

Cuticura Remedies.

Baby's Burning Skin

My little girl was troubled with itching, burning sores. Doctor called it Italian itch. He doctor'd her three months, did not do her any good. Every part of her person was covered with sores, excruciating pain. After taking CUTICURA Remedies two weeks the itch stopped, and in four weeks the sores were all gone.

Baby Suffers Greatly

My baby boy suffered from bluish eruptions. His little neck, arms, and thighs were one mass and exposed parts of red and inflamed flesh. His sufferings were intense. No rest for us day or night. Doctors failed to relieve. Tried CUTICURA. It worked wondrously, relief was complete.

Baby's Skin Peeled Off

Short time after birth baby "rode out with eruptions." The skin was peeled off, the face was almost raw. Family doctor said not much to be done. We tried several remedies, all failed. Then tried CUTICURA Remedies. Did not think they would amount to much, but the result was wonderful. One set cured the child.

Baby's Awful Eczema

My baby had eczema. Oh, his torturing agonies! Tried two hospitals and several doctors in this city, no benefit. Tried CUTICURA Remedies, relief was immediate. In nine weeks was entirely cured.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

And its works are the most remarkable performed by any blood and skin remedy of modern times. Preserves, purifies that cures made in infancy and childhood are speedy, permanent and economical.

Bought throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 25c. (Box, 50c.)... Wm. A. GARDNER, 152 St. Louis St., N. Y.

The Canadian Post.

EMILIA'S CAP.

"If there is some thing I dislike more than another, it is to see a young girl alone in a cab. It is contrary to all my ideas of propriety," said Mrs. Marlboro.

EMILIA'S CAP.

"Well, my dear, you will not use them after this." "Will not? Why not?" opening the great, dark eyes ominously.

EMILIA'S CAP.

"Shall I bring chaos about by ordering a cab? I always take one. I prefer them indefinitely to papa's great, lumbering carriage with the horses prancing like the horses on a Greek frieze; and the horses always lame or sick, or the coachman lording it over you.

EMILIA'S CAP.

"It seems strange that any one thing on earth should have the power of shutting off the sun from any other thing—the sun that makes us, and feeds us, and to whom we belong.

EMILIA'S CAP.

"Oh, Mark," she cried, "what should I do without you?" Why not be good-natured, indeed, when she was soon to have a home of her own?

EMILIA'S CAP.

"It is fortunate for you that Theodore is a rich man," Mrs. Marlboro had said when Theodore had left them, after a visit to the new house which had made

Emilia resolved that it should be the last of such companionship.

"Well, it is a palace," said Emilia, shortly.

"Emilia, I don't believe you would marry Theodore if it was not," said Mrs. Marlboro.

Emilia made no reply; but if a glance could have struck the woman by lightning she would have fallen.

"It is a fine thing to have Sevres and old Henri Deux, and to know the difference between them; to have John of Bologna bronzes and Cellini baubles in gold. But it is finer to be able to do without them, and that I doubt if you know how to do."

And with this cheerful sort of encouragement Mrs. Marlboro improved the time and won her way into Emilia's detestation.

Still, all this remark was only like the buzzing of flies in the air. Of what consequence were Mrs. Marlboro's words or ways, as long as Emilia had Theodore?

It mattered little what Mrs. Marlboro thought about it. She herself knew that nothing the earth or heaven contained was worth anything to her beside him.

All the beautiful things of arts or nature were well enough in their way, to surround such happiness as hers with him; but if it were her lot to live in a cave in a side hill only provided Theodore lived there, too, she knew she would have asked no more of fate than life and health and Theodore's abiding love.

It was not in human nature, at any rate in her share of it, to feel warmly towards the person who insisted otherwise. And then Emilia felt it an indignity that Mrs. Marlboro should dictate to her what her behavior should be, her doings and goings and comings.

Was there any reason why she should not go to the afternoon symphony, simply because Mrs. Marlboro considered it an unwarrantable expense?

Was there any reason why she should not go to the theatre party, chaperoned by Theodore's mother, because Mrs. Marlboro had not been invited too?

Was there any reason why she should not wear her pink gown instead of her blue one, because Mrs. Marlboro disliked pink?

Was there any reason why she should submit to having her new hat sent back, altho' it suited her perfectly, because Mrs. Marlboro disappeared its width of brim?

Was there any reason why Mrs. Marlboro should enter her room and rummage her drawers and boxes, should take back the jacket she had given the housemaid and tell her it was still fit to wear herself?

Was there any reason why Mrs. Marlboro should read her letters and look over her bills with comment and criticism, and command her invitations to lunch, and insist on knowing where she was going every time she went out and where she had been every time she came in?

It seemed to Emilia that, having reached the age when her hand was promised in marriage and her wedding day all but fixed, she might be considered able to take care of herself without fear of disregarding the conveniences; and she did not know why she should conform herself to the ideas of a woman brought up in a French convent, as Mrs. Marlboro had been, nor why her father expected her, at the age of twenty, to obey this meddling and tyrannical interloper. She was perfectly willing to obey her father, but Mrs. Marlboro's!

If Mrs. Marlboro had had either tact or discretion or fine feeling, it would have been different. But she had been placed here to command, and she intended to command; and, finding a refractory subject, she in nowise ceased the effort, for strife was her element; and if the peace that she brought into the house out of chaos was won after the fashion of those who make a wilderness and call it peace, it made the house very much more comfortable to Emilia's father than it had ever been before.

She had no positive hostility to Emilia, altho she knew she would be glad when she was out of the house; but until she was out of the house she must obey orders. That the orders, sometimes reasonable, were more frequently unreasonable, it was not in Mrs. Marlboro's power to see; they were simply orders; and she had told Emilia's father that if she could not be obeyed she would not stay; and the father, with the reminiscence still fresh of a household of unruly boys, who, in their turn, would not obey Emilia, had announced to his assembled family that Mrs. Marlboro's will was to be the law or he would know the reason why; he could not in the least understand why Emilia should be unpleasant about it, which angered Emilia all the more.

For it seemed a singular injustice that the person should come between her and her father, and should say what she should have and what she should not have; if she yielded in one thing she might have to yield in another; and who knew where the woman would stop? She might even forbid Theodore the house! No, tho; she knew very well that that would not be done. Theodore and a million of money; Theodore upright, true, brave, brilliant, gentle—no doors were closed to Theodore. It is true that Mrs. Marlboro had more than once insinuated that Theodore's money was off color; that is, that his father had made it in trade. Perhaps that was the reason why Theodore had the goodness, the brilliancy, the strength he had, she said; his parents had not the time to dissipate health of brain and body in idle pleasure

till there was nothing of either left for their children. Theodore had common sense, at any rate; he saw how disagreeable this commanding and unlovely woman was; but it was only for a little while at most, for Emilia, and, without doubt, the boys needed just such an officer over them, he said.

"Put yourself outside her sphere of thought!"

"Outside! A mile, a league, a universe outside!" cried Emilia.

"It will be a mile, very!"

"And oh, when I come down here for an hour then, won't I make it merry for her!"

"I shall not let you come down then. The boys and your father shall come up to us; and we will give poor Anna a long breath as often as may be. Do you know, Emilia, it seems as if it were a dream—that such happiness is too much for mortals."

"Oh!" said Emilia, "I ought to have such happiness to compensate me for having that woman in the same house with me. Oh, what a dreadful house it is!"

"I don't know," said the guilty little Emilia, the color mounting till the long-lashed brown eyes had to droop. "I—I am afraid—oh, I don't do much to prevent it being unpleasant! But what can one do in a house where one's worst nature is all the time aroused?"

"Only one thing. Leave it, love, as soon as may be. We needn't wait for all this finishing and furnishing. I may have to take a foreign journey a couple of months sooner than I expected. And why should I go alone?"

"No, no. Every one knows that—that June—that it is for June, and June it must be. And then—and then—the things that are being made in Paris!"

"What do they matter?"

"A whole trousseau!"

"We can go over and get them."

"No, no, oh no! Don't, Theodore—don't say another word! I shall not dare to utter my little pre-gramble to you if you do. No—I will take Madame as a discipline, and try to let her have her perfect way. This is the winter of our discontent, you see?"

"But summer and June will come!" he said; "and what a glorious summer it is going to be!" And when a huge box came to her, later in the evening, containing half a hundred great blushing roses, dewy and glittering on their long stems, Emilia made no resistance to Mrs. Marlboro's lifting them from the box as she insisted on doing, for she herself had the card in its sealed envelope on which Theodore had written "The first flowers of that summer;" and she contrived to appropriate one of them without Mrs. Marlboro's observation, and she put it on the desk before her when in her own room she knelt to say her prayers, and she prayed that she might have strength and patience and that she might be a blessing to Theodore, and that his life might be as shadowless as his soul was fair, and then she lost herself in an adoration of thankfulness for the love of so lovely a nature, and she went to sleep with the rose on her lips, resolved to make herself worthy of such love, and to do to be nothing less than an angel to Mrs. Marlboro, let come what come would.

But the raw east wind that dissipates all the dews and fragrances and sunbeams of a summer garden is a zephyr to Mrs. Marlboro's power that way.

"Your brother Mark has the scarlet fever," she announced, Emilia came into the breakfast room, rather late, the next morning, announced as if it did her good to say it.

"Mark?"

"Yes, Mark; he has scarlatina."

"Oh! where is he? I must see him. My poor Mark!"

"Your poor Mark, indeed! To bring that infection here among all these children!"

"As if he could help it!" cried Emilia, indignantly.

"He could have stayed away from where it was, as you will have to do," said Mrs. Marlboro, vigorously.

"I of course. I never go to such places. Are you sure it is the fever? I must go to him. Have you had the doctor?"

"Go to him! I hardly think you will go to him! He is in a room at the top of the house, and the carpet has been taken up and the draperies have been taken down, and there are two trained nurses with him, and things are lifted and lowered in baskets from outside, and there are curtains wet with disinfectants at the head of the staircase; and he is absolutely shut off from the rest of the house!"

"Shut off?"

"And no member of the family is to approach him."

"Shut off from all of us? My poor, sick Mark! I shall go to him this minute!"

"Really, Emilia I shall think you are a simpleton!"

"I don't care what you think I am," cried Emilia. "I shall help to take care of my brother!"

"You will do nothing of the kind. I appeal to your father if I am to be obeyed or not, as that gentleman came in."

"Emilia! my dear! Why, Emilia!" he began, rubbing his hands as if he wanted to kindle some nervous energy. "What is this violent exclamation! And with sickness in the house! Take care of your brother!"

"Care of my brother! She couldn't take care of Fiddo! And, by the way,

Fiddo must be kept out of the room!"

"Not even his dog with him!" said Emilia.

"Care of her brother—what does she know of sickness?"

"Very true. The nurses are best in the directory. He will have better care than you can give, my child."

"They ought to be the best—three dollars a day, each of them, and a fortnight's extra pay for quarantine! No one but millionaires can afford to be ill nowadays."

"And he is to be left alone with those strange people and no one he loves near him, just when he needs familiar faces most! And what if he should die!" exclaimed Emilia.

"Then he will die!" said Mrs. Marlboro.

"Oh, how heartless; how cruel!"

"There is not the slightest danger of his dying, my love. He has the distemper in its mildest form, the doctor says. He suffers but little."

"Then what is all this preparation for?"

"Mrs. Marlboro thinks it best. And I rely on her judgment implicitly—implicitly, Emilia."

"Yes," said that lady, "the worst case can be taken from the lightest. And altho Mark has little more than a sore throat and general malaise—"

"Can't I see him?"

"Emphatically, you cannot."

"Papa! Am I to endure this?"

"My dear, what did I just say? And how often have I told you that Mrs. Marlboro is now the mistress of this house?"

"Too often!"

"My child!"

"You are so very unpleasant, Emilia, over this necessity of keeping Mark from the other children," then said Mrs. Marlboro, "that I don't know how you are going to meet the fact that you and the other children are to be isolated from the rest of the world. You were all sitting with Mark yesterday afternoon, and you yourself were reading, with your arm round his shoulder, from the same book."

"Well! What of that?" demanded Emilia, imperiously.

"Only that it is not certain that you may not have the fever yourself in spite of all my precautions, and that you must come in contact with no one to whom you would impart the contagion for ten days."

"Stay shut up in this prison!"

"If you choose to consider it a prison."

And not see Theodore," said Mrs. Marlboro, pursuing her lips.

"But, Papa!"

"My dear Emilia, Mrs. Marlboro knows all about these things, and you know nothing. She telegraphed Theodore early this morning to stay away."

And Emilia burst into tears and ran out of the room.

What a horrible woman this was! How impossible it was to be good where she was! Obey her! Keep away from Mark, I said the Dawbury's dinner, May's pink lunch, next week's three receptions, her concert, her church! Banish Theodore! Stay in the house!

"And, oh, Emilia!" called Mrs. Marlboro, as she ran. "Remember more strictly than ever, no cabs! You and Anna and the maids can walk out after dark, but no poisoning the community with infected cabs!"

"And as for Theodore," Mrs. Marlboro went on, "he is very far from having been killed. He is as well as ever—about as well as ever. He has been ordering roses and things here for you this last fortnight. He drives out to-day, and will be here any moment. And if he says anything about a wedding, you had best make no opposition at all—a convalescent's nerves are in no state to brook opposition, and an ocean voyage and a summer in the Engadine is what you both need!"

(Continued next week)

A Battle For Blood

In what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Put Down Fruit Without Sugar.

Mrs. C. D. Buser, Waco, Tex., W. Va., writes: I have just used the last of the fruit that I put up last summer; I did so: heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold. Get fresh fruit, wash it clean, put in common 3 or 4 gallon earthen jars and press it down what you can without injuring it. Take 2-c. Comp. Ex. Salyx, you can get it from any druggist, dissolve it in 4 gallons of boiling water, when cool pour on enough to cover the fruit. The Salyx prevents fermentation and the water keeps the air from the fruit. I put up 20 gal. strawberries, 20 gal. raspberries, 40 gal. peaches and 17 gal. grapes and did not lose a gall. Every jar kept perfectly fresh. The fruit looked and tasted just as it did when picked. I keep boards and they all thought my fruit the nicest they ever ate, being much finer than cannot fruit. I think it strange that every one does not put up fruit in this way as it is certainly elegant and so cheap and healthy.

Anti-Dandruff.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES DANDRUFF

ANTI-DANDRUFF

GUARANTEED

Restores Falling hair to its original color. Stops itching of scalp. Keeps the scalp clean. Makes hair soft and Plentiful. Promotes Growth.

For Sale at A. HIGGINBOTHAM, Lindsay.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.



Mrs. Stoneface—How do you like my portrait now that it is finished.

Artist (who has been paid)—It is a perfect likeness.

Mrs. Stoneface—You are joking. I think it is frightfully ugly.

Artist—So do I.

"What is a confidence man, papa?"

"A man unworthy of confidence."—New York Press.

It won't be long until the coal dealer's victims find him lying in weight for them once more.—Buffalo Courier.

Doctor—You need a change in climate. Patient—What's the matter with this climate? Doctor—It's too changeable.—Chicago Record.

When a parliamentary division ends in a free fight both the eyes and nose are apt to have it.—Lowell Courier.

Jack—I told her I would like to take care of her always. Tom—What did she say? Jack—Take care, sir.—Vogue.

Those who denounce capital as a curse seem, however, anxious to have the curse come home to them.—Boston Transcript.

If some people think they can crawl through the needle's eye into heaven they're going to get stuck.—Philadelphia Times.

The photograph of a boy never looks like him, because no one ever saw a boy as clean as he is in a photograph.—Atlantic Globe.

Ho—I drank some champagne, you know, and after awhile it went to my head. She—That was the only empty place left, I suppose.—The Land We Live In.

The time when a timid man feels the need of a friend is when he boasts of his little feat. From the mountains, lake or coast. —New York Morning Journal.

Miss Whacker—Do you consider it a sign of weakness in men to weep, Mr. Factor? Mr. Factor—That depends upon who is playing the piano.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"We hear a great deal about the seven ages of man, but no one ever alludes to the seven ages of woman—what is the reason?"

"Gallantry, my boy, gallantry."—Boston Gazette.

"John, what a lovely place! If we could only manage to raise the rent." Mr. Hunter Howes—"Oh, I've no doubt the landlord would see to that in a couple of months."—Brooklyn Life.

Miss Sweeney—"I bought one of the veils that are so thickly dotted I can scarcely see, and I look like a fright in it, don't I?" Miss Tartly—"Oh, no; it almost conceals your face."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Among the vain men whom we meet, the valet of one of them is the best of all. He is who boasts of his little feat, when his head is just as small. —Pack.

She—"That was such a funny story you told me yesterday about a donkey, Mr. Griggs?" He—"Do you think so?" She—"Yes, indeed. After this, when ever I see a donkey it will remind me of you."—Judge.

Dr. Thirdly—"When you go to bed do you say the beautiful hymn about 'If I should die before I wake'?" Little Hypatia (of Boston)—"Oh, no; its verbal inaccuracies grate upon me. If I should die during sleep, how could I wake?"—Truth.

He—"Is there anything I can do to prove my affection so that you will not doubt it?" She—"There is. Marry sister. She is older than I, and mamma is determined not let me marry till sister is disposed of."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Meadowlot—"What sort of a thing is a magazine rifle, anyway, Ebenezer. Did you ever see one?" Mr. Meadowlot—"No; but it's some new-fangled contraption for them editors to shoot poets with, I suppose.—Buffalo Courier.

Fencing.—She—"We could never afford to get married in summer with our incomes. New notions and green pants and things come so expensive. He—"In winter then. She—"No dear boy, think of the coal and gas."—Brooklyn Life.

Foreigner (on a suburban train)—Who is that distinguishing-looking gentleman showing so much attention to that ordinary-looking woman beside him? Dinther—"Oh, that is De Fitz-Smith returning from town with a new cook.—Life.

Mr. Chimpanzee—"That ostrich eats enough for two birds. What do you suppose makes it so greedy, Mrs. C.?" Mrs. Chimpanzee—"I heard the keeper say it swallowed a pair of strong eye-glasses yesterday, and they magnify its appetite.—Vogue.

"I do think Jack is the most generous man," she said to her caller. "It is pleasant to feel that way toward your husband. He has been giving you jewelry?" "No. But we had a little controversy about something, and he bet me a box of candy against a box of cigars. And, do you know, the dear fellow seemed dreadfully worried for fear I would lose."—Washington Star.

Advertisement for S. Davis & Sons' El Padre cigars. Includes text: 'When you see it on the box YOU KNOW THEY ARE GOOD.' and 'EL PADRE' brand name.

Advertisement for Miss Mitchell's Grand Summer Millinery Opening. Includes text: 'MISS MITCHELL GRAND SUMMER MILLINERY OPENING.' and 'WALKING, VISITING AND EVENING COSTUMES.'

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

Advertisement for BUILDERS. Includes text: 'Before buying your supplies you should give me a call and get prices for Nails, Tar and Building Paper, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Locks, Hinges, etc., etc.' and 'J. P. RYLEY, ONE DOOR EAST BENSON HOUSE.'

Advertisement for CLOVER SEED. Includes text: 'Clover Seed wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid.' and 'JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET.'

Advertisement for EAST END GROCERY. Includes text: 'EAST END GROCERY OPPOSITE BENSON HOUSE. ADAM DOARN' and 'Invites all buyers of Groceries who are desirous of getting a big dollar's worth for their money to call at his store, opposite the Benson House.'

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Includes text: 'Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphite is both a food and a remedy. It is useful as a fat producer and at the same time gives vital force to the body. It is beneficial in CONSUMPTION because it makes fat and gives strength. It is beneficial for SICKLY CHILDREN because they can assimilate it with the easiest ordinary food. It is beneficial for COUGHS AND COLDS because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body's resources. It is beneficial for BRONCHITIS because it softens the mucus and loosens the chest. It is beneficial for RHEUMATISM because it soothes the inflamed joints. It is beneficial for ALL GENERAL DEBILITY because it restores the system to its normal state. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bown, Bell Street, London, E.C. Sold by all druggists. Price, 2/6 and 5/6.

Advertisement for The Canadian Post. Includes text: 'THE CANADIAN POST' and 'LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1893.'

Advertisement for The Canadian Post. Includes text: 'NEWS OF THE WORLD HOME AND FOREIGN INTEREST.' and 'Gathered from the Telegraph Exchange.'

Advertisement for J. P. Ryley. Includes text: 'J. P. RYLEY, ONE DOOR EAST BENSON HOUSE.' and 'Lindsay, March 24, 1892.'

Advertisement for ONTARIO MUTUAL LIVE STOCK Insurance Company. Includes text: '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, 18, 1893.-56.'

Advertisement for ADAM DOARN. Includes text: 'ADAM DOARN' and 'Invites all buyers of Groceries who are desirous of getting a big dollar's worth for their money to call at his store, opposite the Benson House.'