

WEEKLY POST
I will guarantee that my Kidney Cure will cure 90 per cent. of all forms of kidney complaint...

The Weekly Post

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1899.

Advertise. If you would make the public think, And to yourself attention link, Make constant use of printer's ink, And advertise.

If you would prove yourself alive, And keep abreast with all who strive, And make your business always thrive, Then advertise.

Yes, advertise that all may know, That you have something good to show; To make the stream of commerce flow, Still advertise.

In clear and striking language tell The special lines where you excel, And you will find it pays right well To advertise.

Not on a fence obscured by weed, Where few observe and fewer heed, Such is a third-class way indeed To advertise.

But in a paper fresh and clean, Which in each well-sorted home is seen, And always read with interest keen, There advertise.

Successful merchants often say That nothing does more surely pay Than what it costs them in this way To advertise.

T. WATSON. Colborne, Aug. 1899.

DEATH'S DOUBLE DOINGS IN EMILY.

Two Residents Cut Down Suddenly on Saturday Morning.

Death sometimes reaps his grim crop with startling expedition. Saturday morning two well-known residents of Emily township were suddenly called away, who were apparently in their usual health, out the day before.

Mrs. Thos. Magee, who resides on lot 19, in the first concession, dropped dead in the morning while polishing the kitchen stove, without, so far as can be learned, a moment's warning. Mrs. Magee, who was about 67 years of age, lived with her son, and on Wednesday was in good health and attended the funeral of the late Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford. She had lived in the township for a quarter of a century. Her husband died several years ago. Mrs. Magee was in religion a member of the Church of England, and very highly respected in the neighborhood where she passed the years of her life. Deceased, who was an estimable woman, had but recently returned home from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Richard Robinson, of this town, and was about to go on a visit to another sister, Mrs. James Grant, near Bridgenorth, when stricken down.

The same morning Mr. John Boate, who resides in Emily about two miles from Fowler's Corners, also dropped dead, after having completed milking the cows, without any previous illness, to lead to the death of such a sudden demise. The deceased, who was about thirty-five years of age, had been in ill health for a couple of years and had lessened his farm work, but of late he had improved in health and was preparing to resume farming and had done considerable fall ploughing preparatory to taking out the premises. He was also at the funeral of the Rutherfords on Thursday last, and was afterwards a visitor at the Omece exhibition, where he was met by many of his friends and was apparently in his usual health. The late Mr. Boate, was married about five years ago to Miss Tully, sister of Mr. James A. Tully, of Goshen, Pa. He and she were a widow and a child two and half years of age to mourn his sudden death. Mr. Boate was a prominent resident of the township and held in high respect. At one time he occupied the position of councillor.

Women and Insurance.

The New York Life has lifted the "classification" ban from risks on women, and they are now insured on the same terms as men. The company cautions its agents to use great care, however, in selecting female risks. The agents will not be allowed to submit applications or to incur the expenses of examinations upon the following classes of women without first submitting the facts to the home office: Domestic servants and factory operatives, illiterate women, women over 55 years of age, and girls under 15 years of age. While the company will write whole life and limited-payment life policies for women, the agent commends that endorsement or bond policies be written.

Work That Tells.

As evidence of the value of the practical work being done by the Agricultural Department and the Immigration branch of the Department of the Interior to place the advantages of life in Canada before the people of the Old Country and to bring home to them the value and value of the resources of the Dominion, the following clipping, taken from the Dublin Farming World's report of the recent home show in the Irish capital, may be quoted: "The Canadian government invariably makes a display, which as an object lesson to agriculturists, ranks exceedingly high. The stand is effectively decorated, while the array of Canadian agricultural products is not only large but instructive. Excellent samples are shown of wheat, oats, barley, and rye in the straw; while Indian corn, which grows 15 feet high, and yields from 20 to 25 tons of fodder per acre, is conspicuously displayed also. Mineral products are represented by samples of ores from various important mines; the quality of the prairie soil is indicated by the exhibition of a specimen; a splendid stuffed specimen of the head of a Canadian steer illustrates, to a certain extent, the quality of the stock; while photographs, books and pamphlets serve to afford a good idea of the land in the Dominion generally. We have seldom, indeed, inspected so varied and instructive a display."

SAID KRUGER TO HIS CAPTAINS.

(Catholic Register, Oct. 13) Said Kruger to his captains, "Boys the game is surely up. For they're sending out against us Colonel Hughes. Shall we try our hand at capturing the Yankee yachting cup? For this little plan of war is up the flag."

I've a telegram from Lindsay (sotto-voce—where is that?) And he says I'll come to eat you right away. For I've buckled on my belt and I'll clean the verdant veldt. So pack your kit and trek without delay."

Said Kruger to his captains "now the question's come to this— Will ye dare this dreadful colonel to a fight. His veins to a wondrous high, and such fire is in his eye. He can't see as well in daytime as at night. He's sailing from Toronto with a million men or more, With the heroes of Batoche and the North-West. And they're sure to kill and eat us as they did the sportive Metis. Shall we run or put their valor to the test?"

Said Joubert unto Kruger, "Sire, I wouldn't counsel flight. Tho' the crisis is a serious one indeed. I've kept some ammunition and As I've stored it up against the hour of need; It's ostrich eggs I've gathered, (if the secret must be told), And they've lost their primal freshness long ago. If with these the foe we shall—oh he'll never live to tell, For their potency is sure to lay him low."

Then Kruger grinned at Joubert, and Joubert grinned at Kruger. And the captains clasped each other in a friendly hug. And they said "The mighty Hughes will be hungry from his cruise, So prepare the eggs and let him have the meat. And when the doughty Colonel sails across the heaving main. In his honor shall the Boers give a bull. Oh, they'll sit them down to tea, but I fear it won't agree. With the stomach of that warrior at all."

GOOD DOCTORS

Are Quick to See and Appreciate Real Merit in Any Preparation—Many of Them Now Purchasing Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all Stomach Troubles. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a discovery of great value to the medical profession and the public. They are an unfailing specific in all cases of dyspepsia and disordered digestion. Almost everybody's digestion is disordered more or less, and the commonest thing to do for it is to take some one of the many so-called blood purifiers, which in many cases are merely strong cathartics. Such things are not needed. If the organs are not clogged, condition, they need only a little help and they will right themselves. Cathartics irritate the sensitive linings of the stomach and bowels and often do more harm than good. Purging is not what is needed. The thing to do is to put the food in condition to be readily digested and assimilated. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do this perfectly. They partly digest what is eaten and give the stomach just the help it needs. They stimulate the secretion and excretion of the glands, and relieve the congested condition of the glands and membranes. They put the whole digestive system in condition to do its work. When that is done, you need take no more tablets unless you wish what does not agree with you. Then take one, or two tablets—give them needed help and you will have no trouble.

It's a common sense medicine and a common sense treatment and it will cure every time. Not only cure the disease, but cure the cause. It is a perfectly sensible and scientific way. We have testimonials enough to fill a book, but we don't publish many of them. However— Mrs. E. Faith, of Byrds Creek, Wis., says: "I have taken all the Tablets I got of you and they have done their work well in my case, for I feel like a different person altogether. I don't doubt if I had not got them I should have been at rest by this time."

Mr. H. E. Willard, Onslow, Ia., says: "Mr. Willard, Onslow, Ia., was very much afflicted with dyspepsia, from which he had suffered for eight years. As I am a sufferer myself, I wish you to send me a package by return mail." Phil Brooks, Detroit, Mich., says: "Your dyspepsia cure has worked wonders in my case. I suffered for years from dyspepsia, but am now entirely cured and enjoy life as I never have before. I gladly recommend them."

It will cost 50c to find out just how much Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will help you. Try them—that's the best way to decide. All druggists sell them. A little book on stomach diseases will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

The Premier's Sense of Honor.

(Ottawa Journal, Ind.) The present prime minister has given other proof of sensitiveness and high personal honor conflicting with his financial comfort. As the Journal hinted at some little time ago, he was approached to take the presidency of an Ontario financial corporation. The salary, according to the Journal's informant, was to be \$5,000 a year with an assurance that Sir Wilfrid's attendance would be required only at a couple of meetings in the year, also that the premier would be at liberty to name an expert accountant or other representative, who would watch the company's affairs for him, the company to pay the cost. It was a plain bid for Sir Wilfrid's services as a commercial asset. And why not, just what he would do? The company plainly did not propose to buy business ability or experience, they wanted to buy a name which would advertise the concern, also give people confidence in it. Why not? Sir Wilfrid having made such a name, why should he not profit by it in a business way? British cabinet ministers accept such conditions. Sir Wilfrid's own colleagues accept them; so why not the premier. The company's affairs would doubtless be sharply looked after by his representative; perhaps the arrangement would mean more benefit or safety to the shareholders than they would derive from the efforts of an average director. Well, each man must judge such questions by his own standard. The \$5,000 a year did not tempt the premier to sell his name for use as a business decoy. He is understood to have said that without desiring to question the propriety of ministers' going into that sort of thing, he thought it would be well for him not to set any example.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal Tongue Pain in the Bowels, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bile. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

HOW TO GET RICH.

The wonderful modern developments of the well-nigh innumerable agencies that knit the world more closely together, and make our natural interdependence more apparent than in any preceding age, naturally suggest, even to the least thoughtful, reflection upon the changed conditions of human life since the century began to run its now almost completed course. Railways, steamships, ocean cables, the developments of electricity and all the other thousand and one marvels of man's conquest over nature have made wide-reaching changes in the ways of living and in all the activities of mankind. Business and the methods of business have been completely revolutionized, and Sir Thomas Lipton's history is out one of a number of instances that might be cited as proving that it is possible now to build up a business of vast extent that would formerly have to be the growth of generations. It is no longer necessary, as it was in former times, that commercial operations be confined to a limited area. The merchant princes of to-day regard the world as their field. There are many proprietary articles beside Lipton's teas, known to-day in every quarter of the civilized world, which have been introduced during the lifetime of their present proprietors, who are still in the prime of life. Without advertising, which is truly one of the great developments of the century, making it possible to reach and influence hundreds of thousands of persons simultaneously, such results could not be compassed. They would be as far removed from the actual and possible as are the wonders accomplished in the fairy tale by the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. One of the modern millionaires Aladdins, who began to rub his magic lamp only some ten years ago, was in Winnipeg not many days since, in the person of Mr. George T. Fulford, whose advertising expenditures in connection with his business now amount to \$1,000,000 a year. Most of this is spent on newspapers. When he started out to acquaint the world with his enterprise, he had a small business in Brookville, Ontario. He now has agencies in every country in the world where business can be done. Readers of English newspapers and periodicals will remember on what an extensive scale he has conducted his advertising campaign in Great Britain. For a year he spent in advertising in Great Britain five dollars for every dollar that came in. But when the tide turned, his ships began to come home richly laden. In Paris he regularly takes four-fifths of a page in Le Petit Journal, which has the largest daily circulation in the world—1,100,000. Four-fifths of a page is the largest space it will allow any advertiser, and the price of that space is \$2,000 francs each insertion, or \$2,400—which is less than what it would cost to deliver 1,100,000 circulars as effectively to the readers of Le Petit Journal. Mr. Fulford's success is a striking proof of the fact that the business man who believes in advertising and has good judgment in selecting the proper channels for advertising most effectively, is sure to see his business grow. The most effective advertising is newspaper advertising. It brings to the knowledge of the buyer the hundreds of improvements and articles by which life can be made more pleasant. "It is but the simple truth to assert," says a recent writer, "that the loss of the information which the advertisements furnish would be one of the greatest imaginable misfortunes to civilization." How much better we should be able to realize the everyday life of the ancient civilizations that have disappeared, if advertising had only been known in those remote times as we know it now, and could disinter from the buried ruins of Asiatic or Egyptian cities such records of contemporary life as we have nowadays in the advertising columns of our newspapers.—Winnipeg Free-Press.

COMMUNICATIONS

Frost and Granolithic Walks.

(To Editor of The Post.)

Sir,—I notice in yesterday's issue of your daily a communication from Mr. O. Bigelow in reference to the walks now being laid on our front street. I am very much afraid friend Bigelow is not a good authority on such matters, as I notice that in the city of Toronto cement walks are yearly in course of construction until the snow frosts, and at the present time, a very large contract is under way in London, Ont., which cannot be finished inside of the next two months. I think it would be better for man of Mr. Bigelow's stamp to get properly informed as to the matter, as the public on such matters.—Yours, etc., EXPERT.

The Conic's Dislike of Criticism.

(To Editor of The Post.)

Sir,—In yesterday's Evening Post you report the proceedings of the meeting of council on Monday night. Mayor Walters seems to be somewhat exercised about the letter you were kind enough to insert for me on Monday. He seems to be quite a mind reader—he seems to know positively that I know nothing about cement walks. Well, I will try and be accurate in saying that if all he knows, and all he does know, about such subject, was put together, it would make a first-rate treatise on cement walks. For the Mayor's informant on I may say is an expert's opinion, and some time before I wrote the letter, and this man's opinion I consider quite as good as the Mayor's or Engineer's, or Assistant Engineer's, and agrees with my view of the matter. The makers of cement say that frost destroys fresh cement, and I think they ought to know. The fresher it is the more it would be injured by frost, and the more it is injured, the more being put down will not be well seasoned before the frost comes; consequently, in the language of my letter, "are liable to the wearing qualities," and I am sure I am right. If the town authorities give permission, I am quite willing to put up five dollars, (as the Mayor says) for five less, provided the Mayor puts up an equal amount,—the winnings to be given to some charitable object or institution to be named by winner. I have the same opinion as to plank anywhere near the centre of the road between Mr. Carter's store and Mr. Gregory's store, and if successful I will put up another five dollars, and I am sure that I can nail down a piece of plank near the centre of the pavement anywhere between the Ontario Bank and the Dominion Bank, and this is the first time I said to be the best piece of work done in the town.

Peat Fuel and Other Things.

(To the Editor of The Post.)

Mr. Editor,—In a recent issue of the Toronto Globe there was an article headed "Ontario's Coming Fuel," which it was thought would be noticed and commented on in the Lindsay papers, as the subject was of importance not only to this town but to the entire province of Ontario. The article in question occupied about two columns of the Globe, and the remarks went to show that there are immense peat beds in this country which, when utilized, must greatly reduce the price of fuel, and not only "deprive coal monopoly," but reduce the price of wood. The cost of wood in this town at present has greatly advanced and is not much behind the price in Toronto, and that city is well supplied from many directions.

It appears from what has been stated that peat has been found in great abundance in several localities, and that "logs of excellent peat" are found in Ontario and throughout the Dominion. Great companies are now being formed in many places for the manufacture of this fuel, and patents have been taken out for the great improvement of peat, that peat is sold for about half of the present price of that article. The Globe article says that, "As a domestic fuel it is ideal, clean to handle, free from cinders, soot and sulphur. There was no room for doubt on the score of quantity, the peat beds of Ontario being almost unlimited." Another fact is that some of the outside branches it has been proved that the peat can be manufactured for market at less than a dollar per ton. Even at that price, it would be that this magnificent profit could be obtained. Companies are now operating with peat near Stratford, and at Barrie, and at Beaverton, and at Kirkfield; also at Picton, at Perth at Brockville, and at Welland. Then, speaking of Lindsay, the Globe quotes its correspondent as saying: "There must be one hundred thousand acres of peat land in Ontario. There is an immense bed at Lindsay, through which the Trent Canal is being cut, and it is claimed that 300,000 tons of the material have already been excavated." No doubt the correspondent meant that there was an abundance of peat in the vicinity of Lindsay, as it is alleged that vast quantities of that material could be dredged into scows from several places even along the Seagow river boundaries up and down, and that immense deposits of peat are available in many other places near this town and within the county of Victoria. This, then, with the many other natural advantages possessed by Lindsay, ought to make it, as a correspondent lately observed, a city within ten years. Get your proposed railroads

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHAS. H. FITCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Information Wanted (To the Editor of The Post.) Sir,—Would you kindly request your municipal correspondent to give details of the construction and cost—per square or running foot—of the experimental gravel and cedar sidewalk recently put down opposite the new elevator on King-st., east ward. Was it intended by the local board of works to be left in the form of a terrace, a sort of a grip for the horses crossing to the elevator, or is it to be levelled down so pedestrians can walk dryshod on the cedar stringers? If the latter process is to be adopted, would it not be a great saving of labor, which now is scarce and high-priced, to use larger and broader ties, (of course, with the consent of the C.P.R. Co.) and not follow too closely the form of the cedar pole crossings adopted in other parts of the town. Cedar, when buried in mud, is well known to be a durable material for crossings, as the examples of buried cedar block crossings, amply testify, and there can be no serious objection to the use of cedar ties or poles, provided there is a sufficiently flat surface made wide enough for ordinary flat-footed pedestrians.

I would also request of Mr. Mills to give, through the medium of the Evening Post, the opinion of the architect, or any other expert on sidewalk-walks, as to its liability to injury by frost, also if the use of tile piping or other pipes for drainage, may be so disturbed by spring floods, and cedar construction. This information will be of service to outside cities that contemplate the use of the Lindsay cedar tie and gravel walk. In regard to the danger from frost, Mr. Bigelow has already demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the majority of your readers, the importance of the point in regard to laying the road materials on a perfectly dry foundation, though he may have overlooked the fact that Lindsay mud is not the same as the common kind, nor is it so liable to be disturbed by spring floods, and hence less danger to the superstructure. If this be a fact, according to the experts, it would be a good thing to give the poorly paid contractors an extra 50 per square foot to insure or guarantee the walks for a term of years, covering the drying-out-process.—Yours respectfully, AN OLD RATEPAYER.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

FREE

It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHAS. H. FITCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Information Wanted (To the Editor of The Post.) Sir,—Would you kindly request your municipal correspondent to give details of the construction and cost—per square or running foot—of the experimental gravel and cedar sidewalk recently put down opposite the new elevator on King-st., east ward. Was it intended by the local board of works to be left in the form of a terrace, a sort of a grip for the horses crossing to the elevator, or is it to be levelled down so pedestrians can walk dryshod on the cedar stringers? If the latter process is to be adopted, would it not be a great saving of labor, which now is scarce and high-priced, to use larger and broader ties, (of course, with the consent of the C.P.R. Co.) and not follow too closely the form of the cedar pole crossings adopted in other parts of the town. Cedar, when buried in mud, is well known to be a durable material for crossings, as the examples of buried cedar block crossings, amply testify, and there can be no serious objection to the use of cedar ties or poles, provided there is a sufficiently flat surface made wide enough for ordinary flat-footed pedestrians.

I would also request of Mr. Mills to give, through the medium of the Evening Post, the opinion of the architect, or any other expert on sidewalk-walks, as to its liability to injury by frost, also if the use of tile piping or other pipes for drainage, may be so disturbed by spring floods, and cedar construction. This information will be of service to outside cities that contemplate the use of the Lindsay cedar tie and gravel walk. In regard to the danger from frost, Mr. Bigelow has already demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the majority of your readers, the importance of the point in regard to laying the road materials on a perfectly dry foundation, though he may have overlooked the fact that Lindsay mud is not the same as the common kind, nor is it so liable to be disturbed by spring floods, and hence less danger to the superstructure. If this be a fact, according to the experts, it would be a good thing to give the poorly paid contractors an extra 50 per square foot to insure or guarantee the walks for a term of years, covering the drying-out-process.—Yours respectfully, AN OLD RATEPAYER.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

FREE

It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the Town of Nogoood. On the banks of the River Slow, Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, Where the Sometime-erother scents the air, And the soft Goceays grow? It lies in the valley of Whatsehouse, In the province of Leterside; And that dried feeling is native there, It's the home of the reckless idiotere, Where the Giveupts abide. It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And it is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and slide Down the slope of Weakwills toogooan slide To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the fig of years, It is wrapp'd in the fog of idlers' dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears.

900 DROPS CASORIA FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHAS. H. FITCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

J. J. WETHERUP AT MY NEW SHOW ROOMS CORNER SUSSEX AND PEEL STS. LINDSAY

H. HOLTORF still continues his Undertaking Business as usual. Charges very moderate.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP AGENCY. Call and see or write us re Steamship rates and sailings.

TOILET SETTS. 12 only, 10 piece Setts. The above is a portion of a bill of goods just to hand. They include setts at from \$1.75 to \$6.00 each, representing