whose purpose it is to defend it.

Now there is immense danger. Will the little force on the left bank get over or will it be cut off and captured by those overwhelming Confederates? It can only be saved by one portion charging the enemy while the others are moving by twos (the bridge will stand no more) across the structure.

Among those who charged and recharged to keep off the gray coats swarming upon them on that eventful morning, always in the advance, in the splitting line of foam that preceeds the billow rolling upon the sand, Mark Maynard was ever present. As each wave rolled from the margin of Chickamauga broke upon the southerners and receded a number of the Union troops had passed the bridge.

Maynard waited till every man was over. Then stepping on the bridge, he joined a party who were tearing up the flooring to prevent the enemy from following. At last these left for the shore, and he remained alone. As board after board came up the Confederates pushed nearer, but still he worked on. Bullets sang to each other as they passed from east to west and from west to east, while the air was thick with interminable explosions. At last all was done that could be done. Whether this action had so excited the admiration of his enemies that they had no heart to shoot him, or whether an overruling power would not let him die, he at last turned unhurt and joined his comrades.

He had been exposed as never before, as he might never be again, but he had not met death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NINETENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Seldom has an army been in a more critical position than the Army of the Cumberland at this juncture. The Confederates overlapped the Union front on the north by half a dozen miles, and between Confederates and the Chattanooga road leading from what was both the Union left and rear into Chattanooga there was only small bodies of cavalry. Bragg had but to overwhelm these, cross the Chickamauga and march a few miles westward to seize this road and throw himself between his enemy and that enemy's base—Chattanooga. It was his intention to cross Reed's bridge by 8 o'clock in the morning with one column, and Alexander's bridge, a few miles above, at the same hour, the two columns to join and seize the coveted road, attack Crittenden's left, while a third Confederate column, crossing at Dolton's ford, would attack him in front. Crittenden once crushed under these combined forces, as it was expected he would be by noon, the whole Confederate army was to overwhelm Thomas, still ten miles distant, leaving McCook, 20 miles away, to be finished later on.

There was nothing on the left to prevent the execution of this attractive plan but the two bodies of cavalry at Reed's and Alexander's bridge. Eight o'clock came, and they were not overwhelmed. The sun stood high over the valley of the Chickamauga, and still the Confederates had not crossed at either of these two points. The defenders of the bridges were a swarm of hornets flying in their enemies' faces, with many an effective sting. It was not till 3 o'clock in the afternoon that the defenders of Alexander's bridge were forced to give way, and those at Reed's bridge only retired on learning that the other had been captured by the enemy. So the morning and the afternoon passed, and when evening fell but 8,000 Confederates had been thrown across. What was to have been executed on Friday, the 18th of September, must be deferred till the next day. Will it then be too late?

The moon is lighting up the field, the woods, the summits of the two ridges inclosing the valley of the Chickamauga, and 100,000 soldiers. The air is cold and crisp, and myraids of camp fires are scattered over the valley as a reflection of the starry heavens upon the bosom of a lake. All night the moon gleams upon the steel of the two sleepless armies—the Confederates pushing across the Chickamauga, the Unionists marching to cover their unprotected left. Many a soldier cast his eye up into the serene heaven and remarked the queen of night looking down upon him, so pale, so cold, so dead, as if in mockery of his own animate being and prophetic of what may come for him on the morrow.

From the southward comes the tramp of dust covered men in blue. At their head rides one who before the sun twice sets is to take first rank among the heroes of Chickamauga. Thomas is leading his men from a distant point far beyond Crittenden to the exposed left and rear, to the Chattanooga road—the road commanding the line of communication of the Army of the Cumberland. It must be a forced march, for the time is short and the distance is great.

From the eastward the Confederates are pushing across the Chickamauga. Every available passage is occupied, but there is little left of the bridges, and it is slow and hazardous work at the ford. Large bodies of men are like streams. They flow easily across open countries, but become choked in narrow ways. Yet the work goes on. It is a long night—long for these men wading through water or standing in the chilly hours past midnight in wet clothing. It is an eventful night, for if they get across in sufficient force, and the way is still unblocked as yesterday, the fate of the Union army is sealed.

At midnight Maynard lay under a tree trying to catch some sleep. The exertion of the day would have brought it, for he was exhausted, but his position as to the army with which he had no place was burning him like a hot iron. A few days before, and he would have been leading his brigade through these stirring scenes. Now he was not even a private soldier. He was an outcast, a wretch too detestable for the respect even of menial cook and strikers, of teamsters, of the grasping horde of army followers, whose object was to cheat the soldiers aud rob the dead.

The moon, finding a convenient opening in the boughs above him, looked at him in a way that in a measure quieted him. What an absence of turmoil on her surface! No guns roar in her valleys; no armies contend for the possession of her ringed ridges. The thought for a moment chased away his desire for oblivion. He shuddered at her nothingness. The scenes through which he was passing seemed far preferable. He was in the midst of man's coveted action. While that lasted he could not for long be plunged in despair. Thank heaven, he was permitted to seek solace in such turmoil, such roaring of guns and yelling of men, as had come and were coming.

Toward morning his thoughts became less intense, less clear. The sounds coming from a troop of horses picketed near became more and more confused. The snores of men resting after a day of hard fighting lost their vigor. The branches above him twined indistinctly. He slept.

He was awakened by the sound of a gun. It was broad day. He started up and listened. Then came another dull boom, then another, and in a few minutes there was a rapid firing of a battle on the left. Surely that is not the little body of cavalry in whose rank he had fought the day before.

Mounting, he rode toward it through a partly wooded, partly open country. The fields were gray, but the woods were still green. Then there was the odor of the morning in the country and the chirping of the birds hunting for their breakfast. It would not be long before that perfume must give way to the smell of gunpowder, before the chirping of the birds would be drowned by the sound of musketry and artillery.

Meeting an aid-de-camp riding at full speed toward the south, he called out, pointing in the direction of the firing, which he could now discern was on or near the Chattanooga.

"Who's there?"

"Old Pap, with two divisions."

Maynard uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"How did he get there?"

"Marched all night."

"Much force in his front?"

"You bet! I'm going for re-enforcements," and in a moment he was out of sight.

A courier came dashing from the opposite direction.

"What news from the right?"

"The head of McCook's column is at Crawfish Springs."

"Good. The army is safe for the present. The game is balked."

Striking the road leading to Alexander's bridge, he found himself in rear of the Union line of battle that had opened on the left. A force hurried by to the support of comrades at the front. The ground he was on had just been fought over and dead and wounded were scattered everywhere. Entering a wood, he pushed forward through it. A young soldier, a boy of 18, was sitting on the ground, supported by a tree gasping for breath. A red stream running down his bosom showed that he had been shot through the lungs. "You are thinking of home, my boy," muttered Maynard and pushed on. An officer lay in his path and begged him for what the wounded crave so eagerly—water. Maynard rode about hunting for a stream or a spring. At last he found what he sought, and filling a canteen rode back to where the man lay. He was dead. In his hand he held a picture of wife and two little children. Within hearing of the booming in front and shells cutting the trees above him he had passed from the harshest through the gentlest of human feelings to the eternal peace.

Riding on, Maynard met an officer he had known intimately. Without thought of his altered condition the degraded colonel waved his hand in salute and cried out, "How goes the battle, major?" The officer passed by with a look which Maynard never forgot. It sent the hot blood mounting to his cheeks. He could have cloven the man's skull with his saber. But there was no need of that. Was there not an enemy at the front? Yes, and there was death. He dashed on and arrived at one of the hottest points on the left just as a line of cavalry was moving to a charge.

Joining them, he rode down into a storm so wild, so fierce, so full of destruction that surely he thought the coveted death must come. But the gaps in the ranks were to his right, to left, anywhere, everywhere, except where he rode. And when the troopers with whom he fought came out of the fight Mark Maynard was still among the living.

So opened the battle of Saturday, Sept. 19. Throughout the day Maynard rode wherever he saw that grim specter hovered. At times he was

(To be Continued.)

Runaway at the Falls.

Last Tuesday forenoon Percy Lamb, aged 12, son of Mr. James Lamb of Verulam, left the Falls for home in a light cart drawn by two year-old blood colts, which, when within about half a mile from the journey's end, took fright at something and ran away. The boy was thrown out and run over, but was not much hurt; the cart, though a strong one, was broken in several places and the point of the right shaft struck the colt inside the front leg at its junction with the body, inflicting an ugly wound about two inches deep.—[Gazette.

Joseph is a Genius.

Recently Mr. Joseph Thompson, of this town, was reading a newspaper and came across what was claimed to be a simple process of making an incubator. Being a carpenter, and not very busy, he at once ordered the water heater from a tinsmith and made the box. A lamp is used to heat all incubators, and, after depositing fifty seven eggs, he applied it as directed. After three days he broke an egg and found he had murdered the makings of a chicken, so he stuck to the job. On the nineteenth day the maiden incubator gave birth to thirty-nine chickens, with more eggs breaking. It was a howling, or at least a chirping, success. People who want fresh, crisp spring chickens have only to take a wheelbarrow load of eggs to friend Joe's, and in three weeks go and get a yard full of birds to raise.—[Whitby Chronicle.

The Fish Law.

Bobcaygeon Independent: Three bags of bass were brought into the village on Saturday last, apparently commencing the slaughter of these fine fish, similar to that of last spring. "Saturday Night," of Toronto, has taken up this outrageous bungle of the act, and deals with it in its own trenchant and effective style. It gives the report of the International Anglers' committee, as given in these columns, last fall, which recommended that the close season be from March 1st to June 15th, as that would be about an average of the variations between the southern and northern localities, if one date must be adopted for the whole province. It is beyond question that those dates would be suitable for the Trent waters. The committee also advised that the sale of bass should not be permitted from Dec. 1st to June 15th. These recommendations, with a thorough patrol of the water during the closed season, would preserve a vast source of cheap and nutritious food, and provide an immense fund of recreation for city workers. Mr. Fairbairn, our local member, did succeed last season in getting some slight changes of a suitable character made, and as he is now in Ottawa it is to be hoped that he will at least induce the department to immediately close the season for the Trent waters, if for no others.

W. C. T. U.

"For God, and Home and Native Land."

WOMAN'S CAUSE ADVANCING.

Full woman suffrage in South Australia is an accomplished fact. The telegraph announces that Queen Victoria has signed the bill, and it has become a law. More than 1,000,000 square miles of territory with a fertile soil and temperate climate, a country larger than all the United States east of the Mississippi river, and destined to support a population of hundreds of millions at no distant day, is dedicated for ever to equal rights for women. This is the greatest single victory the cause has ever gained.

New South Wales is about to join South Australia and New Zealand for women suffrage. At Sidney, N.S.W., March 13, Premier Reid pledged the government to establish it, though for the present it will not be possible to introduce the bill.

The Point of View.

Elizabeth Barrill Curtis, the daughter of George William Curtis, contributes to Woman's Journal an able reply to a recent article against equal suffrage in the Forum, by Kathrina Tresk. The writer of the Forum article took the extraordinary ground that if, as George William Curtis asserted, the laws even in the most civilized nations were unjust to women, this was a conclusive argument against woman suffrage, because men were just what their mothers made them, and it showed that her mothers had brought them up to be unjust. Miss Curtis points out how many influences beside the mother's contribute to shape a man's character, and how his mother's influence is lessened by her being classed legally as a perpetual mino

Alice Stone Blackwell, plying n Woman's our[illegible], ys

It might [illegible] been added hat most of the unjust laws made by men for women have been the result, not of any deliberate intention to be unfair, but of a constitutional [illegible] look at [illegible] from a woman's point of view. Any man would be willing to be governed by a legislature composed of women alone, and responsible for its acts, a constituency made up of women alone. He would be unwilling no matter how good the women might be. He would say they would be sure to err, not for want of good intentions, but for want of the ability to put themselves in a man's place and to look at things from his point of view. Neither would their inability to do this be a proof that their parents had not brought them up properly. It would only show that they were women and not men. This is a rule that works both ways.

To disparage a woman's moral power unless she can bring up her son with the ability to look at all questions exactly from a woman's point of view is like disparaging her musical power unless she can bring up her son with the ability to sing soprano as well as bass.

Legislation by one class for another is sure to be unjust, not purely from selfishness, but quite as much from lack of insight. To use Mrs. Livermore's illustration, just as in looking at any object we need two eyes in order to get a correct perspective, so in legislation we need to have both the masculine and the feminine points of view represented, in order to arrive at a just result.

The Dental Sedative

Now in use by Mr. Gross "knocks out anything heretofore used in Lindsay for painless tooth extracting.—49.

Would Quit But They Can't.

Thousands of men would quit tobacco to-day, if they could. They've tried, but its no go. Price's Tobac-Cure makes them quit: it kills the craving for Tobacco. Tobac-Cure strengthens the Nervous System and makes weak men strong. Tobac-Cure is Guaranteed. $1. a box. Sold by A. Higinbotham, Lindsay.

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Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

A bridal party - The horse.

"Half a span of angry steel" will produce no more fatal results than a neglected cold or cough. For all throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy. It is invaluable in cases of croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and la grippe.

The average after-dinner speech will explain the meaning of the phrase, "Too full for utterance."

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"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

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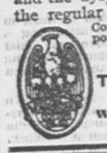
the new vegetable shortening and you will be surprised at the delightful and healthful results. It is without unpleasant odor, unpleasant flavor or unpleasant results. With COTTOLENE in your kitchen, the young, the delicate and the dyspeptic can all enjoy the regular family bill of fare.



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First Day of MAY, 1895, Next,

A statement showing their names and addresses, the particulars of their claims and the nature of the security held by them, and further, take notice that after the First day of May, the said trustees will distribute the assets in their hands, having regard only for the claims of which they then have notice.

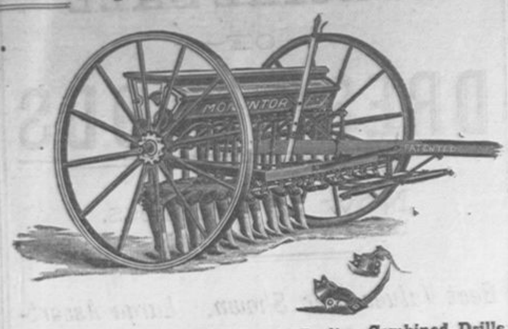
F. A. McDIARMID,

Solicitor for the Trustees

Lindsay, April 11, 1895. 57 3.

The Monitor.

THE MONITOR.



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