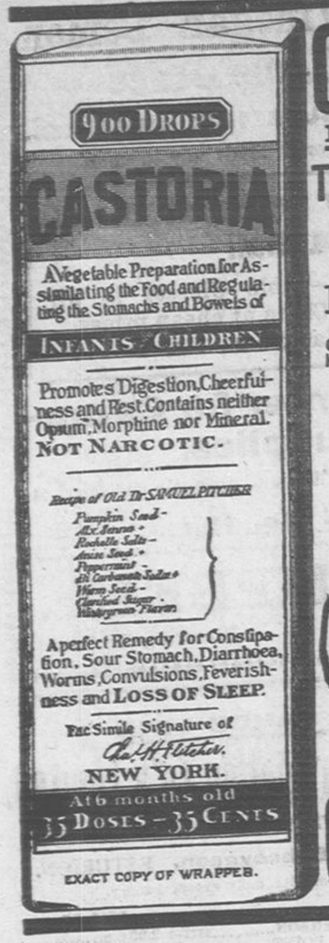

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

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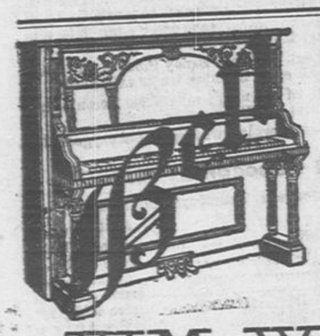

Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines . .

Highest grade Pianos and Organs. Best makes Canadian and American Sewing Machines for sale at very right prices and at terms to suit any honest purchaser. All goods guaranteed. Come and see us.

WM. WARREN.

PO. BOX 217. William-st. north; Opposite St. Andrew's Church.

Men's Working Pants

Manufactured to order from our guaranteed untearable Tweeed, **$2.50 per pair.**

Camping Blankets

Light, soft, good to wash, **$2.50 per pair.**

THE HORN BROS. WOOLLEN CO., LIMITED

ONTARIO MARBLE WORKS.

Cresswell and Jordan,

DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES, ETC.

All work and material strictly first class. Being a new firm our stock is well selected and of modern design. Promptness and satisfaction our motto.

Office and Shop 147 Kent-st., Nearly Opposite Public Library.

W. H. CRESSWELL, - W. W. JORDAN.

ABOUT WATCHES

We Carry a Large Line of Gold, Gold Filled, Silver & Nickle Cases in Latest Designs.

We fit any case with either a WALTHAM or ELGIN Movement as preferred, in any grade desired, and absolutely guarantee every watch we sell.

BRITTON BROS.

G.T.R. TIME INSPECTORS.

FOOT OF KENT-ST. - LINDSAY

GOOD PUMPS

The day of iron pipes and cast iron cylinders is past, as the public know from experience what you want when you buy a pump is galvanized iron pipe, brass cylinder and steel rods, which do not rot or taint the water.

We are making a large bore brass cylinder and steel rod pump which will outwear and throw more water than any pump on the market.

Our practical man, Mr. J. Dennis, looks after all orders and repairs, and we can guarantee satisfaction.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

SYLVESTER M'F'G CO

LINDSAY

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Establishment of God's Kingdom on Earth—Articles Bearing on Church Work at Home and Abroad—Carefully Selected Contributions will be Received for Publication in this Column.

JESUS WITH ME

I'm walking close to Jesus' side
So close that I can hear
The softest whispers of his love,
In fellowship so dear.
And feel His great almighty hand
Protects me in this hostile land.
O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

I'm leaning on his loving breast
Along life's weary way;
My path, illuminated by his smiles,
Grows brighter day by day.
No foes nor woes my heart can fear
With my Almighty Friend so near.
O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

Rev. L. S. Hughson will preach the morning and evening sermons at the Baptist church to-morrow.

The value of a gift in God's sight depends more on its spirit than on its size, but one who is able to give much can not put into a few cents the spirit of a widow who cast two mites in the treasury.

That wonderful storehouse of buried treasure, Egypt, has yielded up another supply of ancient Christian literature. At Edfu, Nubia, a number of parchments have recently been found, including twenty-five leaves of a Coptic translation of alleged sayings of Christ, as well as portions of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke in Greek.

The Presbyterian relates the following as an example of willingness and imaginativeness of a business man who was ready to attempt a biographical sketch of Paul for a Christian Endeavor Society, of which he had recently become a member. If his resume was wanting in historical accuracy, it was not devoid of all quality. It contained elements both new and old, and ran somewhat as follows;

"Paul, formerly called Saul, was born in Tarsus, and lived a humble pastoral life before he became King of Israel. He was a man remarkable in many respects, and worthy of mention as the first man known to have visited Mars, and as he stood on Mars Hill he delivered an oration never to be fongotten by the natives. Having travelled much, he became widely known, not least by the Galicians who now comprise a considerable section of our Canadian produce was a letter, commonly called in the parlance of that day, an epistle, to the Phillipines. . . . Here it is thought he spent his latest days; here he was shipwrecked, and finally terminated his earthly life as one of the unfortunates who went down with the Maine."

SOUL UNDER FIRST RIB.

"The soul of a man is soft and gelatinous, small, practically shapeless, and situated beneath the first rib. Below the Adam's apple in a man, and in a woman at the base of her throat, is a spot of little or no resistance. It is from this place, when the hour of death has come, that the soul of death must be taken. It does not pass like a shadow. It is not a flight. The soul must be drawn out by an angel, sent by God to perform this operation. And this seat of life is transferred, warm, palpitating, to a body the counterpart of the one it has left. It is a substance, material, and could be as well caught by the camera as the human face."

It was thus that Henry Price, of Mount Vernon, the retired musician, who is now an inmate of the Mary Fisher Home for the Aged, explained recently his theory of the soul's passage and the possibility of obtaining a photographic reproduction thereof. He has urged the Bellevue authorities to allow him to experiment on the dying in the hospital in the presence of scientific men and others.

THE G.T.R. ROUND HOUSE.

A "HOSPITAL" FOR BROKEN OR DISABLED LOCOMOTIVES.

Engineers Plentiful on the Road but Scarcity of Firemen.

Evening Post of Aug. 3

The G. T. R. roundhouse, with its smoke-blackened rafters, its puffing engines and its ever busy staff of employees, is an interesting place. Through the huge sliding doors—almost the size of the end of the building—engines are constantly coming and going—coming in broken or disabled, to be repaired and sent on their journey again. Here, also, these "iron steeds" are cleaned, and boilers washed free from scale, and the fire boxes thoroughly cleaned out.

A Post reporter paid a brief visit to this building recently. At the time five engines were undergoing an overhauling. Mr. W. Price, the locomotive foreman, in conversation with the reporter, mentioned the lack of firemen on the road. A number of men had recently engaged to fire engines, many of them being English immigrants. To qualify for fireman a man has to be between the ages of 21 and 30 years, and measure at least five feet eight inches tall. Engineers are fairly plentiful.

The supply of coal to be used by the engines comprises 10,000 tons, and is piled in gigantic heaps along the north side of the roundhouse. The process by which tenders are loaded is an interesting one. An engine is taken up a track on top of the ramp of coal, and small dump cars are loaded. These are afterwards dumped, the coal running into the tender.

A DANGEROUS PREDICAMENT.

County Councillors and Officials Had a Narrow Escape.

Evening Post of Aug. 3

Aparty composed of Mr. McNeillie, County Clerk and Treasurer, Mr. Roy, C. E., of the Hamilton Bridge Works, and County Engineer Smith, left town early Friday morning to make a bridge survey at Norland, and on the way Warden Parkin and County Councillor Callan were picked up.

All went well until a hill about four miles from Norland was reached, in going down which the front axle broke near the right wheel, over which Mr. McNeillie was seated, and Mr. Callan, who was driving, was thrown forward over the dashboard, breaking it down as he went. A fatality appeared inevitable when the promptness of Warden Parkin—who recovered the lines and brought the cited horses to a standstill—happily saved Messrs. Callan and McNeillie, who for a few moments were in a dangerous position.

Mr. Callan at once secured another carriage, and after the survey, etc., was completed, Messrs. McNeillie and Smith returned to town, none of the party being any the worse for the accident.

$50,000 GIVEN IN PREMIUMS.

Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto is Greatest Annual Show.

Great efforts are being put forth by the Executive of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this year to attract an extra large number of visitors, although last year the number reached the magnificent total of three-quarters of a million. The expenditure will reach, including building expenses, $400,000; premiums $50,000, special attractions $50,000; running expenses $75,000, close upon $600,000, a sum which far exceeds the expenditure ever made in one year by any annual exhibition on this or any other continent. Both in exhibits and in entertainments the Toronto Exhibition, to be held from August 26th to September 9th, promises to exceed in value and attractiveness anything that has ever been attempted in Canada before. A number of the highest class attractions have been secured and something like $10,000 is being spent upon a spectacular production of the "Seige of Badajos", with fireworks and an army of men. Some idea of the magnitude of the Toronto Exhibition can be gathered when it is stated that $16,000 is given in prizes for horses, $10,000 for cattle, $7,000 for dogs, $3,500 for sheep, $3,500 for swine, and a similar amount for poultry and pet stock. Handsome premiums are also given for ladies and children's work and in other departments, the whole, as has been said, making a magnificent total of $50,000. Entries for all these classes close with the Manager at the City Hall offices, Toronto, on Saturday next.

APLEASANT TIME ENJOYED.

Dance Given in Honor of Visiting Young Ladies.

The home of Mr. Meehan, East Ops, was the scene of an enjoyable lathering last week, when a dance was given in honor of Miss Gertrude Enish and Miss Alma Breen, of Rochester, and Miss Fee, of Toronto, who are visiting there. Some forty guests were present and a jolly evening was enjoyed.

To the accompaniment of delightful music, dancing was indulged in. A number of songs contributed to the evening's pleasure. Light refreshments were also served.

The Misses Nellie and Agnes Meehan performed the duties of hostesses very acceptably. The gathering dispersed at a late hour and the guests returned to their homes with pleasant memories of the happy evening.

Or Role of Doomed Culprit.

(From the Courier-Journal.)

"History states that the Romans worked like bees."

"Um."

"Yes, sir; worked like bees."

"Very well. I'll bite. Doing what?

"Building the Appian way! I say, old man, I sometimes think I ought to forsake the drug business for the sock and buskin."

Without Alcohol

A Strong Tonic	Without Alcohol
A Body Builder	Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier	Without Alcohol
A Great Alterative	Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine	Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Without Alcohol

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our preparations.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

AS TOLD IN THE POETS' CORNER.

AFTER RAIN.

For three whole days across the sky,
In sullen packs that loomed and broke,
With flying fringes dim as smoke,
The columns of the rain went by.
At every hour the wind awoke
The darkness passed upon the plain;
The great drops rattle at the pane.

Now piped the wind, or, far aloof,
Fell to a sough remote and dull;
And all night long, with rush and lull,
The rain kept drumming on the roof;
I heard till ear and sense were full
The clash or silence of the leaves,
The gurgle in the creaking eaves.

But when the fourth day came—at noon,
The darkness and the rain went by;
The sunward roofs were steaming dry;
And all the world was flecked and strewn.
With shadows from a fleecy sky.
The haymakers were forth and gone,
And every rillet laughed and shone.

Then, too, on me that loved so well
The world, despairing in her blight,
Uplifted with her least delight,
On me, as on the earth, there fell
New happiness of mirth and might;
I strode the valleys pied and still,
I climbed upon the breezy hill.

I watched the gray hawk wheel and drop,
Sole shadow on the shining world;
I saw the mountains clothed and curled
With forest ruffling to the top;
I saw the river's length unfurled,
Pale silver down the fruited plain,
Grown great and stately with the rain.

Through miles of shadow and soft heat,
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the robin singing sweet,
The sparrow piping silverly.
The thrushes at the forest's hem.
And as I went I sang with them.

—Archibald Lampman.

BETH GELERT.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
Come, Gelert, why are thou the fast
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells,
The gallant chidings rise;
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favorite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
And on went Gelert, too,
And still, wherever his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturned the infant's bed he found!
The blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied,
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

'Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His supplicant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe;
Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!

And now a gallant tomb they raise
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

—Hon. W. R. Spencer.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Always Better

Progress is the watchword all over the great Progress Brand Tailory. Better fabrics—better workmanship—better fit—better wear.

That is why men, who demand the best in clothing, wear

"Progress Brand"

Suits and Overcoats.

M. J. CARTER, - 40 Kent-St.

SAMPLE OF 'PEANUT' POLITICS

The Spoils System Worked on the Lindsay Counterfeiters.

The Kingston Whig, in relating the following, heads it "Peanut politics":

"The officers in charge of the Lindsay counterfeiters marched the prisoners from the station, through the city, to an hotel. The orders communicated to all the counties alike were to hire as cabmen only Messrs. McFadden and Coyle. Neither of these prized Conservatives was present, and Cabman Boyd was told that he would not do. How proud Attorney-General Foy will be of such a grand exhibition of the spoils system! He should also feel like complimenting the officers in charge upon their impressive humanity — taking the prisoners to a first-class hotel for a meal, but exposing them on the main streets during a long walk."

A Snap for Some Fellow.

A rich farmer in South Dakota advertised for a hired man, saying that in addition to good pay, satisfactory hands would have an opportunity to get acquainted with his four daughters, and may marry into the family. A graduate from an agricultural college installed an irrigation ditch and a fish pond, piped water from an artesian well into the house, and induced the farmer to putin a porcelain bath tub. In addition to this he cured some of the cattle of a serious disease. He copped out the youngest daughter.

The next applicant installed a small motor at the artesian well, put in an electric generator and supplied current to light the farm house and run the churn, sewing machine and washing machine. He got the daughter that attended to the dairy work.

As there are two daughters left, it should be easy to get more hired men, the first two applicants having made so many improvements that the work which remains ought to be a snap.

Pointers About Proposing.

The dark is the proper environment for a proposal. Be reasonably certain, however, that you are talking to the right girl. Marriage will prove to you conclusively whether or not it was the right girl.

In proposing to an heiress, use the term, "May I be yours?" The time to propose to an actress is just before she brings out her breach of promise suit. The time to propose to a widow is when you call, and she is out.

Be careful of your words. A girl may refuse you if you say "Do you love me?" who would gladly throw herself into your arms if you ask simply; "Will you marry me?"

A proposal should be accompanied by a kiss, as evidence of good faith. If you are timid, ask a hypothetical question, thus: "Mabel, if a man about my build and prospects should ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Leave the rest to Mabel.

A man who proposes to an old maid is an old fool.

If you propose on your knees, you will stay there the rest of your life.

A long engagement means a short marriage. Every cloud has its silver lining.

If the school girl rejects you, go out and place a bet on a 20 to 1 shot. Your luck will not desert you.

If a girl takes your proposal with a gasp of surprise, be grateful; your wife will be a diplomat.

Remember, when a girl signs articles for the marriage bout, she expects the long end of the purse, win or lose.

No gentleman proposes before dinner.

When a girl says "No" she means "No."

When a girl says "N-no," she means "Yes."—Norman Harris in Life.

McLennan & Co.

Curtain Stretchers
Horse Clippers
Poultry Netting
Bird Cages
Washing Machines
Clothes Wringers
Slip Ladders
Wheel Barrows
Alabastine
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Prism Paint
Floor Wax
Glazed Sewer Pipe
Portland Cement
Fire Clay
Fire Brick

McLennan & Co.

Hardware, Coal and Iron.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night-Cure is the Local.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night-Cure—its topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use no well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

"ALL DEALERS"

BURNED TO THE GROUND

Homestead of Mr. P. Murphy the Prey of Flames.

Evening Post of Aug. 8

Shortly after five o'clock yesterday afternoon the home of Mr. Patrick Murphy, about three miles from town on the Janetville road, was consumed by fire. The house was of brick and of large proportions. Mr. Murphy, the owner, is a widower and has a grown up family. Little of the furniture was saved.

The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark from a passing locomotive, which lodged on the roof.

The Pride of Canada.

Say what we may about "Hogtown," and hogs have most valuable uses, Canada has every reason to be proud of the Canadian National Exhibition, held annually at Toronto, and which this year will be held from Aug. 26 to Sept. 9. Not alone is some $400,000 spent yearly in premiums and diversions for the people, but in the last five or six years close upon a million dollars, including $330,000 this year, has been spent upon permanent new buildings and improvements. This surely is keeping abreast of the times and denoting the development of the country as well as the growth of the city.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought