

McCready Bicycles.

Just a little better than the best.

That Name Plate

Is our warrant for honest work; it is your warrant for satisfaction in a bicycle of high grade wheels; you find it on the front of every McCready Bicycle.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 23, 1896

HOW HAWKINS WAS REGULATED.

Old man Hawkins stood in the yard behind the barn. He was dreamily chewing the end of a long spear of timothy, and gazing over the rail fence, beyond the broad, sloping meadow and farther-lying fields, to where a straggling line of willows and elder-bushes, white with blossoms, marked the course of a sluggish creek.

But old man Hawkins was not drinking in the soft, rich beauty of that summer afternoon. He was occupied with other things.

"It's a third warnin'," he said to himself, sitting down on a stone-pile that was heaped up in the corner of the rail fence separating the garden-patch from the lane.

"Wonder when they put it there?" he thought, still chewing his bit of grass.

"Must 'a' been while 'n' Mandy was to town, fer 'n' ain't no recollection o' seein' it 't'is mornin'; and I know 't'wa'n't there yist'erin'."

He looked up at the barn door, where an irregular piece of paper, insecurely fastened by a few tacks, fluttered in the soft wind.

It was an ominous-looking thing, and might well cause old man Hawkins a bit of uneasiness, though the only evidence that it did was his increased thoughtfulness.

On the upper and right-hand sides was a rude sketch of a long blacksnake whip. Underneath appeared the following notice:

You-Airo OFFENSIVE to the CoMUNITY. the CoMUNE Will Be With You SoO'n.

The signature was in the lower right-hand corner, and consisted of three or four feathery strokes in a big drop of tar.

"Well," said he, slowly turning and locking up the lane, "if they're comin', I presume it's like 'nough they'll be here to-night, and I might jest as well be ready for 'em, seein' as they're sot on comin'."

He got up, and taking down the unfriendly notice, walked slowly towards the house, pausing once or twice to turn round and take in the lay of the land about his premises; possibly to see if there were any indications of his visitors, possibly to see from which direction they would probably approach, and possibly to see the way they were most likely to take when they left.

"Did ye know you was likely to have comp'ny this evenin', Mandy?"

"Good land! No. Who?"

"Dunno. Guess, though, there'll be more 'n' we want to see, 'cordin' to this here notice." And he handed his wife the scrap of paper with his tar and scrawl.

"Whitecaps!" exclaimed the woman, in alarm.

"Y-yeep," drawled the old man, as he leaped up against the door casing and gazed indifferently out across the fields.

"You're right, Mandy; it's the whitecaps; and I reckon they'll be here to-night, too."

"For mercy sakes Si, you don't say! What on earth are you goin' to do?"

"Let 'em come," responded the old man, with a grim smile, "and I rather think some on 'em'll wish they hadn't."

His big, heavy jaw set, the thin lips of the large mouth shut tightly together, and a very determined look gleamed from the clear blue eyes; bull-dogs and steel traps could not be more suggestive of rigid, unyielding courage. His wife, who has all confidence in the strength and bravery of her husband, was nevertheless filled with anxiety, though she was not without a good share of those qualities herself.

"What makes you think they'll be here to-night?" she asked.

WHEAT IN CHICAGO.

A Genuine Boom With Every-body Buying.

PHIL ARMOUR RIGHT IN THE GAME

A Ten-Cent Rise is a Good Thing to Take

Chicago Inter Ocean, Oct. 17.

There was excitement in the wheat pits the world over yesterday.

Liverpool started to sell by advancing 4 cents, and so did all the wheat in sight here and at seaboard.

Prices here advanced nearly 2 cents above Thursday's close, getting to the highest point on the crop, 72 1/2 cents—appreciation of 15 cents for December and 19 cents for the cash property in the past five weeks.

Nearly everybody you meet on the street is amazed at the advance, and the belief that wheat is going to 80 cents before election is common.

There are more people predicting \$1 before next spring than there were 50-cent bears two months ago.

"You think you'd like a job of scrubbin' tar off'n me, Mandy?" asked her husband, dryly.

"Lord, Si, you ain't old Sprowles, and I don't calculate you'd sit in no tar without makin' somethin' of a fuss afore you did; though as to scrubbin' it off, I rather think I could do it, if it comes to that."

"But if you're expectin' them fellers to-night I should think you'd better decidin' what you're goin' to do, and not waste any more time standin' there chawin' grass. It's goin' on to six o'clock now."

"You're right, Mandy, I ain't old Sprowles, and it ain't my intention to sit in no tar; but jes' give me time to think. They won't be here till after midnight, and a pile can be done 'tween now 'n' midnight. You jes' go along and make them biscuit."

"You can't git no help from the neighbors," said Mrs. Hawkins, continuing her preparations for supper, while her husband still occupied the door-way.

"The stand you've took about the stock runnin' on the highways has put 'em all ag'in' you. There ain't anybody I can think on as'd be of any use, 'thout 'twas the Raymond boys; but that's too far away; besides, I heard in town to-day that one of 'em's away and the other's down sick."

"The Raymond boy'd be good help, but they can't be had. I guess we'll h-v to depend on ourselves, Mandy. As far 's I'm concerned, I ain't afraid. De you think you could fire a gun?"

"I don't know; I guess I could; but I shouldn't want to kill anybody, Si." And the big, motherly woman paused for a moment with her hands in the flour.

"I don't want you to kill nobody, Mandy; I don't want to kill nobody myself; but if any sneak'n' whitecap comes monkey'n' round this hand-wagon he must expect to hear the drum. And what you say 'bout the neighbors makes me think I'll bet anything that or'y critter down the road there is hand-in-glove with the whole crew."

"Do you mean Bill Leukins?"

"Sore as prechin'. If once I get my hands on that feller, I'll warn his jacket worse 'n' ever old Sprowles's was, and I won't use no tar, neither." And old man Hawkins rose up his full, brawny height.

He brought down his great, bony fist on the wall of the shed with such force that it split the siding.

Silas Hawkins was noted throughout that county for his great strength and undiminished courage. He had served through the war; and after its close, for many years, he had travelled with an old-fashioned circus. Sleeping out of doors, driving tent-stakes, and lifting heavy weights, had hardened his muscles and strengthened his sinews till he had become a marvel among his fellows.

By dint of hard work and careful living he had saved up enough money to purchase this farm, where had lived now for over fifteen years, a steady, industrious, valuable man. He was always on the side of peace and order, and had served the community in various official capacities where courage and determination were required.

At present he held the office of road supervisor, and had aroused no small amount of antagonism by strictly enforcing the law prohibiting stock from running at large on the highways. "Twa'n't no onds to him," he said, "if folks were so mean as shiftless as to let their cows go wanderin' round the country, breakin' down fences and destroyin' their neighbors' crops. As for him, his fences were allers up, 'n' fer keeps, too. There wa'n't no cow in that quarter-section as could push 'em down, neither. But if the people wanted their cattle runnin' round loose, what 'n Sam Hill was there a law ag'in' it? 'Cordin' to his way o' thinkin', law was made to be kept; and, as it was his duty to enforce that one, he was goin' to do it, in spite of hell 'n' high water."

And he did.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you?

You are suffering from

KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP!

Write for free treatment blank to-day.

Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Accept no substitute.

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WHEAT MARKET STARTED THE WEEK IN CHICAGO YESTERDAY.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—The wheat market started in this week with a bull roar and three cents higher than it concluded last Saturday.

The session, whilst showing a net gain for the day, was nevertheless not so strong at the close as it was at the opening.

This was due entirely to the heavy selling by longs, which took place during the afternoon.

Parish, London, Berlin, Paris and Liverpool, advanced, and the market as a whole appears to be in a bullish mood.

The export trade to-day was 78% to 79% of the market mentioned.

The export demand was said to be good, and the market was said to be in a bullish mood.

Not in years has the grain business of Chicago been as large as during the past three weeks, about 30,000 bushels having arrived here, and this week received 12,310 bushels.

Most of this was wheat and oats, there being 4,410 bushels of wheat and 7,900 of oats.

The wheat market was also significant, aggregating 1,410,000 bushels.

Six months ago the grain receivers on the Board of Trade were complaining about the elevator men having captured their business.

For the past few days every receiving house on the floor has had all of its capacity filled with grain.

Which has resulted in a heavy profit at a few houses.

Country shippers who have not been heard from for three years have suddenly sent in a report, saying that they are actually working nights to keep up.

This change is due entirely to the heavy demand for grain from the West, following the small shippers the same advantage as the large ones.

There are a half dozen big wheat traders at St. Louis who have made nearly as much in a year as they did in the last year.

They got in at the bottom and had no insurance in the shape of a market.

The shippers have risked in the pot. They started at the bottom and have gone in again, and are now buying heavier than ever.

Many people making fortunes.

Canadian Farmers are Reaping the Benefit of the Boom—It Means Millions of Dollars for the Northwest, Where Deliveries are Very Heavy Just Now.

Montreal, Oct. 19.—(Special.)—Wheat is all the rage here, as elsewhere, and a visit on 'Change will convince anyone that several of the Montreal dealers have made a great deal of money out of the market.

It is estimated to-day that 4,000,000 bushels out of Manitoba's new crop of 12,000,000 have been sold, and that no less than \$2,750,000 has already gone into the pockets of the Prairie Province farmers.

From all that can be gleaned here, W. W. Ogilvie has purchased 1,200,000 bushels and the Lake of the Woods Co. a round million more.

When the market started upwards these two great milling concerns went in to buy, as their stock was short, and all admit that their courageous action has been the means not only of stiffening the market generally, but placing the Western farmer upon most advantageous grounds, and both Ogilvie and the Lake of the Woods Company have purchased on a fast rising market, yet at to-day's prices these enterprising concerns stand to sail away at least \$150,000 each.

Mr. Hugh McLennan is, however, the wheat king, as far as profits are concerned, for, with from two to three million bushels already on the way to the sea from Chicago, Duluth and other lake ports, the general belief is that this gentleman is worth more by a full quarter of a million dollars than he was four weeks ago.

"He has cleared \$200,000 this time, if he has made one cent," was what a well-posted member of the Board of Trade said to the World correspondent to-day.

There is another pleasing feature in the case, and it is being commented upon all over the West, that the Manitoba farmer has been getting a higher price for his grain than his brother agriculturist on the south side of the line.

Coming back to the Montreal men, the correspondents found most, several of the sugar fortunes have been made in our midst. Mr. Adam Thompson has cleared from \$50,000 to \$60,000, and the friends of Mr. J. H. Caruthers are declaring that he would not take a cheque for either of the sums just mentioned for his profits on wheat. Mr. Alex. McPhee has likewise, it is claimed, made \$50,000, and Mr. Alex. G. McBean from \$40,000 to \$50,000.

Mr. Campbell, who is a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, is credited with having added \$100,000 to \$200,000 to his capital in the same manner, while the boys says Mr. Edgar Tupper has cleared \$100,000 from wheat and sugar speculations.

This speculation has not, however, been confined to the well-known names given above, and it is probable that as many as a dozen other men have made profits all the way from \$10,000 to \$100,000.

But another feature should be noted, and that is the fact that the grain market is all over a change, and they are all good sellers, and the grain is all sold at a profit, and the grain is all sold at a profit, and the grain is all sold at a profit.

Stock Brokers Go Slow When Money Gets Locked Up in Wheat.

New York, Oct. 19, 2.30 p.m.—The sensational rise in wheat was the chief topic of discussion in financial circles this afternoon, and operators were paying more attention to the fluctuations in the cereal than to the stock markets.

The jump in wheat had a demoralizing influence on the stock exchange, and the market was slow and listless.

December wheat went up steadily in the morning until it reached 80 1/2 cents, a rise of 2 1/2 cents since Sept. 8, when active operations in December futures began. It fluctuated about the 80 mark all morning.

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OCEAN RATES SHOOT UP.

The Rush of Grain to Europe Makes Ship Brokers Bustle.