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Canadian Bost. LINDSAY, FR!DAY, DEC 20, 1895.

SINNERS TWAIN.

(Continued from last week.) journey over the prairie may be a monotonous one, but to the thinker and lover of nature in her many moods the spirit of grim utilitarianism in the presence of the engine that hurries him along is lost sight of. There is instead a realization of that glamour which surrounds our youthful conceptions of the illimitable new world prairie lands, where from the rising to the setting sun the picturesque red man and the countless herds of buffalo reigned supreme. It is more than a glimpse of that mystic prairie whose very air is pregnant with remance, and which will stir the blood in the veins of youth and fire the imagination of old as well as young for all time to come-at least until man has been evolved into that in which all traces of his savage ancestry have been lost and therefore the old instincts cease to move him.

Swift Current and the welcome intimation, "Luncheon is served in the dining car." And those of the passengers who could afford 50 cents made for the second last car-that hotel upon wheels where, be it said in justice to the Canadian Pacific railway, one can always get a substantial and very daintily served little meal, a good glass of wine and a fairly good cigar at a moderate figure.

"You and Pierre can go in and have your lunch," said Harry Yorke to Townley. "I don't feel like it at present. I'll come in later and get a cup of

"Why, Harry," said the youth, "don't let it"-but he broke off suddenly when he looked at his comrade's face and only said: "I'm sorry you don't feel like it, old chap. If I didn't know you, I'd say you stood on the dignity of your three stripes. Allons, San-

And the idea regarding the stripes so seemed to tickle the irreverent youngster that he indulged in a grim chuckle. For the noncommissioned officers of the mounted police, be it said to their credit, relied in reality more upon the force and influence of their individuality than any mere supremacy which rank gave them, which of course was essential in its way. Then the private caught the little scout by the arm and marched him along toward the well appointed Pullman dining car. Here a little incident occurred, trifling in itself, but serving to show the comedies we sometimes unwittingly take part in.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Dick Townley and Pierre entered the dining car, they found that they could not get seats together and so sat down at different tables. Opposite the former at the same table-each table is seated for four-were two gentlemen whom he had never seen before. One was a tall, spare, goodly featured man with a military appearance. He was dressed after the prevailing English fashion, wearing a norfolk jacket and knicker breeches. The other was a stont, elderly gentleman who wore a frock coat and was unmistakably Frenchman. By his manner, which was not unkindly, he seemed to be some one of consequence. This conclusion, to a stranger, would have been further fostered by the way the attendants waited upon him. But Private Townley was hungry, and as he considered, properly enough, that a mounted policeman, as long as he behaved himself, was just as good as any other body he sat down opposite the Frenchman of consequence aforesaid and politely requested the English looking gentleman to pass him the bill of fare. This the latter did, with a pleasant smile.

· The two friends, as they seemed to be, went on talking pleasantly together, apparently oblivious of the private's presence, and the latter went on with his lunch. Gradually the car somewhat emptied again, but still the two men opposite Dick Townley sat talking, and he still leisurely continued eating. The English looking gentleman had ordered a large bottle of claret, and he and his friend were enjoying it. At length the two in the course of their conversation drifted into a controversy as to the pronunciation of the Latin word ecce, as used in the title "Ecce Homo."

"I tell you what"-Dick did not catch the name-"the pronunciation is 'es-ce.' The first 'c' like an 's,' you know," said the English looking gen-

"No. colonel, I shan't have it' ("Americans, after all," said Dick to himself), "one ought to pronounce it like 'ekky.' 'C' like a 'k,' you know," rejoined the French looking gentleman pleasantly.

"Not at all," said the other. "I'm sorry to differ from you, but-I wonder how we can settle this?"

He looked hard at Dick, who was modestly draining the last of his pint of Carling, and seemingly satisfied with his scrutiny addressed him quietly.

"Do you, Constable-er"-"Townley," suggested Dick, wondering somewhat at this formal but correct mode of address. "At least I understand they christened me so."

"Well, Constable Townley-but pass your claret glass. I don't think it will disagree with the beer."

He filled up Dick's glass, no dissent

"Might I ask you if you happen to know the proper pronunciation of the word ecce-'Ecce Homo,' you know! Is it not pronounced 'es-ce?' "
Sorry to disagree with you, - answered Dick, with brutal candor, "but

you're wrong." The smile on his face, however, somewhat made up for the disappointment

conveyed in the words. The English looking gentleman's face fell somewhat; the other laughed loudly and seemed much elated. "There, now, colonel!" he cried.

Didn't I tell you you were wrong?

time. Surely one of us must be right." "Doesn't follow," rejoined the youth

wrong, colonel."

pleasant smile.

same brutal comment, with the same

The two gentlemen stared blankly at

one another for a minute, and the one

who wore the knicker breeches said

somewhat dryly, but still with a cer-

"Then how do you pronounce the

word? And perhaps you might give us.

your authority for so doing at the same

tain significant deference:

easily, but modestly. "There's a third way, if you recognize such a thing as a classical precedent, and that is to pronounce it as if it were Ex-ce Homo, the 'c' like 'x,' you know. Cambridge is my authority." Then he added with a deprecatory little laugh as he held his half empty claret glass up to the light and regarded it with the air of a connoisseur: "But, hang it all, you know, gentlemen, I don't see why you should take such a trifling little matter of use and wont so seriously. Besides, Cambridge is not immaculate, or the world, after all. It has its little affectations just like other places, for which it can no more give logical reasons than I could if I said the devil spoke the Irish language and spelled his name with an h. You've got institutions in the States that could lay Cambridge long odds in many lines, I've no doubt. At the same time don't think I mean to disparage Cambridge."

At this stage of the proceedings Dick heard a violent fit of coughing. Looking over the left shoulder of the Frenchman, he caught a glimpse of the round moonlike face of Pierre, the scout. On it was a strange look of mingled consternation, entreaty and warning. Seeing that he had attracted the private's attention, Pierre straightway indulged in a violent facial pantomime, which, however, failed in its object, in that it only awakened a sense of the ludicrousin the light hearted private, who could make, so to speak, neither head nor tail of it. That the scout meant to convey some information to him was evident. But surely to observe such mystery was absurd. Dick Townley regarded him sternly. He dearly relished a joke at the little scout's expense.

"I say, Pierre," he said loud enough for the scout to hear and talking over the stout gentleman's shoulder, "what on earth is the matter with you? You put me in mind of a sick monkey or a nigger with St. Vitus' dance. Can't you behave like a Christian? Come right forward and talk out like a man if you have anything to say. But, Sancho, old chap, perhaps you'd like to do another bottle of beer first. Just give that little round metal business a dig on the top with your fist. In polite society the vernacular for this is 'jerking the tickler.' Don't forget that, Pierre."

But Pierre had risen with a look of horror on his face, and without bestowing another look upon the private made his way out of the car as quickly as his | tories, and the other is one of your short legs would carry him.

"Nor yet I," echoed the stout gentleman, looking curiously at his compan-

Then, as if something remarkably funny had occurred to the three of them, they leaned back in their seats and indulged in a hearty laugh. Just at that moment, in the mirror that faced the private at the far end of the car, he saw the door behind him open, and Harry Yorke, the sergeant, looked in. In that mirror he caught his eyes, though his back was to him, and there was a peculiarly puzzled and concentrated look in them. Dick called out:

"I say, Harry—sergeant, I mean." It would not do to be too familiar before the general public. "Deuce take it! He's gone too! Why, what on earth is the matter with them, I wonder?" This air of mystery was really annoying.

The two friends appealed to seemed to discover another good joke and laughed heartily. Somehow the private could not exactly see what they were laughing at this time.

"Was that Sergeant Yorke?" quietly asked the gentleman with the knicker

"All there is meant for him," was the explicit reply. "But you seem to know him," Dick added, somewhat sur-"I have the honor of being slightly

acquainted with him," was the unconcerned reply.

Somehow his manner did not invite further inquiry into the matter, and Dick Townley rose from the table. He wanted to get back into the smoking car and have a pipe of "T. & B." "I'll bid you good afternoon, gentlemen," he said, bowing with a certain deference, for Dick Townley, in spite of the unconventionality and freedom of his ways, had no thought of being forward or forgetting his position.

"Good afternoon," echoed the two friends pleasantly. "Stay a minute," said the stout gentleman, holding out his cigar case. "Try one of these cigars. You'll find

them good, I think." "Thanks very much," said Dick, choosing one. "There are so many cabbage leaves floating about in this country that it is a treat to run across a decent cigar now and again-so very good

"Not at all. Delighted, I'm sure rejoined the stout gentleman, and in another instant the youth had left the

"'You bet,' as they say across the lines," soliloquized Dick, with the sublime magnanimity and loftiness of youth, "that these two chaps are Dig mucky mucks in their own little tintop place, wherever that may be." He was right. But then a tract of

country that in extent is about the size of Europe is not exactly a "little tintop place."

The private made his way to the smoking car, where he found the sergeant and the little scout. The latter, on catching sight of him, sprang to his feet and was about to say something, when the sergeant checked him by a sudden gesture.

"Well, Dick, had a good time?" queried the sergeant in a dry and rather significant tone of voice that unaccount ably nettled and mystified the private.

"So so, thanks," was, however, the imperturbable reply. But why do you ask? By the way, why didn't you come into the 'diner' that time, instead of only shoving your head inside the door and going out again?"

"Oh, I merely didn't want to intrude. But what were you gassing to them about? Favoring them with one of your little philosophical dissertations on things in general. Eh?"

Somehow Dick Townley did not like

the tone his superior adopted. It net-

It's e-k-k-y. 'Eksy Homo, Mr. -er Townley, is it not? I knew you were the sergeant was cross examining him "But you're wrong, too," was the



"I'll bid you good afternoon, gentlemen." on purpose to bring confusion upon him. But the worldly wise youth was not the one to be taken at a disadvantage. If there was anything wrong, that was his affair. Neither the sergeant nor the scout was going to make him the butt of any joke. He shaped his answer accordingly.

"Well," said he, sitting down, putting his feet on the seat opposite and deliberately lighting his cigar, "you see, Harry, these two chaps were somewhat dicky about their Latin. One of them-the fat one-appealed to me as to whether his way was not the right one and his companion's the wrong in pronouncing a certain word"-"And you"-

"Told him flatly he was wrong, to be

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, Dick, you've enough policy to qualify you for the post of prime minister one of these fine days. You're sure to get a commission in the force anyhow. And what did you say to the man in the knicker breeches?" asked the sergeant, with an irritating vein of sarcasm in his voice.

"Oh, I told him he was wrong also!" was the watchful reply. "Do you think, Harry, I am one of those amiable nonentities that go about agreeing with every one when I happen to know that I am right when others are wrong? I don't suppose they would have admired me any the more for having agreed with them. They seemed pretty decent, chummy fellows. But, by the way, Harry, the one with the knicker breeches seemed to know you. Do you know who they are?"

"Slightly," was the reply and with a furtive look at his comrade's face. "I've had the honor of turning out the guard at Regina and presenting arms to them both on several occasions. The stout one was the lieutenant governor, Joseph Royal, of the Northwest Terrisuperior officers, Lieutenant Colonel "Well, I never!" said Dick Townley | Herchmer, assistant commissioner of the Northwest mounted police force. Oh, I can assure you, my boy, you were in quite respectable company." There was a dead pause for a second.

Harry Yorke looked pityingly at his comrade's face, as if he expected to see that look of self assurance change to one of confusion and mortification. The little scout's large bulging black eyes fairly danced in his head as he prepared to enjoy the expected denouement. But he was to suffer disappointment. Dick Townley observed these signs as he blew a larger wreath of smoke than usual out of his mouth and nipped, as it were, in the bud an impulse to utter a rather pronounced ejaculation. He never even once shifted in his seat, but continued the conversation as if he had heard nothing extraordinary.

"Indeed," said he calmly and with a look of candor and simplicity. "Now l can understand what o'clock it is, for I could not quite make out what Herchmer was driving at when he said in the course of our rather chatty conversation that he knew my uncle, the general, in England, and he hoped that when in Regina I'd take a walk over to his diggings now and again, when he'd endeavor to show me some attention. Of course I didn't understand that he was one of my officers-the sly beggar, not to refer to the fact. But perhaps he felt some little delicacy upon that pointsome scruples regarding my feelings or something of that sort. There's nothing like keeping in with the powers that be, Harry, you know, and you bet I'll do

"The devil!" muttered the amazed and now thoroughly disgusted Harry. As for Pierre, the scout, his eyes fairly started out of his head, his under jaw dropped, and his gaze became fixed. His "dear Richard," as he frequently called the private. sometimes indeed astonished him, but had never done so

as much as on this occasion. "And Joe Royal, he's not a bad sort of fellow either," continued Dick as if soliloquizing. "He wanted me to stay in the car and finish another bottle with them. But as I had already sampled their wine and cigars pretty freely I said I'd join them later in the day and honor them with my presence. Doesn't do, you know, to make oneself too cheap. Royal said, when I asked him where he was bound for, that he was going to Regina, like myself." At this piece of information the sergeant groaned, and the private, asking him sharply what the matter was with him, but receiving no response, proceeded again: "He also expressed his regret that he had not his cardcase with him. However, I gave him my card, whereupon he expressed the hope that I would be able to come over to dinner at his place one of these days. He said there were some people in the neighborhood whom he thought

I'd like to meet." "Oh, of course," broke in the sergeant, with a voice so freezingly polite that it seemed to afford the precocious youth considerable amusement. "Of course he meant the commissioner, the assistant commissioner; perhaps the governor general, Hayter Reed, the Indian commissioner; Nicholas Flood intellectual impenetrability. Your utter lack of the perceptive faculty borders on the sublime! And you didn't seem to ity. think it strange when he did not give you his card? Oh, no, I don't suppose you thought about that at all!"

At the bare thought of the story the two magnates would have to relate concerning his friend the sergeant grew hot and cold by turns. He had meant to overwhelm the luckless private with a sense of shame, but here was that in-

wonders would never cease. been punished sufficiently, so turned his attention to the luckless scout to put the finishing touch, as he mentally con-

strued it, on him. "As for you, Pierre, the assistant commissioner asked what the matter was with you-that time you were making faces at me in the car and went out so hurriedly. I am sorry if I should have done wrong, but I fear I said, to excuse your extraordinary behavior, that you had been indulging a little too freely. Indeed, to tell the truth, I said you had been on a prolonged spree and were hardly responsible for your actions. However, as I promised Herchmer I'd look him up again tonight in the private Pullman, I'll fix it all right again for | to go up before his commanding officer you."

Poor Pierre sat limp, the picture of apprehension (he was on his last trial) and with the cold sweat starting from him. He was unable to utter a word.

Dick Townley rose with an air of unruffled and benign composure, threw away the stump of his cigar and went over to the bookstall to buy a book from the news agent.

"I rather think that fetched them,"

said this unsophisticated and innocent youth to himself. "You see, Harry had it all his own way with that pretty girl at St. Denis' ranch-not another chap could get an inning at all-and besides he thought to extinguish me altogether with that wonderful news of his a minute or two ago. Pierre also has been getting rather cocky lately and wanted taking down a peg. When one goes in for turning the tables, one wants to take sweeping and active measures, or else something will be recoiling and damaging one. Great Scott! but now I come to think of it I did tell the assistant | es any liberties taken by newcomers in commissioner when he asked me what | the force, stands somewhat in dread of I thought of the force 'that it wouldn't | this great 6 foot 3 giant, who is a be a bad sort of outfit to be in if they could only manage to hang one or two of the officers and put some brains into one or two of the others.' Well, I am a bright sort of bird after all!"

As he reseated himself his face wore a somewhat thoughtful and preoccupied air. Abstractedly he whistled the "Dead March In Saul'' in a minor key. After all, Dick's triumph was not

unlike all earthly ones-it was not un-

CHAPTER XV.

The headquarters of the Northwest mounted police force at Regina stand on a site as drearily featureless and wretched for the herding together of human beings as ever the most interested or disinterested of mortals fixed upon. No rolling prairie here to unfold to the traveler every few miles some varying scene suggestive of change and restful to the eye and the senses. Nothing but a dead level-a seemingly interminable plain as far as the eye could reach, a prairie without a tree, a stick, a stone or a hillock higher than an ant hill to break the appalling reiteration and maddening monotony of the weary landscape. In winter a snow clad, wind swept, blizzard haunted wilderness; in spring and summer, when it rains, a quagmire of the most oleaginous and tenacious mud that ever stuck to boots worn by human beings. But this mud grows excellent wheat, and the people, as a rule, do not emigrate merely in search of the picturesque.

"By what strange paths and crooked ways" the town of Regina and the Northwest mounted police barracks came to be placed where they are is one of those mysferies left to puzzle the student of history in the time to come. All honor, however, to the energetic inhabitants of Regina, to those who have administered its affairs and its able press, that they have made their city what it now is. You in particular, Nicholas Flood Davin, and Mowat, have been men among thousands.

But it is the headquarters of the Northwest mounted police force and not the town of Regina that we have to to with. The barracks are situated some two miles west of the town and constitute in themselves a goodly village, with their great octagon shaped wa. tank, like a tower, in the center, flagstaff, handsome riding school, large stables and other buildings. They stand on the banks of the Wascana creek, the favorite haunt and breeding place of the festive mosquito in the spring, and upon the whole are not a particularly inspiriting sight. If rumor speaks truly, and rumor must be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt, the enterprising individual who sold this site to the police force for so much cash and some say the promise of a commission in the force had the best of the bargain.

Entering the barracks by the principal gateway, one passes the great flagstaff on the right and on the left the long, low wooden guardroom where Louis Riel, Gaudier, Racette and other enemies to the law and their own freedom of action enjoyed for a period the enforced hospitality of the provost sergeant and at last one fine morning walked out of the window at the gable end of the building to pay the penalty of their misdeeds. The rope that hanged the famous rebel Riel is one of the longest ropes on record, for Jack Henderson, the worthy Scot from the island of Bute, who hanged him, is accredited with having sold at least several miles of that same rope. After all, Jack Henderson only hanged the man who, on one occasion, came very near to hanging him. It was only right that Jack should be allowed to use a long rope.

In front of the guardroom, pacing up and down upon the sidewalk between huge banks of snow, is the sentry, minus his carbine, for it is 80 degrees below zero, and cold steel is a dangerous thing to handle in such a low temperature. He resembles nothing so much as a huge bear, with his great shaggy buffalo coat, his capacious collar up over his ears, fur cap and long brown stockings folded below the knee. Of course in such weather he wears no long top boots, but moccasins. On the west side of the square are two large blocks of two storied barrack rooms for the men. In front of No. 1 passage the sick parade has fallen in, and the or-Davin, M. P.; Sir W. C. Van Horne | derly corporal is standing by, ready to and a few others-like yourself, you | march off the little row of unfortunates know. Oh, fire away, Dick! I did not | to the doctor the minute the bugle is think it were possible for any human | sounded. But to the credit of the medbeing to arrive at such a lofty pitch of | ical staff of the police force be it said they are capable of performing their duties with marked ability and human-

And now, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, the sidewalks of the square are thronged with men, hurrying backward and forward as if their lives depended on it. There are 200 or 300 souls in the barracks, and what with parades of one kind and another, rides, drills, fatigues, etc., they have a busy time of it. Regina, generally speaking,

tled him strangely, for it argued there | |dividual, to talk figuratively, wallowing | is the bete noire of the mounted policewas a screw loose somewhere and that | in it, like a hog in the mire. Well, man. It is the training school he has to pass through before being sent to one But Dick thought the sergeant had | of the far and many outposts scattered throughout the territories.

A quarter to 11 now, and there is another little group of men opposite No. 1 passage ready to fall in before the orderly room bugle call sounds. This is, generally speaking, the parade of the day, the one round which most interest centers. For it consists of delinquents, and their individual demeanors, under trying and peculiar circumstances, present interesting studies to the student of character or psychology. How quickly one can spot the raw recruit, who with his outwardly unconcerned face and hectic laugh, but with that peculiarly anxious and concentrated look in his eye betraying him, is about for the first time, to be charged with the terrible crime "in that he did allow a horse to break away from him when leading it to water" on the previous day, or something of a like treasonable nature.

Moreover, as there is no fixed scale of punishment in this force, a man who happens to be disliked by a certain officer may find himself heavily fined or even imprisoned when another man goes scot free for a more serious offense. A certain able and conscientions member of parliament, however, a year or two ago, taught certain autocratic police officials that there was a limit to despotism in her majesty's service.

It needs no one to point out the old offender. There he is, cool as a cucumber and with a hardihood that positively fills the young recruit aforesaid with mingled consternation and awe, chaffing the orderly corporal-not yet confirmed -most unmercifully. The corporal, who, upon principle, promptly suppresscarpenter by trade and is known as Tom. Moreover, the giant is an old hand and an Irishman to boot. At every fresh sally-at the corporal's expensethe little crowd in vain endeavors to suppress the laugh that will break out. The corporal turns red and tries to assert his dignity, but it is of no use. Tom's wit is too subtle, so obviously free from any personal animus toward the noncom, and so good natured withal that reprisal is next to impossible. Suddenly Harry Yorke, the sergeant, joins the little group and comes to the rescue of the unhappy corporal.

"Shure, now, thin, ye bhlaghart," he says to Tom, imitating the brogue with a surprising exactitude, "an is it just when ye will be goin to git another \$10 foine up yere shleeve that ye will be phlaying the goat loike this? But what are you on the peg this time for, Tomanother drunk?"

"Dhivil a bhit, sarjint, dhear," answered the Irishman, with an aggrieved look on his face, so well simulated indeed that one or two recruits who stood looking on and had not sufficient experience of Tom felt sorry for him. "Another dhrunk indade! And shure if it wir another dhrunk it wud not be moindin the \$10 up my shleeve I'm thinkin I'll git, but as it is the oidentical same dhrunk I wis foined last week for it's phlaying it low on the carpentir's shop, I'm thinkin. Oh, wirra, wirra! And what will my poor ould mother say if she hears of this, at all, at all?"

At this point Tom looked such a picture of misery that one of the very young recruits stammered out a few broker words of sympathy. Then Tom's eyel fairly danced in his head, but he thanked the youthful constable politely, with : look of preternatural gravity on his facthat somewhat mystified the others. H turned to the sergeant and continued: "An, sarjint, darlin, what will the

be goin to hang ye for? An bad luck t thim by the same tokeness does it, so "For allowing a young woman t

leave a house in which I was during the night, Tom," was the somewhat un wise and unwilling reply of Harr

At this Tom opened his eyes an stared at the sergeant in a manner tha was meant to express astonishment, dis approbation and a sort of pitying dispar agement all in one.

"Ochone, ochone, sarjint, dhear, bu it will be sarvin ye right if they tak the sthripes off yere coat for that same shure. An what would it be ye wir lettin the poor crither go for-an in th noight? An if it had been mysilf nov it's dhivil a fut I'd have let her goleastways ahlone. It's mysilf would have been comfortin an kapin the puir ty mayourneen compiny shure. Shame on ye for that same, sarjint! If Larry's got iny sinse av gallantry himsilf, he'l sock it t'ye an no mistake, an hair or 'im for that same, sez Oi." . And amid the easy laughter of old of

To be Continued.

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