Sood HAIR. GOOD HEALTH, AND GOOD LOOKS. CLEANSES THE SCALP. AND REMOVES DANDRUFF.

It also prevents the hair from falling out and promotes a healthy growth.

Sold by all Druggists. Price: 50 cts.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1892

BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

Copyrighted by the Author, and published by arrangement with him. (Continued from last week) CHAPTER VII. A TEST.

"Isn't your father going?" It was the same evening, and Philip Breton was assisting Bertha into his beach wagon for a twilight drive.

"Father has left town for a few days. Didn't you know? Suppose you let me have the back seat. The world is large enough to afford us a seat apiece to-night." Bertha adjusted her wraps and the horses

stepped off down the street as gayly as if their driver had not been disappointed. There was not very much conversation today; indeed there never was unless Philip afforded it. Bertha considered she did her part in looking well, smiling prettily at his

witticisms, with now and then a remark, if she felt inclined. But today Philip was moody and silent. So Bertha gave hersel. up to the sensuous delight of riding, and only spoke in mild exclamations of admiration of the scenery as they left the village behind and followed up the winding river. But suddenly Philip saw a man's form

swaying easily while he took great strides along the footpath. "Curran," he exclaimed, and stopped his

horses close beside him. The man turned, and one might have thought he did not recognize the occupants of the carriage, except that there was the least bit of a flush on his face, which bore the lines of interrupted meditation. Then he bowed slightly to Philip. "And you don't recollect me, I suppose smiled Bertha.

"Tam not so stupid," he said, letting his steel blue eyes rest admiringly upon her. "We are going to Lockout, too. You must get in with us." "No, I won't crowd you; don't move."

And he turned a little away from them as if to continue his walk. "Certainly you must!" said Bertha; "see, . have a whole seat to myself and it is so stupid.

Please." And Curran took the seat she offered him, holding back her wraps till he was seated, and then releasing them. "Do you think I shall ever learn to weave

cotton cloth?" asked Philip, to call his attention to their day's work together. "I presume so, if you really mean to. But

it is lucky you haven't got your board to pay But Curran did not smile, and was very ill

at ease. He seemed to be lifted, body and soul, into the very life he was accustomed to rebuke. The beautiful horses of the rich were harnessed today to his pleasure with their gold plate trimmings. What right had he here? He said nothing of it, but felt intensely the falseness of his position. The delicate springs hurt him, and every sign of lavish wealth in the dress of his companions. He wanted no interests with the rich; his life work must be against them; he desired no association with a luxurious manner of life which he ought to upbraid. There must not be one chain of gold to unite him with the wealthy class in whom he saw the enemies of

And yet be was taking delight in this woman's presence, a new delight, such as the women of the poor had never given him. And was not she the very essence of luxury and refinement? He hated himself for it, but for all he tried to look eisewhere he kept seeing the sparkle of the diamonds on the whitest hand he had ever seen. He enjoyed the lilies of the valley set in mosaic at her throat, which showed its creamy white against the delicate ruffles, and the comb with its band of Roman gold almost the shade of the rippling hair it restrained. But were not these the very extravagances the poor had to struggle to earn for her? He ought to be fulminating withering sentences for such as she.

"I will get out at the rocks and walk the rest of the way," said Curran at last, as they could catch a glimpse of Lookout in the distance. "The workmen I want to talk to would hardly understand my coming with a

The "rocks" came but a mile from Lockout and the horses trotted so well that the spot was reached in a few moments more. The road at this point had been cut through a side hill of sandstone by dint of great blasting and the jagged edges jutted out angrily at the passers by. "There must be a wonderful landscape on

the other side of the rocks," said Bertha, as Philip stopped his horses for Curran to "Have you plenty of time?" she asked, before the workman could express his

"An hour to spare." She looked wistfully at the envious rocks that shut them in and then at Curran's

"I would so like to see that view from the top of the rocks if I had some one to help Curran's face suddenly flushed with

pleasure. "I should like to help you." In a minute more Bertha was climbing the rocks with her strange escort, and Philip sat holding his horses quite a little distance back.

"You didn't talk very much during our drive," said Bertha, as she stood with her companion looking off down the valley. it so wicked of us to be rich?" He shot a sudden deprecating look at her.

"Don't force me so far. I cannot say it now."

Bertha smiled. "Then leave me out of it; say Philip instead. "He is enjoying the fruits of terrible injus-

"But would his father have been rich unless he had der gred it?" asked Bertha. "Is it a just reward of merit, then, that a thousand human creatures should well nigh starve, and he be rich? If he has deserved to be rich, you must say they have merited star-

The girl liked to hear his earnest, thrilling tones, and watch his eyes flash and his nos-

trils dilate with such rare passion. "Is it just," he went on, "that no matter how unweariedly a llaborer works, his idle neighbor, as surely as the sun sets, should lay intolerable tribute on his profits so that he must stay forever poor? Is a day's work worth nothing? Then why does it bring in some capitalist thousands of dollars for a stroke of his pen?"

Bertha understood but little of what was saying, but she could look intently at him with wide open blue eyes, which had a pretty trick of changing expression as if in closest sympathy with a speaker. Curran felt no one had half listened to him before, that at last every word told, and he was strangely excited by the sweet mystery of their common inspiration. "Great wealth is made up of 10,000 trick-

ling streams, drained from the paltry earnings of as many defrauded workmen. Mere cunning scheming ought not enable a man to turn aside the great river of plenty, which flows for all men. Why these shrewd business men, whom so many praise, have so ingeniously placed their chains on the laborer, that the harder he struggles to escape from poverty, he only turns the faster the wheel that grinds out fortunes for his masters, and draws him in at last to be crushed."

He hesitated for her to ask him some questions, and perhaps it was already as plain to her as to him. At any rate, she only looked off to the west where the glow of sunset was fast fading, and then back into his face re-"I suppose we ought to go down," she said.

"Why, yes, I had forgotten whether it was night or day."

He took her hand gently as if he touched a holy thing, and his face softened like a child's. He would not have let her fall for the world. She had taught him, how he did not stop to think, that there was a rare and exquisite strain of joy in life. She had spiritualized womanhood to him; he suddenly saw in it an essence so pure and fine it had been so wretched, and now a vague, sweet hope he cared not to define was born in him. As he stood upon the road bed and reached up his hands to help Bertha down, their eyes met for a moment, and then she trusted herself to him in such gentle surrender that a mist floated before his sight. She almost fell, and he must needs gather her perfect form in his arms to save her.

Philip had been idly snapping his whip and looking up the road. He thought he saw in the distance a number of men with guns hurrying in his direction and before them-yes, it must be a dog; an odd hour of the day for hunting. He might as well have his horses turned about; he could see Curran and Bertha clambering down from the rocks. So it happened that at the moment Bertha came so near falling-in fact, did fall, into Curran's arms-Philip was sitting with his back toward them, faced toward home.

But by this time the hunters with guns were nearer; the blacksmith had rushed out of his shop to look at the dog who bounded along with his mouth to the ground dropping foam as he ran.

The dog was mad. Bertha saw the great white creature, and grew pale as death, and pressed back against the rocky wall in despair. Curran saw him too, and had not even to make up his mind to die to save this woman. It was a matter of course. He stepped out directly in front of her without to escape the engine which swept by with a one word, and bending forward, waited. The mad dog might pass by. But no, in an instant more the beast was upon him, and like lightning Curran had reached out his hands of iron and caught his shaggy throat as in a

The creature rose upon its hind legs and snapped ravenously at his captor, great drops of foam, specked with blood, dropping from his jaws. With one rapid glance Curran saw the men with guns, running at full speed, and almost at hand. If he could hold him but one moment more he might yet be saved, if those glistening teeth, distilling poison and madness would spare his flesh one moment more. His arms and wrists were corded like a giant's; his head thrown back to escape the venomous fangs, while he listened with fast sickening heart to the sound of approaching feet. He heard, too, the quick breathing of the woman behind him; thank God, he could save her from such a fate, and she might

think kindly of him sometimes, even if he must die like a dog, since it was for her. But now his arms trembled with the terrible strain upon them and the dog struggled more fiercely, so that the man felt his hot, fetid breath on his cheek, and in an instant more the deadly jaws seemed closing over his arm. Suddenly there came a loud report and a cloud of smoke, and the mangled creature fell upon the ground in his death agony. The madness had gone out of his big, brown eyes which looked up pitifully at the man he

"They were just in time with their guns," exclaimed Philip, rushing up and wringing

his hand. But the man made no response, nor even looked around for one sign of gratitude from the woman he had risked his life for. He had no answers or smiles for the admiring crowd that had seemed to gather so quickly when the danger was over, but his face grew quite pale as he walked up the road. At the blacksmith's shop a thought seemed to strike him. He hesitated a moment and then went in.

When the crowd came up and followed him in, they found him before the glowing forge His sleeve was rolled up, revealing an arm almost like the smith's, but how closely he was studying it. Just below the elbow were the marks of a dog's fangs, out of which slowly oozed two great drops of blood. No one dared to speak; all looked on him as a man devoted, and half expected to see already the signs of madness on his calm, pale face. The men with the guns had come in with the rest, and stood under the rows of horse shoes that lined the blackened walls,



with horrified eyes riveted on the print of the poisoned fangs. The blacksmith stood by his anvil, hammer in hand, as if frozen, and even Philip Breton was stunned and baffled at the sudden revelation of the fate stamped on this man who had given his life for Bertha's. Philip had been devising how rare a gift of undying friendship he could give him in token of his gratitude, and nowa terrible death must be his only reward.

But the face of the victim was as composed as if death had already claimed him. He did not seem to see one of the silent forms that thronged the little shop. Then he looked carefully at the wound in his arm and pressed out the drops of poisoned blood. In another instant he had reached out his right

hand toward his forge and grasped the of a bar of iron that shone at white heat where it touched the coals. He drew it out before one could catch his breath and held it close against the death mark in his quivering flesh. A sickening hiss brought a cry of sympathy from the astonished crowd, but his lips never moved till the cure was completed. He threw back the iron, and grinding his teeth in his agony turned on his heel

At the door was a face paler than his. Bertha Ellingsworth had seen it all. As he looked at her white face and golden brows and lashes, Curran thought of wreaths of strands of gold on the driven snow. But her eyes had a new fathomless expression in them, and her lips were parted as if to speak, if there were only words sweet and gentle enough. His face flushed with a delicious gladness deeper than his pain, as she made him hold out his arm for her, and touched it with mysterious tenderness, and bound her handkerchief about his charred and aching wound.

"And you can't disappoint your audience! How brave you are. But you will come to "If you wish it." The crowd had gathered

outside the door, and stood a little way off, curiously watching them. "I wish I could repay you," she said, looking wistfully up at him. But Curran's face flushed crimson, and he

drew back from her as if he had been stung. As she looked at him, a flush slowly came into her face, too. "Would you like to kiss me, just once?" The man turned and drew her to his heart, and her eyes fell till their long golden lashes touched her cheek, as he stooped and kissed

> CHAPTER VIII. HIS MISTAKE.

her pouted red lips.

It was quite dark when the carriage turned the last bend in the winding road homeward and the lights of Bretonville came into view. might redeem the world. An hour ago, he The lights in the windows of the poor danced out to meet the tired horses as gayly as any. There might have been a sobbing woman behind the cheeriest of them all; nature shows no sympathy for human suffering. If her poor children have no rest and joys their hearts must break; that is one of nature's laws. Neither can light lose its gladness and cheer because gladness and cheer are so absurdly out of place in poverty stricken homes. Homes indeed! As if the circles that were gathered within most of those windows deserved the name of home, with never a smile of contentment to light up a face, or a word of hope to make music for a dulled ear. Home to such as they is the place where the cravings of hunger are quieted and the tired cords and muscles are relaxed for a new strain; where they can complain and where they can sleep and die. But save the word to them at least, for a time when it shall be a

> Suddenly the sound of fire bells fell upon Philip's ear and startled him out of his melancholy revery. The same instant he saw a little cloud of smoke above the brick mills, and then a bright tongue of flame leap up toward it. The bells pealed out in short nervous strokes as if in tremulous fear, and at their impulse the young man's blood coursed through his veins in uncontrollable excite-It was but two minutes more when Philip drew up short at the mill yard gates, rush, dragged by a crowd of shouting men. The people hatless, coatless, and some even barefooted in their haste, poured out of every street and alley way, and into the wide open gates, everybody talking and nobody listen-

But Bertha had hardly spoken during the drive home, and now seemed very little interested in the disturbance. "The mills are on fire," cried Philip,

dropping his reins and turning his excited face toward her. "So I see," she said coolly, "and hadn't you better drive on?"

"Why, I ought to be here." He looked nervously at the hurrying crowd and back into Bertha's cold beautiful face. "Couldn't you wait in one of these tenements? These are all nice people." But she made no motion, and only looked

at his flushed face in annoyed surprise. "What are you thinking of? I stop with these people?" "Or drive on home without me. The horses are gentle and you are such a good

driver, you know." Philip was growing terribly restless; the people came faster and faster, and his eager eyes followed each man and woman into the gates with increasing anxiety. Even Bertha noticed the curious looks the passers by gave

to the carriage that blocked the way. "I couldn't think of it," she said in measured tones that reminded Philip, even at such a moment as that, of her father's. "You had better drive along; there, not so fast. Why will you run the horses? You almost frighten me."

It took but a few moments to reach Bertha's home, but it seemed a long time to Philip, who kept looking back over his shoulder at the fismes which to his excited fancy seemed rising higher at every glance. He stopped the horses at Bertha's door at last, and leaping to the ground, assisted her to alight. The horses were penting, but there was no time even to give them breath, and in an instant more Philip was back in his seat. But Bertha stood as if she had something to say, and he waited before he drew up the reins.

"You will make a mistake in leaving mill. me to myself to-night."

He thought there was a mysterious touch of selfi-distrust in her voice th t soft andalmost tender as she looked fixedly at him. Ah! he had never seen her so lovely; as if the warm passionate woman soul had been born in her; and he longed in his rapture to fa l at her feet and kiss them. He was forgetting the mill in flames as he drank in the new sweet hope she seemed to give him. He could not leave her thus with that wonderful light in her eyes. No doubt the fire was subdued, and how little he could do at best; there were so many stronger than he.

But suddenly a tongue of flame leaped up into the black sky like lightning. "I would so love to stay, darling, but the mills are on fire-my father's mills. might save them. Don't you understand-it would be infamous in me to"--

"I only said you make a mistake." Till he dies Philip Breton never will forget that scene; the darting flames beckoning him away, and this beautiful woman, for whose first fond caress he would have given everything but his manhood and honor, inviting him to stay. And in her changed face he thought he saw such sweet promise of love if he stayed and such sure presage of evil if he

"Good night," he said with faltering "Good night," she answered slowly as she turned to go in, and he thought he

heard her other sentence over again, "You make a mistake." It was Number Two mill on fire, but all that ingenuity and strength could do seemed doing as well without Philip. The men were as busy as bees. Fifty manned the brakes of the hand engine, and pumped as vigorously as if there was no such thing as lame backs and aching muscles, while on top of the engine beside the bell, which rang with every

stroke of the brakes, stood their foreman | Some of your women and ignorant people, keeping time with his arms and whole body, and encouraging them with his hoarse, excited voice. Then there were three hydrants in full operation and a crowd of men to keep the hose in condition, and four more in rubber suits to hold the nozzles and direct the streams of fast flowing water where it would of an orator's triumph quickest subdue the fierce flames. There I can in your behalf. I know the lines of seemed nothing for Philip to do. He was worth no more than the crowd of chattering women, who stood as near the fire as their rough voiced men would let them. How odd their thin white faces looked, half hid by the shawls tied about their heads. It was a great murmur of approval. Was it too late? event in their dull, monotonous lives; the very foundations of their world seemed ran up the ladders again, with the hose in shaken, and they could not talk fast enough their hands, in the renewed battle with the to express their crude thoughts at the breakfire. Philip had moved the crowd. He had ing up of old associations. chosen instinctively the only method for the

"Carry the hose up to the next story, shouted the foreman. "The ladder is not long enough," answered one of the men in rubber suits.

"Can't you climb? Who can, then?" This was Philip's opportunity, and he hurried up the ladder two rounds at a time. Then he swung himself off on the lightning rod. Its sharp edges cut his tender hands, out in his eagerness he did not notice it. In a moment more he had pulled himself up to the window sill and burst in the sash. Then he reached down for the hose and a cheer went up for the rich man's son who was not afraid of work.

He heard his father's voice below thanking the men for their devotion, as the sullen flames seemed to give way before their tireless efforts. But it was no time now for idle felicitations. The fire seemed under control, but if the mastery were relaxed, it would leap high again in its fury, and the other mills must go too, for all they stood now so the gentleman of elegant leisure. He stood cold and proud. The smoke grew thinner in by the smoldering ruins of Number Two the window where Philip stood, so he could mill look down on the sweaty faces and bending forms of the men at the brakes. Everything depended on them, and how strong they sent | have been if she could have seen her hero tothe water through the hose he held, and | night." forced back the fire inch by inch from its prey. If they could only keep it up a few moments more the mills would be out of him; as if, some way, in leaving her just danger. Each stroke of the brakes made the | when he did, he had lost her forever. God hose throb against his side almost like a forbid! He could not shake it off; it was giant's pulse. God grant them strength a with him as he waited almost alone in the few moments more. Suddenly he heard a loud voice raised

sponsibilities of the night had not dispelled above the murmur of the crowd. "Wise boys ye be, to clench the nails in blackened timbers, and watched for the little yer own coffins. Ain't this mill yer jail and forks of flame that started up boldly, now its bosses your jailers? Is there a fool of ye all, but knows old Breton who grins so nice

new battle, and then seemed abashed at findto-night on ye, but knows him for a tyrant, ing themselves alone in the dark, and sank who grinds us to powder?" Philip saw a short, burly man whose hair was cropped close to his round head, shoutwringing his bruised hand till it hurt him. ing and gesticulating wildly, as he made his "God bless you, my son. I didn't guess how way up to the engine and then leaped upon it. The brakes stop moving and the fire sends up new tongues and leaps along the on the right, and the long pile of massive smoking beams and rafters in fresh fury, structures away to the left, unshaken by the while the men listened breathlessly to this whirlwind of fire. In a few hours more they stranger. The women too gather nearer, and would be alive with rushing belts and wheels, look in curiosity at their husbands and

and with the feet of the men and women, brothers who drink in so eagerly his poisoned telling how strange it was there was a place "I s'pose ye thought ye didn't work long left for work today. Yes, he had saved enough for yer ninety cents a day. But ye them, "but at what price?" He spoke half to hev. Ay, boys, that big heap o' brick stands | himself. If he only knew what Bertha had for that old man's meanness; it's the machine | meant. to crush ye. It's the way he bleeds ye. But | "What price? Oh, your promise to do what you could for the men and all that. It was how sweet he is to-night. Ye never noticed guardedly put, my boy." And his father it before, did ye? He's seed you a starvin' on the wages he paid, and yer purty darters | laughed appreciatively. "Inexorable parent gone to the bad for the want of a few things | must be considered, though, ha, ha. You will all gals kinder like. Some on ye, too, has | catch your death of cold. Well, if you will got old and cripples in his service. He aint | stay, good night." ever guv a mite, has he? Now it's your

And the man shouted loud above the hissing, crackling flames that leaped out of a dozen windows in wild glee. "Let his mills had come to the Ellingsworths that she stood burn fur a warnin' to such as he who make at the dining room window. so much sorror and misery in this ere purty world that if Satan tortured their cruel souls home, and yet another world; how strange forevermore, it wouldn't be a feather in the that the two should be so near and not change balance. Let him know the despair of a or shadow each other. But Jane Graves was not the girl to trouble herself over hard quespoor man for once." tions. She breathed her new atmosphere in

It was almost madness that glittered in the fellow's darting eyes, and his voice grew hoarse and terrible as he pointed his thick fingers at the mill half hid in smoke, lit up in spots with forks of flame.

"Let every plank of it go. It's only served to make him richer each month, and ye poorer. Such a machine as that don't desarve to stand. Let his riches he's used so poor turn to ashes this night. Tears and prayin' couldn't git equal rights for us; the fire will do it, though.

Ezekiel Breton elbowed his way into their

He had lost his hat, and stood pale in his agony in the presence of the men thought he had wronged them. He was conscious of no guilt; he had only made his money as others made theirs; fairer, indeed, than mere money lenders, who added nothing to the world's productions. He knew, of course, the poor suffered, but a man can't be too squeamish, and the same road was open to them that he had taken. And as for wages, who could blame a man for getting help as cheaply as he can? That is business. Mr. Breton knew but one argument for

"If you want pay," he shouted, "here is money, a dollar an hour to each man." But not a face relaxed; he looked fearfully from one to another, and then up at the grinning face of the stranger, "only save my mill." The old man put up his hand to his white hair in a piteous gesture as he glanced at the sheets of flame and lurid smoke that shut off the sky above his devoted

"See the fire grows every second, we are lost unless you go to work; I will pay ten dollars an hour. The brakes began to move slowly up and down. Philip felt the water throb through

the hose as it touched his side, but it was only one fitful spurt, for the stranger, who seemed to hold the mills at his mercy, had found his voice again. "Keep yer money, old man; you will need every penny of it, for you've cheated yer last

out of yer help in them mills. Yer mill hez Philip saw his father turn toward his mills the pride of his life, and look as fondly at their grim walls as a man on the woman he loves, and the tears of futile agony wet his cheeks. That moment the young man aged

The crowd fell back again, and another speaker mounted the strange rostrum. He looked young for such a crisis, but there was a new suggestion of power in his lips and the sullen crowd wondered what he thought he could say to persuade them.

"I suppose," began Philip slowly; as i every minute might not be worth a fortune, "I presume," and his voice sounded dry and hard, "you will want your wages as usual, next pay day. Is there any one of you foolish enough to imagine you will get them if

Then the young man glanced at the burly stranger, who, clearly enough, was taken aback by this new style of appeal to a crowd. "Possibly this broad shouldered friend of yours is going to find a living for you. You have got to find it somewhere, and you won't have particularly good characters to recommend you to new tyrants.

"Mind, men, I don't say but it is quite fair, but mill owners manage their business about the same way. It is all very well to complain, but the first necessity is a place to work; if there isn't that, you surely can't have any rights. I may as well tell you, the mills are heavily insured, and you can't quite have the rare satisfaction of seeing that old man ruined. But I doubt if he will care to out any more mills under such extra risks.

Suddenly the girl started, and a deep flush lit up her dark face. Up the walk, to the front doorway, came the man of whom she who don't see the fun of starving, may think thought, with his own lordly stride as if he you have done a poor night's work." were a prince, indeed, as he deserved to be. The stranger had disappeared, and the Her heart was in a sweet glow; he had found faces of the men, clustered about their enher out, and had come for her. She would gine, had lost their sullen cast. The young leave all these beautiful things with rapture man's black eyes glistened in the new ecstasy

The brakes started up again. The men

crisis, while the flames crackled and flashed

in high carnival. But was it not too late?

The men were working with new energy,

new hopes were in their hearts. The mill

owner's son had promised to help them; he

sympathized with their cheerless poverty,

If the whole line of mills went it would be

upon their consciences, and the thought put

fresh strength into their weary arms and

more fearless courage into their hearts. But

precious time had been lost and the wind had

changed so that now the red, greedy tongue

of flame lapped the frowning brick walls of

the next mill, and lavished their hot, wanton

kisses as if it were love and not hate whose

When the moon was setting in the west

"Aren't you coming home to-night, Philip

my dear boy? How proud Bertha would

great mill yard; all the excitement and re-

it. He looked down moodily into the smok-

ing mass of crumbled walls and roof and

and then, as if it were not yet too late for a

"You have saved the mills," said his father,

Philip looked up at the scorched walls off

CHAPTER IX.

It was at dusk a few days after Jane Graves

It was almost in sight of her old dreary

unmixed delight, while latent senses awoke

At this moment she stood in a very charm-

ing attitude leaning lightly against the

window casing, her prettily rounded arm

raised to play with the curtain tassel. Her

master rather liked to linger in the dining

room and read his evening paper. Occasion-

ally he would glance at the girl who had

such pretty poses; he had quite a taste for

pictures, and then she afforded him an excuse

for not a little cynical philosophy. Mr.

Ellingsworth had one peculiarity that would

certainly seem very commendable. He never

spoke rudely to any one; it would have been

impossible for his finely grained nature. She

thought him polite and kind, and in her in-

nocence imagined his was the usual manner

of the well bred with their hirelings. The

other servants knew that humiliation was a

part of their required week's work, which

their wages were considered to pay for; and

expected to see the thunder olt fall on this

foolish girl who did not know how precious

was the purchased privilege of being cringed

to. But strange enough the thunderbolt did

Cuticura Remedies.

TERRIBLE ITCHING

Used Everything Five Months. In

Three Weeks not a Scar or Pimple.

Cured by Cuticura.

When my baby was three months old his cheeks

it, matter would ooze

from the points. In a

head and face. We used

everything we could bear of for nearly five

months. It grew worse

all the time. I saw your

advertisement of the Cr.

TICURA REMEDIES in the

"Chicago Weekly." We

purchased CUTICURA

and forehead began to break out with white pim-ples on red surface. In a few days itching com-menced, which was terrible. After he would rub

three weeks' time there was not a sore or pimple, not

even a scar, on head or face. He is nineteen months old now, and has no signs of the disease. His scalp is healthy and he has a beautiful head of hair, (See portrait herewith.)

My infant, eighteen months old, was afflicted with skin cruptions on his hips. Bad sores came on other parts. All remedies failed until I procured

CUTICURA. Cured a year and no return of disease.

MRS. A. M. WALKER, Carsonville, Ga.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier, internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by Curncura Scar. Absolutely pure.

Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticure Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

MRS. OSCAR JAMES, Woodston, Kan.

not hasten.

each day only to be gratified.

much there was in you."

that night, Mr. Breton found his son al

and who could do more than he?

fury would consume them.

Mr. Ellingsworth saw the man's figure at "One thing I will promise. I will do what the front gate, and the girl's start, and smiled rather disagreeably. He had wonmost of you have fallen into hard places, and dered before why her lover didn't come, and I promise if I can see any way to lighten the here he was at the front door, no doubt exburden of life on your shoulders I will help pecting to be entertained in the parlor. The men returned to their work with

Jane Graves gilled into the hall. Suddenly grown shy at the maiden passion of her own heart, she slowly opened the front door. What would he say first? Would he take her hand which had grown so white and soft lately? Would he ask to kiss her, and with beating heart she stood in the open door-

It had now grown almost dark, perhaps he did not see her plainly. "Did you ring?" she asked foolishly, while her heart sank down, down, would it never

"Is your mistress in?" What was this-some strange mistake! Could he not see who it was held the door open for him?

"My mistress, Miss Ellingsworth? why yes, she is in the parlor." It must be a joke, but now he had frightened her enough, and how they would laugh together over it. She was attempting to smile, when she heard the parlor door open behind her. "Yes, I am here." It was Bertha Ellings-

worth's voice. The visitor passed in, and Jane Graves shut the outer door heavily and sank upon the floor, pressing with both her grimy with smoke, with clothes torn, and drenched in water, out of all semblance to hands against her bursting heart. Then she leaped upon her feet in sudden madness and hurried along the hall to the parlor door. What right had this rich woman to steal away her lover? She would care only to amuse herself with him for a few days and then her servants would be told to shut the door in his face. Such cold creatures as she never love; passion they know nothing of, Bertha! What a strange influence her only the passion to break honest men's hearts. words and manner at parting had left upon Why not warn him? Oh, but what was Jane Graves to him? he might remind her how he had spurned her from him once.

Jane Graves went back into the dining room, now grown dark, and threw herself into a chair. The poor cannot figlit against the rich. Ah! but she could hate her mistress' white face. She could curse her in her (Continued on sevenih page.)

D. Ritchie & Co.

(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM

(PLUG.) No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in

the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco. Oldest Cut Tobacco manufac-

turers in Canada.

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 20c.

M E. Tangney

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

COFFINS, CASKETS AND SHROUDS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

CHARGES MODERATE, indeay, Sept. 14, 1891.—71 ly

Miss O'Brin.

MILLINERY

MISS O'BRIEN

Would respectfully call the attention of the ladies of Lindsay and surrounding country to her well-selected stock of Millinery, which is replete with everything new and fashionable.

Just Received—American Straw cured thousands of cases where the suffering was almost beyond endurance, hair lifeless or all gone, disfigurement terrible. What other remedies have Shapes in Hats and Bonnets-with Trimmings to Match. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVERT, \$1.50 Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

See Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 Illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

Ledice desiring what is New and Fashionable at Russonable Prices will find my Stock well worthy of inspection. Give me a call.

MISS O'BRIEN A Few Doors East Berson House Lindsay, May 19, 1892,—106.

New Advertisements TOR SALE OR TO RENT.-South balf of lot No. 7, in the 7th conces

sion of Maripose; 100 acres. Convenient to market, railway station, schools and char-Apply to McINTYRE & STEWART, barts tera, Lindeay. July, 14, 1892,-14-tf.

BARTHOLOMEW

Lindsay, Aug. 1, 1892,-17.

Insurance, Loan and Real Estate Agent DOMINION BANK BUILDING

LINDSAY, ONT.

IUMORS in and Bunn CUAL SYSTEMO correcting all PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both

ntail sickness when neglected. YOUNG HER should take these Prize

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED.

Navigation.

ANCHOR LINE. United States Mail Steamships

Sail from New York every Saturday For Glasgow via Londonderr Rates for Saloon Passage

By S. S. CITY OF ROME. \$50 and upward. Second Cabin, \$30. Steerage, \$20. On Other Steamers Cabin, \$45 and upward, Second Cabin, \$30. Steerage, \$20. Drafts at Lowest Current Rates. HENDERSON BROTHERS, 7 Bowling Green, N.I. or F. C. TAYLOR, Lindsay, Ont.

ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS,

REDUCTION IN RATES. Steamers sail regularly from PORTLAND AND HALIFAX TO LIVE

POOL VIA LONDONDERRY, DURING THE WINTER MONTHS. Cabin \$40 and upwards. Second Cabin Steerage at low rates. No Cattle Carried. SERVICE OF STATE ALLAN LINE

STRAMSHIPS. NEW YORK and GLASGOW via Londonderry, every Fortnight.

CABIN, \$40 and upwards. Second Cabin \$55 Steerage at low rates. Apply to H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or R. S. PORTER, Lindsay,

LAKE ONTARIO STEAMBOAT COMPAN

Magnificent New Steamer Will leave Cobourg at 8 A.M., and Port Hope at 9.45 A. M., on arrival of G. T. R. Trains

from North, East and West. RETURNING-Leaves Charlotte at ILI P.M., except Tuesday at 9.45 P.M. and Saturday at 4.25 P. M. CONNECTS at Rocheste with early trains for all points on New York Central and all diverging lines. CALLS # Brighton on Monday and Wednesday Monings for Rochester, and Wednesday Morning and Saturday Evening from Rochester. Colborne, Wednesday and Friday at 4.00 AL Through Tickets and Baggage Check

from Agents or on board. THE NORTH KING is one of the larger swiftest and most powerful steamers on the lakes. Lighted by Electricity and moders throughout.

C. H. NICHOLSON, Gen. Pass. and Fgt. Agt. C. F. GILDERSLEEVE, General Manager, Kingston. F. C. TAYLOR, Agent, Lindsay.-1783, TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION

L COMPANY; (LIMITED) 1892. TIMETABLE. 1892 COMMENCING ON THURSDAY, JUNE 2ND,



ESTURION PLYING BETWEEN

Lindsay and Bobcaygeon CALLING EACH WAY AT

STURGEON POINT Will run as follows, until further notice. Leave Boboaygeon at 6.30 s. m. and 3.10 p.2

Excepting on Saturdays, when the steams leave Lindsay at 8,2) p.m.. (instead of 5.15 p.m.)
upon arrival of Toronto train. Single tickets between Lindsay and Bobs Single tickets between Lindsay and Sture

Point 35 cents, return tickets 59 cents.
Single tickets between Boboaygeon and State geon Point 40 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

EFF Family Tickets at reduced rates can be procured at the PAST SOFFICE, BOBOAT GEON, and on the boat. Arrangements can be made on very favore terms for EXCURSIONS of from

persons on regular trips of the boat. For the apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. E. Co., Bobcaygeon. J. W. DIAMENT. PURSER--108 tf.

THE CANADIAN insertion; bc. each sub

advertisemen strayed cattle teachers wanted. If more than el portionate charge is a Liberal discount to merchants ts by the year or fo ime. Rates pade known on appli

Publisher's Not

WILSON & WILSON, Pro Canadian

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUG NEWS OF THE MOME AND FOREIGN IS INTEREST.

genhered from the Telegrap

-The labor market in Great in an unfavorable condition. -Sir Charles Russell will wal wate law practice while a men -The steamer Grigorieuw wa at Nijni-Novgorod Thursday

storm. Thirty of the passenger were drowned. -Mr. Gladstone says the gove too recently come into tillee practicable attempt in Novemb pass legislation affecting the on vote question.

recent prohibition vote in Man been published, and show that carried by three to one in tituency in the province. -The farmers in Manitoba an the immigration offices in Win applications for help for the High wages are offered, but the

labourers is not nearly equal

-The French Transatiantie

-The returns in connection

taken up again the projet ocean lights, which was drop Tears ago. The proposal is that connected by a telegraph cable ed at intervals of 200 miles -Mrs. Kate Stafinger, the wife of a Cincinnal, Ohio, fi anconscious on the street Wedn supposedly from overheat.

found that her illness was caus

oning by a hair dye which she nally used. | She is in a precar -An inquest was held at B Wilson and her little des! daughter, drowned in Marking Simcoe county, on Sunday we upsetting of a boat, and the con redict of manslaugh returned ; Milson, husband cating F -A lar

comble case of drown red at G James at were drowned in the E. Howel appears they were out boating n river many to save h assistan -Have the binder twine n eral mia are end ofing to prevent the government from macufacturing the cent son son. They tried ibson from obtaining nired to enable c rtwine. Butfortun make big

Mlau despatch savs t icers, two of whom companied by their wives, were near Nesse on Thursday las that they were sples the officers had +ketches of th they were making a pleasure tri eastern Germany, and drew the i merely for their private use. -The Inmans confirm the re they are negotiating with the S ton authorities with a view to

Southampton their terminus, I

Liverpool. The offer of the

dredge the harbour at a cost of guarantee 30 feet of water at 1 the Inmans will promise to ren ten years. The Inmans will the the Mersey bar, always a mense and a source of delay. The expected to take place in March, -A shocking accident occurred den last Sanday night, which re the death of the 14-year-old da George Hughes, junk desler, road. The unfortunate girl was Mrs. Taylor, a neighbor, to pr

from the stove her apron caugh

Neighbors rau to here assistance

ceeded in excinguishing the blaze

instant was enveloped in

had inhaled so much of the fire so badly injured externally that four hours afterwards. -A Leith, Scotland, boat build sinkable and uncapsizable. Hi as constructed them of steel and and aft sections, which are co hape, are permanently and her sealed, the boats are rendered un back into the sea through the of centrebsard castng. The Jacht he is about to build will r steel, however, but of an alumini The metal is as white as silver, scases a breaking strain of tw tons to the square inch. It is u water. The yacht, which i

about 32 ft. long and 8 ft. broad, be provided with a roomy cabin m oak, and a commodious forecas deck fittings, as well as a cen will be made of the same white n is experiment should turn out fully a new departure in yacht on and fittings may be expected -The new steamer Columbia Richlien & Untario Navigation ground in the Cedar rapids W ernoon, while on her way from to Montreal. There were about? signists on board, but these were from the steering gear, which bro Zas vesse! became uncontrolle wang around in the swift curre g no little slarm and excitemen passengers. Fortunately the

quite deep in the rapids, and clear of all rocks until of the small islands below th hat the steamer's head was po the sleamer's need and into the shore with considerable for ith apparently little injury to be boat swung down into the re uences would have The passengers were ser ns of a bridge made of t

new and placed in position. As the position in that locality saw to