NASAL BALM

Is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

By so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms your have Catarrh and should take no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO.
Brockville, Ont.

FINELY DECORATED TINWARE
MACDONALD MANUFACTURING CO'Y,
231 King Street East, Toronto.

PANTS $3.00
DOMINION PANTS CO.
362 and 364 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH LABEL ON THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

MONEY MONEY MONEY
LONDON AND CANADIAN LOAN AND AGENCY CO., LTD
103 Bay Street, Toronto.
Capital, $5,000,000.
Money to Loan on improved farms, city and town property on fixed terms of repayment at LOWEST CURRENT RATES. MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES PURCHASED.
Apply to local agents everywhere.
J. F. KIRK, Manager.
Choice farms for sale in Ont. & Manitoba.

PARMELEE'S Kidney and Gravel Specific relieves
Nov. 5th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—As you know I was sorely troubled with paralysis for many years; of the many remedies I have tried, the mineral water got from you, St. Leon, is head over all. I have received the greatest benefit from drinking the water freely, and would not be without it. Also for kidney and gravel it has proved itself unequalled in my case.
Yours truly,
A. Leon Summer,
Agent Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Are You Thinking of Emigrating
To the Northwest? If so, weigh and consider carefully the following: Every requirement so well and nearly as may be necessary to success. Write for information to
W. R. HUCKINS, or C. J. WHELLAMS, Emigration Agents, Land Examiners, Bank Block, Toronto, Ont. or C. J. MORTON, Grain Merchant, Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

FOSTER'S CURE FOR Sunstroke, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Etc.
Sunstroke and all the most extraordinary results of sun and heat, number here to use it, and Brewery, Toronto, Ont. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, $1 per bottle. If your druggist will receive one box prepaid, by mail on receipt of price. Montreal.

YOURSELF AGAINST THE HOT WEATHER BY STRENGTHENING UP.
Dr. Tonic JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.
To the remedy for this has been prepared. FREE Post Office Address. T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.

BURTON'S ALL HEALING TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP
Is the only reliable and safe Soap to wash your head with. It preserves the hair, makes it grow, keeps the scalp healthy.
Ask for BURTON'S.

Vacation Life
OFFICE, TORONTO.
IN FORCE, $20,000,000.
Assets and Capital
QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS.
MADE IN 1890.
$55,168.00
$417,181.00
Surplus
$68,648.00
Business on Force
$706,967.00
$1,600,576.00
J. K. MACDONALD,
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

PEERLESS
HAS NO EQUAL
Use for wagons and gearings.
It is a remarkable remedy for all kinds of stock, cures cracked and hard hoofs.

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

Early—very early—on the following morning Colonel Lyndon opened his eyes. Curious dreams had been haunting him all night. He had imagined the most few months, with all they had brought and taken, swept away. He was a soldier again; he was lying in camp; he was booted and spurred; he heard his name shouted by his side; his ear was open for the voice of alarm. And it came, flying through the camp, as he had heard it more than once—"The enemy is upon us! Every man to his place!" He thought that he tried to do his place; that his limbs were lead, but could not; that his limbs were as if in prison, that some invisible power held him fast. He then called out to him as they passed, "Do you want to die like a dog?" Evidently, he could not move. "Give me a hand!" he cried, "help me up." And no one heeded. With laughter and scorn they passed him by. Then his wife passed, rallied by him to their posts. Then his last friend, and he was such as he had not had for years, a child filled his eyes. Stretched out his arms, he prayed, "strength for one moment, for one moment, if I die the next!" He felt that this, even as he spoke, there was a change in his promise, and that one in the camp, who, whatever was at his face, had heard, and was coming to his help. Strength was given him, he stretched out his hand, he felt it clasped, and saw the pale, sweet face bending over him.

Events had been coming so rapidly during the few days, that his mind, dazed by the shock of the last, had not time to realize the fact that he was ill. He could not remember what happened, or where he was; but presently he awoke to it. It was the first day of the new year, and he was on his way to the sea, where, he hoped, the happy days of long ago might be lived.

He came to himself in the room of his wife, and his mind, strengthened by sleep, was equal to the occasion. He could not remember what happened, or where he was; but presently he awoke to it. It was the first day of the new year, and he was on his way to the sea, where, he hoped, the happy days of long ago might be lived.

"Lady Flora—Lady Flora—I must be up and dressed!" shouted he, as he rang his bell for his valet. "Tell her I will be ready in half an hour."

"Half an hour, sir, and you will be ready, sir," he shouted back.

Fancy the clock when they started, as the time being nearly emended, the journey, too, proceeded slowly. Perhaps, he was not quite so exalted as in the morning, but he was, found, in his bright, warm room and then, over the fire, enough of his goodness. "To my darling," said he, "that such a season be crowned, and, when you might be in your home all the time. It is really very nice."

"Very nice! remember, Lady Flora, I have to be paid, you know."

But reached the nearest station to Castle Black late on the evening of the first day of January, and made their way across country.

Lady Flora Winterley and her husband, Sir Cecil Winterley, were at the hall, and, on the warm welcome, and the joy of Percy, had left his home in high spirits, with which, as a few days before, had not written since, was hailed with speechless delight, with quiet satisfaction by Sir Cecil Winterley, and with a relief which he could hardly hide by Lady Flora.

"Are you cold, dear?" she said, as the carriage, in which the two had driven from the station, stopped at the door of the hall. "That was the question I meant to ask you, Percy, when I first saw you. Are you cold? Are you tired? Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Are you anything else that I can make you? Are you—Percy, I am so happy!"

"Are you cold, Percy