Canadian

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 6, 1895.

HOW A WHARF WAIF BECAME

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

had breathed a little atmosphere of his own by smoking all night.
"However," he said cheerfully, "that's all past, and I shall make up for a sleepless night by a good long snooze this afternoon-if we don't come to the end of our journey before."

We went on by another mail sledge, but with the same guard who had left

St. Petersburg with us. These two Cossacks never left us throughout our long journey, which continued without any break, save the nightly halt at a convict station, for three weeks after we had passed through Moscow. Soon after leaving that city behind us I noticed a change in poor Gordon. His spirits seemed to be losing their elasticity, his gayety to be a little forced, his pipe more necessary. But despite the bitter reflections that

must have arisen to his mind his attitude toward me displayed no sign of animosity. There was no lapse in his gentleness and tender consideration for my comfort. His kindness was unvarying. Our common misfortune, which I thought would embitter our hearts, served only as a link of sympathy to hold us together.
Gordon still spoke hopefully, though

at rare and rarer intervals, of our being recalled to St. Petersburg, but for my part I had quite abandoned the hope of any revocation of our fate when an accident occurred which gave a new turn to our fortunes.

One night I was awakened by a strange outcry of distant voices. As I turned upon the wooden platform that served as my sleeping place, the woman next to me, who had already sprung up, cried:

"Holy God, we are on fire!" At that cry all of us slipped to the ground in a moment, with mingled ex-

clamations of dismay. The kamera was full of smoke-it choked us as we breathed-and through the one small casement a dull red glow fell upon us. When we perceived that it was not our kamera, but another, which was in flames, we concluded that it must be the one in which the men were confined, and shricking the names of our inenus we rushed as the acce,

vainly trying to break it open.

The muffled clamor of voices told us that the men were still shut up. Suddenly there was a great outburst of voices as they forced their door, and the next instant they were crying to us from the outside of our hut and beating furiously at the door which separated us. We stood back as the heavy panels creaked under the pressure of sturdy shoulders, and presently a mighty thrust burst the lock away, and the door flew

In the midst of the wild confusion that followed I felt my arm grasped and found Gordon by my side.

"Come along, little woman. Don't give way; there's a brick-it's all right." Half fainting with fright and the suffocating effect of the dense smoke blowing down upon us, I staggered along by his side, past a crowd of panic stricken wretches surging about the gate of the yard in expectation of its being opened for them to escape, and then through a to cook him, and then we should be as shower of sparks and past a roaring and crackling mass of fire into an open space, where it was possible to breathe freely and get a comprehensive view of what was going on.

This etape, like most others, consisted of four or five log buildings of a single story, inclosed by a high palisade of solid logs, planted side by side, and each cut to a sharp point at the top. One of the buildings used as a storehouse and carpenters' shop, had taken fire, and the wind, which was blowing fiercely, carried the flames and smoke down upon the kamera. The end of that one in which Gordon had been shut up was already blazing and it looked as if all

the huts in succession must catch fire | pocket. and be destroped, for the officials could do nothing to extinguish the flames and were solely occupied in dragging what movables were worth saving into the space where we and a few others Just in front of us was an ugly little | mal that might serve us for food, the

on his impish face.

"Look at them," he said, pointing to a party of warders hauling along a cummen choking themselves to save a piece of wood not worth a couple of kopecks, and not one will stir a foot to prevent those wretched devils trampling each other to death at the locked gate." "Is their any danger here?" I asked. He turned around and answered bitter-

"Yes; there's the danger of living to see the mines of Kara or any other pit of Tophet that our holy czar in his mercy consigns to us."

Shading his eyes from the glare of the flames and looking into the smoke, he "If those fools, instead of pounding

each other into a jelly, would only pile themselves into a heap systematically, there would be a chance for some of us to snatch a few days respite in the forest. Hello!" he exclaimed as a lull came in the conflict of screams and curses. "They're not such fools after all; they've got the gate off its hinges-I'm off!" And with that he disappeared into the

The wardens also discovered what had happened. Half a dozen ran across to a shed and returned with rifles in their hands. The noise at the gates was over now. The crackling of timber, the soft whirl of rising flame, an occasional thud | long, in the thick bed of fir needles facas a beam fell-these were the only | ing the fire, and framing a kind of roof sounds that reached us for a minute or another and another—half a dozen shots | so as to exclude the cold air. We both perhaps, and two or three yells answer- worked with a will, leaving off now and

We stood still till the warders returned one by one, and all was still. Then Gordon, drawing closer to me whis-

"Shall we try?" "Yes, yes-we will try," I answered eagerly, for the thought that we also might escape had just then occured to

Gordon slipped down his hand and grasped mine tightly. Between us and the gateway, on which the smoke still blew down in a thick column, charged with whirling sparks and dropping flakes of flery embers, stood a couple of warders. One was charging his rifle.
"We must make a slip behind them

and make a dash for the smoke," said Gordon as we edged that way. We waited one breathless minute, and | thrown out by the fire. then as a roof fell in, throwing up an eddying column of sparks, which drew off the attention of the warders, we slipped quickly behind them and rushed into

the smoke. We were seen. A voice called to us to stop, and a shot was fired after us. But we were already lost to sight. The the bodies of those who had been tramp- reason to complain, but a good deal to led to death in the frantic struggle to es- be thankful for. cape we reached the open gateway.

Suffocated by the smoke, I reeled and should have fallen, but Gordon, grasping my arm, forced me to bend downspeak-and dragged me on. Almost unconsciously I staggered on until at length we got air to breathe and saw the plain stretching out, all red in the light | still patiently sitting on guard at from the fire, to the dark line of the for- my feet, but he gave me the same

We waited there until another fall of roof or walls within the palisades caused a sudden drop in the brightness of the

"Now's the time," whispered Gordon, fellows, nor they us. If this only lasts a with instructions to give him "a crack springing to his feet. "I can't see those couple of minutes, we may get out of | over the tees" with it if I heard the

I rose quickly, and greatly restored by the few minutes of rest we sped over the hard snow, hand in hand.

> CHAPTER XXXV. WE MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Darkness compells us to keep on the outskirts of the forest, for within the obscurity was so impenetrable that we should have to grope our way from tree to tree, only maybe to find, when light came, that we had been traveling in a Only, as it began to grow light, we cast apprehensive glances behind us for pursert. suing Cossacks, but not a speck rose out of the great white plain. The remains of the etape were lost to sight. There was no sign of habitation or living creature between us and the dark line of far distant forest which bounded the

"It's odd," said Gordon in a tone of ling violently. perplexity, after looking about on the snow around us, "it's odd that there are right. No one would be so inhuman as on the wall last night that there were and done up we are. If, on the other face—not the murderous expression in no marks of feet. I saw by the ticket to refuse us food, seeing how pinched 600 and odd in the kameras, and one hand, it leads to a town-why, then, we would think that one of that number stand a good chance of being made prissurely would take the path we have oners again. What do you say to stopchosen. There were but two ways to ping here while I go on and recon-

thought it an advantage, for the majoriy | you. of the convicts we had passed on the road were horrible looking villains, the sturdily, pressing my arm to his side and number of unshackled prisoners-men | stepping out. exiled for political offenses—being very small indeed. Besides this, it seemed | serted as the forest itself. Then, leanto me that the fewer footprints there | ing more and more heavily on Gordon's were in the snow the less likelihood arm, I plodded wearily on, with feet that there was of pursuit being made in our seemed to cling to the ground, until my direction, as there would certainly be a companion, seeing that my strength was better chance of making captives in the | well nigh spent, said: other. When it grew lighter, we also 'I'm done up, my dear girl. Let us struck into the forest and sat down stop for the night. We can dream of under a canopy of frozen snow spread having a good supper-that will be some over the meeting boughs of the great

We were not cold, for there was no wind, and the exercise had thoroughly warmed our blood, but we were tired, and already hunger was suggesting the question, "What are we to eat?" But we said nothing on the subject for some time, fearing to betray our own misgivings. At length Gordon,

after looking round in silence, said: "Awfully quiet here, isn't it?" I nodded, looking around me also. Indeed the stillness was, in the true

sense of the word, awful. "I can't see a living thing anywhere, he continued, "and yet there must be,

you know. "Taras told me there were wolves in the forests. Are they good to eat?" "Well, I've never tried 'em," he ans-

wered evasively, concealing whatever disagreeable reflections this question may have suggested, "but one thing is certain, they wouldn't exist if there were nothing for them to eat. If we could knock over a rabit now, or even an old crow, we could soon make a fire

He had mechanically filled his pipe and was now about to light it. He stopped, and I saw him ruefully counting the small number of vestas that remained in his box. When they were gone there would be no more smoking. "I say, do you think you could smoke cigarette?" he asked hopefully.

"'Baccy's a wonderful comfort at all times, but when you're a bit pinched, you know"---He pulled out his tobacco pouch

temptingly. I told him I would rather "I think I shall enjoy it more presently," said he, putting his pipe in his Then I noticed by the limpness of his

pouch as he put that away that his tobacco was nearly all gone. When we began to feel chilly, we walked on again, keeping under the trees with the hope of finding some ani-

man with a red beard. A sardonic grin | snowdrift that edged the wood being our guide. Gordon had provided himself with a stout stick, but we saw no sign of living creature the whole day, and the only thing we found to eat was some frozen moss and a leathery kind of lichen. On and on we want, skirting the edge of the plain, through the interminable forest, until the light began to fade; then we went out and looked beyond the drift. The boundless plain, with the edging of black pines, was all we saw-nothing

> "We must think now of making ourselves comfortable for the night," said Gordon as we re-entered the forest. "We will have a good fire at any rate." Fuel was not wanting. The edge of the wood was strewn with broken wood -limbs torn from the trees by the gales that swept across the plain, or broken down in former winters by the weight of ice and snow. We collected a great heap, and having built the foundation of our fire Gordon, with infinite care, struck one of his precious matches and lit the pile of dry leaves and fir cones. I knew then why he had refrained from

smoking all day. Our lives depended on those vestas, for if they gave out before we could get a fresh supply we must freeze to death. As soon as the fire was well alight we scraped a narrow trench, about six feet

over it with pine branches piled a mass of twigs and rubbish of all kinds on top then to put fresh fuel on the fire, and when it was finished felt very well satisfied with our performance.
"Now," said Gordon when we had put

the finishing touch to the roof, "creep inside, mademoiselle, and see if you can get a few hours' sleep." "But we have got to make another shelter for you," said I. "No; one will serve us both—turn and turn about. It won't do to let the fire.

go down, you know"-it was in this way

he disguised his fear of attack by wolves - 'and I promise you to take my full share of rest as soon as you have had I crept into the trench, and stretching myself out at full length found that the | note from his case, thrust it into lyan's springy fir needles made a better bed The metalities

than the hard planks of the kameras. It was pleasantly warm, too, with the heat

Gordon seated himself at the opening, with his heavy stick beside him, and with a deep sigh of satisfaction lit the first pipe of the day. It was good to see the happy content in his face as he slowly smoked, letting the clouds issue slowly from his lips, and the leaping flames of the fire beyond him. Indeed, smoke blinded us, and stumbling over | but for the craving of hunger, I had no

It was not long before I dropped off, and I slept soundly, as it seemed to me, for a good long while. But when l awoke Gordon declared that it was not for he dared not open his mouth to yet time to think about changing the selfishly, I dropped off again.

I awoke a second time to find him answer and would not permit me to take his place. And when, after a third space of sleep, he allowed me to come out, I saw by the gray light between the trees that the night was passed. Then having piled more wood on the fire, and handed his stick over to me slightest sounds or detected any movement in the surrounding trees, he crawled into the trench, and in a few

minutes was snoring sonorously. In a couple of hours he came out protesting that he could sleep no longer, and having nothing to detain us we recommenced our onward march.

I have no need to dwell on this part of my history, for further testimony to the patient courage, generosity and unceasing kindness of George Gordon is unnecessary, and nothing occurred to break the terrible monotony of our journey circle. The glow of the smouldering through the dreary forest until the kameras at least indicated the direction | fourth day of our escape. In the afterwe were not to take, and the light of the noon of that day we came upon a road stars was sufficient to enable us to keep | cut through the forest and debouching a tolerably straight course. We were upon the plain. This discovery threw cheerful enough as we plodded on. us into a state of intense excitement.

Not a soul was in sight, but there were marks of sledge runners in the snow which had fallen the day before. "It's not a main road—that is evident by its narrowness," said Gordon, grasp-

ing my hand. "What shall we do?" I asked, tremb-

"If it only leads to a farm, we're all

It was a mystery to me also, but I No, no. If you go on, I will go with "And hope for the best," he added

The road seemed as endless and de-

satisfaction-and then to-morrow we will realize our dream. "If we could only go to sleep and never

wake again!" I murmured faintly. "Ah, you'll not say that when we get a loaf of black bread and some salt before us," he replied, smacking his lips. We craved for nothing beyond that

simple fare. We made our usual preparations for "One more," said Gordon, closing his box after taking out a match to light

the fire. We sat down on the windward side of the blazing sticks and began to pick fir cones to pieces, having discovered by accident that some of them contained seeds that were eatable. From this engrossing occupation we were suddenly startled by hearing a low laugh, and looking up we saw a man standing near us with a sack slung over one shoulder and a heavy stick in his right hand.

"Who are you?" cried Gordon, springing to his feet. "Ivan Dontremember." the man replied in tolerable English. "You've seen me before-by a better fire than

As he spoke he pushed back his hood and thrust out his chin, showing a red beard, an impish face and a massive cranium, disproportionately large for the size of his face and perfectly bald. I recognized him as the man who had stood beside us by the burning kameras. "You've chosen an odd place for your

fire," he said, with another chuckle, as he threw down his sack carefully and rested himself on it. "One can see you are novices. An old hand at this sort of thing-one of the large family of Dontremembers, for instance-would have taken the precaution to see whether the smoke would blow into the road or not before lighting up. But perhaps you are tired of liberty and swine food. "Why do you ask?" Gordon de-

"Because your smoke is blowing straight down, and the posthouse is not 500 yards distant. The man there has orders to take prisoner or shoot any refugee that comes within his reach."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FREEDOM AT A RUBLE A DAY. "You seem to treat the danger pretty lightly," said Gordon. "Perhaps you

are tired of libetty." "Not a bit of it. I have just bought freedom for three days at the rate of a ruble a day, and here it is," said Ivan Dontremember, striking the sack on which he sat. "What have you got there?" Gordon

asked eagerly. "Freedom, I tell you, for three days. It's indispensable. How long do you think you are going to keep up on fir cones? Twelve hours at the outside, I should say, by the look of madam." "What have you got in the sack, I ask?" Gordon repeated savagely.

"Bread, and I'll guard it as I would my life," Ivan Dontremember answered, catching the gleam of desperation which lit my eyes as well as Gordon's. "We are starving; we have eaten nothing for four lays. You must give us

"You can get as much as you want at the post. Schemyl must keep his prisoners alive till the patrol comes around to collect them. Why should I shorten my term of freedom to prolong yours?" Gordon looked at me. "Shall we give ourselves up?" his eyes asked, and mine answering "Yes," he held out his hand to me and said:

"I am afraid you are leaving with a bad opinion of me," said Ivan Dontremember as I rose. "That's the worst of being perfectly reasonable-one's sure to offend some amiable fool. Now, if you only had a ruble or two"-"What!" cried Gordon, tearing open his coat to get at his note case. "You

will sell your liberty?" "Of course I will. Schemyl always keeps a good stock on hand on the chance of a moneyed customer dropping in. Plenty more where this came from," he continued, untieing his sack and producing a loaf. "It's rather a high price -a ruble a loaf, pretty nearly half a crown of your money-but these poor government officials must live." Without a word Gordon snatched a

hand and took possession of the loat. | ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST. Then, with horrible laughter, we tore the loaf in two and ate with the ravenous fury of starved beasts. For a time its wires. we forgot everything but the animal joy of satisfying our craving appetite. Whether Ivan spoke to us or not I do not know. It was not until our hunger had been appeased that we could think

"What right have you to put temptation in a poor devil's way?" he growled. "Do you know the value of the note you gave me?"

Gordon shook his head, still eating. "A thousand rubles three year's freedom! Lifelong freedom, who knows? Take it back, or I may be tempted yet | quickly and without pain that it seems to knock you on the head.'

He pushed the note into Gordon's hand and turning away set his elbows on his knees, dropped his bristly red beard in his palms rocked himself slowly backward and forward, scowling into

Gordon looked at him and then at me in silent perplexity; we both doubted whether the little man was in his right mind. Presently glancing round and perceiving that Gordon still held the note in his hand, Ivan Dontremember said angrily: "Put it away, I tell you-hide it up.

Don't you know that the forest is alive with desperate men? Any one of them GUARANTEED. \$1 a box. would murder the pair of you to get that. Why shouldn't they? Necessity say. knows no law but self preservation. Do you know it was in my mind to brain you as you sat there in an ecstasy of animal pleasure? At least you would have gone out of the world happy; it would have saved you-and the government-years of trouble, and me too. Oh, there was enough justification. Reason was on my side and opportunity as well. You would have done it in my place. There was murder in your eve when you asked for bread. Bread is only a means to living; the end of living that hope is gone, he will blow his

"With your views," said Gordon, "I am surprised that you did not at least

make off with the note.' "Perhaps I overlooked that alternative in the greater temptation to kill you. The probability was that you had other notes in your case-money enough to make escape certain."
"If you felt yourself justified why

didn't you kill me?" "For a fool of a reason-a sentimental one. Something in your build, your felt, just at the critical moment, as if I were about to kill my dearest friend. And I can't shake off this womanly feeling while I look at you-that's the queer

"Some personal resemblance?" Gordon Ivan Dontremember nodded gloomily and turned his eyes again on the fire. "It's an odd coincidence that my resemblance to a Russian has not only saved my life, but was the cause of my life being in jeopardy.'

"What Russian?" asked Ivan, turning "Taras-Prince Borgensky." "Taras!" cried Ivan, starting to his feet. "Is he alive?" "He was when we left him not two

months ago. "Where was he then?" "In London."

"Thank the fates!" "You know him?" "What honest Russian who lived five years ago does not know Taras?" Then he broke into Russian, apostrophizing Taras with poetical fervor in words that I failed to follow. Suddenly he checked himself, and turning to us All Kinds of LUMBER.

4e said, as if to excuse himself: "I have been dead five years and buried in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. One hears nothing there. There was no political prisoner in our gang-all cutthroats and scoundrels-they could tell LUMBER, SHINGLES, me nothing. What should they know of Taras?" And after a pause he added, with a

pathetic tremor in his voice: "I thought he must be dead, too-my He walked slowly round the fire to in-

dulge his reflections, touching an ember here and there absently with his stick. Coming close to where we sat, silent in sympathy, he said: "Did you know him-Taras?"

"Intimately." "Is he well? What is he doing? How does he pass his days? Tell me all about

ter than I," said Gordon, nodding I spoke, telling of our everyday life and of the work Taras was doing. "Ha, ha!" exclaimed Ivan gleefully when I had described the groups of statuary. "He still sticks to his guns,

"You can answer these questions bet-

that good fighter Taras. But do they leave him alone—the police?"
"No, worse luck!" Gordon replied, and then he told of the attempts made to kidnap Taras and of the happy chance by which I had saved him, though he attributed my success not to chance, but to courage and devotion.

"I beg your pardon," said Ivan, bowing to me. "I did you an injustice, thinking that you English women could

man of mine. At least he speaks the same language," said Gordon. "An Irishman?" asked Ivan sharply.

"Yes." "His name? Quick!" "Barry Kavanagh." "Infernal villain!" muttered Ivan through his clenched teeth.

"Do you know him?" "Aye, and with good reason. Is he married? Do you know of any woman who calls herself his wife? A womanshe should be 30 now-with blue eyes and a timid, pretty face. Do you know her?" he asked eagerly. 'Don't be afraid to speak if you know more than

We assured him that we had never heard of his having a wife. "I pray to God she is dead," he said fervently. "Better that she should be murdered by him than live to share his treachery. She was my sister," he added after a pause. That is why l trusted him. And when he knew all DUBLIC NOTICE. that I would tell him he sold me to the police. To conceal that fact I have been kept all these years in prison. Never mind that. Tell me all you know about him-every detail that comes into your mind. Who knows what this may lead

We told him all that we knew, all that we thought about Kavanagh. His emotion had subsided, and he listened with intense fixity of purpose in his set tion will be made on features, not uttering a sound until the last word we had to say on the subject SATURDAY, the 14th of September, 1895 | John McDonald.....

you money?

negative and then asked: "Was there sufficient reason for send-ing us out of England?" "For getting rid of mademoiselle, certainly, but for sending you here-well, there was motive enough for an ordinary villain, but not enough for such a villain as Kavanagh.

(Continued next week.)

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Ivan dropped his voice and asked a question which was not intended for my ears. Gordon shook his head in the

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Have you a desire to make "Life worth living?" If you have, then get your home properly heated. W. G. WOODS is the man to do it. See the following list of Buildings in which he has placed heating apparatus. Then place your order with him before the usual fall rush. A furnace in your

home is worth more to you than a dozen in a stove shop.

Sheriff McLenuan Bolton hot water boiler | Bradburn Residence Britton Bros.... Richard Kylie Silas Bigelow..... Hogg Bros.... J H Sootheran Dr Poole... John Kennedy..... J B Knowlson..... John Kells.... Mrs Wright PROVINCE OF (IN THE MATTER of the dam and slide on the Little on the Lit Mrs Ross W M Robson Bucks hotair
Rev Father Bretherton, Downeyville,...Combination Sturgeon Lake and Pigeon water. Mrs Meagher. Gurney combination hot air and hot hot air and hot water.
Rev Father Bretherton, Victoria Road.....Gurney the Revised Statute of Ontario | Wm Flavelle .. Gurney combination hot air and hot water. Chas Britton Pease combination hot air and hot

last word we had to say on the subject was spoken. Then, without debating any point in our statement, he said at any point in our statement, he said at once:

"There is more villainy underlying this than you dream of. Does he owe you money?"

"There is more villainy underlying this the said County of Victoria, which said side on the Little Bob. river, between Sturgeon and Pigeon this than you dream of. Does he owe you money?"

"There is more villainy underlying this the said County of Victoria, which said slide on the Little Bob. river, between Sturgeon and Pigeon the String of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day was the Little Bob. river, between Sturgeon and Pigeon the String of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that what to go outside to find if the day of last winter. large coal stoye with less rooms to be heated. The furnace was easily managed, and with ordinary care. uperature of the house could be kept at any degree desired. I can heartly recommend this system of house heating to anyone, who during our Canadian winter desires to enjoy what I can best describe as Lindsay, Aug 3rd, 1895.

The Post.

THE POST JOB DEPARTMENT. Orders neatly and promptly executed. Estimates and samples sent by mail when so required.