Cuticura Remedies.

SCROFULA 12 YEARS

Always Sore. Burned Like Fire. Ashamed to be Seen. Got Worse Under Four Doctors. Cured by Cuticura.

For about ten or twelve years I have been troubled with scrofula. My head was always sore, my face was dry and scaly, and burned like fire most of the time. My body had big red spots on it, and I did not know what to do. I went to four different doctors and they helped me at first. In the fall I got worse again; then I tried other remedies, but they did me no good. I was ashamed to go into public. I was a sight to look at. Every one would say, "What is the matter, why don't you take something?" Even at my daily labor I had to wear a sort of cap to keep the dirt from getting into the sores. After I would wash, I would be covered with big red pimples all over my neck and face. Some two or three people advised me to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I did try them, and am glad I have done so. Glad to say I am a well man, and in the best of health since. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too highly. I enclose my portrait.

LEWIS W. KATON, Larksville, Pa.

Cuticura Remedies

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, when the best physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and testimonials, mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

NO RHEUMATIZ ABOUT ME! In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, muscular, and chest pains. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1-63

THE HONOR OF A NAME.

On the day of its date M. Sauvallier received from his youngest son, a lieutenant in garrison at Versailles, the following letter:

"VERSAILLES, 25th May, 1863.

"*My dear Father:*—A frightful catastrophe has fallen on me, and it strikes you as well. I write because I can do nothing further. I ought not to see you again. I am unworthy of your regard.

"Lured by a friend, I took ventures in the Bourse, and was carried into the maelstrom of yesterday, that sudden engulfment of so many fortunes.

"I scarcely dare tell you how much I have lost, but I must, for the honor of the Sauvalliers is concerned. Alas! it is almost your complete ruin. I owe four hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs. Curse me, for I deserve it; but I did not suspect that such a thing was possible.

"After trying every means to avert the disaster I returned to my room with head on fire, determined in my desperation to end my life. But I learned that volunteer officers are wanted for Tonquin, and have applied for a command. Suicide would not change the situation; it would leave another stain on the family.

"In that distant land my death will, at least, serve some use. You will not have to blush on that account; and it will perhaps, inspire you with a little compassion for the guilty but wretched and despairing son who is suffering cruelly from the wrong that he has done you, and who bids you farewell forever.

"CAMILLE SAUVALLIER"

The father of this young man, who had been a widower for several years, was one of the most esteemed iron founders of Paris, a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce and officer of the Legion of Honor.

He has two sons, Camille, the lieutenant, and Auguste, a painter of considerable originality, married to a charming wife, and father of a little girl of six years named Andrea.

He had turned their attention from every commercial enterprise, fearing their inexperience and dreading for them the hazards of business. He even insisted that after his death the foundry should be discontinued and not sold, in order that it might not pass into undesirable hands and with the hope of preserving the name of the Sauvalliers unsullied forever.

Notwithstanding all his precautions, a calamity greater than any he could have anticipated had now befallen him.

Confused by the appalling intelligence, he was obliged to read over the letter the second time to assure himself that he was not dreaming. It was indeed true. Camille had ruined, perhaps dishonored him. The objects which surrounded him seemed no longer the same. He arose painfully, as if crushed by too heavy a weight, with body and soul disordered by the shock, but fell back in his armchair, and tears coursed down his cheeks.

The sum was due next day. It must be procured at any sacrifice. The task would be difficult. His fortune was composed of material and merchandise. Could the necessary funds be realized promptly on such property? And, even if the debt were paid, could he hope to meet his personal engagements and avoid mercantile failure for himself? What! the failure of Sauvallier, officer of the Legion of Honor, a judge of the tribunal of Commerce! Never. He would commit suicide first.

But he would make every effort. He would attempt even the impossible.

So, all night the poor man ruminated, made calculations, planned arrangements; and in the morning set out on his mission with anguish in his heart.

He applied to his business companions, customers and friends, telling them frankly the whole story. They interested themselves in his behalf. Some bought merchandise for cash; others made advances; and still others lent him money. He scoured Paris in a carriage in every direction, returning at intervals to bring his cashier checks, drafts and banknotes; then hurrying off again on the same errand.

In the evening he examined his results. Augustine came in with his wife and Andrea. The elder son had also been borrowing, and had sold some pictures at a sacrifice; he brought to his father twenty thousand francs.

Andrea, ignorant of the misfortune of the family, began to play with her "Jeannie," a doll almost as large as she, which her grandfather had given her some days before, and which she loved, she said, "like a real girl."

She seated it in an armchair and took a long look at it from a distance. Astonished that, with such a natural appearance, it did not stir, she asked her mother:

"Mamma, dolls are persons without life, aren't they?"

But the young woman did not hear. The little one was struck with the sadness of all around her, and glanced her eyes from one to another, trying to comprehend what the trouble was about. She saw her father place his pocket book on the table, and her mother lay down bracelets, necklaces, rings, and other jewelry, while the grandfather wept, thanking them cordially.

Turning seriously to her doll she kissed it with all the passion of a final adieu, and, approaching her grandfather, handed it to him with sweet resignation, saying:

"There, Grandpa, you can take Jeannie back to the merchant."

M. Sauvallier burst into sobs on the neck of his pet, and exclaimed:

"You, too, my angel! Oh, the wretch—the wretch!"

The debt of Camille was paid. Honor was saved. But the fortune of M. Sauvallier was no longer in existence.

Thanks to certain arrangements he was able to retain the foundry, and, notwithstanding his sixty years he determined to work still, and to work without intermission, with the eagerness of those at the threshold of business life, who have strength to bear the cares of the day and to borrow the cares of the day to come.

He curtailed his expenses, gave up his suite of rooms to live with his son, sold his carriage, dismissed his servant, and reduced his office staff. Auguste took the place of the designer, his wife that of the cashier. They all set to work with a will, feeling that they had a great duty to accomplish.

The conduct of this old man, so upright, so jealous of his name, so courageous under his losses, excited profound sympathy. The number of orders increased at once, unwonted activity animated the establishment from one end to the other, and M. Sauvallier was inspired with hope and confidence.

But a persistent fear still troubled his sleep and often interrupted his thought in the midst of his occupations. He was afraid that Camille would repeat his error and become indebted anew. He forbade any mention of his bad son in his presence. Henceforth Camille was to be only remembered as the one who had brought a pall of shame on the family; and the meals were often eaten in silence.

The months rolled by; then a year, and still another. The foundry at Grenelle was raging and fuming with the intensity of its efforts. It never rested. Conscious, also, of its duty, it put forth all its powers. Its furnaces gleamed in the shade of their inclosures like the burning eyes of a fiery monster. Its powerful blast shook the neighborhood. The glowing liquid metal flowed from its receptacles as blood from the body, and during the whole night a brilliant illumination from above gave light to the busy workers.

The campaign af Tonquin was at its height. Our troops were struggling against a foe constantly eluding attack, but ever emerging from unexpected places, in an unknown country bristling with difficulties beyond computation. The least success roused the popular patriotism. Operations had long continued and decisive victory was awaited with impatience.

One morning Auguste, quite pale, entered his father's office, and handed him a newspaper. Under the latest, M. Sauvallier read the following dispatch:

"INTRENCHED CAMP OF DONG SONG, "12th February, 1865.

"This morning Captain Sauvallier attacked the enemy with extreme vigor, fought the whole day against large masses, and took successively four redoubts. After the most valiant struggles his soldiers, overpowered by numbers, broke their ranks. Although severely wounded in the head, and his thigh pierced by a ball, he caused himself to be borne on the shoulders of two men, rallied his company, and led them to the final assault. Admirable heroism! His condition is desperate. I have attached the cross to his breast. This brilliant feat of arms will enable me to enter Dong-Son to-morrow.

"Twenty-seven killed. Forty-three wounded.

"GENERAL BRIERE DE L'ISLE"

M. Sauvallier's heart with mingled joy and sorrow. For a moment he was buried in thought; then turned to his son, with eyes grown larger from painful astonishment, and asked, with a little uncertainty:

"Do you think it is he? If so, he must have been promoted."

He ran over the dispatch the second time, and murmured, softly:

"The cross! Desperate condition!"

Tears swelled from his eyes.

Two hours later a letter from the Minister of War advised him of the event officially, and the next day all the journals spoke of Captain Sauvallier, reminding their readers that he was the son of the honorable manufacturer of Grenelle. Soon the details were given. Camille, after being commended several times in the order of the day, had been named captain some months before. He had distinguished himself during the campaign by almost reckless bravery, seeming to have a profound contempt of death and to seek it on various occasions. This last astonishing exploit received a warm tribute from the entire press, and excited the enthusiam of the people. The name of Sauvallier was on every tongue. His portrait appeared in the windows of the booksellers. The illustrated journals represented him with brandished sword, riding on the shoulders of the men toward the redoubt, and spurring on his command by look, voice and gesture. His visage was heroic and sublime, his forehead was bandaged with a handkerchief, and marks of blood appeared on his face.

Now, M. Sauvallier could not go out without meeting Camille everywhere. At the corners of the streets, at the kiosks on the boulevards, from the publishers' windows, the eyes of his valiant son followed him as in life, quitting him only to catch a new sight further on.

The father recieved constant felicitations. Congratulatory letters and cards were heaped upon his desk. But, alas! the dispatches which he received daily from Tonquin gave him little hope that he would ever again see the son of whom he was now so proud.

Three month later, while M. Sauvallier was at work in his office, the door opened softly, just enough to reveal the curly head of Andrea.

The little damsel was happy. Her eyes sparkled from some concealed pleasure. Soon she threw the door wide open and entered, drawing the captain by the hand and calling to her grandfather:

"Here, Grandpa—here he is!"

Auguste and his wife completed the group.

M. Sauvallier, who had not been notified of the arrival of his son, rose quickly, but remained motionless, suffocated by his emotions.

There stood Camille, with the scar on his brow and the cross on his breast. He was, indeed, the hero whose name France had honored, whose lofty achievements were the theme of every tongue. He was the living honor of the family.

Timid and confused, as a guilty child, Camille lowered his head. He saw that his father was changed in appearance, grown aged in consequence of his act, and the thought of his fault awakened extreme compunction.

As he was about to fall humbly at the feet of his father, M. Sauvallier sprang, and with earnest grasp and quivering voice exclaimed:

"No, no, Camille? In my arms—in my arms!"

The father and son were long clasped in each other's embrace, mingling their sobs, while at their side Auguste and his wife were weeping profusely.

The silence was not broken until little Andrea, who had left the room, ran in again to the captain bringing her doll and crying:

"Here's Jeanne. You know Jeanne. Kiss her, too. How she has grown, hasn't she?"

AN EXCELLENT LECTURE.

Rev. Prof. Clark on Kingsleys "Water Babies"—A Rich Intellectual Treat.

Notwithstanding the comparatively short notice given, the assembly room of the Collegiate Institute was crowded on Thursday, the 11th inst., by citizens and pupils anxious to hear Rev. Prof. Clark's lecture on Kingsleys "Water Babies." The rev. professor is both able and eloquent, and the lecture was greatly enjoyed. We regret that pressure upon our space prevented us from giving the following synopsis of his address earlier to our readers.

The lecturer began by remarking that the Water Babies was not only what the author called it, a fairy tale for land babies, but also an allegory, representing the spiritual life of man, in this respect recalling perhaps the greatest of all Christian allegories, "The Pilgrim's Progress." It would hardly be possible, he said, to give a better illustration of the difference between the modes of religious thought prevalent among ourselves and those which distinguished the Puritans of the reign of Charles II. than by comparing Kingsley's story and its teachings with the allegory of Bunyan. Prof. Clark explained the circumstances in which he first undertook the exposition of the Water Babies, and mentioned that his explanation had the author's sanction. The book, he remarked, might be divided roughly into two parts, the first dealing with the history of Tom, the chimney sweep, and the second part telling his adventures after he had become a Water Baby. The chimney sweep period was symbolical of the life of sin and ended with conversion from sin. The beginning of this change, it was pointed out, was the awakening of the same evil. The Irishwoman, who represented Conscience, and perhaps also Providence, told Mrs. Grimes, Tom's master, that those who would be dirty, would be dirty, and those who would be clean, would be clean. So Tom became aware of his dirtiness when he saw Ellie so clean, and when he came down to Vendale and Mrs. Grimes looked upon him with horror as a dirty chimney sweep. All this made him sensible of being foul, and crying out "I must be clean," he threw himself into the river and was turned into a Water Baby.

The Water baby life must be divided into three parts; the first was Tom's life in the river up to the time when he helped the lobster out of the pot; the second, his period of education in S. Brondon's Isle, under the two fairies; and the third, his pilgrimage to the other end of nowhere.

The life of Tom in the river represented the worldly life, as the chimney-sweep period had represented the sinful life. The worldly life need not be, as the other was, vicious or immoral in the ordinary sense of that word, but it is essentially a selfish life, and therefore it is equally a life of alienation from God. The change from this life is symbolized by Tom's helping the lobster out of the pot. Up to that time he had thought simply of self-gratification, but now he went out of himself to help another. As a consequence, he recognized the other Water Babies, whom he had hitherto regarded as shells and sea creatures to amuse himself with, but whom he now knew to be creatures like himself. Here is the change from the worldly life to the life of grace. Whilst we live only for ourselves, our fellow creatures are regarded as merely a means of amusement. When we go out of ourselves in acts of self-denying love, then we recognize them as brethren.

The next period was the life in S. Brandan's Isle, where Tom's education was carried on under the influence of two fairies, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. The first of these was an ugly fairy, and she said she always would be ugly while men were bad, but when they became good, she would be as beautiful as her sister, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. Whatever people did she did to them, and could not help so doing, she said. She represents law, the law written upon the very constitution of our nature, which says, "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." Law is ugly to the wicked, but to the lovers of goodness she is as beautiful as grace.

Tom's education was carried on under these two ladies with the help of Ellie, who had become a Water Baby. Once he tried to get at Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid's sweets without her leave, just as many people would like to have the results of well-doing without doing anything to deserve them.

But something stirred Tom's curiosity. He wanted to know where Ellie went on Sunday; and she could not tell him. He was, however, informed that if he would go to the other end of Nowhere and do something he did not like, he would find out. The meaning of this is, that no one can explain to another an experience in which he has not participated, that the way to higher views and experience of life is by the path of self-denial. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings.

At last Tom set out on this journey, and first sought to find his way to Mother Carey, from whom he was to receive further guidance. Among those to whom he applied in vain was the Gairfowl, the representative of the class of people who are immersed in conceit and sloth, and, as they refuse to learn anything new, lose the knowledge which they once possessed. Tom found Mother Carey at last, a venerable lady, like a great piece of ice rising out of the open sea, who was "making things make themselves." Mother Carey is evidently Dame Nature. She gives Tom two directions, she tells him to follow his dog and to walk backwards, clearly pointing to the fact that Nature bids us be guided by instinct and experience.

On his way to the other end of Nowhere Tom meets with sundry adventures, calculated to carry on his education. The Powwow man is one of the most remarkable of the people whom he encountered. He and his thunder box represent the school of terror, the kind of people who think no one can become good who has not first been frightened into fits. At last Tom reaches his destination, and is instrumental in helping Mr. Grimes out of the chimney in which he is stuck. He then returns by the Backstairs—a charming episode—to St. Brandan's Isle, where he finds Ellie no longer a child, but grown to be a woman, whilst Tom has become a man. The closing scene is very beautiful and contains the final teaching of the book. A lady comes up to Tom and Ellie. They take her for Mrs. Doasyouwouldedoneby, then for Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, then for Mother Carey, and for the Irishwoman. The meaning of this—it was pointed out—was very plain. In this dim twilight of time, when we are as children tossed to and fro, we see as through a glass darkly, and then Nature and Grace and Law and Conscience and Providence seem to be diverse and ever conflicting; but when thro' the discipline of life we are grown to the full stature of men and women in Christ, we shall then see that they are all one in God.

World's Dispensary.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER, if you're a weak or ailing woman: —that there's only one medicine so sure to help you that it can be *guaranteed*. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In building up overworked, feeble, delicate women, or in any "female complaint" or weakness, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a safe and certain remedy for woman's ills and ailments. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

In all the chronic weaknesses and disorders that afflict women, it is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

Nothing else can be as cheap. With this, you pay only for the *good* you get.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

Symptoms—Moisture, intense itching and stinging, most at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lymans Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. —33-61.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by E. GREGORY, druggist.—23y.

New Advertisements.

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

MENTION THE POST.—Parties reading advertisements in this paper and answering them, or making purchases, will oblige a favor by mentioning THE POST.

HOUSE TO RENT.—A good comfortable Brick House conveniently situated. Apply to J. A. GILLOGLY, 8 Sussex-st. Lindsay, May 22nd, 1893.—59.

MISS MINNIE FORBER, Furrier, is now ready for the summer season to take in PLAIN SEWING or DRESS MAKING at home, 39 Kent-st. east, two blocks past Sadler, Dundas & Flavelle's grist mill, or will go out by the day. Prices moderate. Lindsay, March 28, 1893.—51-16.

FARMERS, TEXAS BALSAM is guaranteed to surely and quickly heal all Gorks, Galls, Scratches, Sore Shoulders, and all Woundsion Horses and Cattle. PRICE 25 CENTS. Address, C. F. SEGSWORTH, Toronto, Ont. —45-71eow.

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.

BRANTFORD BICYCLES HAVE A STANDARD VALUE

THEY ARE BUILT TO SELL AT THE PRICES OFFERED. MANUFACTURED BY The Goold Bicycle Co. Ltd. Brantford, Ont. DEPOT: 113 YONGE ST., TORONTO. JOS. RIGGS, Agent, LINDSAY

"MUNGO" —:o:— *Insist upon having this Brand. Refuse all substitutes as "being as good." Then you will be Safe.* 60-tf.

Navigation.

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, $50 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.

Lake Ontario Steamboat Co'y.

STEAMER NORTH KING. NEW, FAST, AND ELECTRIC-LIGHTED. DAILY FOR ROCHESTER. On and after May 1st will leave Cobourg at 8:00 a.m., Port Hope at 9:45 a.m., daily, on arrival of G. T. R. Trains. Except Mondays at 12:30 p.m. and 1:30 p.m., respectively. Returning, leaves Charlotte at 11:15 p.m., except Tuesday at 9:45 a.m., and Saturday at 4:15 p.m., arriving at Port Hope at 6:30 a.m., (Saturday at 9:00 p.m.) Will call at Colborne on Wednesday and Friday at 4:00 a.m., and Brighton on Monday and Wednesday at 2:00 a.m. Ask your local agent for Through Tickets to any point on the N. Y. C., Penn. R. R., Lehigh Valley, West Shore, R. W. & O., D. L. & W., B. R. & P., W. N. & P., and Have Baggage Checked Through. C. F. GILDERSLEEVE, Gen. Manager, Kingston; C. H. NICHOLSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Port Hope. F. C. TAYLOR, 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.

Miss Mitchell.

MISS MITCHELL. GRAND SUMMER MILLINERY OPENING. Miss Mitchell wishes to inform the public and her numerous friends and patrons that she just received a new and valuable stock of Summer Millinery of the latest styles and also LATEST STYLES IN DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING. Latest styles in WALKING, VISITING and EVENING COSTUMES. She is fully prepared to wait on her numerous friends and patrons, having secured a first-class Milliner. Rooms over Warner & Co's. dry goods store, Doheny block, next to A. Higinbotham's drug store. Lindsay, May 17, 1893.—58.

W. A. Goodwin.

W. A. GOODWIN, Next the Post Office. Headquarters for Alabastine Sanitary Wall Colors. Adamantine Floor Paints, Curtain Poles and Spring Shades, Picture Framing, etc. ROOM PAPERS FROM $1.00 TO 5 cents A ROLL. Lindsay, March 29, 1893.—51.

A. Higinbotham.

HOUSE CLEANING. Just as soon as this most delightful semi-annual job is over the lawn should be raked over, the yard properly cleaned and everything thoroughly disinfected. We have all the disinfectants, CAMPHOR, CAMPHOR BALLS, CARBOLIC ACID, COPPERAS, BLUE STONE, PHENYLE, CHLORIDE LIME, etc., at Higinbotham's Drug Store.

Hughan & Co.

YOU OWE IT to yourself, no matter whether you have been dealing with a friend or not, whether you think you have a right to expect to get your Goods cheap or dear, whether you are rich or poor, that you should buy *Hughan & Co's Watches, Clocks and Jewelry*, also the *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 1893.—

Jos. Riggs.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's

BICYCLES. I am agent for the following makes of Safety Bicycles: The Brantford and Goldrie, (Canadian makes) Rambler and Tourmond, (American makes) new Rapid, Waltworth, Humber, Relaxer, Spartan, Royal, Rudge, new Home-Rover, Psyche, Gladiator and Black Prince, made of the best material and by the most experienced manufacturers in England. Duplicate parts kept in stock and all kinds of Bicycle sundries kept on hand at JOS. RIGGS' Fancy Goods Store, Lindsay. Lindsay, April 13, 1893.—51.

New Advertisements.

WHY WILL YOU DIE—When SPRING'S LINEMENT is a sure cure for Sore Throat and Diphtheria. The household remedy known. For sale only by PHILIP MORGAN, Druggist, Kent-st., Lindsay.—56-5.

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD. General and Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body or Mind. Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust Noble Manhood Fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely sure. Failing Home Treatment—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.