Cuticura Remedies.

BAD ECZEMA ON BABY

Head one Solid Sore. Itching Awful. Had to Tie His Hands to Cradle. Cured by Cuticura.

Our little boy broke out on his head with a bad form of eczema, when he was four months old. We tried three doctors, but they did not help him. We then used your three CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using them eleven weeks exactly according to directions, he began to steadily improve, and after the use of them for seven months his head was entirely well. When we began using it his head was a solid sore from the crown to his eyebrows. It was also all over his ears, most of his face, and small places on different parts of his body. There were sixteen weeks that we had to keep his hands tied to the cradle and hold them when he was taken up; and had to keep mittens tied on his hands to keep his finger-nails out of the sores, as he would scratch if he could in any way get his hands loose. We know your CUTICURA REMEDIES cured him. We feel safe in recommending them to others.

GEO. B. & JANETTA HARRIS, Webster, Ind.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause, while CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, clear the skin and scalp, and restore the hair. Thus the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, pimply, and blotchy skin, scalp, and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESSES Of females instantly relieved by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.**

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1893

How I Won My First Race.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

From my point of view at the immature age of two and a half years, a race was the delirium of my young ambition. In the pasture I ran with the same wild instinct that prompts a bird to soar into the sunlight. I ran for joy, in blind obedience to the blood of the desert that coursed in my veins. I ran to tease Botherum, who scrambled after me through the clover, and then gave up the chase in despair. I ran for the entertainment of the row of screaming pickaninnies hanging on the gate and shying apples at me.

When I had been three months in training, on dry feed, the hard gallop over the colonel's private course was the only purely satisfactory half hour of the day. If the weather was bad I had the heart to kick down my box in my eagerness to get out, and I trod impatiently around the border of my enclosure like a caged lion, until I had trailed a deep path in the straw.

I had my own ideas about the conduct of my rider. A pair of bare black heels rattling on my ribs tickled me to a frenzy of effort, while the touch of a spur maddened me. The colonel at this time had secured an English groom, and installed him at the head of the stable. The darkies listened, incredulous, to this lad's boasts of his prowess, and turned the whites of their eyes scornfully on the glory of his racing togs.

One evening, after tea, a race was made up in which I was pittied against Miss Eunice's cart pony, ridden by my own groom, while I was to be mounted by the chief of the stable in all his finery. The family and servants had congregated along the fence at the starting point, and every black groom had his tongue in his cheek. We were off at the word, the pony at his best pace, and I galloping at his side, in proud contempt of his powers, the darky drumming on his ribs with his black heels, and mocking across at my rider. We had gone half around the course at this easy pace, when I felt the reins tighten, and, at the same moment the cruel spurs struck my flanks. My blood was up like a flash. From the inner side of the track I bolted into the ploughed ground, as dry and light as a bed of ashes. I heard the shouts and laughter of the spectators. I saw stars through the chaos of dust, and at the end of a series of mad plunges and kicks I emerged from the red cloud on the opposite side of the track, and galloped riderless in ahead of my rival.

The new groom had been added to the stable for the express purpose of riding me in the two year-old stakes at the approaching Kentucky Derby. I took a vicious dislike to him from my first experience in his hands. If he left off his spurs I permitted him to ride me, but I took care to do my best work when my old groom, Butternut Jim, was in the stable.

The excitement increased daily about the stable as the time for the race drew on. When they were off duty, the boys rolled about on the straw outside my window, basking in the sun, and laying their small bets.

"What make yo' ain' bettin' nuffin' on Selim, yo' Jim?" I heard a voice ask.

"What fo' I ain'? I is got a half a dolla' onto that colt afo' I knewed dat cockney gwine ride 'im; I ain' no fool nigger, I ain'. Soon's I yer dat news I done hedge long o' Mose, see? An' I doubled dat hedge. I done lay ever' nickel I got 'gin de colt—bigges' kind o' odds." And true to his words, when Jim found the riding was settled, he laid every dollar he could raise against my success. He bet all his personal property on the outside favorite, and staked his next month's wages against me at such odds as he could get.

Jim was unusually sociable when he rubbed me down, and the night pending the great event he stood before me with tears in his eyes, in the seclusion of the box.

"It ain' yo fault, Selim, boy; yo's got easy winner rit in yo' eye, ef, ever Butternut Jim was in de saddle, see? What fo' was we ris togedder, me an' yo'? Ain' I done rub yo' and wait on yo' eber since yo' was weane', see? Ain' I done lub yo' since de mawnin' yo' was folded? Ain' ole Marse Colonel done gone clean back on he own stable, see, a-mountin' o' white trash on yo', honey, an' him got mo' spurs an' sense? Kyaryin' he brains on he heels instead ob in he head, see? Selim, boy yo' done loss dat race afo' yo' saddled up an' weighed in. Dat fool jockey gwine tote yo' un'er de wire, on de tale en' ob de string, honey, boo, hoo—" and Jim broke down completely and wept on my neck.

"I 'clar' to Moses, honey, fo' Gawd, ef yo' win de stakes, an' Jim goes broke on de Calamity favorite, he'll be der joyfulest coon in Kaintuck; an' I'm sleepin' rite yer in the straw 'long yo', ca'se I done trus' nobody, an' I ain' gwine ter tell yo' good-by dis ebenin'."

There were few eyes closed in sleep among the excited stable boys who sat bolt upright and polished bits by the glimmer of lanterns, and sewed scraps of orange and black—the colonel's racing colors—on hats and coats. Even Jim tossed about in the straw, and talked in his broken sleep, and was up before day, bemoan ng his fate.

Before the sun touched the highest weather vane on the stables, the colonel's string was on the road, blanketed and hooded. I was led by Butternut Jim, radiant in his tightest and loosest jockey outfit, for Jim was sure to be in demand as a rider, though he was, for the moment, eclipsed by the imported professional hand. So near were we to the great track that we were shut up in our snug quarters before the dew was off the grass. Botherum was with me, and there was no love lost between him and the English groom. The goat seemed to absorb my temper, for I was in the worst of humors, and determined to fight my rider. The box was close and hot. By the noises outside I knew that there was the greatest activity on the grounds. When Jim looked in I was pleased and calm, but when he was away, and the cheering from the grand stand sounded like distant thunder, just a background of murmur to the shouting and clatter of hoofs by the stables, I kicked at Botherum, and struck out with my fore feet at the walls.

When, at last, Jim led me out into the sunlight to saddle, I forgot my temper in the sweet, open air, on the fragrant turf, in the midst of the glitter and color and excitement—and Jim. I tossed my head for joy, and felt the flutter of the wind in my nerves.

I was the prime favorite in my class, and, as we passed down towards the track, I heard many a wager placed to my credit. "Two to one on Selim Blanche against Calamity." "Selim even against the field." It was old-fashioned betting in those days. When the cloth was stripped off, a great shout went up from the crowd of my admirers. In the midst of my pride and joy at this ovation from fair women and critical men, the small English jockey came forward and took my reins from Jim. When my eye fell on his spurs and goad, a surge of passion ran through my blood. A few other colts were out for their warming-up runs, and Calamity was movidg handsomely, as docile as a sheep.

There was a fine scramble before my jockey was got into his seat, in which I sidled away, then rushed against the grooms, and reared and bit and struck out, to the disgust of my backers, and to the amusement of everybody else.

"Plenty of temper," "There' nerve for you," He can't win," were some of the comments I heard. And then the calm voice of the colonel: "Have patience, gentlemen, until the colt gets warmed up, and he'll show you a pace."

"Not with this outfit," I thought; and the twinkle in Jim's eye, over by the palings, told me that he thought so too.

The worse I behaved the smaller my odds dwindled on my chances, until it was even money against the Calamity colt before I had started for my exercise. I made a handsome rush down the track, and then whirled and came back, and got whip and spur for my reward. Then the fight was on. I plunged and bolted from side to side of the track. I sheared against the palings, and reared and kicked like a demon, during which my tormentor stuck fast to the saddle, and I was forced to have some respects for his skill. Now I tried another school of tactics, and shot half around the course at a pace that brought a ringing cheer from the multitude, and then, with a desperate bolt, I cleared the inner rail; and, after a series of frantic plunges on the turf, I shook off my plucky rider, giving him such a serious fall that he lay still on the ground until the crowd rushed over and picked him up.

While this entertainment had been in progress, my stock among the book-makers had fallen away below par, and the colonel, confident in my ultimate tractableness, had booked the bets recklessly, at handsome odds against me.

A dozen grooms were after me in the field, but I eluded them all and trotted over to Jim, who fell on my neck for joy. When we came up to the colonel, Jim, who had not dared to mount me without orders, addressed him, cap in hand:

"I kin ride him, Marse Colonel. He won't cut up no monkey shines long o'Jim. Selim an' me unerstans one 'ner, see?"

There was nothing for it but to toss up Jim into the saddle, who was fluttering with orange and black, and away we went with an easy gallop, making the circuit of the course in the midst of an ovation to Jim. Then we took half of the track at a flying pace, during which I took half the credit to myself, and it was the proudest moment of my life when we galloped by the grand stand ringing with plaudits and bravos and "Selim Blanche!" "Selim Blanche!"

When the race was called, it would have been a recless owner that would have discarded Jim. The colonel held my bridle with his own hands, while Jim, with his saddle under his arm, mounted the scales as if he had been called to a throne. The colonel was evidently pleased and confident, and I rubbed my nose on his hand as much as to say: 'Jim and I will take care of your interests."

We were a long time in getting away, which was entirely due to the misbehavior of the other youngsters, and when the flag did fall Jim and I were against the outside rail and easily last in the field of twenty. As we came down to the first quarter pole the ruck was considerably strung out, and I was going smoothly in the rear bunch without a sound or a motion from Jim. The Calamity colt with the green and white colors was at about the middle of the string, evidently holding himself in reserve. Jim's money was there, but I knew he had thrown it away in his heart. As we came down the second quarter, the jockeys at the front were already urging their mounts and swinging their whips in the dust. Still not a movement from Jim. He had his eye on the green and white, and I felt the encouraging pat of his hand on my shoulder. As we came into the stretch leading up to the grand stand, the Calamity colt pulled out of the crowd and began to creep up on the leaders, and at the same moment a brown colt came alongside me at a slashing pace. Then I felt the pressure of Jim's knees. With my nose lapped over the flank of the brown we moved past the laggards. The grand stand was on its feet shouting for favorites, among whom Calamity was evidently the most popular. The green and white was now well to the front, where the colts that had been holding the lead was falling back. Neck and neck with the brown colt, breathing easily with plenty of reserve speed, I spun along the third quarter, obedient to the gentle pressure of Jim's knees, and steadily lessening the lead of Calamity, who was now at the front.

A roar of encouragement surged up from the grand stand, and ran in broken waves of cheering around the course. Every eye was fixed on its favorite colors, and the heart of the great throng stood still as we rushed into the last quarter. I knew that the gaze of the good old colonel was somewhere fixed breathless on my white form, and as I steadily moved by another and another of my rivals I felt that he saw and approved. Jim's black face was close to my neck. I could hear his hissing breath. His knees closed hard on my shoulders. We were half way down the home stretch. The green and white colors were flaunting in my face. I was taking the dust of Calamity, with the brown colt close on my flank.

When in Jim's judgment the supreme moment had come, he uttered a whoop of encouragement, and his boots heels for the first time rattled love taps on my ribs. I leaped forward in a frenzy of excitement. I was abreast of Calamity. The orange and black moved past the green and white, inch by inch, despite the raining of blows on the sides of my exhausted rival. The multitude roared with one voice. I breathed free of dust. The wind surged in my ears. I felt the fury of a demon. I was mad. The world was flying by the other way. The Chinese pagoda of the judges shot backward and melted away like an object in a dream, and I awoke to the clanging of the bell behind me.

"Selim Blanche!" Selim Blanche!"

The two-year-old stakes in the Kentucky Derby were handsomely won. The brown colt was second, by a head, and Calamity third.

When we came back to the stand, Jim rolled off into the arms of the colonel, who promptly doubled his losses.—[Our Animal Friends.

They Love Tobacco.

Prof. Paul Myerheim, the celebrated animal painter, contributes to a "symposium" in a German publication devoted to the tobacco trade the following interesting observations on lovers of the weed:

"What I have observed about smoking is not very interesting so far as my own use of the weed is concerned. I smoke light cigars and have little or no appreciation of high grade cigars. But it may interest you to learn what my models in the zoological gardens think about smoking.

"There are, to begin with, the common brown bears. They are veritable tobacco enthusiasts. Just blow tobacco smoke toward their cage and you will see how they rush toward you and with every sign of delight rub their backs and heads against the portion of the grating through which the smoke passes. It is a very amusing spectacle.

"At one time I treated a sleeping lion to a large pinch of snuff, which I introduced into his nostril with the aid of a wooden modeling knife. His majesty arose, sneezed with great vehemence and then lay down again to continue his nap, apparently rather pleased by the interruption All kinds of goats, deer, llamas and similar other animals are passionately fond of snuff and cigars. I once gained the friendship of a very ugly guanaco by feeding him frequently with snuff. Some soldiers who later on teased the animal and were rewarded, as usual, by his spewing over them, remarked in my hearing: "Why, the deuce! How he beast smells of snuff!"

Maidens in Russia

The daughter is a great pet in Russian families, perhaps because there are generlaly more sons than daughters. Take the younger members of the Imperial family as an example, and we find 22 grand dukes and only seven grand duchesses; and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families. The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural labors of their fathers, has given rise to a saying, "One son is no son; two sons are half a son; but three are a whole son." Notwithstanding the pride and satfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest affection and care or parents and brothers, not to speak of othef adoring relatives. Much is not expected of her in the way of assistance in the family, she is indulged as far as their means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother. Her occupations are much about the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia existeth not for her. She cannot have classes at Sunday-school, as religion is taught by priests or deacons. It would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried girl to visit the sick and poor in towns, but in villages it is sometimes done under the direction of mamma or grandmamma. She is undoubtedly fond of pleasures, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing. Music is not the Russian girl's forte, nor is solo singing. Most of the Institutkas, though they thoroughly know the theory of music, play like a child of twelve; of course, there are exceptions, but it is seldom you find a girl able to play a quadrille or polka offhand.

Girls marry very young in Russia, and there are very few of those most estimable individuals called old maids. There are not colonies for the Russians to run away to; and the statistics show that the births of boys much exceed those of girls.

Long engagements are not approved of, they seldom last longer than a few months, during which time the fiancee is the mistress of the house. Her girl friends assemble to help to sew the dowry, the sewing afternoon generally ending in a dance after tea, when the bridegroom drops in with a few bachelor friends. Another wedding is thus often arranged; and so on, little by little, till, like the 15 cards in the game of "old maid," they pair off, and one, generally of the sterner sex, is left—forlorn.

Higher Education and Marriage.

That the proportion of girls who remain single is greater in these last days than a generation ago is a fact which, however much it may be deplored, cannot be gainsaid. An explanation of the fact is attempted by Mrs. Kate Garnett Wells, in the *North American* for the current month.

"There are three general causes," says Mrs. Well," which bring marriage into disfavor [with women]: philanthropy, higher education, and self analysis. The first has been a powerful factor in its subtle influence against marriage. The mental atmosphere is permeated with the idea of responsibility for another's happiness. Woman now feels herself accountable for the welfare of humanity, and through the exercise of that responsibility has found occupation for mind and heart; which has prevented absorption in her own affairs. Higher education has effected marriage, inasmuch as it has opened new avenues of employment for women, has fortified them for life as a whole, and has led them to regard marriage as an incident. It has given girls a communistic feeling which makes them prefer to teach where there are other teachers rather than to live on a bill-top and read aloud to their parents, or to retire to a farm or a tenement and bake and brew for their husbands. The higher education has separated marriage and motherhood. Almost all women love children and would gladly use their knowledge for the delight and profit of a family, but they do not want the intervening marriage. Analysis has advanced from being a method in text-books to the study of one's self. The age is antlytic. Once work was so constant that married women did not realize their loneliness or the want of appreciation which befell them. Now society and the middle class have leisure to examine their states of mental solitude, and to see just where husbands are wanting.

If you have found some one who knows how to scratch your back just where it itches you have come pretty near finding affinity.

Ruins of the Temple of Baal.

There rises a huge wall, seventy-five feet high, enclosing a square court, of which the side is 470 feet long. Part of the wall having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials, but the whole of the north side with its beautiful pilasters, is perfect.

As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the extraordinary sight which meets their eyes, for here, crowded within those four walls, is the native village of Tadmor. It was natural enough for the Arabs to build their mud huts within these ready made fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village in such a place is indescribably strange. The temple, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched huts, the rich, creamy color of the limestone and the beautiful mouldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky.

The best veiw of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the naos, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque. To describe the view from that roof were indeed a hopeless task. High into the clear blue air and the golden sunshine rise the stately columns; crowded and jumbled and heaped together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unrefreshed by the pure, free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village.

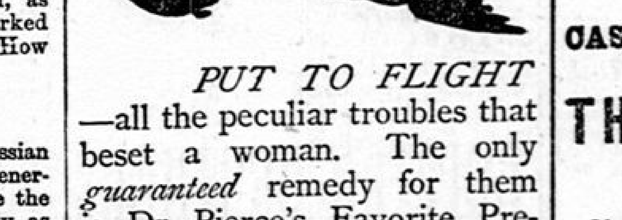
Newly Made Bride—"Mamma says she does not think we will ever quarrel as she and papa do." Groom—"Never, dearest." Newly-made Bride—"No; she says you will be much easier to manage than papa was."

Something of an Implication.

Bridegroom (just after the ceremony): "Did we look very scared?"

Bachelor Friend: "Scared? No, indeed. Why, I've seen people on the gallows not half so composed."

World's Dispensary.



PUT TO FLIGHT

—all the peculiar troubles that beset a woman. The only *guaranteed* remedy for them is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run-down and overworked; for women expecting to become mothers, and for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; at the change from girlhood to womanhood; and later, at the critical "change of life"—it is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures.

If it doesn't, if it even fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

What you are sure of, if you use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, is either a perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case may be, or $500 in cash. The proprietors of the medicine promise to pay you the money, if they can't cure you.

New Advertisements.

PIANO FOR SALE.—An R. S. Williams square piano in good condition for sale cheap. Apply 37 Peel-st., Lindsay.—44-tf.

The Sower Has no second chance. The first supplies his needs—if he takes the wise precaution of planting **Ferry's Seeds.** Ferry's Seed Annual, for 1893, contains all the latest and best information about Gardens and Gardening. It is a recognized authority. Every planter should have it. Sent free on request. D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

The History of Jim Jones:

Jim Jones—he was an editor—that is, he
tried to be:
He brought himself a hand-press, an' he
started in to see
Jes' what there was in editin', but when he'd
canvassed 'round,
Some fifteen hundred editors in that same
town he found.

They all knew more about it than Jones
could hope to know;
They told him: "You must run her, Jones,
jes' so, an' so, an' so!
Be sure an' boom the Baptists—they're
bound to help you out—
An' give the good old Methodists a big
salvation shout!

"Give every man a notice. Be sure an' put
it down
Whenever Major Jinks is seen perambula-
tin' town;
Put in a few free locals for all the stores
an' give
Each man a free subscription—if you want
your sheet to live!"

Well, Jones, he done jes' as they said, for
fear they'd make a row;
But the more he tried to please 'em all, the
more they told him how!
Until at last he took his book an' laid it on
the shelf.
Then run the paper in the ground an' foller-
ed it himself!

Fairweather & Co.

FAIRWEATHER & CO.

Leading Hatters and Furriers at

No. 96 Kent-st., Lindsay,

make a large and complete display of

Hats and Caps AND Gents' Furnishings.

The Leading Hats:

THE FEDORA is selling well for genera trade.

THE CARLSBAD is a prime favorite in BROWN and BLACK.

A GREY CARLSBAD with black band is a taking novelty.

THE HOMBERG is also well to the front.

The newest shape in STIFF HAT is considerably lower in the crown and broader brimed, while the leading colors are black and brown.

IN STRAWS, Sailors predominate, a low crown and a wide brim are the features.

The leading braids are the

Pedal, Canton, Railroad and Milan.

GENTS' EURNISHINGS.

Our stock is large and varied.

ASK TO SEE OUR

NEGLIGE SHIRTS, starched collars and cuffs.

CASH PAID FOR RAW FURS.

THOS. ARMSTRONG,

Managing Partner.

Lindsay, April 26, 1893.—48.

New Advertisements.

MEMORIAL CARDS.—A very choice selection at THE POST Printing Office call and see them.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I hereby forbid all parties from giving credit or goods to anyone in my name without my written order and consent, as I will not be liable for same. JOHN CARMODY. Emily, April 17th, 1893.—54-3pd.

ANCHOR LINE

United States Mail Steamships Sail from New York every Saturday for

Glasgow via Londonderry.

Rates for Saloon Passage by S. S. CITY OF ROME, $60 and upward. OTHER STEAMERS, Cabin, $45 and upward, according to accommodation and location of room.

Excursion Tickets at reduced rates. Second Cabin, $30. Steerage, $24. Second Cabin from Glasgow or Derry, $35. Drafts at lowest Current Rates. For book of tours and other information, apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, 7 Bowling Green, N. Y., or

F. C. TAYLOR, LINDSAY

53-13.

BRANTFORD BICYCLES

HAVE A STANDARD VALUE

THEY ARE BUILT TO SELL AT THE PRICES OFFERED

MANUFACTURED BY

The Goold Bicycle Co. Ltd.,

Brantford, Ont.

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JAS RIGGS, Agent, LINDSAY

Chase and Sanborn.

"Seal Brand" Coffee At the World's Fair

CHASE & SANBORN have been awarded the mammoth contract for supplying all the Coffee served inside the World's Fair Grounds, against the competition of the largest importing houses in the country

This tribute to the Excellence of the "Seal Brand" proves that it is the best Coffee grown.

—47-63

To Horsemen.

TO HORSEMEN.

The Celebrated Trotting-Bred Stallion,

STARLIGHT,

The Property of T. W. Evans, Yelverton. Ont.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In presenting the pedigree as follows of my thorough-bred imported stallion, STARLIGHT, I would beg to call the attention of farmers and breeders of this class to the superior excellence of this horse, and I extend a cordial invitation to all interested to call and inspect him, believing that his rare individual merit, combined with his gilt-edged breeding, will satisfy the most critical. I am, yours truly,

YELVERTON, April, 1893. T. W. EVANS.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

STARLIGHT is a beautiful light bay, black mane and tail, stands 16½ hands high and weighs 1,350 lbs.; he has a most beautiful head and neck, strong, smooth, oblique shoulders, strong back and well sprung ribs, strong stifles and the best of feet and legs. He was bred by Mr. J. Dobbs, near Lexington, Kentucky, in 1883, and was sired by Lexington Golddust, (see Wallace, Vol 3, page 383); he by Golddust (150) he by Vermont Morgan, he by Barnard Morgan, he by Gifford Morgan, he by Woodbury Morgan, he by Justin Morgan.

Dam of Lexington Golddust, Eugina by Lexington(4491)
G. dam Attia by Ruffian (5258)
G. g. dam Avraline by Imp. Leviathian (1375)
He by Stockholder (2439), he by Pacolet (1778), he by Imported Citizen (504).

STARLIGHT'S dam is a large, stylish, prize-winning mare of the thoroughbred descent, a natural trotter, could trot as a four-year old in better than 2.30. She was sired by Vindex, a son of Blood's Black Hawk, he by Sherman Morgan, he by Justin Morgan.

The dam of Vindex, by Clay's Mambrino Chief, he by Mambrino Paymaster, by Mambrino, son of Imp. Messenger; 2nd dam by Matchless thoroughbred.

Here are a few of the Golddusts that were fast:

Johnston by Golddust	(pacer)	Record	2.06¼
Lucilla Golddust	(trotter)	"	2.16¼
Fluty	" "	"	2.20
Rolla	" "	"	2.25
Fred	" "	"	2.27
Whirlwind	" "	"	2.24
Arthur	" "	"	2.28½
Fannie	" (pacer)	"	2.25½
Estelle	" (trotter)	"	2.26
Henderich	" "	"	2.27
Cleveland	" "	"	2.26¼

Also the dam of Rosalind Wilkes 2.14¼ was a Golddust.

Breeding horses is one of the most profitable branches of agriculture, when the right kind of animals are produced. Many farmers heretofore have bred to inferior stallions that possessed neither breeding, style, action or size, the result being a class of coarse, undersized, low-carriaged, unsaleable stock, which could only be sold for less than the cost of raising, and this ruinous course was pursued because the stallions patronized were low priced, cheap ones. No stallions are cheap which produce undersized, common, unsaleable stock. The BEST and CHEAPEST stallion to breed to is one which will improve and beautify your stock and give you a class of horses which have ample size to haul produce to market, to be fully equal to all farm labor, with action sufficient to draw the buggy or carriage in good style, and beauty and finish to attract purchasers at paying prices to the farmer.

I unhesitatingly say that STARLIGHT, both individually and as to family, is that character of stallion which will produce stock of fine size, elegant symmetery, splendid action, in connection with such beauty as to make his produce eagerly sought after by all purchasers.

STARLIGHT'S breeding is all that could be desired, being a combination of thoroughbred and one of the most successful trotting strains, namely: Golddust through the Morgan family and the Clay, Mambrino Chief, Black Hawk trotting families, which are universally acknowledged to be the best in the United States.

STARLIGHT, besides being bred in the purple, possesses great size, elegant style and finish, and as the rule "like begets like" proves universally true, he cannot fail to produce those high-class carriage horses which at all times command ready sale and high prices in all cities and towns in America and for which there is now a rapidly increasing demand for export, at exceedingly high prices, to Europe.

STARLIGHT, as a sire, has proved himself very successful as a foal-getter and in transmitting his characteristics to his stock.

ROUTE.

MONDAY, MAY 1, will leave his own stable and proceed to Hamilton's hotel, Bethany, for the night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to J. Coe's, Cavanville, for the night.

WEDNESDAY, will proceed to Seeney's hotel, Mount Pleasant, noon; thence to Wilson's hotel, Omemee, for the night.

THURSDAY, will proceed to Wm. Cunningham's, Reaboro, noon; thence to Vietch's hotel, Lindsay, where he will remain until the following evening.

FRIDAY evening, will proceed to Mr. Murphy's, Ops, for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to his own stable.

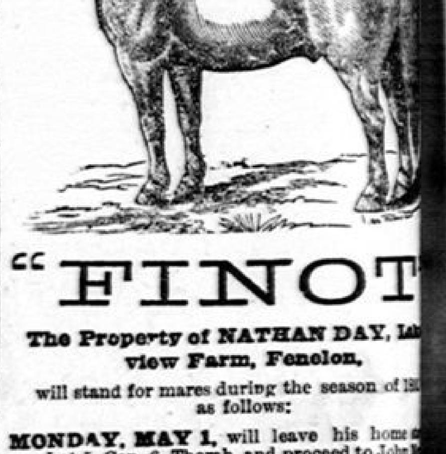
This route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

TERMS: To Insure foal, Starlight, $15, to be paid Feb. 1st, 1894. All mares tried must be returned regularly to the horse or they will be charged the same as if they were in foal. Mares disposed of before foaling time must pay full insurance whether in foal or not, unless satisfactory proof is given that they are not. All accidents at owner's risk. Groom's fee, 50 cents. Mares from a distance will be kept in good pasture at reasonable rates.

T. W. EVANS,

Yelverton, May 5th, 1893.—55-4. Yelverton.

THE GRAND NORMAN-PERCHERON STALLION,



"FINOT"

The Property of NATHAN DAY, Lakeview Farm, Fenelon,

will stand for mares during the season of 1893 as follows:

MONDAY, MAY 1, will leave his home at Lot 5, Con. 6, Thorah, and proceed to John ...son's, Lot 5, Con. 10, Thorah, for noon; thence to Victoria Hotel, Brechin, for night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to Michael Flood's for noon; thence to Uptergrove Hotel for night.

WEDNESDAY, will proceed to Rathburn for noon; thence to Seabright Hotel for night.

THURSDAY, will proceed to John Hay's for noon; thence to D. Evans', Udney, for night.

FRIDAY, will proceed by the way.......... .... for noon; thence to.......... ....for night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Louis Burns' stand for noon; thence to.......... for two hours; thence home, where he will remain until the following Monday morning.

The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

FINOT is a dark grey, 16 hands high, with action, weighs 1,860 lbs; registered, hoof-mark stud book 9226, (7996). For extension of pedigree see stud book carried with the horse. Finot was imported from France in 1888 by M. W. Dunham of Lawn Farm Illinois, U. S, then again imported to Canada by his present owner. The above horse has been shown four times by the present owner and awarded first prize at every show, and needs no bidding up. All that is required is just to come and see him and your patronage is secured.

TERMS.—To insure a foal, $8; $15 dollars for ... owned by one man; one dollar down at time of service to meet current expenses, which will be returned ... collecting time if mare proves to not be in foal ... ance February 1st, 1894. Mares must be returned regularly to the horse or they will be charged ... in foal or not. Mares disposed of before foaling will become due as soon as is disposed of.

Any person using this horse, and taking first ... with their colts in county show, will get service of horse free to one mare, two at half price; for township show, half price, or losing foal in ... half price; or losing mare in foaling, will get ... of horse free next year to one mare.

As I have decided to make a change in ... the above horse can be bought during or after season at a bargain.

L. BURNS, MANAGER. NATHAN DAY, Proprietor.

Fenelon, April 22, 1893.—55-6.

Hughan & Co.

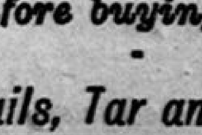
YOU OWE IT to yourself, no matter whether you have been dealing with a friend, whether you think you have been getting your Goods cheap or dear, whether you are rich or poor, to see *Hughan & Co's Watches. Clocks and Jewelry*, also the lovely *Baby Carriages* which we have just received from Chicago, and a large assortment of *Sporting Goods* which is now being exhibited at our store, *45 Kent-st., Lindsay.*

HUGHAN & CO., Watchmakers and Jewellers

Dealers in Fancy Goods, Stationery and Toys, 45 Kent-St, LINDSAY.

Lindsay, April 13, 1892.—33.

J. P. Ryley.



BUILDERS

Before buying your supplies you should give me a call and get prices for

Nails, Tar and Building Paper, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Locks, Hinges, etc., etc.

J. P. RYLEY

ONE DOOR EAST BENSON HOUSE.

Lindsay, March 24 1892.—

Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites is both a food and a remedy. It is useful as a fat producer and at the same time gives vital force to the body. It is beneficial in

CONSUMPTION

because it makes fat and gives strength. It is beneficial for

SICKLY CHILDREN

because they can assimilate it when they cannot ordinary food. It is beneficial for

COUGHS AND COLDS

because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body and overcomes the difficulty.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

Publishers' Notice.

THE CANADIAN POST.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ten cents per line (solid type) nonpareil, first insertion; three cents each subsequent insertion. Reading notices in local columns, 10c. per line first insertion; 5c. each subsequent insertion.

Small condensed advertisements such as strayed cattle, teachers wanted, farms for sale (of six or eight lines) $1.00 cash for three or four insertions. If more than eight lines an additional proportionate charge is made.

Liberal discount to merchants for business advertisements by the year or for a shorter time. Rates made known on application.

WILSON & WILSON, Proprietors.
G. H. WILSON. F. W. WILSON.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1893

NEWS OF THE WEEK

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Gathered from the Telegraph and Exchanges.

—Mrs. McLean, 35 years of age, and wife of Mr. Kenneth McLean of Woodstock, Ont., committed suicide on Thursday night ast.

—A monster who assaulted little girls was caught by a Duluth mob on Saturday, hanged to the limb of a tree and riddled with bullets.

—The consolidation of the principal belt leather manufacturers of the United States has been accomplished, with a capital of $120,000,000.

—Prime Minister Gladstone has offered the place of poet laureate, made vacant by the death of Lord Tennyson, to the distinguished art critic, Mr. John Ruskin.

—It is stated in Paris that the Siamese have resumed the offensive against France and it is charged that England is supporting the action of the government of Siam.

—A Schitkine girl, 17 years old, has been rescued at Bogorodska, near Moscow, after being buried in the snow for 51 days. She subsisted on snow and a few crusts of bread.

—Sir James Anderson died at London, England, Friday last. He was for many years commodore of the Cunard steamship line, and at one time commanded the Great Eastern.

—Miss Bertha Milne, a popular young lady who lived near Kincardine, Ont., committed suicide Sunday morning by taking poison. No reason for the rash act is known.

—The president of the World's fair has decided that any body of men, no matter how large, will be permitted to march inside the fair grounds provided they have paid their entrance fee.

—Wilfred Hill, a negro, who had stolen two hogs, was sold yesterday by order of the County Court for a term of six months to Pat Burton, a wealthy stock dealer, for $50. Burton was the man to whom Hill tried to sell the hogs.

—George Jeremiah of Columbus, Ohio, has applied for a patent for a killing machine, which, he claims, will be as painless in operation as is compatible with sure work. The machine simply severs the head from the body in the quickest possible time.

—Eighteen members of a students' society in St. Petersburg have been arrested for having murdered a collegiate who retired from the society and betrayed some of its secrets. The young man's mutilated body was found under leaves in a forest near this city.

—John Halton of San Augustine, Texas, was found dead in his house, eleven miles from town, last week, having been shot to death. His wife and seven children were missing. He had been insane for a number of years, and it is supposed he butchered his whole family, secreting their bodies, and then committed suicide.

—A sad drowning accident occurred at Renfrew Saturday evening last. Three young men Walter Nesbitt, bank clerk, W. A. Cameron and Walter McLaren, went up the river some distance in a bark canoe. On their way back near the village the canoe upset and Nesbitt was drowned. Cameron and McLaren succeeded in getting to shore. Nesbitt was a son of Rev. Mr. Nesbitt of Sutton.

—Unless the weather changes at once it will be impossible for navigation to open in Thunder Bay before the last week in May. The ice is as thick as in February, and reports from outside is to the effect that the ice bridge from Port Royale to Pigeon Point, which usually breaks up in March, is still solid. A blizzard from the south-east raged all Wednesday night, and the snow was six inches deep in the streets.

—James Houston's store and dwelling at Dresden, Ont., were gutted by fire one morning last week. Houston and wife living in the back part on the ground floor, and Mrs. Mooney and two daughters occupying rooms above the store, barely escaped with their lives. The occupants owe their lives to Mr. Houston's kindness in giving a night's lodging to an aged negro, who gave the alarm of fire just in time for all to escape.

—A dynamite bomb exploded at 10.40 o'clock last Friday night in the quadrangle of the Four Courts, Dublin. The explosion was heard for miles. Many windows were broken, but otherwise no damage was done. It is supposed that somebody threw the bomb over the railing in a spirit of bravado. The day was the eleventh anniversary of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke in Phoenix park.

—Some interesting figures regarding the space at several great international exhibitions are given in The Chicago Inter Ocean. At the Crystal palace, London, there were 832,950 square feet of space finished for exhibitors, while in one building at Jackson park there are 1,277,059 square feet of space. In all the buildings 8,712,000 square feet of space, and, including the foreign and state buildings, nearly 12,000,000 square feet of space to be filled by exhibits. The floor space of the manufactures building alone, the Inter Ocean proudly says, would accommodate the standing army of Russia. In 1862 London had another world's fair with 1,291,800 square feet of space for