Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per package. Samples free. KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c. Sold by A. Elginbotham, Lindsay

Post. Canadian

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 29, 1895.

By JOHN MACKIE.

Copyright, 1895, by Frederick A. Stokes Com-

neither know nor care. Jeannette, however, says she came of good stock. But while we are on this subject don't misunderstand me; if the girl's name were Smith or Robinson, she might still be every whit as much of a lady as she is now-the 'rank is but the guinea stamp,' after all, and is too often put on deuced inferior metal. But since you are on this racket I may say she bears a name that is as good as if not better than most borne by our English aristocracy, and you advance the speculation that she has a drop of good blood!"

He stopped abruptly and laughed in a silent and significant fashion. Then he continued, as if arguing the matter out with himself:

"No; the race that took a score of generations to develop hereditive traits and patrician graces cannot have altered so much in two or three generations, even although the lot of the latter has been a hand to hand struggle with adverse circumstances in a strange, new country and with stern surroundings." Then, as if conscious that he had be-

trayed a little more interest and warmth in his treatment of the subject than there was any occasion for, he added, with rather a feeble laugh:

"But all this is unimportant, and I don't care a rap for one woman more than for another. But at the same time I can't help thinking it is a confounded shame of old St. Denis to tempt Providence and bring disgrace upon the girl as he is doing, knowing that she is breaking her heart over it all the time. There is nothing of the money grub about her that there is about the father; she is good hearted, sensitive and proud, and, by Jove, she has got the right metal in her too! I never saw Jamie get such a complete taking down before, not even when the late assistant commissioner snubbed him in the orderly room for trying to bully a corporal." And here he broke off what for him

was an unusually long speech and lit his pipe. He was unpleasantly conscious of the fact that his talk was becoming of a rather wild and personal nature. He was also aware of the fact that by saying he did not care for one woman more than for another he spoke as if he had been charged with so doing, when, indeed, nobody had dreamed of hinting at such a thing. But now the ill concealed look of surprise and significant slience of his comrade oroughe it home to him that he had betrayed an interest in Marie St. Denis which he wished to avoid expressing, far less feel.

But there is no royal immunity granted from the promptings of the human heart. Artificial surroundings and conventionalities may shield us from many wayward longings, but give the princess an opportunity of recognizing an affinity in the person of the plebeian, then all the laws and philosophy of man that ever have been or may be brought to bear in assisting to destroy the attachment so mysteriously formed cannot and never shall remove that unseen but potent bond that knits together two kindred souls. But there was no one going to interfere between Harry Yorke and any one whom he should chance to feel attracted by, unless, indeed, the impediments were of his own making.

But he made a common mistake it supposing that his own particular past and its experiences would make him proof against all emotional promptings in the future. His had been a natura: enough if not a common experience. He had been brought up to better things than his station in life would now have indicated. He had enjoyed his brief but bright existence as a man of fashion and pleasure while it had lasted. But evil days, which come to most of us, came to him, and the only thing that would have saved him from ruin-marriage with a rich but proud girl-he had not the courage to essay. He told himself and truly that had he remained in his former independent position he would undoubtedly have asked her to marry him, even although she could show a sovereign for every shilling he could. But what other construction could the world possibly put on his conduct if he asked her to marry him, now he was penniless, than that it was purely sordid and mercenary? And what would the girl herself think? Perhaps about this time he began to regret that he had let so many golden opportunities slip, for he had really admired her. But it was too late; his pride was too strong for him, and he had left England without as much as saying goodby. In six months' time he heard that the heiress was married, and inconsistently he jeered at woman's inconsistency. Perhaps he did not know that the woman whom in particular he jeered at had hailed at first with almost satisfaction the news of his ruined prospects, for she had thought the gay world would not have the same hold on him and she might win a fuller share of his affections-indeed, she had been ready and waiting to accept him if he only brought a moiety of that desired love for her, and nothing else. She would win it all in time. But perhaps she had not understood him. She gave him every enconragement and sign of her preference consistent with a woman's modesty and self respect. But his overweening pride had blinded him, and he could not see things in their proper light. In an impulsive spirit, born of mortification and

pique, she had married.
For some years, doubtless, his attitude toward women had been of a reprehensible and cynical nature. But latterly a more rational spirit had come to him, and he had seen clearly enough that he and not the woman had been in the But the experience had influ-

enced him; perhaps not for the better in a worldly point of view, for it had deadened ambition in him and caused him to pass through life as if his highest object in it were merely the acquiring of strange and novel experiences. He thought he had done with the one great experience of life. He was not aware of the fact that he had deluded himself and that he had not really loved, for if he had he would either have married the heiress and snapped his fingers at what the world might think or else he would not have tamely submitted to a supposititious inevitable without making some endeavor to overcome it.

Doubtless the dawning of the truth upon him by the awakening of a feeling that he had not dreamed himself capable of brought home the accusation to him that in his concentration on self he had caused others to suffer. 'The natural laws of retributive justice may be slow, but they are sure. In the dawn of a new life that he struggled against he was haunted by the upbraiding shadows of an old one.

CHAPTER VII. A couple of days had passed, the snow laden winds still blew fiercely, and the police party were kept close prisoners in St. Denis' ranch. As for the inspector, he continued to enjoy long spells of mental abstraction, lying on his buffalo robe on the floor before the stove, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. At long intervals, when he recognized the necessity of varying this species of entertainment, he would adjourn to the stable, where, sticking a straw in his mouth, he would keep the horses company for half an hour at a stretch. It was a redeeming point in his character that he seemed fond of animals. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Surely nature made a mistake when she gave Jamie some semblance of a man. Had she, for instance, made him a donkeya four legged one, of course-he might have posed as her supreme masterpiece. As for the sergeant, he seemed

strangely ill at ease. He could not settle to read. The friendly little wordy spars between his youthful comrade and the cheery little scout seemed to have lost all attraction for him, and as for indulging in conversation with his superior officer, as they had not two ideas in common, that was not to be thought of. The mere fact that the officer was comparatively uneducated would not have mattered in itself, but Jamie, having by contact with his brother officers become aware of his deficiencies, dreaded to expose his ignorance more than he could help. Moreover, being of a jeal ous nature, he imagined that when an educated man talked to him it was simply for the purpose of mystifying and ridiculing him. His normal condition, therefore, when with his intellectual superiors, was like a bear with a sore head. Jamie, however, would probably nave liked to go into the other room, and to see a little more of that interesting girl whom he had honored so openly by expressions of his admiration. But having heard the cunning little scout whisper to the private (as if he feared being overheard) that the dipper still remained full of boiling water upon the stove in the next room he lost all interest in the girl, and came to the conclusion that to talk to one in her position was derogatory to the dignity of an officer of the Northwest mountail po-

The others had sawed and cut up sufficient firewood to last the little household for a month and stacked it neatly in one of the outhouses. They had kept the buckets full of water, thrown down some hay for the few head of cattle in the corral and done other necessary work about the place. Indeed in pure gallantry Dick Townley, in spite of the protestations and warnings of Marie St. Denis (whom he seemed very anxious to favor with his attentions), would insist on one occasion on milking a certain cow that the girl warned him, though quiet enough generally, would probably resent the ministrations of a stranger. But the polite youth scouted the idea, and taking the pail from her hand started in to milk. When he picked himself np a few seconds later in a dirty and dazed condition from the neighborhood of the opposite wall and wondered where his cap and the pail had got to, he wisely concluded that it was a mistake and beneath the dignity of a mounted policeman to associate himself in any

and stupid animal as a cow. The sergeant on the afternoon of the second day, as if he could endure his own company no longer, had left his comrades amusing themselves according to their several ideas and betook himself to the next room. Marie St. Denis looked up from the book she was reading, and there was a quick and pleased recognition on her face as she saw who the visitor was, so perhaps, after all, there was no necessity for expressing it in words. Old Jeannette motioned him a chair near the stove and told him to sit down. The thoughtful and helpful ways of the troopers had commended themselves to her, and, moreover, when she considered that they were under the absolute authority of her pet antipathy, the inspector, her sympathetic nature regarded them with a great pity.

shape or form with such an ungrateful

"I see you have still got the inspector's shaving water on the stove, Jeannette," said the sergeant cheerily. "Sure, sure," said the old lady, "and the skunk will have it yet if he puts as

much as his nose inside the door." The girl had laid aside her book and was looking into the stove. Her two hands were folded on her lap in front of her. Through the mica slats in the stove the ruddy firelight gleamed and flickered upon her characteristically beautiful face and figure. She made a pretty picture. Then she gazed abstractedly at the glimmering of some of old-Jeannette's burnished culinary appliances as they hung against the opposite wall, but she seemed diffident in regard to looking at her visitor. He again scrutinized her thoughtfully for a few minutes without speaking. He noted the erect and beautiful poise of her head upon those graceful shoulders, the smallness and faultless symmetry of her hands and feet, her clearly cut and expressive features, that faint suspicion of the sun's kiss on her soft cheek, and the simple perfection of her plain, dark, close fitting dress, only relieved by the dainty white cuffs and collar. Hers was not merely a physically beautiful face, but it was an intellectually beautiful one, and not mere cold intellectuality-for intellect, in itself, is a cold thing-but there was in it that indefinable something that defies analysis-that which men try to express

"What have you been reading?" he asked her at length.

when they use the word "soul."

"An Australian story," she answered; "perhaps hardly a woman's book, but it is an exciting ore, and I have been

mensely. There is an awful abyss in it called Terrible Hollow, where the bushrangers used to hide; it is the sort of place to haunt one's imagination. Now, you have been in Australia; if I recollect rightly you told us so once. Do you think there ever was such a place as that hollow?" And she looked at him

"I think there are many such places," he said simply, "and one in particular, called the Grose valley, in the Blue mountains of New South Wales, that the author took his description from when he pictured Terrible Hollow. Indeed, I spent several days in it myself

"Oh, do tell us about it," cried the girl, her eyes lighting up with expectation. "This is positively interesting. Jeannette, didn't I tell you there was such a place and that if any one could tell us anything about it it was Mr. Yorke? Now, just imagine that Jeannette and I are a couple of big children, and that we are dying to know all about this place. Begin."

Perhaps it was the one thing that this usually reticent man most loved to talk about-the great works and wonders of nature that he had met with in the course of his nomadic career. And now he told them, in a simple, modest way that had no suspicion of pedantry about it, concerning this wild, almost subterraneous valley. As he warmed to his task he lost sight of his surroundings and described it with characteristic, graphic touches that held his listeners as if spellbound. They could almost believe they were in that faroff austral land. He pictured to them that great jagged rent on the tableland of the Blue mountains, that seemed to pierce into the very bowels of the earth, elation that he felt. The girl began to and whose sides went down sheer for show in a new aspect in his eyes. No 4,000 feet at a bound; how, viewed experienced coquette of the gay up to from the verge of this yawning, night- | date world could have applied the rack marish abyss, the white limbed giant | and released him again more skillfully encalypti, immense tree ferns and mon- than she had done. The very fact that strous fantastic old world flora, lurking in places where the sun never shone, were hardly discernible to the naked eve. and where, indeed, the pitiless, adamantine walls or rock made a twilight even in the daytime.

And how that cold and crystal stream that hurried through it, flung in the first place from the dizzy heights of Govett's Leap, pierced its way between cyclopean blocks of sandstone and through black subterranean passages-a veritable river of Styx-until it emerged into | o'clock, but then we don't have it at the bright sunshine again, on the other and lower side of the mountain, to form the Nepean river and help to swell the lordly Hawkesbury. Of such a place Milton or Dante might have dreamed. But suddenly recollecting himself he

stopped short. Though he had the powers of a born narrator he had no inordinate opinion of himself; now he asked himself, in a spirit of irony, if he were graduating for the lecture platform. "Why did you not stop me?" he cried

almost resentfully. "How I must have bored you! When I get wound up on such subjects there is no holding me; like the Saskatchewan, I go on forever." But the girl did not seem even to no-

tice this self deprecating speech. she had listened to his description the interest upon her face had become intense; she had sat in a state of rapt at-



"Oh, do tell us about it," cried the girl. tention, her hands clasped before her, resting on her knees. Then slowly she seemed to awake from wandering in that quaint old world valley-the deepest valley with perpendicular cliffs in the known world-to the stern, snowbound world of the frozen north, and the change was a remarkable one, truly. As for Jeannette, she had sat with wide open eyes and tingling ears, as if she listened to some of La Salle's adventures in the days of le bois coureurs. Australia seemed a farther off and more mythical country to her than that happy hunting ground of the Ojibways and the Crees. She felt a wholesome respect for a man who could tell of such wonderful places and at the same time hardly talk of himself at all. "Now," said the girl, "this book has

an interest for me that it had not before. But it is a sad book, and the moral is so evident"-

She checked herself abruptly as if she had said more than she intended to say. "Yes," he said musingly and with an unconscious, pitiless candor, "apart from the moral conveyed, it is simply the history of a natural sequence obeying one of nature's just laws. It is the inevitable tragedy which waits upon those lives whose downward career has begun by some apparently trifling divergency from the obvious path of duty until passion or the sordid love of gain has perverted the moral eyesight, and death alone can break the spell that binds the infatuated victim. Just think of those misguided men being shot down

like wild animals by the troopers"-He in his turn stopped abruptly. What on earth was he talking about to this girl? He had entirely lost sight of the awkward parallel and personal bearing that the imaginary case he had been discussing had upon the surroundings of this girl's own life. Had he forgotten what he was and what he was there for? Was it not bad enough to have unthinkingly put into this innocent girl's hands a book having such a direct personal application without parading his views upon it and running the risk of being considered as playing the part of a moral preceptor, though, to do him vexation at the false light he must appear in to this girl.

And now how could he right himself in her eyes without making matters worse? It was such a delicate subject and must surely only bring further pain and humiliation upon her. Surely she could not deem him guilty of such candid brutality. Fearfully he stole a look

And she, with that subtle intuition which some women possess, saw that

reading it to Jeannette, who likes it im- | he had suddenly realized what misconstruction might be put upon his unguarded moralizing. She was also true enough to her womanly nature to feel not a little secret gratification in the fact that the thought of it distressed him. Had it not, then it would have indicated lack of interest in her. She saw the horns of the dilemma he was on, and it was a touch of the spirit of old Mother Eye that made her affect to be-

lieve him guilty. "Oh, of course, you are right," she said coldly after a pause, "and I ought to feel obliged to you for the delicate way in which you have tried to inculcate better principles into us poor folks"-

But she was mistaken when she thought she could jest on such a subject, for her lip had quivered, and there was a pathetic ring in her voice as she brought the sentence to an abrupt close, And now as it flashed upon him that his conduct must have appeared in the

light of a deliberate insult his face became the picture of remorse and mortification. Truly a man is a blundering animal. But with not a little satisfaction she saw the perturbation of mind she had caused him, and, like the true woman that she was, came to his aid.

"Forgive me," she cried, and there was a hint of pity for him in her voice. "Do you think I am not a better judge of men than to suppose you guilty of such a thing? I saw from the first that you had not dreamed of preaching at us; it was wrong of me to try to joke on such a subject. Come, let us cry quits, though your punishment has been more than you deserved." There was a strange mixture of contrition and generous frankness in her voice.

He could hardly trust himself to answer her on account of the unwonted she had caused him temporary pain made him feel attracted by her. Then she rose from her seat, put on a

dainty beaver cap, pulled on a large loose fur coat and drew on her mitts. He rose to go.

"Oh, no, not till I come back," sha said pleasantly. "Jeannette will make some tea, and you must wait and have a cup with us. You see, we are quite fashionable folk here, and generally have a cup in the afternoon about 4 dinner, like most people in the northwest. I am going out to get some honey, which is in an underground cellar on the face of the butte, and won't be long. You see, it is my particular domain and not Jeannette's; hers is in making the best cup of tea ever you drank. Au re-

And with a graceful little courtesy that would have done credit to a court belle of the second empire, and a smile that seemed to banish care, she entered the little passage and passed out into the blizzard.

CHAPTER VIII.

Marie St. Denis was back again in less than ten minutes. When she opened the outer door, a gust of cold wind and a little cloud of fine powdery snow came in with her. Indeed it was frozen on her eyelids and cheeks, and for a moment she was scarcely recognizable.

"The drifting snow stings and pricks one's face like so many needle points," she exclaimed breathlessly. "Pray come to the light," said Harry

Yorke, taking her by the arm gently and leading her to the window. "One of your ears looks as if it had been nipped by the frost." And truly enough the lower lobe of

one of her small shell-like ears was frozen; it was as white as the snow itself. Two minutes' exposure to a sharp wind will often suffice to accomplish this not uncommon accident in these latitudes. He took off her beaver cap gently,

caught up a small handful of snow which had crusted one side of her buffalo coat, and, with one hand among the soft, gleaming tresses of her shapely head to steady it, with the other rubbed the nipped ear with snow. She submitted to the ordeal, as most people sooner or later learn to do in the northwest, as a matter of course, but with a somewhat heightened color. Luckily the frost bite was a slight one, and perhaps the pain occasioned by the thawing out process was inconsiderable, if indeed it pained at all. His prompt manipulation of the frozen lobe had minimized the unpleasant consequences usually attending such accidents.

But it was a remarkable thing that the operation took so much longer to perform than such operations usually do. Long after the ear had become a natural and healthy pink again-and she must have known very well that the frost had been driven out or it and the circulation of the blood restored-he continued clasping that beautiful head with one hand and rubbing that ear with the other. Her delicately flushed face and those bright eyes were dangerously near his then. Surely such a palpable dallying was a most reprehensible thing, but such things will be as long as human nature is human nature—as long as pretty girls will freeze their ears and there are accommodating young men handy to restore the suspended cir-

Perhaps he had not thought himself capable of the emotions that thrilled him when he felt the touch of that silky hair and that cool, soft skin of hers. What with that great pity with which he had begun to regard her, and what with the knowledge of the misery that he knew he must unwillingly have a share in bringing upon her, she was exercising a dangerous influence over him. Perhaps-and who knows?-if old Jeannette had not been there he might-for such things not infrequently happen-in a moment of unreasoning and irresistible impulse have caught her to him and told her how dear she had become to him. He could remember how, when putting on the skates of the heiress in the old country, the only feelings that he experienced when he had handled her dainty little feet were that her boots were uncommonly cold and clammy and that the steel sent an irresistible shiver through him. But then steel is not a beautiful thing like a justice, nothing had been further from | pretty girl's dainty ear. It was Jeanhis thoughts? He fairly bit his lips with | nette that came to the rescue of these

two forgetful mortals just then. "Allons-nous-en!" she cried. "Here is a cup of beautiful tea with the best of cream in it. Bless my heart, Marie, you must have had your ear very badly frozen indeed, it takes such a long time to thaw out!"

And the old lady chuckled grimly. In her youth her own ears had been frozen many a time and thawed out too. It was a significant thing that the rabbing should cease so suddenly and

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

that the pair should start apart so guilt-

"Thank you very much," said the girl. "How it must have bored you to rub such a long time!" She really meant nothing by this embarrassing speech; it was the only thing she could think of saying just then. People somehow will say things that they would like to have expressed differently on

"Don't mention it," he replied sheep shiy. "It was an uncommonly badly frozen ear-I mean, I don't think that it was of much account after all."

"Un, none whatever," she rejoine simply and without thinking this speech in any way remarkable. But their eyes met, and there was a half serious, laughing light in hers, and such a conscious stricken look in his that they both broke into a somewhat foolish and shamefaced laugh.

Then they sat in the early twilight and enjoyed Jeannette's tea. They did not drink it out of transparent china cups or chaste sevres, but out of plain, dead white porcelain that is associated with the Hudson Bay company's hardware department. And Jeannette poured it out of a little brown earthenware pot, of which the spout could hardly be said to be intact; but, so far as Harry Yorke was concerned, he only knew that it was most delicious tea and that he could not help saying so. They sat round the stove and chatted merrily, and under the cheering influence of the tea old Jeannette, with the volatile spirits of her race, kept them amused with some truly wonderful reminiscences she recounted. She possessed an almost inexhaustible fund of the folklore of these once wild regions; of the days-not so very long ago either-when the buffalo blackened the plains with their numbers; of the exciting adventures of the old French voyagers with the Indians; of the days of the old Northwest company and the Hudson Bay company, when Assiniboia, Manitoba and the territories generally were unknown or at least known only as a part of the Great American desert; of the days of Louis Riel and the first rebellion; reminiscences of Wolseley; what Fort Garry looked like in the old Red river days and of the second rebellion. In short, Jeannette was a living epitome of the

It grew dark, but still they sat talking and laughing; the cloud that threatened them had evidently lifted for the time being. It would have been a difficult thing for a stranger, seeing them sitting there, to have guessed the nature of the business that necessitated the presence of the police sergeant in that house. This individual, indeed, just then was watching the effect of the flickering firelight as it played upon the hair of Marie St. Denis, discovering a gleam of gold in it. He would have been perfectly content to sit there for an indefinite period, so satisfied was he with his occupation.

history of the great lone land.

To the next room, where the officer, the private and the scout sat, a peal of laughter had penetrated.

"What the devil's that?" suddenly cried the gentleman who represented her majesty. "I guess I he'rd that

"Sir, did you do me the honor of addressing yourself to me?" inquired the little scout, with gravity.

"Yes, stupid. I declare, Pierre, you grow stupider every day. I say, you constable, you Townley chap, what's that blanked row? It wasn't a horse, was it?" And Jamie's voice became tinged with anxiety.

"No, sir," was the reassuring answer of the private. "It is that beggar Yorkey-I beg your pardon, sir, I meant to say the sergeant-fooling with that pretty girl in the next room. And what a time he is having, to be sure!"

And at the thought of what he was losing the outspoken and precocious youngster turned over on his side and groaned.

"Is he-er-fond of that sort of thing?" queried the officer, angling, according to his wont, for information of an incriminating nature.

"Well, I should just say ra-ther," answered the private, somewhat unjustly, it must be confessed, but with an excusable desire to punish his superior overcoming his scruples. "Why, Harry is such a confirmed flirt that he'd make love to the black eyed goddess Night if he got the chance." "You don't say so! The devil he

would!" was the weak and dubious

Jamie did not feel quite certain that the private's reply committed the sergeant to any specific charge, so he did not care to pursue the matter further lest he should betray his ignorance as to the personality of the dark eyed Eve in question, who, he concluded, might only be some Toronto barmaid, after all.

The private noted with disappoint-(Continued next week.)

The trouble with



in ten are troubled with some derangement or irregularity in the action of the organs distinctly feminine. Neglect and wrong living will show them-selves first in the most delicate organs of the whole body. With such weakness and sickness so prevalent, it is to be expected that the bearing of children would be fraught with dread and danger. It should not be so, of course. Nature never meant it to be so. The performance of the high-est function of which a woman is capable should not be accompanied by pain. If perfectly natural living were the rule, it would not be so. As lives are lived, something else must be done. A remedy must thing else must be done. A remedy must be found. For over thirty years, Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During that time he has treated thousands of women. He has found in his "Favorite Prescription" a never-failing specific for female complaints. It strengthens the whole body and when taken during gestation, shortens the period of labor and makes childbirth well-nigh painless. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. Castoria.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

IOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons? Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed? Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of

its ingredients is published with every bottle? Do You Know that Cactoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher.

That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined? Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of

other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose? Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may

be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest : Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

James Keith.

## CLOVER SEED.

ised wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE



Thorough-bred and Farm Stock Insured at very Low Rates.

Fetch on your Seeds and get

your Farm Stock Insured at

JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET,

Hurley & Brady.

## ALL THE COMFORTS

Don't count for much unless your weekly grocery account is satisfactory and the quality right. I takes but a little thing to spoil the pleasure of a meal, and it takes but a trifle more to mar the peace of the household for a week.

YOUR WIFE CAN RUN

OF HOME

Your household ever so much easier, more economical, and with infinitely less friction and domestic infelicity, if you will permit her to buy the family groceries from us.

\*\*\*\*\*

WE KEEP THE RIGHT GOODS

> and pay particular attention to quality. heard of shoddy dry goods, maybe? Well, there's shoddy groceries too,-more than you suspect, perhaps. The desire to make an extra profit induces some dealers to buy them, and of course the consumer suffers.

We pin our business honor to our goods as a guarantee that quality and price are right. If goods do happen to turn out unsatisfactory-as they sometimes will-we take them back. Can anything be fairer?

·····

HURLEY & BRADY,

Family Grocers, East of the Benson House, Lindsay.

The Post.

THE POST JOB DEPARTMENT.

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

Emu Soda healt prev gain an ot

ford

weig

sion. but i Don's Scott THE ever

SCHSCRIP! REMITTAN manner at and Expre be sent at you remit RENEWAL ensure un

CHANGE name when LETTERS 8 The

LINDS

Report A Orent 3 Mesuits

had a pr this year Experime ties of of Packet has ties know the form bushels 4 72 bushelt Of Tall grown ar given by which yi per acre. ties have crops real Hungaria sent to 1 test by B Hungary. pounds p lowed by

bred sorts

Farm, wh

40 pounds

two-rowed

Of bark

director a

lific sort new hybri crossing o ties with bushels 16 est yielder was the 1 of 58 bush lowed by Success, V of 51 bush pounds an In peas, been grow have been given by sorts pro Fielded 54 The seas one for co 274 tons land. The rural thon gave 21 1-2 best was which gav

of mixed 75 tons. and sunflo y have al horse bean lbs, of gre of sunflow These co excellent f been convi course of department Mangels

Long Red The larges crop of 23 t closely fol White inte ions 120 lbs nips have r has prevail

ose engagin

tone 110 lbs

n the year n the early id, the vess

According very few of

borne to the hem to keep tresult 35 to will remain the time arrived from the time arrived from the time arrived from the time and the time and the time and the time and the time arrived from the tim