Price: \$1.00 

The Canadian Post.

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BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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"I pay you the market price, as much as the other mill owners."

if Philip Breton could make that excuse! | less flame of disgrace The man sat down without an invitation, and leaned his brawny elbows on the table. "Now see here, you told me to speak my

ain't got nothin'; we can't lay back and wait for our price. We want somethin' to ent must have work, if it only earns us a loaf of bread. Is it right, then, to value us at what we can be got for! If we could it's all business, as ye say."

Philip had seated himself, but he said sister's name?" nothing. He had given the man the privilege of his tongue, and he did not seem disposed to stop him.

"Is the right price of a thing what a man 'll give for it? If they had the money, men would give \$1,000,000 for a breath of air, when they're stifled. Would it be right to pump off the air, and then let it on at \$1,000,-000 a breathing? If you was drowning, you'd give \$1,000,000 to be saved if it was only to hold out a pole to yer. Is that a fair price for holdin' out a pole? We're starvin' unless we can get a bite to eat. Is it any more right to bargain with us for a life of hard work, for just enough to live on? A man wants somethin' more than food. He wants to send his children to school, to get a loafin' hour now and then, to make himself somedrudgery and want.

don't want to be chi ' charity, do you?" John Graves straightened his arms along the table: then he stud up.

"Charity! Well, no, not such charity as picks a creature up today as soft as a baby, and drops him to-morrow like a dog. But if payin' yer help enough of yer gain so they can know what life is-if that is charity, as you call it, give it to us. Ye needn't be so precious fraid of hurtin' the laboring classes, They're sinkin' every day lower and lower, and lots of fellows in specs keep a warnin' you not to spoil 'em, not to hurt their pride, or break their spirit by givin' 'em something. As if kindness ever hurt any human soul. Not that I would call it charity; they earns every mite ye'll ever give 'em."

"But if the mills or employers don't make such gains as you seem to take for grant-

"If there ain't money made, why, nobody can find no fault not to get big pay. All I mean is when money is made, and that's pretty often, we ought to have some share

"Don't go, John, I want to ask you"-"I must; I asked out for today," and the door closed after the man. For quite a while after his last visitor had gone, Philip sat with his eyes fixed on the door knob in intense abstraction. Was he angry at the audacity of the common laborer? When he pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. running his hands through his hair, he made one exclamation:

"How blind." But whom he meant, whether his class or the laborers, did not appear from his tone or from the bitter smile on his lips. John Graves would have told in a moment that the young proprietor meant no good to his help. The man had had a glimmer of hope that Philip Breton might only be waiting for an opportunity, but this interview had dispelled it from his mind. It was some little time afterwards that

Philip left his counting room and made his way up the street. He was dressed in somberest black, and his silk hat was subdued with a wide band of crape. But his dress was no more melancholy than his face. When under pressure of business, one would not have noticed it so especially, but the instant he was thrown back upon himself, his face became as sad and hopeless as the face of the most wretched laborer in his mill. He was tasting the most bitter dregs in life, he thought. What soul could be more crushed than his? The time was when it would have been impossible for him to see a human creature suffer without a thrill of sympathy. It would have seemed a cruel and unnatural stroke of fortune, which it was for him to prevent or cure. But he had learned better, he thought. Suffering was common to all: there was no good of trying to patch up this life or that: the terrible disease was forever at work. Conditions made but little difference; rich and poor, high and low, agonized together over some form of broken hope,

to come to the rescue of his broken hearti

some unsatisfied hunger. The chapel door stood open, and he stopped and looked in. It was here Bertha and he were to have been married. And it would have been before this-but now. He saw the place where they would have stood together. The church was empty and he walked softly in, as if af aid of disturbing the ghosts of his dead hopes, who haunted yet, perhaps, the sacred spot they glorified in all the dreams of, work. The one that earns the largest year's his early munhood. He walked wearily up pay will have the largest per cent. of that the echoing aisle and threw himself into a dividend. We shall all be stockholders seat. He bowed his head upon the back of | together, each with a share large or small acthe pew in front of him. Had he no shame: 1 cording to the value of his work."

would be grieve forever over a woman that had become another man's wife? She had called on the laws of the land for her protection; he had no right to even think of her now. She was shut away from him forever. It had become a sin for him now to long for her, though she had been so nearly his own wife. There was no place in the world for unmated lovers like him. If she had not

married that man! How strange that he had heard nothing of that marriage; her note had not mentioned it, and no one had spoken of it since. Why, his belief in her purity was so absolute he had not even thought to question her marriage and now it was like a guilty thing, that he permitted himself to entertain for a moment terrible fears. What vengeance would be stern and relentless enough for him who had wrecked the noblest womanhood in the world, who had sullied a purity like an angel's, and insulted a sacred dignity like Bertha's? Oh, it could not be; no maa on earth could have been so bold, so impious. How wild his imagination had become.

"Oh, I didn't know but it was young Breton and that Bertha Ellingsworth that was going to be married." Two graceless women had come in and seated themselves in a neighboring pew. Philip had been thinking so intensely until now that an earthquake would hardly have disturbed

"That'll never be," giggled the other; 'you don't say you didn't know she eloped with that Curran fellow, though it's been "Do tell!" Philip shuddered. Why were

creatures like these permitted to touch names like Bertha's? "Married another chap, eh? Well, young Breton never was much for looks, anyhow." "Married!" Philip started at her tone.

"Who said she was married? The shoe's on the other foot. She aint married at all. Handsome fellow like him has a wife in every town, such as they be. That proud minx is only one on 'em." How they rolled the shameful story, like a sweet morsel under their tongues, as if it relieved the blackness of their contemptible souls, that one woman Well, God have mercy on his poor children, more had singed her angel wings in the piti-

Philip had struggled to his feet. The women blushed like fire and tried to look unconscious, but he did not even glance at them mind, and I am agoin' to. We are poor; we as he moved down the aisle. He could not see very well. Was the chapel full as it seemed? and was that an usher in white kids today; we come to you for work; we who was coming toward him and saying: "Just one minute more; the bridal couple

are just coming in." Bolt upright he sat where he had been haggle with ye, and hang off the way a little | guided, and saw as in a dream a white phanready cash lets a man do, there might be tom of a woman it seemed and a black some sense in it. But you never let us get | shadow of a man go by. "Married! who enough ahead for that. It's work or go | said she was married? Ah! it was horrible! hungry with us. The poorer we gets, the Perhaps they two, those women flends, were tighter ye can squeeze us, and I sometimes | all that knew the shameful secret. Would it wonder why ye gives us as much as ye do. I | do any good to pray them for the mercy of s'pose a man might live on a little less. And God to keep it? Would money hire a woman to keep a disgrace that had fallen on a fair

"Aren't you going to salute the bride smiled an acquaintance. "This is the marriage of Labor and Capital at last." He had perpetrated his witticism a docen times at least, and this was the first hearer who had not laughed. Jane Graves and Silas Eliingsworth. Berthas father-were they

mad or was he?" "I am ill," he muttered incoherently, as he pushe: his way almost roughly out.

> CHAPTER XVII. THE NEW STOCK COMPANY.

The terrible seeds of suspicion sown in Philip Breton's mind bore the bitterest fruits through the dreary winter months. No efforts of his will, nor course of reasoning could comthin' besides a brute. He wants he wants fort him. For a moment he might find resome such things and chances as you have. | lief, but his torment would only return Why, squire, we're all men trgether." The afresh. Humanity are slow to believe good man's eyes looked across at Philip with a | of fellow creature, but nothing seemed too vague wistfulness, as if he were thinking of | bad to be true. He thought it might have the beautiful possibilities of a life so far all | calmed him to have been assured even of the worst. He believed that he might despise "But what is there to do?" exclaimed | the woman he had elevated to the highest Philip in an impatient tone that put to flight | pinnacle of his ideal temple of womanhood all the workman's foolish fancies. The young | if she had made so little of the most sacred man's heart seemed changed to flint. "You gift of God. But it would have been a violence to his feelings to inquire of those who must know. Her father must know, but his smiling face will reveal nothing, and his very reserve was peopled with horrors for Philip. His wife Jane must know, too, but he could not bear to think of the malicious pleasure she would take in detailing the shameful story to him. She would sate her hate in his misery. But what if it were not a shameful story? Still he could not form his as they call 'em, by treatin' 'em too well. lips to ask. The humiliation of such a question from him, a discarded lover, about her at whose feet he had been proud to sit shocked him into silence. He even dreaded lest they might speak to him of her, although it had been months since he had heard Bertha's name once breathed.

One evening at the very close of the winter. Philip Breton called a meeting of his help, and the old market hall was packed from door to platform. Reporters were planted by their tables, to catch every word of the mysterious proceedings. Representatives from all the factories in the country elbowed the crowd for their three feet of standing room, eager to learn some new device for making money out of their help as good as the other. But the great audience was strangely silent. It knew not what to expect. Perhaps the economical mill owner was going to announce a new reduction in their wages; everybody said he was reducing everywhere. The feeling in their hearts was more of fear than hope, and it was a look of piteous terror, almost, that they cast at the slight form in black, that came forward on the platform. They reminded Philip of a flock of frightened sheep that had never had a shepherd. Then he thought of a great army massed before the smoking cannon

mouth, an army that had never had a general. He saw they feared him. "I have been for a long time trying to think of some way to make your lives more fair for you, and yet be fair to myself and my class. I have been cutting on expenses to make the whole business machinery as economical as I knew. Now, at last I am ready to take you

into my confidence and make you a proposal." There was a stir in the great audience, as if every man changed his position at the same moment, so as to be sure not to lose one precious word of the new gospel. "I cannot feel that I ought to give you

anything. And I cannot see that it would be reasonable to pay more wages than others pay; that is, than you have now."

A hush had fallen upon the people like death. There was no hope for them, then. Still the speaker went on.

"But if your labor is profitable to me, so that I can pay you your price, and pay my other expenses, and pag me for the time give to the business what such service as I do is paid elsewhere, and then have something . would know the truth if it killed him to bear

The reporters dropped their pens in aston-

"I am disposed to think that you have earned a share in it." He paused to catch his breath, and one could have heard a pin fall in that crowded room. "My capital should be allowed for, tco. In a word, I propose to divide the profits of my mill, after all expenses are paid, into two equal parts hereafter, one for labor, yours and mine, and one for the interest on my money. The part which belongs to labor will be distributed according to the worth of each one's year's

shouts of the poor ringing in his ears, and felt he had led them out of bondage, his heart thrilled with a proud joy that was almost | iston." ectasy. His wealth had brought him a hap piness that made even a life like his worth

terms of his plan more fully. He motioned out. to a dozen boys and took a printed sheet of he ordered distributed among the workmen. Mr. P He then read aloud the following from the paper in his hand: The first divided will be distributed Aug. 1

\$200,000; \$100,000 is set apart as the allow see him again." ance for capital invested, which leaves \$100,-000, to be distributed to the labor in proportion to the wages or salary earned by each. The whole amount of wages and salaries of each man, woman and child as shown by gait. the paymaster's book for the past year. For dition, or about \$83.10 as his dividend. \$2,000, will receive about \$544, I shall receive more than twice the dividend to withdraw so much from the busiand choose a committee to examine the books | to him? of the company, before the annual distribution

of dividends. When Philip Breton sat down a noisy hum of voices followed as the people read and commented upon the prospectus. The figures looked anything but dull to them. The bright possibilities that came up before their imaginations as they read were such as no gentle | the calm face that was turned to his visitor. cadence of poetry could have given them. reading the wonderful words of hope and | speak last night, but you have begun a noble saw it and the pride sickened on his heart. | whole world." The crowd about the door passed the whisper around, and it was hardly one short minute when the building shook again with cheers | else she was not here; there was no atmosas they shouted the name of Curran.

into the room, and then stopped and took | quick, eager way, "The rich men have the one of the printed sheets, as if he were un- most glorious privilege ever men had. Each conscious of their cheering, and read till his | man of wealth can let the fountains of light face, that had looked so stern and terrible, and joy into the lives of a village in some softened like a child. Then he mounted a | way which shall make his name blessed forsettee for his platform and uncovered his ever. Instead of that, whole generations of head with a new grace that became him as us have to break ourselves in pieces in the well as his strength. The old bitterness had effort to wear away their rock. We fail, as gone from his lips; it had given place to a | the wretched 2,000 creatures who strike here touching sadness that sobered every face that | today will fail, to gain one privilege more was turned toward him.

Philip had risen excitedly to his feet. The submission." sight of the man who had been with Bertha, ance, and only remember how small and mean they seem before him. But who could look at his melancholy face and the calm low, breathless voice. "Bertha," dignity that rested upon him always, and believe be could be vile? Yet perhaps nothing was vile or low to him, and even sin was glorified in his eyes when it suited his caprice

Philip had come to the very edge of the platform and beckoned a friend to him. "Do you see the man talking-the man with the auburn hair curling about his neck? no, don't look yet;" his voice was husky with excitement. "Get behind him while he is talking and stop him before he goes out. I must see him and speak with him; I would rather \$10,000 than lose him. Quick, now." As Philip sat down again and watched his friend trying to make his way through the close packed crowd he heard Curran's voice again. What was there changed in it? It kad lost its old ring, there was a queer drag in it sometimes, and when he used to raise his voice till every nerve tingled for sympathy, he seemed now to let it fall, and his long, sonorous sentences died down at the end like a muffled bell.

"If others were like him," he was saying, "the reform I would die for would come soon, would be upon us."

How slow his friend moved. Had Curran finished, was this all that was left of his eloquence? Yes, he was stepping down and moving toward the door. Philip's friend was almost there, the man must not escape thus, and plunge again with the woman whose life he had blasted into the obscurity he seemed to love. Philip leaped to his feet and almost shouted to the people. All turned their faces expectantly toward him. Curran with the rest his pale worn face. Philip's friend was come almost to him now. If Curran could only be detained for one

"It will of course be for the interest of all of you," he knew he was talking weakly, but it was no matter, "to earn the most wages you can, to lose the fewest days, to turn off the most piece work." Of course, he spoke too stupidly; Curran turned on his heel and moved toward the door. Almost instantly then Philip Breton gave a sudden short bow to the audience and disappeared back of the platform. He bounded down the narrow stairs, four at a time, and rushed around to the front of the building like one mad, to stare for a moment in the faces of the escaping crowd. Then, wilder than ever at the thought that Curran might have gone out among the first, he ran back and forth after one group and another, but all in vain. Then he forced himself to stop and think, and forthwith made inquiries for Curran's boarding place. He reached the place at last and ran breathlessly up the stairs. In another moment he it. He must remove the poisonous shadow of suspicion that was polluting all the holiest precincts of his nature. Certainty was betber far, for the nerves can brace themselves against the clearly defined features of ever so hideous a monster; far better certainly than this crawling slimy terror that made him

ned of a manhood that could cherish it cent he might strike him down for the insult | ly tenderness of his wife.

enough for his penalty! on her face and in her attitude, met the pale | dingy, plaid shawl about her shoulders.

The building trembled with the roar of ap- | faced young man at the top of the stairs. She plause that went up, and it was several mo- did not recognize the proprietor of the Brements before Philip could make himself | ton mills, in his slight form. She would have heard again. He had thought there was looked for a man of lofty stature and comnothing left in his life, with love gone out of | manding mien, and not a mere lad whom it, but as he stood that moment with the glad | nobody would glance twice at on the street. "Where is Curran? I-I want him." "Why, he's just gone; he drove off to Lew-

"To Lewiston? Are you sure?" Why, this must be some important personage after all, living, had conferred on him a glorious he was so peremptory. Poor people can bully, sense of the dignity of manhood which lifted | but there is a shamefacedness or an over affectation of authority that betrays them; They must listen while he explained the their self consciousness lets the whole secret

"Either Lewiston or Raleigh; I can't tell, paper from the pile of similar sheets which | really, sir. Shall I get you a carriage, Mr .-

"Two horses and a buggy; a driver, too. Tell them it is for Mr. Breton; and," he shouted after the woman, "if they give me a for the year ending July 1. The surplus is poor horse he will be dead before they ever It seemed an hour before the horses drew

up before the boarding house door, and another hour before they had left the village behind. Then the little patience Philip had earned in the mills was about \$360,000. There- for sook him. He caught the reins from the fore the rate per cent. of dividend is about astonished driver, and at the threatening 27 7-10 to be calculated on the wages or salary | snap of the whip the horses took their fastest It was a little past 9 o'clock the next morn-

example, the man whom the pay roll shows | ing that Philip Breton, pale from a sleepless to have earned \$300 for his year's work, night, knocked at a low studded door in an will receive 27 7-10 per cent. on \$300 in ad- | ill ventilated tenement house, where they told him Curran lived. Within was Bertha, The paymaster, who received a salary the high bred woman, wonted to the costliest luxuries of wealth. And she was willing, and as manager worth a salary of \$5,000, then, to live in such squalor as this to be with the man she loved. Could change have of the paymaster. Certain restrictions will been cruel enough to have touched her? Perbe imposed. First, only one-half of the an- haps an infant hung hungrily on her bosom, nual dividend will be in cash, for it and Curran, fallen back into his vulgar tradiwould hurt the interests of the mill tions, lounged in red flannel shirt sleeves in her presence. Could he bear the sight? But ness. The other half will be in stock, she might be alone; his heart beat faster with which will draw dividends as the rest of the terror and hope. She would lift her sweet capital. Second, stock cannot be transferred | eyes pleasantly to him-so easy it is for woexcept to operatives, but will be redeemed at | men to forget the agony they have caused. the counting room, after notice, when | She would hold out her shapely hand to him, holders leave the mills, as stock will yield but it would be stained and worn from harddividends only while holders work in the ships. Should he fall at her feet? Would he mills. Holders of stock may hold meetings be able to remember she was another's-dead

He knocked again, possibly no one was at

"Come in." It was a man's voice. As Philip opened the door he saw the man he sought by the window, eagerly looking up and down the street, as if waiting for some sign. There was no guilty fear or shame in

"Breton." He gave him his hand with Apparently they would never have tired of hearty good will. "Somehow I could not good cheer over and over, except that the | work. Why, I had rather feel the proud satouter door swung open and a tall man's form | isfaction you must have, I would rather be entered. Philip Breton from the platform | in your place than the greatest man in the Philip was afraid to look about him. Per-

haps Bertha had no wish to speak to him, or phere of a woman's love and care in the Yes, it was he who pushed his way well place, somehow. But Curran went on in his for ourselves, yet our children may profit "He means to deal well by you; he wants | from our sacrifices, perhaps, or their children. to make you shareholders in your work." Anything is better than spiritless, eternal

Philip released his hand from the man's who came perhaps but this instant from the | clasp and turned to look about him. No wowoman he had wronged so terribly, was at | man's shawl hung on the rack. No baby's shoes first almost maddening to him. Ah, how or toys were in sight. A man's rude hands had grand and beautiful he was, with his deep | set the chairs in an awkward row. A man's mighty chest and shoulders, and his limbs | hands made the comfortless looking bed that like pillars of some temple. There were no stood in one corner. There was no soft scent laws for such men as he; the holiest and of perfume, such as Bertha would have left purest of women love to make themselves | behind her if she had but lately gone. Why, base and common things to win smiles from Bertha could never have breathed for a his proud eyes, and men forget their venge- moment there. Love can do much, but it cannot make a woman over. "Where is your wife?" Philip asked in a



"Where is your wife?" The eager look faded from Curran's face, and his blue eves grew troubled. For an instant he did not answer, but stood with folded arms gazing out into the street.

"What is a wife?" he said at last. "A woman who loves a man and lives in his love, who pines in his absence and listens to the coming of his foot steps, as the sweetest music in the world to her; to whom all the gifts of life would be nothing without him; to whom poverty and disgrace would lose their hatefulness if he shared them. A wife is a sweetheart, a hundred times tenderer and happier." His voice grew bitter and hard for a moment as he added, "No, I have no wife, Bertha has left me."

He heard a shout, and a score of hurrying forms rushed by his window. He turned from the window in a sudden passion of ex-

"The strike has begun. What pity do the rich deserve? Even their women are taught only to break honest men's hearts. They are beautiful as the angels of heaven and cruel

and pitiless as the angels of hell." "But wait," cried Philip, catching him by the arm. Curran had not yet spoken the longed for words to protect Bertha's name from the insult of another suspicious thought. But a shout rolled up from the street, and another and another in quick succession. Curran shook him off and, catching his hat from the table, sprang down the stairs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHY COULDN'T SHE HAVE WAITED! The new maid, who showed Philip Breton into Mrs. Ellingsworth's parlor, was not nearly as pretty as her predecessor in office, but; a news are in he was too much absorbed with his delicate errand to take any notice of her. Berthat Widney Pills give was alone somewhere, deserted, unprotected. Something must be done for her. It was a strange place to seek pity for her, in the woman's bosom which he had seen heaving. I first caused by | Complaint, and in hate of her; but a magnanimous heart is disordered kid- the most danwont to count on the generosity of others. He dared ask Curran for the truth, he did | The maid had said Mr. Ellingsworth was not not shrink from it. If the man were inno- | in, and so he was left to appeal to the woman-

to the purity of his wife. Philip thought | He rose suddenly from the satin covered such atonement would seem just and proper. | sofa and looked wonderingly at a woman's But if he were guilty, ah, if Bertha was form in the doorway. Could this be the poor guilty through him what death was terrible little factory girl, this fashionably dressed weman, with a train like a queen's! He had A portly woman, with the unmistakable stupidly enough expected to find her in the expression of the expectant boarding mistress | same old calico dress, perhaps with the program and de stoutent our province has been been de contracte and cont

but the girl was not so sensitive as to be annoyed. Had not she kept him waiting while she dressed on purpose to enjoy a triumph? And now she was quite pleased at the plain evidence of it. She smiled rather consciously as she extended her jeweled little hand to

"Why haven't you called before?" Her remembered in it of old, but he was not sure he liked it any better. He bowed, like any gentleman, as he touched her hand, and noticed the great gold bracelets on her slim wrists. Philip was unpleasantly reminded of manacles, and then the massive chain around her neck, with a huge locket shaped like a padlock, had suggestions, too, of a sort, he fancied, the girl would hardly have liked if she had thought of them. He glanced at her olive cheeks, and the slightly oblique eyes, and the voluptuous fullness of her form. How could an American village have produced so perfect an odalisque?

"I did not wish to interrupt your honeymoon." He seated himself again. She was looking oddly at him, as if curious whether he had forgotten her indiscreet visit, when she had told him of her own broken

Philip suddenly met her eyes as she sat opposite him. "The truth is, Mrs. Ellingsworth, I have hardly been in the mood for polite calls of late. I suppose you under-"How should I!" She elevated her dark

brows rather unpleasantly as if to dismiss, once for all, any further confidences with him. Philip smiled, in spite of himself, at her tactics. "Do you know where Bertha is?" he asked,

A sudden flash of color lit up her cheeks. "I hate the very name of her," she exclaimed, as she rose as if to leave him. She was not yet wonted to the customs of her new rank. "Don't go," he urged, "I am so anxious to know where she is. No doubt you have cause to be angry with her," Philip did not notice the growing passion in the girl's eyes, "but you surely would not have her starve to death, or suffer and die alone." "Perhaps not;" Jane meant to smile, but

she only produced the effect of showing the cruel white of her teeth. "Hasn't she gotthe word stuck in her throat, "him?" "Why, didn't you know," cried Philip breathlessly, "she has left him? She is alone somewhere, for all we know, in want; think

"Left her -husband" "If he was her husband I didn't know," he hurried on, as if afraid of the answer that would come; "I never heard, and I didn't like to ask." She had scated herself on the pink satin

of it, and she too proud to-"

beside him and caught his hands as she bent toward him to read his thoughts before he "Did you hear they were not married?" she

almost hissed at him. "Why, yes, that is-" he looked away in his shame, "It was told about the village, but you know better, of course." He tried to laugh, then grew sober again. "How vile of

them to whisper it, and it was vile of me to

let even the taint of a fear into my mind."

(Continued next week) Miscellaneous.

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description of the state of the

Fall Fairs. Eldon, at Woodville, Sept. 23rd. Orillia, at Orillia, Sept. 29th to 30th. Barrie, at Barrie, Sept. 26th to 28th.

Toronto Industrial, Sept. 5th to 17th. East York, at Markham, Oct. 5th to 7th. Lindsay Central, at Lindsay, Sept. 26th to 29th. Midland Central, at Kingston, Sept. 1st to 9th. Central Canada, at Ottawa, Sept. 22nd to Oct. 9. North Ontario, at Uxbridge, Sept. 27th to 28th. East Mushoka, at Huntsville, Sept. 27th to 28th. West Durham, at Bowmanville, Oct. 4th to 5th. E Durham & Cavan, at Millbrook, [Ost. 4th to Peterborough Central, at Peterboro, Sept. 26th

North Victoria fall show, at Victoria Road, Sept. 21 and 22. Mariposa, at Oakwood, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5th and 6th.

Piles! Piles! Itching Pi es. SYMPTOMS - Moisture: intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumers 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.

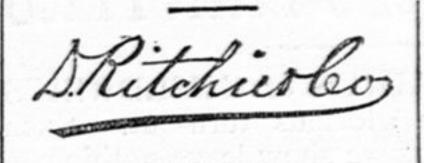
D. Ritchie & Co.

(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM (PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.



MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. & lb Plug, 10c.



Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

COFFINS, CASKETS AND SHROUDS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

CHARGES MODERATE,

indeay, Sept. 14, 1891.-71 ly New Advertisements.

physician. Successfully used physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of LADIES. Is the only perfectly TEACHERS WANTED.—Male, holding 2nd class Certificate, salary \$100 female holding 3rd class Certificate, salary \$200; for Coboconk Public school. Duties to commence Jan. 11th. 1893. Applications, with estimonials, to HENRY DOUGHTY, Secretary, Coboconk Sapt. 21st, 1892 -24 4.

TRAYED-From the premises of the Subscriber, south half lot 18, 10th conces ion of Mariposa, on or about August 9:h THREE EWES and ONE RAM LAMB, with brown paint mark on shoulders and hips. Any information that will lead to their recovery will be thankfulls received. JOHN WELDON, Oakwood. Sept. 14 23-3pd. NTOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.-

Having bought the county right to manufacture and sell the CHESLEY CLOTHES REEL in the County of Victoris, I am now prepared to book orders for this, the best clothes reel that is made. The Chesley Reel was patented Oct 21, 1891. It is the only commonsense elevating reel—no platform to build to put on the clothes, a simple lever lifts the clothes up out of all danger of teams or other hings that would come in contact with them in any other reel or line. I am determined to ell it at a price that will allow every lady aving clothes to dry to have a Cheeley Reel Farm produce taken in payment, or monthly esyments. The following township righ's for ale: Emily, Verulam, Somerville, Bexley, Carden, Eldon. These townships will be sold reasonably, and I will take good reels in payment. Here is a little fortune for good, honest, pushing men. I want good honest men as agent, to sell for me at good pay. Apply to . PEARCE, Box 283, Lindsay. Sept. 14, 1892. NO MORE PAIN

CELEBRATED ENGLISH

RHEUMATISM

in from One to Three applications. Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials. A SURE CURE For Sprains, Bruises, Green or Old Wounds, Influenza, Galled Shoulders, Sore Backs, Chapped Hocks, Swollen Udders-

A Certain Cure for Epidemic in Cattle and Sheen.

Cows after calving, Ewes after

FOR NEURALGIA, MUMPS, CHILBLAINS, IT HAS NO EQUAL. Price 50c per Bottle

For Sale by S. PERKIN, Lindsay, Ont.

J. CROSS, Proprietor,

Owen Sound

W. A. Goodwin.

HEADQUARTERS IN VICTORIA COUNTY FOR

SOOM PAPER and PICTURE FRANK -IS AT-

W. A. GOODWIN'S Baker's Block Kent-st., Lindsay.

ARTIST'S GOODS a Specialty. Machine Needles, Alabastine and Dre Works Agency

J. R. Shannon

TO THE PUBLIC. Those in want of First-class



Ales, Porters, Etc.; should not fall to call on

19 Kent-st., opp. Hurley & Brady's.

Newest and Best Selected

Stock in Town.

GIVE ME A CALL.

J. R. SHANNON.

Navigation.

| Lindsay May 19 1892.-106-13.

ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

Steamers sail regularly from PORTLAND AND HALIFAX TO LIVES POOL VIA LONDONDERRY. DURING THE WINTER MONTES.

REDUCTION IN RATES,

Cabin \$40 and upwards. Second Cabin 25 Steerage at low rates. No Cattle Carried. SERVICE OF STATE ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIPS.

via Londonderry, every Fortnight. CABIN, \$40 and upwards. Second Cabin \$55 Steerage at low rates.

NEW YORK and GLASGOW

Apply to H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or R. S. PORTER, Lindsay,



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

from North, East and West. RETURNING-Leaves Charlotte at II.IS P.M., except Tuesday at 9.45 P.M. and Satusday at 4.25 P. M. CONNECTS at Rochester with early trains for all points on New York Central and all diverging lines. CALLS Brighton on Monday and Wednesday Moreings for Rochester, and Wednesday Morning and Saturday Evening from Rochester. Colborne. Wednesday and Friday at 4.00 A.M. Through Tickets and Baggage Checks from Agents or on board.

THE NORTH KING is one of the larges, swiftest and most powerful steamers on the lakes. Lighted by Electricity and modern C. H. NICHOLSON,

Gen. Pass, and Fgt. Agt., C. F. GILDERSLEEVE. General Manager, Kingston. F. C. TAYLOR, Agent, Lindsay.-178,

NAVIGATION

COMPANY, (LIMITED) 1892. TIMETABLE, 1892. COMMENCING ON THURSDAY, JUNE 2ND, THE STEAMER

TIRENT VALLEY



ESTURION Lindsay and Bobcaygeon

CALLING EACH WAY AT STURGEON POINT Leave Bobcaygeon at 6.30 a. m. and 3.10 p.

Excepting on Saturdays, when the steamer a leave Lindsay at 8.2) p.m., (instead of 5.45 p.m.)
upon arrival of Toronto train. Single tickets between Lindsay and Bolon

Single tickets between Lindsey and Sturges
geon 75 cents, return tickets \$1.

Single tickets between Lindsey and Sturges
Point 35 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

Single tickets between Boboaygeon and Sturges
geon Point 40 cents, return tickets 50 cents.
geon Point 40 cents, return tickets 50 cents. Arrangements can be made on very favoraterms for EXOURSIONS of from 100 to persons on regular trips of the boat. For the apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. I Co., Boboaygeon.

J. W. DIAMENT, PURSER. THE CANADIAN POST WILL Britain or the United States for One Dollers Foar, Address THE POST Lindsay, Canada ENTION THE POST.-Parts enswering them, or making purchases, will of or a favor by mentioning Tex Post.

ADVERTISING RA Ten cents per line (solid type) n Reeding notices in local coint tine first insertion; Cc. each g drayed cattle, teachers wanted. of eix or eight lines) \$1.00 cash

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is oftentimes absorbed

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which is now in

repute the world

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THE CANADIAN

Food Medicin

derful

Genuine preparation in the Belleville. So 50c. and \$1.00.

ime. Rates made known on appl WILSON & WILLON, Pr

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SE

four insertions. If more than

idditional proportionate charge is

Avertisements by the year or

NEWS OF THE HOME AND FOREIGN IT INTEREST. Gathered from the Telegra Exchanges.

-Buck, the Moneton murder

hanged on December let, -Martin Burke, the Cronin m dving slowly of consumption. -Twenty million acres of the United States are held by English -Berlin's 1,315,600 people hav 000 dwellings, fifty people livit

-Edward Parker Descon, the who killed Abelile, has been par set free. -The drive well, one of the inventions, has yielded its inven 000 in royalties. -Russia exports every year m million pounds of cavier, which

ed from the ros of the sturgeon. -Gladetone, a fawn rabbit, w England recently for \$130. It 274 inches in length and 7; inche -Wm. Blewett, one of the di the London and General Bank, ed a few days ego, has committe -Owing to the small death r sobacco workers to Germany from it is concluded that tobacco is a p

-At Cincionati Arthur Wate jected lover, stabbed his as Amanda Cair, the other night

-It is stated in a fashionable journal that one million bonnets in the British metropolis during -The town of Reddield, Arka almost swept away by fire We The fire was started by training Eleeping in a barn. Lose \$50,000.

-A son of Ambrose Jones, wo Mr. T. Hooper's farm, Oconaba riding a horse Monday was caug the borse as it fell and had his leg -Sunday last about noon Ro rester, a farmer near Dauvin, fire to his bouse, barn and stables hanged himself. Domestic unh

-John Grott, a farmer of James was killed by two Italian rag-pic urday whom he had ordered off mises. He was herribly mutitat murderers escaped.

-Mr. J. H. Wickes, a millionary York, and president of the Wicks ator company, fell from an upper window of a house in Datroit of -A fight took place Friday nt Palermo Italy, between a milita and a band of brigands under th ship of the notorious robber, L Leonards was wounded and capti -John Woodruff of Marion, S. to the house of Ella Smith Friday ask her about certain reports she

-The man who discovered that tip is the proper caper on the end percil made a clean \$200,000, but 1 who discovered that the proper mankind is man died poor. Such -The "Big Four" fast freight to wrecked at Dayton Ohio, Friday by a six-year-boy turning the switch

-Alexis Clermont of Depere, V Chicago and Green Bay over sixt 20, started last Wednesday D ramp to Chicego, where he hope rive in time to be present at the de

an Francisco house of correction ne was serving a three years' sente orging his father's name. He is a to the opium habit, and is bigg

day at San Froncisco to Fitz W. H. soce as his daughter by sending

culated in regard to his wife. V struck the woman and she killed boy said he wanted to see a big Ten cars were smashed, but no

octogenarian who carried mail of the World's fair building. -Jack Corbett, brother to the ch ogilist, escaped last Thursday fi

handsomer than his brother, -Mike McDonald, Chicago's ambler and sport, was arrested V day last at the instance of Mayor ourn on a charge connected with apt to bribe the Garfield park of He is said to have offered Mayor corn \$50,000 to allow gambling ope -The matron of the Mercer refor or women at Toronto told the ors the other day that the reason its beneficial influence felt.

me not more inmates in the inst was because the salvation army wa or the poke bonnet and the big dry -Fiorence Blethe, the heirass nomas Blythe's \$4 000 000 and the one of the most sensational law be son of one of the partners in th aion Iron Works. Not one of the nants to the Blythe millions w L The bride is the natural daug mas Blythe and Susan Perry. I one of his visits to England, me my and persuaded ber to live wi

for Eagland when his sudden deat

on made arrangements to bring it