LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1895.

Sold by A. niginbatham, Druggist.

BOW A WHARF WAIF BECAME

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS. acts which I have already confessed to.

Do you follow me?"

"You see that if I had refused the offer I should certainly have consented to the murder of Taras by his enemy, Rudersdorf?"

"And you see that for the same reason I am compelled now to keep the Logical as the proposition was, I could

not agree to it. "As the only means of saving this friend from assassination by Rudersdorf," he insisted, laying his hand lightly upon Taras. "I understand what you mean," said I in a reluctant tone.

"Then you must agree with me upon him twice single handed against four or

"The third time you will have to beat Rudersdorf-not me. If he stood where I stand now, how would you ward off the shot leveled at Taras' heart.?" I sprang up and stood as if petrified between Taras and him, for as he spoke he dropped his hand in his pocket, and for the instant I thought he was about to

"My poor girl," he said smiling as he drew out his handkerchief, a couple of shots from that practiced hand would kill vou both." "It may be so, a faitered as I sank into a chair overcome with a sense of my helplessness. "But he shall kill me

first, please God. He knitted his brows and turned away, wiping his hands with the handkerchief as if they were wet. When he turned again, there was perspiration on his brow.

"You talk of death," he said, "as if there was no chance of escape, no hope of happiness in all the years before

"There is no chance of escape if what you say is true; no hope of happiness if Taras is taken from me. It's useless to go on talking. Do you think I'd give in at the first sight of danger? Not I. I've got to think how I'm to face this other man now.

"Some way of getting out of the difficulty," he repeated in a slow, reflective tone, and then he added eagerly, "Who knows but that your woman wit might find an outlet where my senses are at fault? Why should not we-you and I -try to devise some scheme by which we may outwit the police, Rudersdorf, the whole lot?"

I regarded him with mistrust, his eagerness, some crafty expression in his half closed eyes, quickening my suspicions, though these signs were not inconsistent with an ardent wish to save Taras by deceiving his enemies. "We will see what Taras says."

"Great heaven!" he exclaimed, with extreme agitation. "Taras muss never hear a word of what has happened tonight. If you will not promise me that upon your oath, I-I"-

A look of dismay-a quick outward movement with his trembling hands, as if he were abandoning everythingclosed the sentence which his lips

seemed powerless to finish.
"If I am to believe you," I said after a
minute's reflection, "Taras will believe you, and if what you have told me is hot a lie he will forgive you." "I do not doubt that. His faith is

greater than yours. But it is his duty to report this to the society, and because it is a duty he will do it, despite the mercy in his heart. The society will judge me by the letter of the law, and my sentence will be death. This is what I exposed myself to by the attempt to save Taras from the hands of Rudersdorf. This is the fate to which you condemn me the moment you betray the secret I have given you. You are bound to respect that.

"A secret! I have promised nothing. I did not ask you to confess, and nothing binds me to conceal your explana-

"You forced me to explain—to confess everything-to rely upon your feeling for Taras, if not on your mercy, for a man whose judgment has been betrayed by an excess of affection-the moment you stopped me, and there was question of your charging me with an indictible offence. The merest rumor would suffice to draw down the vengeance of the society upon me. You must promise to

keep my secret."
"If I cannot promise"—— "Then I must leave the country before you can betray me. My life will not be safe here for another day. You force me to abandon Taras, and you take upon yourself all responsibility for what befalls him after. This is what will follow. When the police at St. Petersburg discover what has happened Land the telegraph will take the news within a few hours of my flight-Rudersdorf will be dispatched to fill my place, and all the precautions you may take will fail to ward off the blow which his relentless hand will surely strike. Within a week-aye, less than that-Taras will be a dead man, and you will have to answer to God for his

It was I now who trembled. Seeing the deep impression he had made, Kavanagh proceeded quickly: "I ask you for nothing that you cannot safely give. I throw aside the nope of inducing you to help me in getting Taras away from London. I merely ask you to be silent for awhile-to hold my secret until I have advised some new plan for defeating Rudersdorf and the police. What else can you desire? If human ingenuity, sharpened by the fear of death, can discover means of saving Taras, he shall be saved. Wanton wickedness or madness can alone lead you to refuse such an offer. You hold a guarantee of good faith on my part, for if you have reason to believe that I am playing falsely, you can at once make this charge against me and bring two witnesses to support it, punishing my infidelity with death. I will not even ask you to be silent for an indefinite time. Give me but a week-a few days to think out a scheme, and in return I swear to deliver this friend from the

hands of Rudersdorf." this plausible proposal, but in the end, Taras, you know—has made arrangefeeling and reason inclining me in the a ments for exhibiting at an early date

"I'll say nothing for a week, anyhow." "Keep that promise, and I will fulfill mine," said he, springing to his feet, with a conviction in his face which seemed to indicate that some scheme for deceiving the police had already flashed upon his imagination.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT He shut the street door softly when he went out, and I fell into a reverie, sitting on the stool by the side of Taras. Unconsciously my eyes closed, and aleep overcame me. When Mere Lucas step on the stairs woke me, I found my face reating against the pillow on which Taras lay, and my brow was moist and warm with his breath. I had but just time to collect my dazed senses, to start to my feet and whip off my crushed hat and ulster as the old woman entered. "How!" she exclaimed softly, stop ping in amazement. "Is monsieur ill? "He came home very late," I faltered in explanation, having failed to prepare

myself for the occasion, "and Mr. Kayanagh thought it better that he should lie here until-until he wakes. "Dear me, that's very strange," she murmured, approaching the couch in anxiety. Then, after regarding him for a moment in silence, her stout sides began to shake, and she added in a tone of cheerful satisfaction: 'Thank heaven it's no worse than that! One has to see such a thing with one's own eyes to be-

lieve it, for I never saw him like this before; but it's odd all the same," and again she chuckled until, catching sight of my scared and anxious face, her merriment was suddenly changed to earnest solicitude. "Why, my poor ma'mselle, it is you

who are ill, not the master, and I was stupid enough not to see it at the first glance. You have been sitting up all night and tormenting yourself about nothing. For, look you, there is really nothing the matter with monsieur. He sleeps like a child, and see, his skin is as fresh and pink as a young girl's, and when he wakes up he won't even have a headache. Go. He has drunk half a bottle too much, that is all, but that is not terrible, and if the wine was good it "No," said I, with reviving energy, "I when a man enjoys life and the good will never agree to that. I have saved things in this world and forgets himself now and then in moderation, for it's a proof that he's healthy and happy. It's early enough to be saints when we can no longer be merry, look you. Come, each one her turn. You go now to your bed and leave the master to me. He shall lie there till he wakes, and do you sleep till I call you."

I slept all the morning. Mere Lucas was laughing heartily as 1 went down stairs, but Taras was vexed with himself I saw when we met, and looked only at the serious side of the affair. "I cannot excuse myself," he said. "I can only feel very sorry for the alarm

and anxiety I have given you." "That is passed; I have slept it all amay," I said as cheerfully as 'I could, "and if you are quite well now there is nothing to feel sorry about." "I am ashamed to say I never felt better in my life. Mere Lucas tells me that Kavanagh brought me home.

"I have not the slightest recollection of anything from the time I rose to come home and found that I could not walk steadily to the moment I woke on the couch there with Mere Lucas laughing over me as if it were the pleasantest thing in the world to see a man level himself with the beasts-or a little lower. I suppose I shall learn more when Kavanagh comes.

Kavanagh came while we were still at lunch. The first glance shot at Taras and me assured him that I had not broken my promise of secrecy, and the tone of relief in which he congratulated Taras on looking so well was not altogether due to that fact. "The most unaccountable thing I ever

knew," he said. "You seemed to me to be drinking even less than you usually "Thanks," said Taras, with a laugh.

"I was ashamed to offer that excuse myself. I never yet knew an inebriated man who could not trace his misfortune to having drunk rather less than usual."

Kavanagh laughed with him. "One thing, though," he protested 'the whisky at that place is infamously

"It seemed to me to have a remarkaly queer taste," Taras acquiesced, "but that again, I believe, is the habitual experience of the fallen. I hope I did not make myself particularly obnox-

"Not a bit. You were simply incapable. By the way, this must have fallen from your pocket." He laid Taras' latchkey on the table. "My man found it in the brougham. If I had thought to look there, I might have saved mademoiselle a great deal of alarm. It's not a pleasant thing to be rung up at 2 o'clock in the morning," he added, turning to me. "You feel none the worse for it to-day I hope." Thinking of Taras I assured him that

I felt very well indeed. "One object in dropping in," he said, "was to know if you would like to see the chrysanthemums at the temple. There is an exhibition for the press this afternoon, which I have to notice for a daily paper. To judge flowers is really a lady's function, and to say nothing of the pleasure you give me it will materially add to the value of my article if I have your opinions on the subject." His back was toward Taras, and a

compression of his brows indicated clearly that he had another and more important reason for wishing me to accept the invitation. I turned to Taras.

"Oh, go, by all means," said he warm-

CHAPTER XXIII.

Kavanagh's brougham was waiting at the door, but the man on the box was not the driver whom I had seen there the night before.

"I have bad news," said Kavanagh as we passed Lambeth palace. "Read that," he added, putting a letter in my hand which he had taken carefully from

I opened the folded sheet of thin, blue

There was a black split eagle in the left hand corner, and on the right of it a printed address in Russian characters. I glanced down the paper and could make nothing of it, but turning the leaf I found several names in the ordinary Italian hand, and among them was one which struck the note of alarm-Rudersdorf occurred several times in the same

"What does it say?" I asked. I can't less if I did." "I thought you understood Russian." "A few words, but I can't read Rus-

ran throught it in somber silence, then | and all that! That's nonsense. You | much pains to inspire. raising his eyes and fixing them reflect- seem to be thinking more of yourself ively on the distance, he said: "It's from the minister of police at St. hamed of anything that might save him? Petersburg. Luck runs in streaks, and I should be proud of it. Go on."

ill luck to. He writes in the most | "It is true. I am thinking more of friendly and courteous spirit, but virtumy own feelings than of his welfare."

ally he offers me my desmission—tells He was silent for a minute. Then me that I have failed to do the work I after glancing to the right and left to undertook and intimates that he shall see that we were alone he continued in a have to employ some one else. Who tentative tone: that is you can guess." "Rudersdorf," I said.

He nodded and turning again to the and Gordon?" letter continued: "Here are his reasons: "We have cer- above all other men, that this intimatain information that Borgensky'- tion took me by surprise.

the Czar. His anger will fall upon me, | 30, careless in dress"-and the production of this statue must involve my downfall. The order given me, now nearly 12 months ago, was to cost be Borger sky's life and the loss of your services. With much reluctance -as you, I feel sure, will understand-I have this day instructed Rudersdorf to start for London.

He paused, and I held my breath, too terrified to speak "'If anything can be done to save the life of Borgensky, I know you will do it, and should you succeed you may depend on a substantial recognition of your services. With this view I have given Rude sdorf imperative and stringent instructions to consult you before taking any action whatever. He will call upon you as soon as he reaches London and carry out implicitly any directions you may give for conveying Borgensky sallely on board the Volga. In the event, however, of your having no directions to give him'—that means if I can find no means of getting Taras on board the steamer that is waiting for him-then Radersdorf will have the management of the affair-to silence Borgensky as may seem best to him-and you will be freed from all further responsibility in the matter."

ment gloomily replaced the letter in his "When will Rudersdorf be here?" asked after an interval of dreadful

He sighed, and without further com-

"If he left on the same day that this letter was posted, he may be here now,' "Now?" I gasped. "He may be waiting for me at my chambers this moment. The throbbing of my heart seemed to

"What-what shall you do?" I fal-"Keep out of his way as long as !

check the words as they rose.

"You will go away from London?" He shook his head. "Unfortunately there is danger even in delay. To-morrow or the next day he will telegraph to the minister for instructions. He will discover that I left my chambers after the time when I should have received the letter advising me of his coming."

"And then?" "Then probably the minister will allow a few days' grace, after which he will wire the fatal instructions that Rudersdorf is craving for-the order to act as may seem best to him." "You must see him-put him off on some pretence.

"Yes, that will do for a time, until the minister loses patience, and all the while we are whetting the appetite of that bloodhound Rudersdorf. Yes, that's what he is-a bloodhound, neither more nor less, ready to run down any unhappy wretch whose scent is given him. Kancy, he has never seen Taras; Taras has never injured him, and yet from the day Taras first came under the notice of the police this man has vowed to destroy him. "What for?"

"Simply to gratify his lust for blood, the cultivated instinct of the bloodhound. He wears a locket on his chain; he opened it to show me one day. It contains two whisps of hair-one a woman's-taken from the heads of victims, well known hihilists, whom he hunted down and killed. They are arranged symmetrically, with a space left between them. In that vacant space he has written the name of Taras."

The brougham stopped, he opened the goor and stepped out, but I was too nor-rified by what I had heard to move. "What's the good of going in there?"
I asked fiercely when he held forth his hand. "What are flowers to me now?" "Better come," he said in a low tone, approaching closer. "We have to avoid suspicion. Every man I have employed is a spy." And holding out his hand again he added pointedly, "We are

watched when we least suspect it." We passed through the house in which the chrysanthemums were exhibited, but I saw no beauty in them-nothing but patches of red here and there in varying shades-the color of blood in

We went out into the garden. It was the last day in October. The clouds that had overspread the sky for some days had broken that morning, and it seemed as if summer had returned. The sun was sinking in glory behind the deep red mist, but that hateful color was reflected in the ripples of the riverblood everywhere. I could see but that. "We can talk safely here," said Kavanagh, stopping before a vacant seat-"if there is anything to say," he added despondently.

"Can we do nothing?" I asked in desperation. He hesitated as if he were weighing altematives.

"The simplest thing perhaps is to warn him of his danger. It may not save his life for a single hour longer. It is scarcely probable that it will enable him to ward off the blow, but if we

can do nothing else"-"I thought you had some idea when you went away.' "Oh, a hundred schemes have run through my mind since then-all mad,

impossible or impracticable." "Can't you tell me what they are?" I asked quickly, eager to grasp at the merest shadow of a straw floating on the overwhelming waters.

He shrugged his shoulders. "One must seem more hopeful than the rest." I urged. "That's true, but- Well, to confess truth, I am ashamed to tell you of the only idea which seems to have any possibility of a practical income. You can imagine how repulsive it is to my feelings by the fact that the risk of death seems

preferable now to realizing my idea." "I don't understand you, Tell me more plainly what you mean. "I mean this," he answered firmly. "I see no acceptable option but to release you from your promise of secrecy and

bolt for my life. "What good is that?" I exclaimed impatiently. "What does it matter what you do if it cannot save Taras?" "Warned of his danger he might es-

"Never! Taras fly from danger. You don't know Taras.' Even in that time of dread my bosom was stirred with pride in my hero's

"I thought perhaps,. knowing how great his affection and consideration are for you, that your influence"-"I would not say a word nor let him see a tear that might influence him against his principles. It would be use-"Then what is to be done?"

"That's what we must find out. What | sult." is that other scheme?" "I don't care to tell it." He took the letter from my hand and 'And yet you would risk your life probably was the wish he had taken so than of Taras. Why should you be as-

> He was silent for a minute.. Then "You have noticed the curious resem-

> blance that exists between Taras and-

Taras was such a god to me, so far "I mean in physical appearance." he

th Paris and London casts of a statue | pursued. "Gordon would answer in alin terra cotta, modeled in Lambeth, every particular to a written desciption which must give extreme displeasure to of Taras-tall, robust, light hair, about "But their features are not alike in

"Pardon me, there is an expression of amiability common to both. For the silenced at any cost, even though the rest, then, no merely verbal description being the first of a series of articles on could depict one man's face so exactly "Great Men's Sons" contributed to the as to defy error

daresay you are right. Never seen Taras. He has only the written de be the subjects of other articles in the scription issued by the police to lead him. Besides that, he will be guided by

point out Gordon and say, 'That is Taras.' He would believe it without My courage and resolution quailed before the possibilities this hint revealed.

faltered "God forbid! Even to save Taras I would not be instrumental to the death of Gordon. Both are my friends. No. he will be held responsible for the life of his prisoner. He values his own interest too keenly to disregard the order

"What would happen then?" "Gordon would be seized and taken to Russia in place of Taras." "But the moment he seizes Gordon he will discover his mistake,"

"How?" "Gordon does not speak Russian. He knows only a little French. He would say at once in English that he was not

by pretending he is not the real man, but somebody else. They would ask him for his papers to prove his identity. An Englishman never carries papers, and Gordon's inability to produce them would convict him at once in the eyes of a Russian official unacquainted with our customs."

For a moment I ceased to think of Taras, and I saw only Gordon, my genial, kind hearted friend, torn away from his friends and the occupation which had given him a new zest for life.
"Poor Gordon!" I murmured.

Seeing that opposition served better than persuasion to stimulate my resolution, Kavanagh shifted his ground. "Poor Gordon!" he echoed. "A man who never injured any living creature."
"What of that?" I fired up. "He has done nothing for mankind that others have not done. There are thousands of men as good as he. There is not an-

other in the world like Taras." "That is true. But it seems a cruel, an awful shame to make him suffer for no fault of his. It's a villainous thing to do. No, hang it! I can't bring myself to play this treacherous part. I must think of it. I"-"But you are certain that his life will

not be taken." "As certain as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow. But to him free-

"They will not keep him prisoner forever," I interrupted again.
"No," he said, with a smile. he added gravely, "he may be kept a prisoner for months.' "Months!" I exclaimed, astonished by the lightness of the penalty.

"Possibly." He seemed to misinterpret my surprise. "On the other hand he may be set at liberty in a few weeks. It all depends upon the length of time he has to wait for official examination. The minister of police of course knows Taras, and the moment he sees Gordon the mistake will be discovered." "A few weeks-a few months-that is nothing!"

kindness would undergo that cheerfully to save his friend. Gordon will agree to it himself I know.' "I believe he would if we could make him a party to the scheme. Unfortunately we cannot. He is the worse actor in the world, The slightest evidence of complicity on his part would arouse Rudersdorf's suspicions, and the thing would fall through.

"Or to him. A man with half his

I nodded assent to this, knowing how awkward poor Gordon was. But Kavanagh's hesitation to act still mystified "A short period of captivity seems to you a trifle in comparison with the life

of a friend," he observed. "Yes, it is, and I cannot understand why you hold back," "There are a good many things that women do not understand, and honor between friends is one of them, I fear. And it is not only this breach of honor which I have to consider," he added in a less resentful tone, seeing that my perplexity had not been removed. "You have lost sight of the fact that this affair dooms me to perpetual exile, if not

"Yes, I forgot that, I understand now. But surely the society will forgive you everything for having saved

He shook his head mournfully. "The society is governed by hard and fast rules and permits no member to do harm for the sake of the good it may produce, Besides," he added quickly to avoid criticism of this very antinihilstic principle, "they will certainly regard as an expedient to escape the penalty of previous acts. It is useless to cheat myself with false hopes. If we carry out this scheme, I must prepare to fly the county the day that Gordon returns." We both sat silent for a little time, I feeling that the sacrifice could only

be made by free will. "One thing," said Kavanagh at length in a lighter tone-"one thing that pleases me in this idea is that it would completely crush the enemy. When Gordon came back and made his experiences public, there would be such a blaze up in the papers that the Russian government would not dare to make any further attempt to kidnap Taras; Ruders-dorf, for permitting himself to be cheated, would probably be awarded a lifelong post at Archangel as a reward for his services, and Taras would be suffered to live in peace."

"That is worth a great sacrifice," I "Yes, I will think of it. Come, it time to return.

"I am glad I have talked it out with

On our way back he said:

you. One sees things so much more clearly by the light another mind throws And as the brougham stopped before the door he said: "I shall have made up my mind by to-morrow, and you shall know the re-

Fervently I prayed that he might decide to carry out this design, and this

CHAPTER XXIV. KAVANAGH'S SACRIFICE Kavanagh, whose comprehensive fore-

thought nothing seemed to escape, went into the house with me, and in an easy, chatty way gave Taras an exhaustive description of the show we had been to. He must have observed my incapacity to form any idea upon the affair and thought it prudent to relieve me from the embarrassment of answering the questions which Taras would probably put to me.

"I, too, have been looking at chrys-anthemnma" said Taras when Kavan-(Continued next week)

Newspapers and Magazines. -"On Board the Ark" is the title of a serial story by Albert Lie which will be published in Harper's Round Table, beginning in the issue dated August 6th. The same number will contain an account of "The Son of Alexander the Great," this Round Table by E bridge S. Brooks, "The Son of Charlemegae," "The Son of Martin "As I told you, Rudersdorf has never | Luther," and "The Son of Napolera" will

-Not since "The Anglomaniacs" has there been so clever a society satire as "Supposing I should misguide him?" Henry Fuller's "Pilgrim Sons," which is "Misguide him! How could you do published in the August Cosmepolitan. The problems involved in woman's use of "Nothing easier, I have simply to the bioycle are so startling and so numer ous, under the rapid evolution of this art, that one welcomes a careful discussion of the subject ty so trained a mind and so olever a writer as Mrs. Reginald de Koven. "Then he would kill poor Gordon," I The Cosmepolitan illustrates Mrs. de Koven's article with a series of poses by professional models. A new sport, more thrilling than any known to Nimrod, more The letter I read to you shows that dangerous than was ever experienced by while Rudersdorf is under my direction even a Buffalo Bill, is exploited in the same issue in an article on "Photographing Big Game in the Rocky Mountains," before shooting. The idea that ten cents for The Cosmopolitan means inferiority from a literary point of view is dispalled by the appearance in this number of such writers as Sir Lewis Mcrris, S'r Eiwin Arnold, Edgar Fawcab, Tabb, W. Clark Russell, Lung, Sarcey, Zungwill, Agnes Repplier, etc. Nor can we entertain the idea of inferiority in illustration with such names as Hamilton Gibson, Denman, Van "Rudersdorf would laugh in his face. | Schalek, Lix, Sandham, etc., figuring as Nearly every prisoner tries to get of the chief ar ists of a single month's issue.

· Pyny Pectoral.

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New Advertisements. TO RENT.-House and garden, being No. 35 Melbeurne-st, House new; eight rooms hard and soft water; conveniently situated. Rent moderate. Apply to JAMES McGIBBON, Si Williamst, south Lindsay. -61-tf

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS. County of Victoria, To Wit: By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the County Court of the County of Victoria, and to FARM FOR SALE IN THE TOWN. me directed and delivered at the suit of John Snelgrove plaintiff and against the lands and tenements of Reuben J. Roach, defendant I have seized

apple trees; well fenced and under good state of cultivation. School House 70 rods from House, and Church a little over half a mils. Convenient to Connington. Woodville. Mariposa and Manilla markets. A rare chance to purchase a good farm for particulars apply to ELIAS BOWES, Lindsay P.O. Lindsay, March 20th, 1895.—54.

Monday, August 19, 1895

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant, Rember J. Roach, into or out of that certain tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Village of Little Britain, in the County of Victoria and Province of Ontario, being composed. Monday, August 19, 1895 Britain, in the County of Victoria and Province of Ontario, being composed of viliage lot number 43 on south side of Mill Street, as laid down on a map or plan of said Village, made by W. E. Yarnold, Esq., P.L. S., and duly registered in the registry office of ment two-fifths of an acre more or less.

I have a number of first class Houses for Said and to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are principally brick and well local to Rent. These are well situated and in a good state of cultival tion. JOHN MCLENNAN, Sheriff, County of Victoria Sheriff's office, Lindsay, May 17th, 1895 .- 73-2,

New Advertisements. THE POST will be sent to any Address in the United States, Great Britain or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address, "POST,' LINDSAY, ONTARIO CANADA. MOOD FARM-For Sale of to Rent. Would rather sell ; 100 acres more or less, situated on Lot 10, in the 6th Concession of the Township of Fenelon, Apply to ALEX, FLACK No. 10, Bruns-wick-st., Montreal, -71-tf. AGIC HOUSEHOLD POLISH, best think on earth, Used in every Kitchen for Cleaning Knives, Forks, Spoons, Silver

ON COMMISSION.

I have a number of first class Houses for Sale and

C. CHITTICK. Lindmy, July 17th, 1895,-71.