It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure. Sold by A. Highbaham, Lindsay. Canadian

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1895,

HOW A WHARF WAIF BECAME A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

waif whom you have rescued from the slough of despair and the slums of Whitechapel, with an object as wildly impracticable as it is profoundly chari-

"That is the misconception that I feared," said Taras in a low, earnest voice, contrasting strongly with the light tone of his friend. "I want you to understand that the girl owes nothing to any sentiment of charity on my part in order that no chance word or accidental look may convey such a suspicion to her mind. If I gave her all that I possess in the world, down to the last farthing, it would not repay what I owe her. But for the daring, the bravery and the endurance of that slight, frail looking girl I might now be on the road to Siberia."

"Good heavens! I have not heard a word of this." "It has all happened since I saw you last. I told you the police would not let me alone, and they have not. They laid a trap for me, and I walked into it with the simplicity of a woman, mainly, I think, because the agent employed to take me represented himself to be an ex-convict and looked the character so perfectly that I never suspected him of being something worse. Usually, you know, the police agent looks impeccable. They got me down in a cellar, bound hand and foot and gagged. . could not get my hands free, but I worked the cord off my feet and ate through my gag. There was a pipe in the cellar, and through that I communicated with the girl whose voice I heard overhead. At the risk of her life she contrived to get herself into the cellar and me out of it. A vessel-from which I had been led to believe that three refugees were to be rescued-lay in the pool waiting for me, and most likely I was to have been carried aboard and

shipped off to St. Petersburg the very night that this brave girl saved me." "Thank God you escaped! Give me your hand, old man. To think that I might have found this room empty—that I might never have smoked another pipe with you!"

"You can understand now my feeling toward that girl." "By George, it's a heavy debt!" Then in a reflective tone he added after a pause: 'I see. You propose to raise

"Higher if I may. I aim at giving her a new life." "You have set yourself an enormous

this girl to your own level.

"You may help me now if won will " "If I will! Why, there's nothing in the world that would give me greater pleasure, if it were only to prove the sincerity of an Irishman's friendship." "If I had doubted that, I should not have said a word to you on the subject. I felt that I could rely on your help in case of need, but I would not impose a task upon you which beforehand seemed

"One moment, old man," said Kavanagh, with a laugh. "You are not going to hand that young lady over to "Yes. You must promise to look

"Good heavens! what do you mean? cried Kavanagh, with bated breath. "I mean that you must finish what I

have begun if I cannot finish it myself. I must make some provision of this kind for the poor girl. What would become of her if in a few weeks, say, she were thrown suddenly upon her own resources? Money alone would make her position only the more perilous. With out a friend to guide her, she would absolutely be worse off than if I had left "I understand that, but what do you

mean by the suggestion that something might happen to you in a few weeks?" "I told you that the police have tried to kidnap me. "And failed"-

"They will be more careful next time in consequence. They intend to take me, and probably they will. Three months ago the minister of the police received an order from the czar to silence me. He seldom has to repeat an order of that kind." "I could not believe it when you told

"It was credible enough to me. The warning came from a reliable friend in the minister's household. The odd thing is that I have heard nothing since from him or other friends who watch the motions of the police. It looks as if he had found a new agent-one less known to us than the old hands." "The villainous looking scoundrel you

"Oh, dear, no. He is only & sub-agent

employed by the agent in chief, who himself takes care to keep well out of the way. He may be directing the affair from Paris or Berlin. Certainly he would not jeopardize his own life or his position by an attack of this kind. The whole business has to be done by carefully concealed means, like one of those clocks which defy ingenuity to discover where the motive power is situated. It would never do, in case of exposure. for a known emissary of the Russian government to be implicated in a conspiracy against the freedom of a subject on

"That did not occur to me at the moment. What steps have you taken since this attempt?

"Made my will and"-"Surely they will not attempt to as- an extent. sassinate you?" Kavanagh said quickly,

"Assassinate? No! The rascals have too much respect for your hangman and their own necks to venture on that. But they would not hesitate to kill me if they could justify themselves by a plea perplexity, said:
of self defence. That might have happened the other night if they had not taken me so completely by surprise that I could offer no resistance. Every one of them had his knife ready, and I

-it is horrible to fight in the dark. You never know when the blow may

"No, nor who may strike it-that's the worst part of the business. It shakes one's faith. The man you trust turns out to be your enemy-your favorite haunt a nest of spies-anything may happen at any moment. I fancy they will give me a respite now. I am

all right for a time." "Is it not possible," said Kavanagh, "is there not just a chance that the attack was intended rather as a warning than anything else, and that they would have suffered you to escape if the girl had not forestalled them? If they silenced you to-night, your works would still exist. They cannot undo them, and they know it. Sent to Siberia, you become a martyr, and a greater importance is given to your work. It seems to me that the agents-the minister, the czar himself-will be satisfied with this manifestation of power and drop the

"For awhile possibly—probably, probably, indeed. But when they find that I do not profit by the warning and will not accept their conditions of neutrality -that I am neither a child nor an old woman to be frightened by menaces of future punishment from the course directed by my conscience"-

"But, my dear fellow, it is not as you were still an active enemy." "If you think I am nothing but a passive enemy, you are wrong," said Taras, with more fire in his voice than I had yet heard. They have something to gain by my removal. For months I have been meditating a new attack, and the czar knows it, for he has spies in our camp as we have friends in his. have only been waiting for the idea, and the idea came to my mind the first time I saw Aura. I owe her that as well, poor girl. Come up with me, and I will show the shell I am preparing to throw at the czar's feet."

As their chairs moved I slipped from meditate on what I had heard and form a clearer conception of its meaning.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE. Taras gave me his hand when we met the next morning down stairs. I took it in silence, being unprepared for this before exchanged with any one, and which now kindled an emotion in my breast that threw all my ideas into confusion. But before I let his warm palm leave my clinging fingers the earnest purpose I had come to in the night reasserted itself, and I said: "Here, I'm a-goin to begin to-day in

real earnest." "That's right," said he, smiling, but with serious feeling in his deep eyes. "I ain't a-goin to talk dilecks to any living being any more 'ceptin you. I'm a-goin to talk French like Mere Lucas

does. Presen'ly I'll go in the kitchen and p'int out things, and I'll just listen to her till I can make out what she's drivin at. And I'm a-goin to take stock of everything you do, too, and say things softer like and more pleasant, same as what you do. And I'll set to and learn readin and writin if you only show me how-jist for a start. But I ain't a-goin to be no 'normous trouble. I won't be a bit more trouble 'an I can help. Whatever you tell me to do, I'll take and do it, whether I likes it or not

"Here"-after swallowing my compunction-"I heered all what you said "So I perceive." "When you're a-goin out, and don't

want to take me along of you, do you mind telling me where you are goin and 'bout what time you'll be home?' "I am not sure that I should quite

"Oh, don't fancy I'm a goin to foller you about and be a nuisance. No fear! shouldn't like that myself. But if you didn't turn up, say two or three hours rater the time, I might jist take a skivvey round and see if it was all right, doncher know? It shouldn't make no difference to you, 'cause I'd take care revolver had not been removed from you didn't know it, but it'd make a lot of difference to me, 'cause I shouldn't have to do it underhanded like, and I | weapon in my dress pocket. I smile should feel a lump easier."

think of it." Then, seeing my troubled look, possibly, and my silence that my mind was I might dispense with part of my portafter her if anything happens to me." | not yet relieved of its charge, he added: | able armory which knocked against my | Borgensky." "Anything else, little friend?"

"Yes, I got sunthin else to say, but it kinder sticks half way. Here, don't you bother about makin 'rangements with that feller to look arter me in case anything-you know, don't you? I can't say it, It's too dreffle to talk about. But I don't want to be held by any one. You wouldn't like that. If you go enemy of Taras. away, I shall just come arter you, and it don't matter where nor how-d'ye

There was pain in his face as ing he asked lightly:

"Is there nothing else?" "Nothing 'tickler," I replied with a sigh of relief. "I've got up the wust of But you might tell me what this thing is you are a-goin to heave at somebody's feet, else I know I'll have to go pokin and pryin about to find out." "Well, as Mere Lucas has only just taken in the milk, we can go into the workshop and satisfy your curiosity

without keeping breakfast waiting. This is a pretty frock. I have not seen it be-"Course you ain't," said I, stopping and turning around slowly, with huge delight, to be admired. "Tea gowns is for arternoons, walkin dresses is for outdoors and this is for mornin's.'

"I ought to have known that-it's so crisp and bright and fresh," said he. We passed through the back yard and up a few steps into a long glazed workshop, which had been rented from the cabinet maker next door. I looked around, expecting to see some terrible instrument. Innumerable plaster casts hung from the rafters. The end wall was covered with rough sketches in charcoal. A potter's wheel stood near the window, with a trough of clay beside it. Some odd looking tools lay a bench, but they only looked like misshapen spoons. In the middle of the workshop, however, there was something on a stout stand, carefully enveloped in a damp cloth, and a little further on stood another stool bearing a smaller mass similarly covered. Taras went up to the larger of the two things and began carefully to remove the cloth, while I stood by waiting in eager curiosity to know what it was that excited the animosity of the police to such

"There it is," said Taras, lifting the last fold of the cloth and revealing a group of figures, roughly modeled in

I walked round the stand, touched the soft clay, and then, looking at Taras in

"Well, what harm will it do any one if you throw it at his feet? It wouldn't kill him if you threw it at his head."

from ner shoulders is a brutal executioner with an iron thonged whip in his hand. The third figure is the czar, who has given the order for this helpless woman to be flogged and is standing by to see his order carried out, callous to his victim's suffering."

"What has the woman done?" "She has dared to tell the czar that she is not his slave." "What's this down alongside the woman?" I asked.

"The czar's dog-licking her hand." "To show he's got more feeling than the man has?" "That's it. You begin to see what I

"It's a-comin to me," I said after a few moments of profound thinking. "I'm gettin at it by a little at a time. That woman, your country, 's got a look like mine was, all mis'able and wretched like, and you're a-goin to give her new life like you're givin me and alter her face so as people shall hardly know

her again." "Would to heaven I might!" he exclaimed fervently. "One life is too short for such a work-one hand too feeble. I can but hope to awaken the sympathy of humanity and start the cry of indignation which shall shame the

czar to mercy." The group had a new interest for me. The longer I looked at it the more it fascinated me. The central figure ceased to be an image. It was a living woman suffering as I had suffered. "I guess she feels like I felt," said I, "Like as if nothing could make her feel wus, and it didn't matter what happen-

"Better she hadn't got no soul nor nothin. Better she was dead if she hain't got a friend to help her up and give her a new life."

"That's it. But we must find friends to help her, warm the hearts of other nations toward her and kindle a spirit of hope and courage into that poor faintthe door and ran up to my room to ing heart, and we will if we can keep out of the hands of the police.'

If he could keep out of the hands of the police! My existence also depended upon that. Recognizing so much, the instinct of self preservation inspired me with a fierce desire and determination to find out and fight this secret emissary of the czar. The enemy once discovered, I would meet cunning form of greeting which I had never | with cunning, dare anything, hesitate at nothing to save the man who made the world dear to me. It would be a fight for life, and one of us must fall,

> CHAPTER XIII. AN ODD DIARY.

In my room there was a table with an empty drawer which fastened with a key. It is half full of rubbish-odds and ends of all sorts secreted there as souvenirs of those early days when I was incapable of keeping any other kind of diary. They have served their purpose. There is not a scrap which fails to recall the very sentiment of the moment when I laid it away, and it would be easy to compile a minute record of my life in Lambeth from them alone. A few of these trifles will suffice to indicate the course of events during the early months of my new life.

Here at the very bottom are three penny novellettes, bought for the illustrations on the cover, which alone were intelligible to me. In one "Lady Ermyntrude overhears the conspiracy and is represented listening, with horror on her face, at a half opened door; in another "Gwendoline denounces the baronet," who is quailing in terror before her outstretched finger, and in the third "Beryl says 'Die!' and shoots the villain"-and a most unmistakable villain he is-"through the heart." Those pictures fascinated me. The heroines were all tall and beautiful, and a couple of them were in evening dress. I put myself in their place. The ladylike accomplishment of eavesdropping I had already practiced. I had only to unmask the secret enemy of Taras and shoot him through the heart to be perfectly satisfied. And the means seemed almost within my reach. The my room. For weeks I carried that dangerous and somewhat cumbrous now at my simplicity, but my purpose "In that case, I will tell you when I | was no laughing matter then; I was in

A long claspknife marks the day when complete absence of fear shown by know who Taras was. Taras and the mild manner and innocent look of all his visitors had greatly ealmed my apprehensions, and in addition to this a wider intelligence showed me that the hand counted for less than the brain in coping with the subtle

One night Taras took me to the Westminster Music hall. Here is the programme of the spectacles which constituted two-thirds of the entertainment. nodded assent, but to disguise the feel- I had never before been inside a theatre, and when I stood in the stalls and looked round and above me I was quite overcome with astonishment at the vastness

and brilliancy of the house. "I should think this is the grandest place in all the world," I said in a lowered voice to Taras.

A little farther on there is another programme, showing that soon after we went the performance began. The play made less impression on my mind. I could not understand it all. My intelligence was not yet sufficiently expanded to comprehend the higher art, and perhaps this was why Taras took me first to the music hall. Still that evening's experience was delightful, and the long talks it led to afterward opened quite a

Very different emotions are recalled by this handkerchief, torn and shredded in a passion of furious jealousy. I must have used my teeth to rend it in this way. It was that evening when George Gordon dropped in after dinner and Kavanagh, with a couple of friends, came in after. As usual when a visitor called, I went up to my room to avoid unpleasantness, for I had stuck scrupulously to my determination to speak English only to Taras, and I was only just beginning to make myself understood in French to Mere Lucas. men stayed and played cards until 2 in the morning, and I sat on the steps and listened to the sounds that came from below, with venomous jealousy rankling in my bre st, the cold sweat of rage beading my lips and brow, when the jovial voice and hearty laugh of Taras reached my ear.

When the party broke up I went down, ostensibly with the pretest of saying "good night" to Taras, but with the covert intention of picking a quarrel | gether. -of imparting to him something of the vindictive misery I felt. Seeing my condition, he made me sit down, and having lit a pipe seated himself in the chair opposite and chatted about the were the most natural thing in the sponded in good Norman, "but behold world to enter into general conversation

Little by little he led up to my occuwith a twinkle of merriment in his eye. The figures will be life size, and they burned hard in a kiln, which, you see, would make a difference if it came to throwing it at anybody's head, notice of the inquest. It was all calculated to a nicety—the agent must have gone over the ground and mapped it out clearly. I would give anything to know who ha is "

with a twinkle of merriment in his eye. The figures will be life size, and they my death would have been atking the derivative of the figures will be life size, and they my eyes by a sympathetic word and my eyes by a sympathetic word and my eyes by a sympathetic word and friendship existed between them than the friendship existed between them that my own self esteem would save ine from any renewal of this came to throwing it at anybody's head, but that was only a manner of speaking. One, I will make it clear to you if I can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over the ground and mapped it can. This female figure represents my over selection of friendship existed between them than the consoling that my self-steem moving that my self-steem moving that my self-steem moving that my self-steem moving that my self-steem looks, soc. Single tleates to them. Thras. A stronger bond that my self-steem moving that my self-

per was every only growing moramenable to reason, and I grew braver and I hope better under the gentle, tumanizing influences which my dear friend constantly brought to bear upon

A day spent in the beautiful country beyond Woking is chronicled in this bunch of withered flowers. This was a fresh revelation to me, for with the exception of my memorable wandering to Gresswich I had never been out of London. It was in the first week of June. My astonishment began soon after we passed Clapham and increased as the houses grew fewer and the expanse of country wider, and I could not help bursting out in exclamations of delight

Taras caught my enthusiasm and was as ready as I to point out any fresh aspect. When we were fairly in the country and away from the station and people, I felt that I must sing or run or cry to give vent to my exuberant emotion. It seemed as if Taras and I were one-I saw with his eyes, heard with his ears, and in my heart was a sentiment of pure, ineffable love and divine tenderness which belonged more to his nature than to mine. He picked these flowers for me; I strewed them on my pillow and pressed my burning face on their cool petals when I lay down that night. One more extract from this odd collection shall close the list. It is a collection of paintings by Prince Borgensky, exhibited at the modern gallery in Bond street. I had often heard the word "nihilism" and "nihilist" spoken in Lambeth, and one morning when we were walking in the park-we never failed to go out for an hour or two be-

fore lunch-I asked Taras to tell me what a nihilist was. "A Russian nihilist," said he, 'is a man who desires freedom for his country such as we enjoy here in England, if he can get it. But he would be quite con-

tent with less. "Are you a nihilist?" said I. He nodded.

"Have you always been a nihilist?" I "No; I was once a servant-I might almost say a friend-of the czar, who is

now my enemy." "What made you become a nihilist?" He reflected longer than he usually did before replying to my questions and then said;

"I will show you, Aura," and turning from the path he led me across the park and over Piccadilly into Bond street. There we entered a large gallery which was already crowded with well dressed people. The walls were covered with pictures. I may say without exaggeration that there were hundreds of paintings. There were some large ones representing battle scenes, and others quite small, for the most part portraits, but the greater number, and those which attracted most attention, illustrated prison and exile life in Russia and scenes relating to the march of prisoners into Siberia. The misery of this awf-1 march, the attendant horrors of the etapes, where men and women, old and young, where the habitual criminal and the tenderly nurtured girl, condemned without trial by the administrative process, were herded together in loathsomegarments without regard to decency or to health and with less care for their preservation than would be bestowed upon cattle, were shown in such vivid reality that one turned with a feeling of sickness from the canvas, as if the reek of pollution and disease steamed from

"This is what made me a nihilist, Taras said in a low voice. "You have seen all this?" I asked.

He podded A plethoric young man with long hair was passing judgment on the picture in

the loud tone of concert. "Vigor, I grant you," he said. "But the thing is overdone. The effect he aims at is spoiled by exaggeration. Borgensky may be a rabid nihilist, but it is equally clear that he is making capital out of a political boom; in fact,'-he added in a confidential tone-"he almost admitted the fact when I taxed him with it here the other day.' "That is not true!" said Taras, raising

The knot of admirers about the stout young dilettante turned round, and the youth himself, scanning Taras from head to foot, said, with impudent con-

"Beg pardon, may I ask who you are?" "If you were not a liar," replied Taras, "you would know that I am Prince knee whenever I moved about. The It was in this way that I came to central premises, and wish

CHAPTER XIV.

One morning I was particularly bright and happy. Taras and I had risen early, by arrangement made over night, and gone to the flower market at Covent Garden, from which we returned laden with flowers, and I was then disposing them about our living room. Mere Lucas surprised me by repeating a phrase which she had not used for a

"Pauvre cherie, va!" said she in a trembling voice, regarding me with tender commiseration in her broad, motherly face as she stood before me with her hands planted on her massive

Why do you say that, Mere Lucas? I asked, for I could now speak with tolerable fluency. "I bave everything I

"It is true, it is true. Thank heaven you have everything you desire.' "Then why do you say 'poor dearie' with that look of sadness?

"Why do I say it?" she said, echoing my words to get time for reflection. She hesitated. Her lips trembled as if she were about to tell something that prudence witheld, and then taking me by the arms and drawing me to her breast she got out of the difficulty by saying: "because I love you. Go," and with a sounding kiss she released me and went off to her kitchen. I accepted this feminine explanation then, but before long the same expression cropped up again apropos of nothing when I was singing from sheer want of thought. That set me wondering. What was there in my condition that appealed to | U sure change of advertisements, will please hand her sympathy? I was no longer the de- | n their copy the evening previous to issue. plorable creature that first excited her pity. Why would a merry laugh now and then be checked by a sigh as she squeezed my hand, or end in a rueful shake of the head and a look of tearful

Another phase of her affectionate regard added to my perplexity before long. She became remarkably urgent in her praise of George Gordon and lost no opportunity of bringing us to-

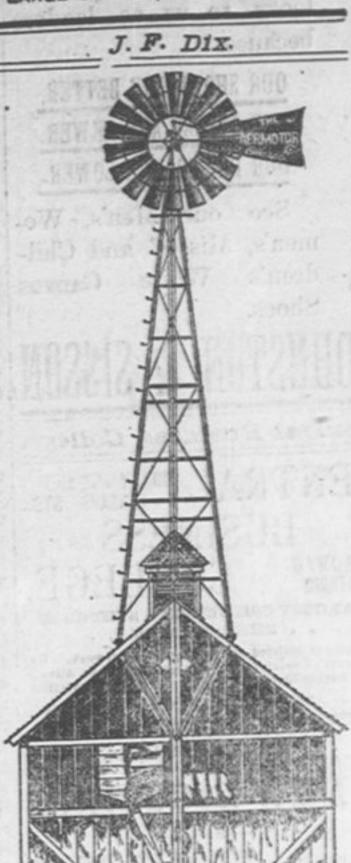
"Good day, Mme. Lucas," Gordon would cry in his cheery voice and execrable French when the door was opened to him. "Fine weather, isn't it? Is M. Taras in his studio?" "I will go and see," Mere Lucas re-

pation during the evening, and after of an hour with me, and a bad quarter of an hour it usually was for him owing to his very limited knowledge of French and my obstinate perseverance in speak. of an hour it usually was for him owing | Single tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon

Pyny Fectoral

In the system, strains the lungs and prepares a way for pneumonia, oftentimes consumption.

positively cures coughs and colds in a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects. LARGE BOTTLE, ONLY 25 CENTS.



The most convenient and cheap est power known where from 2 to 12 horse power is required.

See our circular for testimonials. 120,000 sold in 1894. May be seen in operation on the farms Clover of Messrs. Alfred Webster, south of Oakwood, David Beecroft, John Dix & Sons, Little Britain, or Jos. Tinney, Oakwood, who has a 16-ft. wheel.

For terms and particulars apply to J.F. DIX, or W.E. YEREX, Little Britain, or W. H. KENNEDY, Omemee,

The Rathoun Co'y.

Agent, G. H. M. BAKER

We are now established in our new, convenient and to call attention to the various lines of goods now in stock and their quality and - prices. -

Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Plaster Paris, Charcoal, Portland Cement, Salt, Terra Cotta Material, Drain Tile, etc., etc.

No handier place for Shingles, Lumber, Lath, Etc., than at NORTH END of Lindsay-st. BRIDGE,

New Advertisements. QUESCRIBE FOR THE POST .- Only One Dollar per year in advance CONTRACT ADVERTISERS, to en

TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY (LIMITED.) The Steamer ESTURION,

PLYING BETWEEN LINDSAY AND BOBGAYGEON, CALLING EACH WAY AT turgeon Point.

ma'm'selle all alone," and opening the sitting-room door she gave the poor man no option but to enter and room no option but to enter and pass a quarter excepting Saturda, s, when the steamer will leave

Single tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point, 35c, Return tickets, 50c,

Castoria.

for Infants and Children.

HIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine,

Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness Castoria prevents vemiting Sour Curd. Castoria cures Diarrhesa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air, Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels,

giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

signature of

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

John Makins.

LINDSAY FOUNDRY

JOHN WARING

Brass an Iron Found r is prepared to do all kinds o Casting and Epundry W Repairing o Implemen and Machiner etc Setting u Steam Engines and Bo N. B -Two Ponetale Wateron Engines 12 h p., for sale cheap Apply to

JOHN MAKINS William-st. North

James Reith.

CLOVER SEED. Seed wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE Insurance Company.

Thorough-bred and Farm Stock Insured at very Low Rates.

Fetch on your Seeds and get

your Farm Stock Insured at

JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET,

F. VanCamp. NO MOUNT REQUIRED.

POTATOES Worth its cost as a fertilizer. The only safe way to use a Strong Poison FOR SALE BY

F. VanCAMP,

You will be visited by stove pedlars within the next month enticing you to buy "Steel Ranges" on long terms. Question-Are you foolish enough to pay \$69 for a stove without furniture when I can supply you with a beautiful Oxford Steel Range and 23 pieces of furniture for \$49? We ought to live by one another. Pedlars as a rule pay no taxes, and are here to-day and in Egypt to-morrow. W. G. Woods pays taxes and sells Steel Ranges. All I ask is that you call and inspect our stock before

W. G. WOODS.

The Post.

THE POST JOB DEPARTMENT.

Orders neatly and promptly executed. Estimates and samples sent by mail when so required.

habies der Scott's Er tion serv gives vita and also c thus make

is a cons motes th tissue and ful remed Debility, Th Coughs, Co Wasting Dis Send for Pamy

Scott & Bowne, Pub. THE U ADV insertion; five cet Reading notic msertion; 50, eac

cattle, teachers žines) \$1 cash than eight lines : ments by the year known on appli WILSO H .. WILSON. The

> A COS How the

LINDSAY

BY GETTING

Pinster Be

ister-B

The Money B

Ottawa, Ju

subsidy, and

to benefit John The road was in April, 1894, it adian Pacific Ra dition they would train over it. earnings of the r 000 since it wa years ago, it v Vantages to the Neither has the

operate the road terms upon which ed, and there mus powerful influence throne to preven the law by the Ra It is true the dull for some time ley Railway.

reason why the \$134,000 out of and Costigan is a oury Board, shoul But we read of granted the Tobig the Hon. John Co he held in the plas at the terminal po Such was the ca Costigan acquired the plaster district red to the compained petition to the I