CURED BY TAKING

Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the ourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS,

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

Canadian LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1895.

THE RECTOR

# Abernthney.

I shall never forget the time upon which my eyes first fell upon Apernta-

ney Hall. The stage had put me down by a nook in the highway. I felt weary and excited and seated myself upon the trunks which the driver had but a moment before unstrapped from the boot. But the weariness all left me, and the excitement changed to a quiet calmness as I gazed on the scene before me. Some 50 yards to my right, embowered

among its little world of trees, stood the manse. It was a beautiful building: there was no definiteness about the style of architecture-it simply seemed to be the creation of an exquisite taste. There was nothing about it suggestive of fortification and defense, like those of the Tudor or Elizabethan styles; it was neither of the open Italian order nor yet of the modern pointed gothic. It was a sort of compromise between the latter, probably what might be called the Anglo-Italian, and a manse peculiarly adapted to the artificial landscape gardening in the front and the naturalness of the dusky woods and the frowning hills in the background. There was no accumulation of buttresses and gables and turrets and such other conceits that lower the dignity of a house; true, there were terraces, but they were ornamental accompaniments-they imparted an imposing breadth to the whole group of

buildings. The approach to the house was through a broad, extensive avenue, lined on either side with a variety of trees planted with the most delicate attention to effect. I detected the silvery green of the white poplar mingling with the dark green of the native oak, blended here and there with the abnormal tints of the sycamore and the purple beech. The gardens glowed with the same inspiration of beauty and taste. From where I stood my eye could not criticise their regularity, but I saw the outlined hedges of blossoming hawthorn, the flowerbeds enand the gay petunia flaunting beside the | want you to see Fred." humble violet and the bee haunted

artist than the painter on canvas. The reserved, more observing and less imlatter commences with a tabula rasa; pulsive. his pencil is subject to his will; he puts ous the difficulties he has to surmount, painter is his taste and genius.

Beware of the man, says some one, to his children. I had misgivings in | him even in the most incidental converreference to my new home. My conjec- serion. tures of harshness and a want of appre-

for this

tions in

my earthly possessions. philosophy was a reality; the inductions of science a truth; the open Polar sea sympathy for the secret sorzowfulness

his icy tomb to stand beside him there.

It was something of this regret that I timpressible pupil. the close, crowded city, with its sea of | will say it now. I loved him! Yes, heated roofs, noisy factories, dusty streets and interminable walls of masonry. I thought of my sister Alice, with her dark spiritual eyes, brighter than the hectic flush upon her cheeks. Poor invalid child! How I wished that she was standing beside me, feeling the same cool breeze fanning her brow and gazing upon the same changing vistas of | by his strong friendship for me. scenery; standing beside me so that I could talk to her! But she was not there, and the tears came into my eyes as I thought about it; the silver abele grew indistinct, and there was a shadowiness about the blossoming lilacs.

I was soon started out of my reverie. moment afterward Mr. Ashley reached out his hand to me in his kind way, while the servants shouldered my trunks. I read my employer at a glance there was not much individuality necessary to do that. His temperament was sanguine, with enough of the phlegmatic to give him calmness and dignity. He was still a young man, well formed and with

that intellectual expression upon his face which comes to men who read and think mmeh. His lips and eyes betrayed his genial nature. They would have given their impressions of geniality to a very

He chatted gayly as we walked toward the house. He did so partly to relieve me from embarrassment and partly because it was his nature. Perhaps he noticed, too, that I had been weeping. I already felt as if I had known him for years. There was no atmosnhere of mock aristocracy about him, repellent because so self evidently put on. "Carrie," said Mr. Ashley, ere we reached the hall door, "this is your new

As he spoke there came from behind a cluster of china lilacs a beautiful child of 10 summers. She had an abundance of dark hair, with eyes from the bril-Henoy of which nothing could detract but their shyness, while her figure was the very personification of grace. She sprang forward and caught my hand. "Oh! I shall like you very much," she

My heart throbbed wildly as I stooped down and hissed her white forehead. "Fam glad to hear you say that," I re-

"Carrie is both warm and impulsive in her friendships," said Mr. Ashley. There was a calm, steady look in his gray eyes. "I thought you were a great, lank woman, with such eyes as make one shudder and with a mole on your nose," continued the child.

I laughed at that and patted her on the cheek. Mr. Ashley led the way into the sitting room. Carrie still clung to me.



Corrio still clung to me. \*What is your name?" she asked.

"Jenny Gray." "So! I like that. You won't make me call you Miss Gray, will you? But I circled with their ribbons of boxwood, muster't ask so many questions. Only I

She left the room, returning in a minnte or two with her brother. I was soon I felt that the spirit which presided upon social terms with him. He closely over that exquisite blending of nature | resembled his father-had the same light, and art was thoroughly an artist, not | curling hair, calm gray eyes and exsimply of the appreciative but of the pressive lips. He was not so talkative creative school. He was more of an as Carrie; he was more thoughtful and

I was in due time thoroughly installed down a rock here and a brooklet there in my new home. I had much to bless and works in his buildings and trees as | my heavenly father for; my lines were taste may suggest or the laws of per- cast in pleasant places. The summer spective demand. Then he can remove | went by, and the winter, in the same with the same facility with which he | quiet, steady, happy way. But I do not creates. The landscape gardener must | intend to speak about my duties at Abaccept localities as he finds them; he ernthney Hall, my tutorship of those must conceal deformities and create lovely children, and how in beautifying beauties. The greater and more numer- their lives my own grew beautiful. It is with the new awakening, the new El the more superior to the landscape | Dorado of my companionship, my intimacy with the rector, that I have to do. He was standing at one of the win-

who loves neither flowers ner children. dows on the morning that Mr. Ashley There is not simply a speciousness about introduced me to him. He turned round, that remark. It is the embodiment of | nooded gravely and then gased out of truth. We are conscious of the weight | the window as abstractedly as before. I and importance of the caution, no mat- | was not piqued at that-I am not proud ter how limited our experience. As I and (so my friends tell me) put too low gazed upon the scene before me I felt an estimate upon myself. Though his convinced that the proprietor of Ab- sprvey of me was not a leisurely one, I ernthney Hall loved both flowers and knew that he had already divined as children; that he was a gentleman of re- much of my life and character as a less fined sensibilities, a Christian and a penetrating man would have learned in scholar. I had come to act as governess | a week. It took me that long to engage

He was a sedate, even tempered man. ciation at times made me almost shrink | He was often given to fits of absentaway from duty. But I was satisfied | mindedness, and from this I learned that and wholly at ease as I sat there upon | there was some great sorrow in his soul. the baggage which made up the sum of It was only in the pulpit that he proved himself more than an ordinary man. He And yet there was much of regret con- was an analytical reasoner, subject to nected with it-not on account of my- bursts of the most captivating eloquence self, but on account of another. We and strong in the yearning for the salvaread that William Morton, Kane's friend | tion of his fellow men. The light seemed and companion, stood alone when he to go out of his eyes and the spiritual gazed upon the unfrozen Polar sea surg- glory out of his face so soon as he deing and rolling beneath him. The soul scended from the pulpit. Few stepped of De Soto, when he first beheld the Mis- into the aisles to grasp him by the hand, sissippi, was not touched with half the they simply bowed their heads with the grandeur and sublimity. The dream of memory of the recently spoken words of sruthfulness in their souls and a sort of

which raised him above the plane of palaces of ice, ideal Alhambras glitter- But there came a time when he took a How I wish that words of mine could erazy? Take a chair. I want to talk ing like a thousand stars, the gigantic deeper interest in me; when his eyes restore the summer in your heart." stairways of pearl, surmounted by the | would neglect his book to follow me brilliant arch of the aurora-but, above around the room; when he would meet all, the oppressiveness of that hour of me with a nosegay, or ask me to stroll solitude and silence-stirred his soul with him through the gardens. I found with a thousand kindling emotions. But him a more agreeable companion than I he stood there alone; he had no friend had supposed him to be. He would come to realize with him that half awakening out of that half dreamy lethargy in dream of magnificence; to whom he which he seemed to sit and converse as could relieve his surcharged heart by if he thought and felt like other men. I speech; to whom he could point out this must say that he even became commuor that object of attraction. The op- nicative. He spoke less reservedly and pressiveness of his loneliness was like a less spasmodically. At first I conversed, despair: it was the struggle of longing and he listened, but by degrees and unconsciously, as it were, our positions be-

and regret; he would even nove grasped | came reversed. Then it was that I stood irreverently at the ghostly hand of Sir | upon the confines of the new El Dorado John Franklin had he come out from in the world of thought. It was someothing grand to sit at his feet, a quiet,

felt in my soul. My mind went back to I I must say it sooner or later, and so I warmly, fervently, passionately. I did one time. To be sure, his eyes at times warmed up with a beautiful light, and he would exhibit the most sarnest solical tude for a temporary ache or illness, but beyond this I observed nothing. He did not speak of love. What I had noticed might have been merely occasioned

I was one day reading Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit" (Poetry and Truth). Mr. Jackson observed the work in my

"Is Goethe a favorite of yours?" he

"Very much so," I replied. "His works have never been faithfully translated, and least of all the one you are now reading. It is not even secondhanded. It is what Mrs. Austin called 'a bad translation of a very bad French translation.' Two elements enter into every translation-the author and the translator. Thus, Hoole's 'Ariosto' is nearer to Hoole than to Ariosto. So in Pepe's 'Homer.' The Greek is nothing, the Englishman everything. Translations have been called pressed flowers. If you want to enjoy Goethe in all his freshness and fragrance, you must go to the original. In no other way will you be able thoroughly to appreciate him." "Do you understand German, Mr.

Jackson?" I asked. "I have been told that I am a perfect master of the language. I have Goethe's works in my library. You must study

Well, I mastered German. The study was a pleasure and a recreation. 1 caught the inspiration from the very lips, as it were, of Goethe and Heine and Schiller. I learned, too, the truthfulness of Coleridge's definition of geniusthat it consists in carrying on the feelings of the child into maturer years. Men of true genius give themselves up to the first simple impressions of common things. They are content to wonder and smile and admire, just as they did when they were children. It is the opening of the heart to all sweet influ-

We are not called upon to write poetry for angels or saints, but for men-for men who work and think and suffer. He who is to photograph humanity must at least be able to stand on a common level with it and by his many sympathies enrich his special experience with all that is universal. Poetry is the music of truth, and let it come through what medium it may it is always musical while it is true.

But that literary feast also became a "Liebesmahl." To conjugate the verb "to love" in that rich, full, sonorous dialect was less easy than to give it reality, an active transitiveness. I learned to leve the German, but Mr. Jackson, the rector, more.

Well, time brought with it its changes. The invalid Alice died. She is waiting for me beside those ever shining gates. Mr. Jackson became more and more endeared to his people and to me; his moodiness went away from him. Fred grew toward the stature of his manhood, a kind, sterling, tractable child, while the angel Carrie grew still more beautiful to me in that childish truthfulness which will light her to the grave. To couple her name, the memory of her virtues and the consciousness of the godliness of her life with the tomb was to rob the latter of all its shadowiness and

At last it came as it was to be. Mr. Jackson spoke to me of love. It was on a cold, starlit night in March. We were standing by one of the broad windows, looking out upon the landscape, which was beautiful still, though clothed in the dreariness of winter.

"Jenny," he commenced half sorrowfully, "I am about to say something that may lower me very much in your estimation, but I cannot help it. It has been in my heart for many weeks. It has wrapped it, like the landscape before | March to relate. It was not a clear, starer what I may say will bring sunshine and spring, or leave me still standing an Ishmael in this desert of my life, I cannot tell."

He paused a moment, and I thought I heard my heart beat in that stillness. I had a consciousness of what was coming.



He paused a moment, and I thought I heard my heart beat. "Go on, Leonard," I said. "Let me be Hagar to you."

"No, no!" he cried with considerable vehemence. "You must be more. You must be my Rebecca-my Leah!" "I will be anything you wish," I said.

I was surprised at the calmness with which I said that; I was not surprised that I was thoroughly happy. He took me in his arms and kissed me passion-"We love each other, Jenny."

This was said so slowly, so measuredly, that it caused me to look up into his

in my estimation by such an avowal? said quietly: "Who said that you were "It may never be, dearest Jenny. I am

Parish mere of the outcast from his own soul than from the world without In this hour you will come me Jean just as I shall ourse myself. In this hour I many sear your heart just as , mine has been seared, turn it to stone, just as mine has been turned. It is the hour of my sin, and I shrink away from the consciousness I have of the punity of your inner life. Jenny, I have loved you long and well. The passion awalls my value

with fire while I speak. My companion- thoughts were varied as I gazed into that ship with you has taught me much- face, pale and careworn, yet beautiful much of hope and faith and love.

"God does not create the intelligent mind with its powers and faculties fully formed at the beginning, with all the principles of truth apparent to thought, shedowy tomb, and just then there was and all the elements of experience in- a great sorrow brooding in my heart, folded in its consciousness. He creates | but I felt thankful that, amid all, God it infantile. He makes the very commencement of its being dependent upon others, and then he leaves the forces that are lodged in it and that are innately prophetic of a future to be unfolded, trained and matured by the action of other minds, manifested in speech or books, by the exercise of thought, by the ministry of experience-above all, by contact with effort and disappointment. I have learned more by my companionship with you, by the action of your mind, than by effort and suffering and experience combined. But why should I speak of this? I have told you that I love you. That is very sweet. What I have to add is very, very bitter. Jenny, you

can never be my wife!" His face was very white. There was a dull, icy glare in his eyes and a perceptible shudder passed over him. Perhaps we were alike affected and alike manifested it. I felt a sudden chilliness in the air, and I caught at the window hangings for support. I did not speak for a little while. Then taking both his hands in mine and looking steadfastly into his face I said: "Leonard, what does all this mean? Why can I not be your wife?" He took my arms and made me put them around his neck. Then he said, in a low, husky whisper, "Jenny, I am

One quick, passionate embrace, one long, burning kiss, and I was alone. I seemed only conscious that the rector had staggered across the room, out of the door. Oh, the wretchedness of that hour! I never thought that one's heart could bear so much and yet not break. I felt tenfold more wretched, more unsatisfied, more sick and tired of life and the world than I did when they laid a beloved mother in the grave and later still the invalid Alice. There were no tears in my eyes. It was a grief too deep for tears. I crept up to my chamber, frightened at my own ghostliness. I prayed for strength that I might endure, for patience that I might wait, for life that



I cannot say that I was afraid of her. Now I was able to account for many things about the rector that had seemed singular to me. His frequent absence from the parish; his sullen moodiness; his alternate warmth and coldness toward me. I was certain that he loved me very much-warmly, passionately. Those words that he had spoken had long been burning in his soul. They must have found vent sooner or later. There are some things that the heart must either be relieved of-or burst.

Well, months went by and the winter set in again. Mr. Jackson ceased to be attentive to me and even avoided my society. It required a mighty effort. I could read it in his melancholy eyes and in his more than common restlessness. In part I felt thankful for the course of action he had adopted. While it made me admire him all the more, it also gave me time to fortify my own soul and reconcile it to its first great sorrow.

I have an incident of another night in us, in all the chilliness of winter. Wheth- lit night, though. It was a dreary, wintry night, wondering whether it should relent into the capriciousness of April. A disagreeable rain was falling, one of those wretched compromises between snow and sleet. I was sitting alone by the fire, my pupils had retired to bed, and Mr. Ashley had gone to the adjoin-

Suddenly the door opened, and there entered, preceded by a gust of wind almost visible in the mistiness, a young woman. She walked straight up to the grate and held her hands over it, neither speaking nor looking around her. It was this silence that made me feel so uncomfortable. A chilliness crept over me as I gazed upon her; it was not the chilliness of the rain, but the chilliness of

She was scantily attired, though a heavy blanket carelessly thrown around her had in a manner protected her from the storm. Her hair was disheveled and very black. Her face was ghostly white, and her eyes dull and ghastly, like those of a drowned person when they are found open.

I cannot say that I was afraid of her. She seemed perfectly harmless, and there was an air of refinement about her that told of better days. "It is cold," I said.

She turned around and bent her eyes upon me-no, flashed; before they were so icy, but now how they blazed! "Who said it was cold?" she asked "I did," I replied in a mild tone, though,

I was conscious that I trembled. "You, eh? Well, it's nothing togget or to me if it is could Who makes it cold? It is a nice night to those who

never get out into any night at all!

How bright the fagots in this little hole Blane on the hearth and warm the pictured Did Cambbell say that? Well, there are no 'pleasures of hope' for me—I have no pe. What makes you stare at me so?

But I oughtn't to speak so gruffly; you are a woman and may help me. Tell me, do you think me crazy?" I did not answer directly. It required "We have loved each other for a long an evasive answer, and one so framed while, Leonard. I am very, very happy! | that she could not detect that it was How could you possibly lower yourself such. I still kept my eyes upon her, and

> "Ha! ha! ha! Just like I answered you awhile ago. Well, I ain't crazy, though they say I am. I have just broke me back!"

reason for sending you any where. You to it having been endorsed by well-known than I am."

those words, and with a little persua will rapidly become popular is equally sion I got her to lie down on the sofa, mhere she soon san's into a slumber. My

raven hair. My life had been a life of toil and struggling and suffering. One by one my relatives had passed into the had still youchsafed unto me my reason. A prayer went up in that lone, quiet room: the wind still howled dismally without, but there was a calmness in my heart. I parted the hair from her white forehead, and there were tears in my eyes as I watched her low, childish

She remained prostrated a week, subject to attacks of insanity that at times really frightened us. Mr. Ashley took as much interest in her as I did, and the children often stole up to her room during the daytime to ask how the strange woman with the white face was, just as if the faces of other women were not In a week from the night upon which

she came to Abernthney Hall she died. It rained on that night, too; it rained on the day we buried her; it rained on the day she was married and no doubt on the day she was born. So had been her life, always listening to the "fitful sighing of the rain!"

The rector was absent during the time our strange visitor was sick. He returned on the evening before she was buried. I heard him coming up into the study. The crazy woman was lying in her shroud in the room below, with a calm serenity upon her face and with a few choice hothouse flowers looped among her dark curls. The kind hands of little Carrie had done that. The rector was somewhat startled

when he beheld me sitting in the study instead of Mr. Ashley. He, however, reached out his hand quite cordially. "You seemed troubled," I said. "I have much to trouble me, Jenny,"

he said sorrowfully, "yet I am still thankful that God gives me strength to bear it all. You have been writing?" "Yes, I was writing to you. It is not necessary now. You are wanted to offi-

ciate at a funeral." "Is it possible? Any of the parishioners dead?" "No, it is a strange woman who died

here—a crazy woman." Oh, how white his face grew! He caught at the table for support. "Died where?" he asked bushily. "Here, in the house," I replied wonderingly. "She is lying in the parlor,

arrayed for the tomb." He locked at me for a mement; his eyes grew very much like hers in their vacant stare; then he took up the lamp, forgetting that he was leaving me in the darkness and passed down stairs. I followed him, impelled by a thought that made me shudder just then because it thrilled my veins with a sort of pleasure. The rector was kneeling beside the corpse, kissing the cold lips and murmuring, "Oh, Elsie! my wife! my beauti-

Again that thought flashed through my brain. She was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought would sooner shape into a certainty. There was a choking sensation in my throat, but ere I could turn away the rector saw me. He motioned me to his side, but without setting up from his knees.



The rector was kneeling beside the corpse.

"What did she tell you?" he asked. "She told me nothing about herself or the past. I heard you call her wife." "Yes, she was my wife. She is at rest now, and it is better for her and for me. No prayers need be offered up for a soul so kind and so good as hers was."

He said nothing more just then, which in a manner surprised me. He rese up, folded his arms and gazed steadfastly into the face of the dead. A scalding tear fell upon my hand. He seemed to have forgotten that I was near him, and I stole up into my room to weep. But in the pulpit, when he preached the funeral sermon of his own once beautiful wife, he explained it all. Many eyes filled with tears then, and the hearts of the people went out further than ever toward their suffering pastor.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Insanity had been hereditary in the family of the rector's wife. She knew it, but had not dared to tell him of it. The dread presentiment that she would eventually fall a victim to the horrid disease draped many hours that otherwise would have been joyous ones

in the blackness of night. At last it came in the third year of her marriage, and the poor, almost heart. broken rector was compelled to send her to an insane asylum. He visited her often while there, providing many comforts for her and leaving no means untried to restore her.

Sometimes she appeared perfectly sane, meeting him with all the pleasantry of yore and asking to be taken to his heart again; at other times she would be perfectly ungovernable and charge him with the most violent abuses, and this lasted five years. But she was dead now; she had gone

to her home at last-to a beautiful home decked with stars and gorgeous in the unspeakable richness of Christ. "And you and the rector were married in the end?" is the suggestive query. And very meekly yet contentedly I

snswer, "We were."

From the Toronto Globe, Sept. oth. Odoroma is the name of the latest thing out of the madhouse. Ah! I am a good for the teeth, introduced into Canada by hand at strategem! There now, send the Aroma Chemical Co. It seems to be meeting with the appreciation of the elite "You need not fear me. I have no of Toronto at any rate, owing, no doubt, mendation from one to another. That it A warm light came into her eyes at is a good thing is beyond question; that it certain.-80-52

W. J. Woods.



BASEBURNER.

HUNDREDS IN USE IN LINDSAY AND VICINITY,

stove in use gives satisfactiop.

Every Stove a Double Heater. MODERN. HANDSOME

The Oven Works to Perfection.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., TORONTO

FOR SALE BY G. WOODS - Lindsay.

POWERFUL

Horn Bros.

## SELF-PROTECTION See

in this changeable climate demands the use of Woollens. The tendency of the times is for a good class of goods at Low Prices. The only way this can be done is to buy goods from a reliable firm who manufactures them. We claim that for Variety, Quality and Low Prices we can crow over all the large city merchants. They buy from the Manufacturers ; so may you.

SUGGESTION

Spend your money in your own town

### -AN OFFER

Any Goods bought at our Mills which are not just what they should be, or what they are represented to be, may be returned and we will retund full price. What more need we say?

### HORN BROS.,

Lindsay Woollen Mills.

Grand Trunk Railway.

HALLWAY

DETROIT. CLEVELAND, SAGINAW BAY CITY GRAND RAPIDS, CHICAGO, CINCIN-FAREV: PORT MUSON and DETROIT - \$6 00

SAGINAW and BAY CITY . 9 00 GRAND RAPIDS . . . . 10 00 Tickets on Sale at the Express Office.

B. J. MATCHETT, Agent

Express Office, - Lindsey J. G. Edward & Co.





Horse | XL STEEL,

TOE WEIGHT, Shoes Winter PATTERN. We keep the Best Brands.

Iron. Nieigh Shoe Steel, Cutter Steel, Steel Toe Calks, Horse Nails, Horse Rasps, Bolts. Nuts and Rivets,

Wood Work for SLEIGHS and CUTTERS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. C. EDWARDS & CO., Importers of Iron, Steel, Hard-

ware, Paints, Oils, Etc. Jas H Lennon.

Bed Room Suiter, Sidebourds, Extension Tables, Centre Tables Falling Leaf Tables,

Lounges Mattrasses, Fpring Beds

Dining Chairs, Cradles, Cots.

Kitchen Chairs,

50 Rooking Chairs opened yesterony. Some Besuries, 2 Good Second Hand can stay here. You are no more crasy professional experts as much as to recom- Watches, 1 16 shot Dott's Rifle for Sale.

New Advertisements. MONEY TO LOAN

at Lowest Rates on Mortgage Security, or on approved Indorsed Notes, NOTES DISCOUNTED

141 Advagged on Farmers' Sale Notes

seh Paid for Mortgages and Debenture

MORTGAGES CHANGED. Special privileges of re-payment on straight loans

offered to farmers and others desirous of changing their mortgages, and having their interest reduced to the very lowest rate. The cost is small compared REAL ESTATE bought and sold on

J. H. SOOTHERAN, General Insurance Agent, Banker and Broker, 91 Kent Street, Lindsay,

W. A. White.



W. A. WHITE BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR Insurance and General Valuator,

Plans and Estimates can be Furnished on Application. SHOP AND RESIDENCE CAMBRIDGE STREET.

F. VanCamp.

F. VANCAMP Nearest Hardware Store to the Market.

Tarred Building Paper.

Builders' Hardware, Port-

land Cement, Dry and

SPORTING GOODS AND AMMUNITION.

New Designs and Lowest Prices F. VanCAMP'S

Hughan & Co. SPECIAL SALE

LADIES' AND GENTS'



We are giving a special discount from all of our Watches and Jowellry during this week Now is the time to make your selection. We ask one and all to call and examine our goods and get our prices before also and that we guarantee satisfaction and