Ayer's Remedies.

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Press Notice.

NOTICE.

Having disposed of THE CANADIAN POST to Messrs. WILSON & WILSON, all parties indebted to me for Printing, advertising and subscriptions are requested to pay up at an early date.

By arrangements subscriptions for the now current year are payable to me, and can be mailed or paid at the Registry Office; when more convenient payment can be made to Messrs. WILSON & WILSON.

C. D. BARR.

Lindsay, July 2, 1892.—13-tf.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1892.

LOCAL NEWS-LETTERS

PETERBORO.

FOOT CRUSHED.—On Wednesday night week at the Grand Trunk railway station here Mr. J. H. Sinclair of Montreal accidentally fell from the platform and had his left foot caught under the wheels of a passing train and badly crushed. He was removed to the Nicholls hospital, where part of his foot was amputated.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A young boy, 12 years of age, came within an ace of meeting a watery grave at Auburn bridge on Monday afternoon. He was standing on a jam of logs when they suddenly gave way precipitating the young lad into the river. He was rescued after much difficulty by the foreman and four men just before going under the logs.

FENELON FALLS.

ACCIDENTS.—On Friday, August 12th, Wesley Godfrey, a young man employed as a jointer in Ellis's mill, had his right hand badly cut on the knuckles from coming in contact with the jointing saw. Dr. Graham dressed the wounds....On Wednesday, August 17th, Casey, son of Mr. Wm. Townsend of Cameron, while driving a horse attacted to a hay rake in from the field, was kicked, and one of his arms broken below the elbow. Dr. Wilson was sent for, and the patient who is about 14 years old, is doing well.

REPAIRS TO THE DAM.—Mr. W. Kennedy of Bobcaygeon has been at the Falls since Monday putting some finishings to the dam and slide, which underwent extensive repairs last fall.—[Gazette.

MINDEN.

CHEESE.—It is very gratifying to learn that the cheese made in the Minden factory is taking a high place in the market for both quality and texture. Mr. B. Lapp is establishing himself as a first-class cheese maker, and Mr. Brown, the salesman, has in consequence been able to pay the patrons at the rate of 60c. per hundred for their milk, after deducting all charges. This is an excellent showing.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.—Mr. W. Fielding, crown lands agent, Minden, got a severe ducking in Kinmount a few days ago. Mr. Fielding was going to the sheds in the rear of Mr. Dunbar's hotel and opening a door he stepped into a trap hole through which water is taken into the stables, the buildings at this point overhanging the river. Fortunately he succeeded in grasping a beam, to which he clung until his calls for help brought assistance, when he was rescued. His escape from drowning was a close one, the water being deep and he is not a swimmer. In falling he hurt his knee joint, which still gives him considerable pain.—[Echo.

PORT PERRY.

CATTLE KILLED.—As the 11.30 train was approaching the town from the north yesterday morning it ran into a herd of cattle grazing on the 7th con., just at the northeast corner of the O. C. fair ground. A cow belonging to Mr. Chas. Fincham was struck and instantly killed. Another belonging to Mr. J. H. Brown was injured to such an extent that it had to be killed a few hours afterward. Two other cows were also struck by the locomotive, but no serious damage resulted. There is a spring of fresh water just at this crossing and the cows congregate there in large numbers, there being somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty there at the time of the accident, and owing to the fact that the trains approach the point on a curve and in a cutting of eight or ten feet it is a very dangerous crossing, and the wonder is accidents have not been more numerous at this point. There is no way of receiving damages from the railway company in such cases as the above, as cattle are not allowed to run at large within fifty yards of a railway crossing.—[Standard.

CAMBRAY.

[Correspondence of THE POST.]

BUILDING NOTES.—Mr. H. J. Lytle has the frame work erected for a commodious addition to the grain warehouse at the station.

OBIT.—Mr. and Mrs. Tamblyn had the misfortune to lose their little infant daughter last week from whooping cough. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community. The funeral took place on Sunday to Eden cemetery.

HARVESTING.—The recent fine weather has helped the harvest along wonderfully and a very large proportion of the crop has already been safely housed. This week will see many of our farmers through with their harvesting operations.

HOME AGAIN.—Messrs. W. and O. Routley have returned from the Innisfail, Alberta. They found ready sale at fairly remunerative prices for the carload of fine horses which they took with them from here in the spring. They report fine crops throughout the Northwest and a continual dread of frost. Mr. O. Routley located for a quarter-section, and in addition to breaking up some fifteen acres of prairie land has erected a substantial barn.

BOBCAYGEON.

BAY OF QUINTE CONFERENCE.—Revs. T. Snowdon and H. B. Rowe, pastors. The August quarterly business meeting was held in this place. A good start was made for the ensuing year. Brother Newman was appointed delegate to the financial district meeting. Liberal estimates were made for the ministers. A kindly-worded resolution of appreciation of the services of Rev. S. Down was unanimously passed. Brother Down, though superannuated, has been in labors abundant. The prospects for the coming year are bright and cheery.

GLANDINE.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.—Few, if any, little country places can claim more successful candidates at the recent departmental examinations than can Glondine. Remarkable success seems to have attended the large majority of our students on every hand; six have passed the high school entrance with high marks and four have passed the third class teacher's examination. Entrance candidates: Herbert Eagleson, Edwin Irwin, Willie Stalker, Laurie Kennedy, Charlie Kennedy and Leslie Webster. Third class candidates: Misses E. Reed and M. Kirley; Wesley Irwin and M. Irwin. Besides, most of these were successful in carrying off two or three diplomas each at the arts examination last April.

NOTES.—Harvest nearly finished..... Crops fairly good except spring wheat.... The whistle and hum of the thresher on every side....Joy and gladness in the home of Mr. Jno. Willacott over the arrival of a young daughter.

LINDSAY TOWN COUNCIL.

ADJOURNED MEETING—COMMUNICATIONS—STRIKING THE RATE—A NUMBER OF BY LAWS.

The town fathers meet in adjourned session Monday evening in the council chamber. The members present were:—Mayor Ray, Reeve Kylie, Dep. reeves Winters and Crandell, and Couns. Connolly, Lack, Finley, Robson, Head, Fee, Mallon and Touchburn.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From T. Barke, asking permission to erect a few billboards on vacant town lots.—Referred to town property committee.

From D. Duncon, asking for a new sidewalk to house on Wellington-st.....Mr. Duncon was heard. It granted the sidewalk he would guarantee to boulevard opposite his properties.—Referred to street and bridge committee, with power to act.

REPORT OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Dept.-reeve Winters, chairman, read the finance report, which recommended payment of a number of accounts, aggregating $316 67.....An account from Mr. Callaghan of $9 for extras on market house drain was referred to the town property committee, with power to act.... The finance report was adopted on motion.

STRIKING THE RATE.

On motion council went into a committee of the whole to consider the financial statement of the town compiled by Mr. Winters for the purpose of striking the rate for the year. The total amount required to be raised is $27,974, necessitating a rate of 23½ mills an an assessment of $1,316,988, made up as follows: For general revenue purposes, 15 4-10th mills, for public school purposes, 6 mills; for collegiate institute, 7 6-10th mills; for separate school purposes, 6 mills.

Mayor RAY explained that the council had to shoulder a defecit of some $1,600 left by last year's council. The rate last year was 23 mills, this year the rate would be a half mill more. Last year $5,000 were expended on street and bridges—this year it was proposed to devote $3,600 to that department. Every committee must cut down their expenses to the lowest possible notch. The early completion of the waterworks system would add about $500 to the amount to be provided. With regard to street lighting, while more lamps would be in use, the lower cost would make the additional expense very light.—The report was adopted.

THE TOWN PAYS NOTHING.

Moved by COUN. CONNOLLY, seconded by COUN. LACK, that the chairman of streets and bridges be authorized to have the stone taken from the waterworks trenches placed where deemed best for breaking, the stone of each ward to remain in the ward, the resolution to be referred to the town property committee, with power to act.—Carried.

A COMPLAINT.

On motion Mr. Lennon was heard relative to the injustice of the fee charged for selling goods on the market. The points advanced by him were held to be well taken and he was invited to present them before the market committee.

A NUMBER OF BY-LAWS.

On motion the council went into committee of the whole on by-law No. 656, to repeal by-law No. 655, providing for the raising of money by debentures; by-law No. 657, authorizing the levying of the amounts required as per the financial statement read by Mr. Winters, and by-law No. 658, authorizing the issue of consolidated debentures to the amount of $152,000. After giving the by-laws a second reading the council then adjourned.

Is It Manslaughter?—A Man Charged with Drowning His Wife—A Strange Story.

The town of Newmarket has been thrown into a fever of excitement over the sensational developments connected with the drowning of Mrs. Frank Wilson and child on last Sunday evening. The result of the inquest, held on Wednesday night, was that the husband was taken to the county gaol on a charge of manslaughter.

The story of the alleged crime is a peculiar one. Last Sunday Wilson, who does not bear the best reputation in the world, went to visit a friend near Keswick, which is a village near the shore of Lake Simcoe. He went boating with his wife and child on a stream called the Little Black river, in Maskinonge creek. The boat upset and his wife and child were drowned. An inquest was held on the bodies at Newmarket on Wednesday night before Coroner S. Scott, M.D. The story told by Wilson was to the effect that he was rowing along the river, which at this point is about thirty feet wide and his child wanted to pluck some flowers from the margin. While plucking the flowers his wife upset the boat. Wilson is an expert swimmer and he made for the shore, pulling himself up on a log that protrudes from the north bank. It transpires, however, that the body of Mrs. Wilson was found near the north bank of the river about six feet from the shore in four feet of water. The man who found the body swore at the inquest that he reached the body without difficulty with his hand. Wilson said that the boat upset near the south bank. The post mortem examination, which was made by Drs. Stewart and Wesley, brought out some startling facts. On the body of Mrs. Wilson were found some ugly wounds, such as might have been made by a paddle. One wound extended from under the ear across the throat, and blood clots were found inside the throat. On the breast there was also a wound, and one on the eye and left on the elbow. One peculiar feature of the case was that no water was found either in the lungs or stomach of the deceased, showing that she must have been stunned when she fell into the water. The jury after deliberating until after midnight returned a verdict of manslaughter against Frank Wilson. Wilson was taken to the city and locked up in the gaol by Chief Constable Savage of Newmarket. Crown Attorney Dewar was present at the inquest. The theory of the crown from the evidence is that Wilson upset the boat and then deliberately struck his wife with the paddle, keeping her under water till she was drowned.

A CHATHAM MIRACLE.

DR. CARL VERRINDER'S VICISSITUDES OF TORTURE AND OF HEALTH.

He Survives Them all, and Recoun's His Wonderful Deliverance From Poverty and Death, and His Restoration to Prosperty and Vigor of Mind and Body—Good Words for the A.O.U.W

[Chatham Planet.

In a Raleigh street residence there lives with wife and one child—a little ten year old daughter—a musician known throughout Ontario, if not the whole Dominion, as a prince among pianists, organists and choir masters—a veritable *maestro* and "Wizard of the Ivory Keys," and no one has ever listened to his manipulation of the great organ in the Park Street Methodist Church, or heard him evoke "magic music's mystic melody" from the magnificent Decker Grand in his own drawing room but will declare that his eminence is well deserved, and his peers can be but few among the professors of Divine Art. The door plate bears the following inscription:—

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

DR. CARL LEO VERRINDER,

Director.

To sit, as did a Planet reporter a few days ago, in the very atmosphere of sweet harmony created by Dr. Verrinder's magician-like touch, was an experience that might well be envied, and one calculated to inspire the most sentimental reveries. But sentimental moods finally vanish and leave one facing the sober and practical side of life. The music ceased and the conversation took a turn leading to the real object of the reporter's call.

"There are stories abroad," said the newspaper man, "regarding some extraordinary deliverance from death which you have met with recently, doctor. Would you object to stating what foundation there is for them, and, if any, furnish me with the true facts for publication." Dr. Verrinder shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I have not," he replied, "been given to seeking newspaper notoriety, and at fifty-five years of age it is not likely I shall begin, and yet," said the professor, after thinking a moment and consulting Mrs. Verrinder, "perhaps it is the best I should give you the circumstances for use in The Planet. The story of my rescue from the grave might fittingly be prefaced by a little of my early history. We resided in England, where, though I was a professor of music, I was not dependant on my art, as I had acquired a competence. My wife was an heiress, having £50,000 in her own right. Through the rascality of a broker she was robbed almost of all her fortune, while by the Bank of Glasgow failure my money vanished forever. It became necessary for me then to return to my profession in order to live. I do not speak of it boastingly, but I stood well among the musicians of that day in the old land. My fees were a guinea a lesson, and it was no uncommon thing to give twenty in a day. We came to America, landing in Quebec, where I anticipated getting an engagement as organist in the cathedral, but was disappointed. Subsequently we moved to St. Catharines, in which I procured an organ and choir and soon had a large clientele. Later, in order as I thought to better my fortune, I took up my residence in London, first filling an engagement with a Methodist church and afterwards accepting the position of organist in St. Peter's Cathedral. In those cities I made many warm friends, and their tributes and gifts I shall ever retain as among the most precious of my possessions. It was while living in London and pursuing my art with much earnestness and labor that I received a stroke of paralysis. Perhaps," —here the speaker rose and stretching himself to his full height, thus displaying his well-built and well-nourished frame—"I do not look like a paralytic. But the truth is, I have had three strokes—yes, sir, first, second and third, and they say the third is fatal ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Yet you see before you a three-stroke victim, and a man who feels, both in body and mind, as vigorous as he ever did in his life. My ultimate cure I attribute to my testing the virtues of a medicine whose praise I shall never cease sounding as long as I live, and which I shall recommend to suffering humanity as I am now constantly doing, while I know of a case and can reach the ear of the patient. After removing to Chatham I had not long been here when my health further began to give way. Gradually I noted the change. I felt it first and most strongly in the stomach affection which produced constant and distressing nauses. It grew worse and worse; I myself attributed it to bad water poisoning my system. One doctor said it was catarrh at the stomach. Another pronounced it diabetes, still another a different diagnosis. I kept on doctoring, but getting no relief. I tried one medicine after another, but it was no use. Grippe attacked me and added to my pain, discomfort and weakness. At last I took to my bed and it seemed that I was never going to get well. Nothing of a nourishing nature would remain on my stomach. No drugs seemed to have a counter-acting influence on the disease which was dragging me down to death. My wife would sit at my bedside and moisten my lips with diluted spirits which was all that could be done to relieve me. Besides three local doctors who gave me up, I had doctors from London and Kingston whose skill I believed in and to whom I paid heavy fees, but without receiving any help or encouragement. It is true that a stomach pump operation afforded temporary relief, but yet I felt that my peculiar case needed some special and particular compound or remedial agent which I knew not of. But, at last, thank God, I discovered it. I had been for eighteen months a miserable wreck, unable to work, unable to eat or to sleep properly. My means were becoming exhausted. My poor wife was worn out in body and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer came! Pink Pills! Yes sir! Pink Pills—God bless their inventor or discoverer!—have rescued me from the jaws of death and miraculously made me what you see me to day, heartiy happy, with a splendid appetite, a clear brain, a capacity for work and an ability to sleep sound and refreshing sleep—a boon that only a man who has experienced the terrors of insomnia can rightly appreciate. Bear in mind, my friend, I am no wild enthusiast over the supposed merits of this medicine. I have tested the virtues of Pink Pills and am ready to take oath to their efficacy. No one could shake my faith in them; because what a man has thoroughly proved in his own experience, and what he has had confirmed in the experience of others—I have prescribed the pills to other sick persons and know what extraordinary good they have effected in their cases he ought to be convinced is so. I shall tell you how I came to try them. A fellow member of the A. O. U. W., the brethren of which order had been more than kind to me during my illness, recommended Pink Pills. I knew nothing about what they were or what they could accomplish. In fact I am rather a sceptic on what are termed "proprietary remedies." But I started to take Pink Pills for Pale People, made by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. From the very first, one at a dose, I began to mend, and before I had taken more than a box or two I knew that I had found the right remedy and that to the Pink Pills I owed my life. In nine months I have taken twelve boxes—just six dollars' worth. Think of it, my friend! Hundreds of dollars for other treatment, and only six dollars for what has made a man of me and set me again on the highway of health and prosperity. There is some subtle, life-giving principle in Pink Pills which I do not attempt to fathom. I only knew, like the blind man of old: "Once I was blind; now I can see!" God, in the mystery of his providence, directed my brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I took it. I live and rejoice in my health and strength. I have no physical malady, saving a slight stiffness in my leg due to grippe. I feel as well as in my palmiest days. My prospects are good. All this I gratefully attribute to the virtues of Pink Pills for Pale People, "and now my story is done!" as the nursery ballad runs. If anybody should ask confirmation of this tale of mine let him write to me and I shall cheerfully furnish it. The Pink Pills were my rescuer and I'll be their friend and advocate while I live!"

The reporter finally took his leave of Dr. Verrinder, but not without the professor entertaining him to another piano treat, a symphony played with faultless execution and soulful interpretation of the composer's thought.

Calling upon Messrs. A. E Pilkey & Co., the well known druggists, the reporter ascertained Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale in Chatham, and that from all quarters come glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Can't Infringe the Trade Mark.

OTTAWA, August 21.—A circular letter of Mr. Foster, United States secretary of state, addressed to the diplomatic and consular officers of the United States, has been communicated to the department of agriculture. This letter contains a transcript of an act of congress passed in April last, having for its object to protect all foreign exhibitors at the World's fair from prosecution for exhibiting wares protected by either American patents or trade marks. The enactment is in the following words:—"No citizen of any other country shall be held liable for the infringement of any patent granted by the United States, or any trade mark or label registered in the United States, where the act complained of is or shall be performed in connection with the exhibition of any article or thing at the World's Columbian exposition in Chicago."

A PURPOSEFUL NOVEL.

The Editor of the Arena Describes Helen Gardener's New Story as the Uncle Tom's Cabin of the White Ribbon Crusade.

In the arena for June Mr. Flower gives the following pen picture of the new novel by Helen H. Gardener:

"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" Such is the striking title of Helen H. Gardener's new novel, a story which, in my judgment, is the most finished and, in many respects, the strongest work which has yet come from the pen of rare degree the power of holding the interest of the reader, while she emphasizes in a most telling and effective manner truths of vital moment to civilization. The present is pre-this gifted lady. Helen Gardener possesses in a eminently the age of purposeful fiction. Against this innovation conventionalism has raised its voice. The old slogan cry, "Art for art's sake," is being drowned in the new and vital watchword, "Art for truth." The great political, social, economic, ethical, and religious problems of to-day are being most effectively presented under the veil of fiction. Few writers, however, possess the power of subordinating the lesson to the story in a sufficient degree to hold the interest and thrill and impress the average reader, who is merely looking for something entertaining. Thus many writers of modern fiction in this new age of unrest and growth defeat their purpose by preaching where they should picture. The story deals with expanding womanhood. It is the legitimate product of the present growing age. It is in perfect touch with the thought of the hour. Incidentally the cause of the very poor in our great cities is touched upon, and in one chapter we have a prose etching of an apartment in the slums, which is painfully true to life. The great cardinal thought, from the side of utility, is the picture of the crime against girlhood tolerated by our present "age of consent laws." In Victor Hugo's masterpiece it will be remembered that he sought to picture man's struggle with unjust law. In Miss Gardener's new book she paints most vividly the struggle of girlhood with unjust social conditions. Like Hugo, Miss Gardener also deals in types. Gertrude Foster, Frances King and Ettie Berton are types, but they possess nothing of the colossal nature of Hugo's or Shakespeare's great creations.

Dickens also dealt in types, but he intensified them until they often resembled caricatures. Not so with Miss Gardner. While typing young womanhood of to-day, she does so with such perfect naturalism that one feels that the story is something more than fiction. Each character lives, and we feel while reading that we are being acquainted with the happenings of real persons. This of course is the art of the realist; and, indeed, while Miss Gardener is in no way writing history in "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" she is narrating episodes and incidents which are happening every day in every great centre of life.

There is no plot in the story; but the interest of the reader is held from cover to cover. The most delicate subjects are dealt with; but they are so handled as not to offend any healthy imagination, while the atmosphere of the book is pure and lofty. In Gertrude Foster we have a magnificent picture of the modern girl; free educated untrammelled, with strong and positive individuality; the broad-minded, noble-souled modern girl who dares to think and to act up to her highest convictions of right regardless of consequences. There are to-day hundreds of Gertrude Fosters, and they are the advance guard of the twentieth-century womanhood. I wish every young woman in America could read this book, if it were for nothing else than to catch inspiration from this splendid creation. In the other two typical girls, Ettie Berton and Francis King, we have strong, natural, life-like reproductions of thousands of young women who may be found to-day in every great city. Beautiful, ill-starred little Ettie! How the heart of every true man and woman will go out in love and sympathy for her! and in her fate it should not be forgotten that we read the fate of thousands of maidens, who, through accursed laws, fall victims to something far worse than death while they have scarcely crossed the threshold of womanhood—laws originated by moral lepers for the protection of the most heinous forms of licentiousness, and from year to year discussed in secret sessions in various legislatures, where systematic attempts are constantly being made to lower the age which renders a moral leper exempt from a crime far more odious than murder. Even *this year* a bill was introduced in the New York legislature to lower the age of consent from sixteen to thirteen years! and had it not been for the vigorous efforts of some stalwart friends of purity, doubtless the measure would have passed.

"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" is far more than an intensely interesting novel; it is a brilliant appeal for justice and purity; a protest against one of the most glaring crimes which blisters the brow of nineteenth century civilization. It is pure, wholesome and inspiring. If the white ribbon army should make it the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of their noble crusade, it would, I believe, accomplish more in one year than their present efforts will realize in a decade. The price also of this volume is within the reach of all, being only fifty cents per copy. It is published by the Arena Pub Co., Boston, Mass., and is one of the handsomest books of the year.

—The Texan fly has made its appearance in the Huntingdon district. They commence operations by clustering on the head of cattle at the root of the horn. They have already caused the death of several animals on the American side. They are described as resembling the house fly but not quite so large, and of a greenish tint. The same fly is reported prevalent in some parts of Ontario.

W. C. T. U.

"For God, and Home and Native Land."

THE CIGARETTE AND SALOONS.

A burly business man of Hartford, Con., was talking to his partner in words like these: "I told B. that we must look to our laurels. I cannot help noticing how splintered and stunted the race of young men is while the young women are taking to outdoor exercises, the gymnasium, the natatorium, the wheel, the oar, the tennis ground, and even to base-ball. Then, they dress more reasonable now-a-days at least during the pleasantest part of the year, for they go to the country, wear gymnastic suits and live in the sunshine of pure air. They have good rich blood and any amount of cheery spirits, while our boys as a class do not show as good, hopeful symptoms physically as they did when I was a boy,—not by a big majority." His wise and thoughtful friend made this reply: "Do you know the reason? I can tell you. The cigarette habit already claims ninety per cent. of the boys in school in our large cities; tobacco, beer, saloons, gambling houses and evils deeper if possible and darker, that go with these, are tightening their devilish grip around the boyhood and young manhood of this country. The question is, what are we going to do about it?" and the two strong men fell to thinking.

Iceland is a nation of 73,000 people in which men and women are in every respect political equals governed by representatives of their own election. The boys and girls are taught by their own mothers, and in the whole island there is not an illiterate person to be found, every child being able to read, write and cipher by the time he has reached the age of seven. And those voting mothers, who educate their own children, have produced a nation in which there are no prisons, no police, no thieves, no enormously rich, no miserably poor; just a plain, temperate, chaste, educated and intelligent people. In these days when over-cautious politicians seem frightened by the proposition to enfranchise their own country women it may encourage them somewhat to let them see the practical working of full women suffrage among 73,000 people. This is the judgment of an intelligent English woman who has recently travelled there.

A Beautiful Hammer.

The hammer to be used by Mrs. Palmer in driving the last nail of the world's fair buildings at Chicago will be contributed by the women of Nebraska. The handle will be composed of light and dark woods alternating, encircled by broad bands of gold upon which is engraved the inscription, "From the Women of Nebraska." The head of the hammer will be of silver and upon its face will be placed the seal of Nebraska in gold relief. The head will be bound with gold work representing the United States colors; the stars of the flag represented in diamonds for each state. The flagstaff will be made of pearl, the entire emblematical device being surmounted by an eagle.

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. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.—18-26.

Miscellaneous.

SANTAL-MIDY

Arrests discharges from the urinary organs in either sex in 48 hours.

It is superior to Copaiba, Cubeb, or injections, and free from all bad smell or other inconveniences.

SANTAL-MIDY is contained in small Capsules, which bear the name in black Letters, without which none are genuine. MIDY

CHAPOTEAUT'S

MORRHUOL.

THE CURATIVE ACTIVE PRINCIPLES EXTRACTED FROM COD LIVER OIL

NO TASTE OR SMELL.

MORRHUOL is much more prompt in its action than Cod Liver Oil in the treatment of Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Pains in the Chest, Sore Throats and Asthma.

SOLD IN PHIALS OF 100 MORRHUOL PEARLS, EACH OF WHICH IS EQUAL TO A TEASPOONFUL OF OIL.

CHAPOTEAUT, 8 rue Vivienne, Paris

Of ALL DRUGGISTS in Canada. PRICE $1.

Wholesale of LYMAN, SONS & CO. MONTREAL

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. *Successfully used monthly by thousands of* LADIES. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND, *take no substitute*; or enclose $1 and 4 three-cent Canada postage stamps in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address Pond Lily Company, No. 3 Fisher block, 13 Woodward ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Sold in LINDSAY by E. GREGORY, S. PERRIN, A. HIGHINBOTHAM, PHIL. MORGAN and by druggists everywhere.—76-1y.

ERRORS OF YOUNG & OLD

Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, permanently cured by

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Also Nervous Debility, Dimness of Sight, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Night Emissions, Dyspepsia, Seminal Losses, Excessive Indulgence, Drain in Urine and all ailments brought on by Youthful Folly. Every bottle guaranteed. Call or address, enclosing 3c stamp for treatise,

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Graduated Pharmacist, 308 Yonge-street, Toronto, Ont.

Miller's EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA IS THE BEST EMULSION ON THE MARKET TO DAY. NO OILY TASTE LIKE OTHERS. IT IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. IN BIG BOTTLES, FIFTY CENTS & ONE DOLLAR.

For sale by all Lindsay drugstores. 76 tf.

St. Jacob's Oil

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Horn Bros.

LINDSAY WOOLLEN MILLS

Now that the season for procuring Fall and Winter goods about at hand we would remind intending purchasers that by dealing direct with us you will not only save money, but get reliable goods. Our business is within itself—no commission men to be kept up, no commercial travellers, salaries and expenses to be taken out of our customers. You reap the benefit.

We are manufacturing beautiful WHITE BLANKETS, Union and All-wool. Also WHITE and GREY SHEETING, Single and Double width; CHECK SHIRTINGS, FINE GRAY FLANNELS, TWEEDS, FULL CLOTH, HORSE BLANKETS and an almost endless variety of Yarns. Fine fingering Yarn for Ladies' and Children's wear made of Southdown wool. A good assortment of COTTONADE AND KNITTED GOODS.

Bring along your Wool; Roll Carding as usual. White and Gray Rolls for sale,

HORN BROS,

Lindsay, July 19, 1892.—15. William st., Lindsay

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OILS LARDINE MACHINE OIL and CYLINDER OILS

ASK FOR LARDINE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., - TORONTO

Lindsay, July 27, 1892.—16.

S. Corneil.

INSURANCE

S. CORNEIL.

A PROMPT SETTLEMENT.

On Saturday, the 16th inst., my barn in Emily was burnt by a blazing shingle from a burning barn on an adjacent farm. On the 23rd my claim for loss on contents was adjusted to my satisfaction, and to-day, the 25th, Mr. S. Corneil has a cheque for the amount of my claim in full. It is hardly necessary to say that I am highly pleased with the fairness of the settlement and the promptness of the insurance company in paying my claim. Farmers will promote their own interests by entrusting their insurance business to Mr. Corneil.

JAMES MITCHELL

Ops. 25th April, 1892.—103.

John Makins.

ENGINES FOR SALE

Two portable Waterous Engines, 12 h. p., in working order, for sale cheap. Apply to

JOHN MAKINS,

Iron Founder

Lindsay, April 7, 1891.—48.

James Keith.

CLOVER SEED

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

ALSO AGENT FOR THE

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIVE STOCK Insurance Company.

Thoroughbred and Farm Stock Insured at very Low Rates.

Fetch on your Seeds and get your Farm Stock Insured at

JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET,

Lindsay, Jan. 30th 1891.—78

Ayer's Remedies

PEOPLE FIN

That it is not wise to experim with cheap compounds purporting be blood-purifiers, but which h no real medicinal value. To m use of any other than the old st dard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the superior Blood-purifier—is simply Invite loss of time, money and heal If you are afflicted with Scrofu Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspep Eczema, Running Sores, Tum or any other blood disease, be assu that

It Pays to Use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER only. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can ways be depended upon. It does vary. It is always the same quality, quantity, and effect. It superior in combination, proporti appearance, and in all that goes build up the system weakened disease and pain. It searches all impurities in the blood and pels them by the natural channels.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Ma Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles Cures others will cure yo

The Canadian Po

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 26

THE BRETON MILL

(Continued from second page.)

thoughts with all the evils in the unlo the girl burst into a passion of tears. "What is the trouble, little girl?" h her master's voice. She had forgotten The girl heard him draw a chair near but she did not uncover her face.

"Was your beau unkind to you? don't have anything more to say to him, Jennie."

"Why! the elegant Mr. Ellingsworth actually kissing his maid! What differ did it make? the one she loved had th her away, and trampled her devotion u her feet. She even let him draw her sha little head to his shoulder, and take her h away from her face. They did her lip said. Then the door bell rang.

Mr. Ellingsworth was actually kissing maid!

Mr. Ellingsworth answered the bell —a breach of etiquette not frequent him, even under the liberalizing influen village manners.

"Mr. Breton, charmed to see you," there was not the faintest trace of ill hu in his perfectly trained voice. The old Curran might have been the most oppor of guests.

But his daughter had not been sch enough for such self control, and she sta her feet as her parlor door opened, al in consternation. There was quite a ch for character in the room at that mom Curran had not arisen; his lips might been closed a little tighter than usual, his face did not even reveal surprise. Breton had reached the center of the before he saw whom Bertha had been p aining, but now he stood in astonishme which he had no concern to hide—sna his black eyes from the young lady who soon to be his son's wife to this weaver i mill, who did not seem so much out of in this fashionable parlor, either. The had come, and Bertha was entirely un pared for it. Her heart was fluttering w and for the moment she wished she had n seen the man whose presence embarr her. A moment before she had forg there was such a thing as wealth or a proudly confident such a man as her g could stand before kings; but the door opened and let in the breath of prid taste, scattering the halo about the man's head. Suddenly she looked with repugnance at him she had just thoug sublime. Why did he not go? She flushed with vexation at his stubborne delaying. Had he no sense of proprie spoil a social meeting with her aristo father, who would ridicule him without guessing it, and the blunt mill owner, would be sure to insult and browbeat plainly? She expected to see him rise wardly and shuffle out of the room, pe pulling his forelock respectfully to the any that was not for such as he.

CHAPTER X.

WEAK WOMAN.

Curran glanced keenly at the face beautiful hostess, whose wonted serenity gone, then he rose to his feet, and while she spoke his name in the briefest of introduction. He did not seem off by the stare of surprise Mr. Breton ha him. It was a new experience to the owner, meeting his workmen in fashio periors.

"Curran, is it? I was sure I had sen the mill, but you had on a white a them." Mr. Breton laughed familiarly he did not hold out his hand.

Couldn't Curran see how rudely he ested? Mr. Breton's laugh and tone w Bertha's finer sensibilities, so that she n nce indignant with him, and disgusted Curran who seemed to bear it so uously. Curran's brow was unruffle d only folded his arms across his b metimes a sign of excitement with hi "Mr. Curran had the good fortune, ve, to do my daughter a great ser r. Ellingsworth's manner was the p n of well bred rudeness. It express finite elevation and polish of the p ho assumed it, far above the very n ling of disgust at the presence of so v person as this workman. It suggested ably the great contempt such a p