best Cough and Croup Cure. Sold by A. Higinbotham, Lindsay

Canadian Lost LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1895.

HOW A WHARF WAIF BECAME A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

laid, and we spoke as if you were coming there was more unhappiness to come ing to prepare us for still greater calamity. That was something more than | she consents to stay in the same house superstition and the fancy of an old woman. Before the end of the month a second warning came. The master's work was destroyed for a second time."

"The group of statuary?" in the kiln. The master saw the fires other had taken my place in Taras' lit and stayed in the pottery till past heart, and that I could do nothing for midnight watching the burning. I was sitting up, for he had eaten no dinner, and a woman's love and sympathy were Dieu! he had scarcely seated himself at | darkness. And my grief was not lessened the table when we heard a terrible by the reflection that I had lost all that crash, and a boy running in from the | was dear to me in trying to save him. pottery cried out that the kiln had fal-"Had it fallen in by accident."

"No, for when the ruins were cleared away traces of dynamite were found. When M. Kavanagh saw it, he said: "The mark of the czar's hand is here. This has been done by the Russian police.' They have not beaten me yet,' replied my poor master, and that very day he began to model the group again. not nearly so eager to get me into his Then that good M. Kavanagh prayed | inner office as he had been the day behim to abandon the attempt, or at least | fore, nor so smilingly confident as when to turn his efforts in some new direction, lest worse misfortunes should follow. I heard him say one day: "These warnings are not to be mistaken. Next time these agents of the czar-these hired assassins-may be ordered to destroy not your work, but you. 'Yes, his knee and gently twiddling one thumb that may be,' answered the master. 'If I do not yield, the czar will have me killed perhaps, but the disgrace shall be on his side, not on mine.' And he shook his head to every argument, working on to the last. Ah, how he worked! One could see that he had nothing else to live for, my poor mas-

"But that was not for long. It seemed as if the czar knew his intention and had resolved to strike the blow before the work could be finished. One night -only a fortnight after the kiln had been destroyed—they came to the house, the assassins, and rang the bell. They must have known that I had gone up to bed, and that Taras himself would answer the ring"--

She broke off suddenly as the sound of wheels on the drive reached our ears. Taras had returned, and she went out to receive him, leaving me still in ignorance of the calamity that had befallen

## CHAPTER XLII.

WHAT HAD BEFALLEN TARAS. I would have sprung up and retained

Mere Lucas to learn the worst and end my suspense, but fear unnerved me and made me powerless to move or act. The carriage drew up before the door. I heard Mere Lucas' voice, and then Ta-

ras spoke in reply. I could not catch his words, but there was nothing in the | the sum advanced on his behalf-either tone of his voice to indicate that appalling change for which I had been prepared. What had the men-Kavan- raising the money." agh's agents-done to him that night when they called him to the door? Had they inflicted such injuries as to deprive him of his reason? That was the greatest calamity I could imagine. He was in the hall now. Every word

he spoke was distinctly audible. "Oh, there was plenty of time," he said, "we had nearly a quarter of an hour, to wait before the train came in. The air is soft this morning. Spring has come again, mother. I will go in the garden till lunch-time."

There was nothing in this to signify mental derangement; the only thing that struck me was that he spoke with less decision than of old, that there was an accent of dependence in his tone. And I observed that the sound of his footstep was not the same. At one time I should have distinguished it from a thousand, now I should not have ngnt and quick, now it was slow and passing so near the room where I sat | feet and said : that I heard the rustle of her skirt. Did he need her support that she accompanied him step by step? What had they self."

done to him? Was he maimed for life? As their voices faded away, suspense became intolerable. I stole cautiously out of the room and along the passage leading to the garden at the back. Ap-Lucas coming alone across the lawn toward me. She saw me and raised her finger to bid me be silent; then, stop-

oned me to advance. on his knee. It was strange to see him, Mile. Judith. of old so nervously active, sitting mooccupy his eager mind, but it was not I expected Mme. Leroy he bade me fete that which made my heart stand still. | you. moved forward a step, stretching out the coffee service, her under lip raised my hands involuntarily, and still he sat and rueful misgiving in her face. unmoved and motionless. Then I knew what had befallen him-what those "Tell Mme. Leroy,' says he, 'that it

for tears. I could only stand there | and are not fit for society to night, but I clasping my hands in an agony of pity. | do not see how you are to get out of it Lucas' cheeks as she came to my side and of this beforehand." laid her hand in sympathy upon my "I have thought of it. I want to The sun ought to be shining to-day." arm. She would have led me away, but speak to him. I shook my head, refusing to go.

"He will sit there like that for hours," she whispered, "listening to the birds. It is all he can do."

Silently I crossed the lawn and dropped upon my knees before him, awehis helplessness and the calm, sad resignation in his noble face. In that sweet presence no bitter feeling could enter my heart. But when I left him my soul was stirred with vindictive passion, and a great craving for vengence upon the remorseles villian who had wrecked the life of his friend possessed me. I vowed that Kayanagh should be brought to accomply the resolutions.

The said this, I thought, to encourage have kept for another occasion had not suspected that I was the young lady in me or not I am sure he will never tell any one of my disgrace, and that is all I face surprised me, though I know the that, but I do know that he left his affect surprised me, though I know that he left his affect surprised me, though I know that he left his affect surprised me, though I know that he left his affect surprised me, though I know that he left his affect surprised me, though I know that he left his affect surprised me, though I know the wigor and fortitude of his character. One would not have imagined but for those poor closed eyes that he had lost the most precious gift of nature. He maid that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the face surprised me, though I know the that, but I do know that he left his affect surprised me, though I know the the face surprised me, though I know the radiant happiness in his suspected that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the said that I was the young lady in the said lady in the face surprised out to know that he before for an order appointing that, but I do know that he before for an order appointing to keep surprised me, though I knew the publication of the said that I was the young lady in the said I and the said I all and the surprised of the said that I was the young lady in the said I and the surprised out that I was the young lady stricken by his passive unconsciousness, | it," said I. "But whether he forgives

count, that he should suffer as he had made Taras suffer, and that if justice refused to punish him then my hand

should strike the blow. This burning passion sharpened my wits, whipped up my flagging energy and re-animated my courage. The necessity of secrecy was more evident to me now that it had been hitherto. "You will not betray me to any one in the world?" I said to Mere Lucas. "Is it possible, my poor friend?" she

asked. 'Is it likely that I should expose your misfortunes when I myself am chiefly to blame for all that has befallen you? Besides, you forget that I still love you, my dear. Nay, I will do any thing in the world to help you." "Could I stay here?" I asked eagerly,

seized with the unreasoning desire to live again under the same roof with Taras and watch him day by day, even if I might not speak to him.

"To be sure, my dear," answered Mere Lucas gladly. "There are half a dozen spare rooms, and the master has begged me again and again to have my cousin, Mme. Leroy, down here. Who is to knowyou are not my cousin? Why, truly you may stay. Mlle. Judith will not be back before Saturday afternoon. That gives you two whole days." "No more," I said, with a sinking

"Why, my dear, you may stay longer if you think it would be wise. But look you, mademoiselle, Judith has sharp eyes, and when one looks at you closely back soon. But for my part I felt that | it is clear you are not so old as your gray hair. And mademoiselle has feelings -that Providence had sent this warn- like any other woman, so you can't expect her to look kindly on you, even if

with you." I saw how unreasonable, how impracticable my idea was, but for all that it was not easy to abandon it. My heart was wrung, not with mere womanly "Yes—the beautiful group that he had jealousy, but with a sense of my terrible toiled at so long and patiently. It was loss lt was dreadful to think that and the had loss lt was dreadful to think that and loss lt him, nothing whatever, at a time when had a hot supper to serve. Well, mon | needed to brighten his long days of At such a time one cannot feel that virtue is its own reward.

This was Wednesday. I promised that I would come again that evening or the next day and then hurried off, eager to see Mr. Pelham and learn what chance there was of sending the money

to Siberia. My heart misgave me as soon as I entered the solicitor's office. He was we parted, and there was a depressing absence of enthusiasm as he closed the door and slowly seated himself at his writing table.

"I have seen Mr. Lazarus," he began, crossing his legs, clasping his hands on round the other, "and I regret to say that he firmly declines to move in this affair until he receives the cash." "But did you tell him that the money

would certainly be paid?" 'Yes, madame, I spared no pains to convince him on that point. I even went so far as to assure him that the order was as safe as government stock, and that I would guarantee the payment of a liberal bonus in consideration of the

"What did he say to that?" "Well, madame, he very pertinently asked why, if I were so very sure of obtaining this advantage for him, I did not avail myself of the chance and advance the £300 on my own account."

"Ah, we never thought of that." "It certainly had not entered into my calculations," observed Mr. Pelham, with a serious shake of the head. "Can't you advance the money?" I asked entreatingly.

"I could, of course, but there are two or three serious objections to that proceeding. One of these Mr. Lazarus pointed out in his particularly clear and businesslike way. He said he had very little doubt about the genuineness of the affair and knew that the money was to be employed in assisting the escape of an exile from Siberia. 'But,' said he, the escape may not be pulled off, and then where are you?' Obviously, if Mr. Gordon does not return, he cannot pay gently:

capital or interest." "We must find some other means of "Exactly the words of Mr. Lazarus-

'Here is is a telegram form,' says he; 'I have only to write the address and one little word on it and send it with three or iour snumers to the nearest postomos and in less than an hour perhaps the exile may be on his way to London. That one little word shall be written and sent the moment I see the necessary indispensible £300." "Cannot you help me?" I exclaimed in

'You mentioned another name in our last interview. If you would authorize me to apply to any one—any friend who might advance the amount"-

He paused, but I made no reply. My thoughts were already turned in the direction he indicated. It seemed as if I must tell Taras at all hazards. Might I known it for his. It had been firm and obtain the money from him without exposing Gordon to the risk of rearrest at heavy and shuffling, like the step of old | the frontier? The cloud that darkened Mere Lucas went out with him | my mind suddenly broke, and brighteninto the garden at the back of the house, | ing with a ray of hope I started to my "There is a friend who will give me

this money. I will ask him for it my-

## CHAPTER XLIII.

I MAKE MYSELF KNOWN TO TARAS. I returned to the Grange that evenproaching the door, I perceived Mere ing. Mere Lucas, though she could not I hold. Let us give up this game of conceal the change in her sentiments toward me, did her best to make me feel at home in her sitting room and supply friend." ping, she glanced back, raised her two all my physical requirements. For the hands and let them fall in pity and beck- first time she permitted herself to sit down to table with me, and we shared I went as far as the door, and there on | the same dish that had come from her the threshold I stopped spellbound. Ta- master's table. There was significance ! ras sat on a garden seat on the opposite | in this. In her opinion I ranked no longside of the lawn, his hands folded idly er in social distinction with Taras and

"Fill your glass again, my dear," said tionless without a book, a paper or a she "The master begrudges me nothsketchbook in his hand-with nothing to | ing, as you know, and when I told him

His face was turned directly toward me, Presently she left me to answer the and yet he took no notice of me. I dining room bell. She returned with

"He wants to see you," she whispered. hired villains had done that night. He | will give me great pleasure if she will | Better days must come. Then I may was blind; they had destroyed his eyes. | come in and talk to me.' I begged him My emotion was to deep and terrible to excuse you, as you have a headache

> "Mon Dieu? I didn't think you had grown so hardy. Look you, you will have to mumble your words finely, or he terlay. will know your voice, and then what

will happen. "If he cannot forgive me, I must bear

with a sigh of satisfaction, "thank God, there's your clothes, that I brought away from Lambeth, upstairs in the press, and all your linen as sweet and

clean as hands can make them." Clean linen and a neat appearance were very much more in accordance with her views of true repentance than sackcloth and ashes, and I doubt if she could have felt genuine respect for any one in such a wayworn and bedraggled condi- weary of sitting here and listening-

Soon after breakfast the next morning she led me into the dining room where Taras was sitting, and having hastily introduced me as her cousin, Mme. Leroy, she as speedily withdrew, leaving me to take the consequences upon my own shoulders. After begging me to be seated Taras

"We would have sent a trap to the station if we had known you were coming last night. It is a long way from

morning, madame. I had intended to disguise my voice, but my heart revolted against deceiving my deer, stricken friend, and, after a moment's hesitation, in my natural voice I answered "Yes."

At that one word, faint as it was, he started and turning his head slowly toward me-for he had mistaken my position in the room-he faced me. For full a minute he was silent, his closed eyelids quivering as if in conflict with the instinctive effort to penetrate the eternal shroud that hid me from him. "Mr.e. Leroy?" he said interruptively,

with emotion in his voice. He bent his head to catch my response, and there was another pause. "You have come alone, Mme. Leroy?"

he asked. "There was no friend you cared to

These faltering monosyllables must have betrayed me, even if he doubted the evidence of my voice, but the belief that I wished to remain unrecognized was sufficient to withhold him from discovering his knowledge.

"You are going to stay with us, Mme. Leroy!" he asked. "No; I think of leaving this afternoon?" I stammered. He made no reply, but a look of pain came into his face, and I was silent, too, not having the courage to tell him why I had come. But he must have concluded that I was in trouble and in need of help, for presently, drawing some un-

opened letters from the inner pocket of his coat, he said: "These letters came last night. Will you open them and tell me who they are

They were from sympathizing friends in London. I read the names and addresses to him. "Have you opened them all?" he "I hoped there was one from a friend

-a dear friend of bygone days-from whom I have been hoping and expecting to hear by every post. Do you mind looking through them again. I understood his motive in giving me the letters now, and seizing the opportunity I asked him if it was from a poor woman in distress that he expected to

hear-a nameless creature who dared not show her face. "It cannot be my little friend," he said sadly, "She would not fear me. We were comrades, she and I, and should be still-companions in adversity. To think that I could judge her harshly is to judge me yet more harsh-

"She does not fear you, but she dreads those who have less charity. "She is in trouble, you tell me. Can l

She hopes you will. Her happiness -more than she can tell you-depends

"Tell me what she wants." 'She is in need of money. "Does her happiness depend on that?" "You are sure she asks for nothing

more than money?" He bowed his head as if to conceal the pain that came into his face. Then, quickly recovering himself, he said

"Poor soul, if money can make her happy, she shall have it." He rose, felt his way to a writing ta- you know." ble and seated himself before it. From a drawer he took out a checkbook, open-

a most sensible man of business, and ed it, and passing his long, nervous finreally quite anxious to do what he can. gers over the paper he slowly wrote his name in the right hand corner. Then he tore out the check, and returning to his former seat gave it to me. "I have left it open," he said. "Ask

her to write in-my unhappy little friend-the amount she needs, and tell her in case she doubts it still, that her secret is safe in my keeping and that she has made me happy by remembering me in her distress.

I took the check, faltering some incoherent words of gratitude. "You will stay with us a day or two?"

he asked. "No; I must go away to-day." "Have you far to go home?" "I am going to London," I replied

"You are staying with friends there?" "No; I have no friend to go to." "Are you quite alone?"

"Quite." He was silent for a moment, seeming greatly shocked by his discovery. Then

"But you have friends." "None but Mere Lucas and"---

He held out his hand quickly, and as it closed on mine a smile broke over his "And me," he said. "Oh, if my ear and reason deceived me the sense of touch would tell me whose hand this is crooked questions and cross answers and

be ourselves. Have faith in me, little For some minutes we sat thus, with our hands locked, and neither spoke. Some such feeling of mingled joy and sympathetic sorrow as choked my utterance may have silenced him. Perhaps he was waiting for me to confide my sorrows to him-to pour out the history of past troubles that he might give me comfort. But I dared not answer that silent appeal, and the tear that slipped from my cheek and fell upon his hand

could make. "Is there nothing I can do to help you?" he asked in a tone of deep agita-

"Nothing-nothing more than you have done. No one can help me. I need no help now. The worst is past. tell you more."

"I want to know no more than that, he answered impressively. "If the worst is past, we will cease to think of charity than as a paying concern."
it. Let us go into the garden," he added "But the Old Lambeth—why, that's The tears were running down Mere to-morrow. We ought to have thought it. Let us go into the garden," he added in a brighter tone as he rose to his feet.

"You know the way," he asked. "Yes: I walked across the lawn yes-"I knew it," he murmured. "Something touched my arm, and I felt that

you were near. I have been expecting you to come."

some wise words of assurance, adding: "We have both met with misfortune, Corbett's fifth son, Walter, a little fellow little friend." about ten years old, climbed to the top of

"Mine," he said to turn my thoughts, a tree, over twenty feet high, to watch his "is not so great as you would think. At first it was hard to bear-the world elder brother, Nelson, and two or there seemed so empty. But I am learning to other lads play a game of ball. From see now without my eyes, and I find a some cause he missed his hold and fell upon a rough, stony spot, breaking his left. thigh, both bones of his left wrist, and multitude of beautiful things that had cutting completely through his chin into before escaped my notice. I never his mouth. Dr. Graham was at once sent for and soon afterwards Drs. Wilson and ouzzling out where all the sounds come Mason, and Mr. W. T. Junkin, resched from and making a better acquaintance the house, the little patient was put under with the hidden world."

the influence of chicroform, the bones "And in the evening you have Miss were set, and the wound in the chin Bell to read to you and play." stitched up. "Yes. She is a good, amiable girl, ing a terrible accident occurred in Howry's

wonderfully patient and untiring." There was a great whir of wings, mill, the victim being an unmarried man over our heads, startling me for the moabout 27 years of age named Lawrence ment and then six or eight beautiful not long ago. He was the "setter" on the pigeons fluttered down and settled on north carriage, and the accident was Taras' shoulder and outstretched arm. caused by a log, which was much thicker He gave them a handful of maize from the station. I hope you feel better this his pocket, and they clustered about his at one end than at the other, turning hand with outstretched wings to take across the carriage when canted by the "Do they come down to Miss Bell like | the sawyer's lever, turned on the steam

that ?" I asked, with envy. was broken in half, the whole mill shook, and Mr. Welsh was thrown so violently "They will come to any one who has something to give them," he said, smilsgainst his own lever on the carriage

ng.
I wonder if he regarded me in the that the flesh on the inside of his left I held out my hand timidly to the lacerated, his skull was fractured above pretty, fluttering birds, but they had his right eye, his upper lip was split and swallowed the last grain, and they took his face cut in two or three places. Forto their wings and flew away in a body. I could bear it no longer, The pain covering and so exposed to view that the pulsation of the blood in it could be plainly

at my heart was greater than I could for, had the unfortunate man removed as "I must go away, too," I said, choking down my grief.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

suggest. As the fracture of the skull is A FRIEND IN NEED. Taras would have had me take his serious, and as the flesh wound, though carriage to the station, but I refused. I very extensive and terrible to look upon, wanted to be quite alone that I might is not necessarily fatal, both dectors have relieve my heart of its burden in an un- strong hopes that, with proper care, their restrained flow of tears. And as soon patient may recover, though some conas I got away from the gates of the Grange they came—those welcome tears -and blinded I stumbled along the road

with down bent head. . When the paroxysm was past, I tried to think of the future, but even the prospect of bringing Gordon back and removing the illusion that must have lessened Taras' respect and affection for me failed to lighten my spirits. Could the old tie ever be renewed? Would grets were expressed by visitors to the In. Taras ever again feel as he had felt toward me? Had he not already given Company of this city did not have a display his heart to Judith? I asked. Then the figure of George Gordon as I had seen of their well-known Dodd's Kidney Pills him at the last moment standing under the remedy which has by this time become the dark pines, waving his hand in a cheerful farewell, rose before my im- so widely and favorably known for the agination, and at the thought of his absolute curs of all complaints of the bitter disappointment in finding that kidneys even in the most acute stages. A Judith had transferred her love to Taras rumor was current that a public exhibi--as I felt sure she must have done, liv- bition of the manufacture of the remedy ing for so long in close companionship would be given, but the restricted space ter anguish and regret as this which this year prevented the possibility of such tore my heart, I asked if it would not be a scheme. Those who went away disapalmost more merciful to leave him there | pointed at not seeing the manufacture in ignorance of this greater misery. But of their favorite remedy will have to wait the thought of doing my duty urged me till next year. on and overcame these hesitating doubts

Mr. Pelham had given the finishing touch of newness to his office by the addition of a new clerk, who, when I entered, was engaged in addressing circulars at his desk. After taking my name, which I gave as Mme. Leroy, this young man led me into his inner office, where I found Mr. Pelham waiting for clients to come with the patience of a spider on the lookout for stray flies, as it seemed to me. "I have got it," I said triumphantly

as I laid the check before him. "I am delighted to hear it, madame. You wish me to go with you to Mr. Lazarus and see this affair throughalways the most advisable course in a transaction where proof of payment may be needed. No time is to be lost. I"-His enthusiasm was abruptly checked and his countenance fell as he glanced down at the check he had unfolded. "But this is not filled in, madame." "That is why I came to you first. I'm

to write in the amount, and I want you to show me how to do it. "I perceive," he said, but in a dubitative tone, and then, as if anticipating a repetition of the difficulty that prevented the cashing of Gordon's offer, he added: "It will be advisable perhaps to take this to the bank before we see Mr. Lazarus. Business men are so particular,

His spirit quickly rose again, however, as I filled up the check according to his money being, I think as agreeable to him as to Mr. Lazarus himself, and when I had done he rose briskly and took his hat from the peg on the wall. "Oh, by the way," he said, coming back to the table and opening a drawer, "can you tell me if your Mr. Kavanagh has an office in Lambeth?"

"In Lambeth? Not to my knowledge" "Ah, then it is a singular coincidence and nothing more. My clerk," he explained, "is engaged in addressing circulars to certain capitalists respecting a company that is being formed. This envelope was among them, and the name ings some fruit. Apply to MRS, GEO. JOHNSON, catching my eye—your interesting case Lot 2, Con. 13, Mariposa, Canrington P. O., Ont. is continually in my mind-I looked in the directory and found, to my astonishment, that the office to which the letter is addressed was occupied by Messrs. Bell & Gordon. I say 'was' advisedly, because probably the directory was compiled last autumn. Now, the association of these two names-"The Old Lambeth Pottery?" I inter-

"Yes, that is the address." "That may be Kavanagh's address now. What is inside the envelope?" I asked eagerly.

He opened it.
"Only a circular. If you think there P.O. Lindsay, March 20th, 1895,—54. may be more in this than mere coincidence, I will question Mr. Brett before

you—here, now, if you please.

"Yes," said I, feeling that I could not rest in uncertainty as to the extent of the electron with Kayanagh you-here, now, if you please."

Mr. Kavanagh, Old Lambeth Pottery. Do you know him?" "Client of my late employers-Evans & Evans-sir. as I bent over it was all the confession I "You don't know him personally?"

The clerk shook his head, with a smile. "A little too high up for that sir," said he. "A gentleman of fortuneholds a post in the house, I believe." "He speculates, of course?" "Not sure, sir. I know he has bought up two or three little potteries."

What potteries? "Well, there's the Old Lambeth, but he took that up, I believe, more from Bell & Gordon's surely?" "Was, sir, before Mr. Gordon bolt-

"Mr. Gordon bolted!" exclaimed the solicitor in a tone of incredulous astonishment. "Why, this is the first time I have heard of it." 'Last November. A young lady in the deceased. case, I believe," said the clerk, with a Application will be made by Harriet Murray, of mild grin, which he would certainly the village of Bobcaygeon, in the County of Victoria, the village of Bobcaygeon, in the County of Victoria, to the suspected that I was the young lady in

Castoria. -A little before noon on Saturday Mr.

-About four o'clock on Thursday morn

Welsh, who came from Saginaw, Michigan,

"nigger," and, coming into contact with

thigh, just below the groin, was frightfully

uninjured, but it was stripped of its fleshy

seen. Dr. Graham, who was at once sent

tenderly as possible to the residence of Mr.

Edward Converse, where he boards, and

where, assisted by Dr. Wilson, he did

everything for him that medical skill could

"without depression," it is not considered

siderable time must necessarily elapse

before they will be able to pronounce him

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Hot Water Reating and Hot Air Furnaces a specialty. All kinds of Roofing, Tin and Sheet Iron Work. Eave Troughing made and put up.

Stove-Piping and General Jobbing promptly attended to. Pumps, Drains and Cisterns put in and repaired. We keep all kinds of Brass Goods and Iron Pipe. Cylinder and Machine Oils a specialty. Paint Oils at Bottom Prices.

Give us a call—our work speaks for itself.

J. SMITH & CO. OPP. HURLEY & BEADYS.

W. G. Woods. 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.

The County Buildings .... .... Gurney Harris wood furnaces with our own original hot water combination the South West Quarter of Lot 5, Con. 12, all cleared, There is erected on the premises a large new Brick House, a good Frame Barn and Frame Stable, Two good wells and an excellent orchard of 70 or 80 apple trees; well fenced and under good state of cultivation. School House 70 rods from House, and Church a little over half a mil: Convenient to Cannington, Woodyille, 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.

The County Buildings.....Gurney Harris wood furnaces with our own original hot water combination. Gurney hot water system.

The County Goal.

Lindsay Postoffice
Cambridge st Methodist Church ... 1 Pease hot air furnace and 1 Pease combination hot air and steam ... 3 Gurney hot air furnace and 1 Pease combination hot air and steam ... 2 SHIP OF MARIPOSA, containing 125 Acres, Thos Matchett, sr.
Dundas & Flavelle Bros.... rest in uncertainty as to the extent of the clerk's connection with Kavanagh.

Mr. Pelham placed a chair for me where I could sit with my back to the window and touched the bell on the table. The new clerk came to the door.

"Come in, Mr. Brett," said the solicitor of the clerk's connection with Kavanagh.

"Come in, Mr. Brett," said the solicitor of the clerk's connection with Kavanagh.

Inc. Bell Farm, and is situated about three brown to be stable and rough-cast cottage house. About eighty acres under cultivation.

Also South Half Lot No. 19, in the 10th Con, of the lide of the containing 100 acres, situated about three miles from Woodville, and one lot north of Grasshill station. On the premises are a good frame barn, log thou with the containing the contain Thos Adams..... MRS, HUGH SMITH, or R. McEACHERN, Mrs Boss.... John McLellan ..... Senator Dobson ---FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. R D Thexton..... Mrs Meagher .. Gurney combination hot air and hot hot air and hot water.

Rev Father Bretherton, Victoria Road......Gurney Wm Fiavelie. Gurney combination hot air and hot BAKING Lindsay Opera House Steam system
Steam system
Gurney hot water
Read the following unsolicited testimonial, and Mrs Houghton ..... THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

\$170 Mr. W. G. Woods: DEAR SIR.—I have much pleasure in stating that the Gurney Oxford Hot Water System, which you set up my has Sir.—I have much pleasure in stating that the Gurney Oxford Hot Water System, which you set up my house in the autumn of 1894, was fully what you represented it to be, and gave entire attifaction. There was no dust, no smoke or gas, no leakage, and the air seemed pleasant agreeable to breathe, so that no one had a consider or gas, no leakage, and the air seemed pleasant and agreeable to breathe, so that no one had a consider or gas, no leakage, and the site of the continuous section. In the matter of the guardianship of the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that we had to go outside to find if the day will be severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that we had to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that we had to go outside to find if the day on the severity of last winter, our house was so comfortable that we had burned in former winters in one that the last Stepart Mourage coal stove with less rooms to be heated. The furnees were the several and with ordinary care, the last Stepart Mourage coal stove with less rooms to be heated. The furnees were sufficiently care, the of the late Stewart Murray, late of temperature of the house could be kept at any degree derived. I can heartily recommend the Village of Bobcaygeon, Shoemaker | house heating to anyone, who during our Canadian winter desires to enjoy what I can best describe at the Village of Bobcaygeon, Shoemaker | comfort,

The Post.

Lindsay, Aug, Srd, 1895

# JOB DEPARTMENT.

Orders neatly and promptly executed. Estimates and samples sent by mail when so required.