

Ayer's Remedies. Catarrh. It is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Imperial Baking Powder.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphate or any injurious.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1891.

THE SUMMER IS DEAD.

The summer is dying. 'Neath soft'ny leafy showers She clasps her bosom Her trail fading flowers; The brooklets glad song with Sighing is lifted, And mistle gales low where Thistle-downs drifted.

LOCAL NEWS-LETTERS

CHARGED WITH STEALING SIXTEEN SHEEPS OF FLEET.—Quite an interesting case was disposed of at the market hall on the evening of August 19th before the mayor and Justice Joseph E. Gould.

granary it was stored on consent of Mr. Sedour. The search warrant was issued and this amount of the grain recovered. The balance of over 100 bushels has not yet been traced.

MILLBROOK. OBITUARY.—We record with regret the death of Mrs. Wm. Kelle, one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of Millbrook, who died Friday morning at the ripe age of 84 years.

PORT HOPE. FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday, August 25th, Mr. John Foster, formerly a resident of Port Hope, son of the late John Foster, hotelkeeper here, was killed on the railway at Bruchton, Franklin county, N.Y.

PETERBORO. FIRE IN ENNISBROS.—The barn and stables of Mr. Peter Gifford, Ennisbros, were burned Thursday night about eleven o'clock. The family were in bed and the fire was not observed until the buildings were doomed.

WOODVILLE. [Correspondence of The Post.] THE HARVEST is pretty well on with this week, and the farmers all wear pleasant smiles, as the crops never were better and were got in with good weather.

SONYA. [Correspondence of The Post.] PERSONAL.—The Rev. A. Currie, M.A., of Sonya, has just returned from an extensive tour through England and Scotland. He also spent some time in the vicinity of Montreal, where he began his career in the ministry.

PORT PERRY. A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Charles Thorn, V.S., Kirkfield, passed through town yesterday on his way to Calgary in the far Northwest. He goes to fill an engagement with Messrs. McKenzie & Co., railway contractors, who are at present engaged in the construction of the Calgary and Edmonton railway.

MANVERS STATION. GRAND OPENING OF THE NEW ORANGE HALL.—On Tuesday next, Sept. 23d, the members of L. O. N. S. will open their new hall here with appropriate ceremonies. Tea will be served at two o'clock in a sumptuous manner, after which speeches will be delivered by Mr. Clarke Wallace, M. P., grand master of British America; Robert Birmingham, grand secretary; J. L. Hughes, D.G.M., Ontario East; T. D. Craig, M.P., Ontario West; and Mr. Van Ardenne, grand treasurer of the district.

ONTARIO COUNTY. A RANK FISH STORY.—There is a good joke going the rounds in which Mr. John Spence figures as the joker. As truthful ness is the prominent characteristic of this year, we feel ourselves constrained to publish it. Well, it seems while Mr. Spence was out on the banks of the blooming Saugey, he sent a very large bass to the folks, accompanied with a note in which he informed them that bass at this time of the year are small very indeed. The folks thought so to. However, with a sponge soaked in liquor tied over her head and nose, one of the folks opened the animal, and lo! the most wondrously large bass was discovered inside Mr. Bass, on which was the following: This fish was caught on the 10th of the month of August, and weighed 10 lbs. The folks carried the odiferous fish to the garden on a pitchfork.

A WORTHY MAN.—Mr. James Johnston, M.A., who was at one time headmaster of the High School in this county, died in Toronto last week. He was a native of Armaagh, Ireland, and at forty years of age was induced by friends to commence study. In this he made rapid progress and very soon took his high degree. His children follow his footsteps, two being successful physicians, one a lawyer, two chemists, and the business and a civil engineer. He was engaged in Chicago. [Written by Charles Matthews.] KILLED IN CHICAGO.—Francis Matthews was a conductor, and his train being derailed, he was crushed to death, while the business and two brakemen are fatally injured. Matthews was 37 years of age and left a wife and four small children.

A BOOTBLACK'S LUCK.



"Black you boots, sir?" It was a childish voice, sweet and pleasing, most unlike the usual shrill, half impudent tone of the boot-black, and George Meredith looked down to see the speaker. Being a tall man, over six feet, and somewhat portly, with fifty-five years of life, mostly of prosperity, he looked quite a distance downward before he saw the little fellow who spoke. Such a very little fellow! He did not look more than six years old, and had close clustering curls of fair hair, and big blue eyes like a baby. But the small face was pale and thin, the limbs, but scantily clad, were far too slender, and the low, sweet voice had an unchildlike pathos in its tone.

"No," said Mr. Meredith, before the look. "Well, yes, you may," he added afterwards. "What's your name?" he asked presently. "George Scott." "No, sir. Mother is living, but she slipped on the ice about two weeks ago and broke her arm. She did not think I was big enough to work before that, but she had to let me try then. I don't make out very well. Gentlemen think I'm too little. But I can make boots shine, can't I?"

"You have certainly made that one shine," was the reply, while Mr. Meredith thought: "Here is something rare, indeed, a boot-black who talks correct English. Has he stepped out of a novel?" In a moment he spoke again. "What work did your mother do?" he asked. "Embroider for a fancy store. She couldn't work very fast, because she isn't very strong; but we don't eat a great deal; that's one comfort."

"Sorry comfort!" muttered the gentleman. "Any brothers or sisters?" "All dead, sir. Mamie was the last. She was sixteen and helped mammasew and keep the house in order. Oh, dear!" It was just a child's sigh, coming from a full heart to answer the look of interest and sympathy in the gentleman's face. "Do you like blacking boots?" was the next question. "No, sir." "Would you like to run errands?" "I think I should."

"How much can you make a day now?" "The most I ever made was forty cents. This is my first job to-day." "Can you read?" "Why yes, sir. I am ten years old!" "You come to-morrow morning to the address on this card, and I will try you for an errand."

Then giving the lad a fifty-cent piece and refusing to wait until he went to get change for it, George Meredith strolled off to his hotel, his solitary dinner and bachelor apartments. "Odd," he thought, "how much that boy reminds me of some one, I can't think why it is. Some one who had just such big blue eyes, at once shy and frank, drooping most of the time, but candid and truthful when they did meet your own. H'm; it is very vague, but I think I only know of one such young fellow. Poor little chap! I'll give him a decent suit of clothes, and pay him enough to live on until his mother gets well. It won't ruin me?"

And considering that the speaker counted his money by hundreds of thousands, it seemed likely it would not. The little, eager lad who walked into the rich lawyer's office the next day was an improved edition of the boot-black of the night before. He had on his "best" suit, well worn, but whole, and his hair was white, his hair nicely brushed, and his boots shining. "Mother better?" asked Mr. Meredith. "No, sir," was the sad, low answer. "She couldn't get over her arm dispoysary this morning for she had her arm dispoysary. She was so dizzy she had to lie down."

frightened. It seemed as if it would destroy her youth, take all joyousness from her life, to marry this stately, reserved man, already a lawyer of standing. So she refused him, never appreciating the value of the heart that had been taken captive by her brightness and sweet girlishness. How could she know that it would have made the happiness of the grave, lonely man's life to surround her with all that could keep her as joyous and free as a butterfly?

He left his old home after his love-dream faded, but he left pleasant memories. Even after William Scott wood and won the woman he had lost, she could not quite forget the grave man who had loved her. Sunny days of wedded happiness followed her happy girlhood. Children came to bless her, and when her parents died, her husband and her sons and daughters consoled her. She was past thirty years old when trouble came, thick, fast, overwhelming. Two children died on the same day of a prevailing fever, and before the month was over her husband followed them to the grave. He had been a clerk, on a moderate salary, and the nest egg in bank was very small, yet the widow looked at the little ones left her and strove to face her future bravely. It was the pitiful story to be heard every day—irregular work, sickness, death! The removal from a country home to a crowded city, in the hope of better work and wages, proved a failure, and the air of a crowded tenement house dwarfed and injured the children, who died one by one, till only her baby, George Meredith Scott, was left to console the widow.

While she mused and wept over this panorama of her life, wondering a little that some long past memory had made her name the boy for her old friend, never hoping to meet him again, Dr. Turner called. He explained very courteously that Mr. Meredith had requested him to see if his professional services would not help her, and examined the arm. His directions were brief, and he left her to make good if indeed her old friend was the gentleman who was helping her boy, and whose card lay between the leaves of the Bible.

Dr. Turner's report to Mr. Meredith was: "Delicate woman, evidently a lady. Arm doing very well, but general health at the lowest ebb. Wants good food, better air, and above all, mental quiet. Fretting herself to death." George Meredith being one of those rare philanthropists whose left hand knew not the good deeds of his right hand, made no parade of his generosity. If Mrs. Scott guessed, she never knew whence came an envelope with a generous gift of bank notes. It enabled her to make George neat, to add to her own scanty attire, and to provide the medicines and food Dr. Turner no longer hesitated to order.

In these weeks that followed George's engagement as errand boy to Mr. Meredith, the boy won his way far into the heart of the bachelor lawyer. For years, after his rejection by Agnes Wellden, he had lived a busy life, trying to forget the pain of his broken love dream in his ambition. A man always reserved, caring nothing for society, he had given to his old friend's child the one love of his life, never striving to replace her image in his heart, never seeking to add family joy to his scheme of life. It would be too much to say that he had not recovered, in the years that followed his disappointment, from its sting. As time rolled on there were often months when he never thought of his old love; and when he took George Scott into his employ, her image was entirely buried under the varied interests of his career of professional usefulness and political interest.

But the boy stirred new well springs in his heart, of love and gentleness. He was a quiet, gentle child, with an active brain, but delicate constitution, one of the frail little ones who seem utterly unable to cope with the trials and sorrows of this hard world. Willing, respectful and gentlemanly, he was trusted with many errands that Mr. Meredith would have hesitated to give to a boy of less refinement and intelligence, and his gratitude made him ever eager to do his best to please his kind friend.

Winter was over, and April winds sweeping over the city, when one day Mr. Meredith sat waiting an answer to a note, in a state of wondering impatience. It was something altogether new for George to loiter on the way, or to neglect any detail of an errand. Yet he had been sent on a mission that need not occupy twenty minutes, and three hours had passed without his return. Impatience was giving way to uneasiness, when a policeman presented himself. "Lad employed here name of Scott?" he asked. "Yes, what has happened?" "Knocked down by a runaway team; badly hurt. We took him home, and he wanted me to let you know why he was away."

"Thanks. I will go to him." He took up his hat as he spoke, wondering himself at the thrill of pain at his heart. He knew then that he loved the boy as he had not loved any one for many years. The lad's own sweetness, with the eyes that were a memory to his mother, had endeared him to the world-worn lawyer, till it was with positive pain he bent over the bed and saw the little face white and drawn with agony. "My poor boy!" he said, tenderly. "What can I do for you?" "Did mother go away?" the child whispered. "She said I might see you alone."

"There is no one here but ourselves." "Maybe I'm wicked," the child said, "because mother told me to tell you what I am going to tell you now. No, please; don't stop me. I'm badly hurt, sir, and I may die, and mother will be all alone; and so I want to tell you that she knew you once, many years ago, and that my name was George Meredith Scott. I was named for you, sir; and mother told me so much about you, and how good you always were, that I am sure you will be kind to her if I die." "You may be sure, George, that while I live your mother will never want a friend."

Northrop & Lyman. What Northrop & Lyman's... The Best Medicine.—Mr. J. C. Ayer writes: "I have great pleasure in recommending your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I have used two bottles, and it completely cured me of a bad case of Dyspepsia. I also found it an excellent Blood Purifier, and sure cure for Kidney troubles."

John Makins. ENGINES FOR SALE. Two portable Waterous Engines, 12 h. p., in working order, for sale cheap. Apply to JOHN MAKINS, Iron Founder. J. Wetherup. BELL PIANOS AND ORGANS. THE GOLD MEDAL AT JAMAICA INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1891. In Competition with American, German, English and Canadian Manufacturers. J. WETHERUP, Agent, Kent-st., Lindsay.

James Reith. 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. 20th 1890-91.

ERRORS OF YOUNG AND OLD. Organic Weakness, Falter Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, cured by HAZELTON'S VITALIZER. J. E. HAZELTON, Druggist, 308 Yonge-st., Toronto, Ont. -85-17.

Do You Want A GOOD TONIC? TAKE THE INDIGENOUS BITTERS. THE most economic, and at the same time the most effectual stomachic and aid to digestion. A 25 cents package is sufficient to make 5 large bottles of the best Bitters.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. ARE NOT A Purge or a Cathartic. They are the BLOOD BUILDERS, and restore the system to a normal condition. EVERY MAN should take them. EVERY WOMAN should take them. YOUNG MEN should take them. YOUNG WOMEN should take them. HOGG BROS., OAKWOOD. Lindsay, July 9, 1891-92.

Yer's Cherry Pectoral. CONSUMPTION. Its first stages checked by the Pectoral. Period of that disease is a healthy condition. I have used Yer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect. This wonderful preparation is a healthy condition. I have used Yer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect. This wonderful preparation is a healthy condition.

The Canadian LIVE STOCK. WHERE OUGHT TO BE IN DAIRY. Some Facts that the Able Read Before. Perusal—Fresh Butter. From a dairy of 10 cows, the profit from the year's operation. For the year 1890, the profit was \$1000.00. The quantity of milk produced was 100,000 gallons. The quantity of butter produced was 10,000 lbs. The quantity of cheese produced was 10,000 lbs. The quantity of cream produced was 10,000 lbs. The quantity of milk sold was 10,000 gallons. The quantity of butter sold was 10,000 lbs. The quantity of cheese sold was 10,000 lbs. The quantity of cream sold was 10,000 lbs.

NEW DRESS GOODS. Having made some large purchases early in the season we now show a very large range of Dress Materials in the new fall shades; HENRIETTA CLOTHS, some extra fine qualities in Black, Navy Brown and Garnets, Crape Cloths, Second Mourning Goods, all Wool Plaids, a large range of patterns at 25 cents, and a nice assortment of fine Custom Cloths all entirely new, with a full range of Trimmings in Brocade Silks, Plain Silks and Satins, Velvets, Plushes, Braids, Laces, etc. to match. ORDERED CLOTHING DEPARTMENT. This has been our busiest department during the usually dull season, new goods arriving every week in WORSTEDS, TROUSERINGS and TWEEDS. See our new Fall Tweeds, good patterns and very reasonable prices. A good fit guaranteed on all orders entrusted to us. Pants cut free of charge when cloth is purchased from us. \$1.00 per pair.

HARVEST GOODS.—Cradles, Rakes, Forks, Blower Tines, Binding Gloves, Machine Oils, etc. Our entire stock is now well assorted with seasonable goods. HOGG BROS., OAKWOOD. Lindsay, July 9, 1891-92.