

INGERSOLL MARKETS.

The market reports in the Otago columns are correct, every day, and are given to you, and are the only ones to be relied upon.

Wheat	65	65
Barley	65	65
Oats	65	65
Hay	65	65
Straw	65	65
Timothy	65	65
Alfalfa	65	65
Clover	65	65
Lucerne	65	65
Orchard	65	65
Apple	65	65
Peach	65	65
Plum	65	65
Cherry	65	65
Strawberry	65	65
Raspberry	65	65
Blackberry	65	65
Blueberry	65	65
Gooseberry	65	65
Loganberry	65	65
Rosehip	65	65
Juniper	65	65
Sage	65	65
Thyme	65	65
Marjoram	65	65
Oregano	65	65
Basil	65	65
Parsley	65	65
Chervil	65	65
Coriander	65	65
Fennel	65	65
Cumin	65	65
Anise	65	65
Mustard	65	65
Pepper	65	65
Salt	65	65
Sugar	65	65
Flour	65	65
Wheat	65	65
Barley	65	65
Oats	65	65
Hay	65	65
Straw	65	65
Timothy	65	65
Alfalfa	65	65
Clover	65	65
Lucerne	65	65
Orchard	65	65
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Cumin	65	65
Anise	65	65
Mustard	65	65
Pepper	65	65
Salt	65	65
Sugar	65	65
Flour	65	65

THE CAUSE OF HAY FEVER.

It is a microbe that floats in the air, gets into the throat and lungs, develops rapidly, excites inflammation, &c. The cause is as simple as a thistle in the finger. Extract the thistle, away goes the pain. Destroy the Hay Fever germ—you get well. That's why Catarrhose acts so marvellously in Hay Fever. Its fragrant vapor to you brings cure, but to the microbe death. Catarrhose is as quick to act on these microscopic organisms as lightning. Prevents as well as cures, and is always successful. Druggists, 25c and \$1.00, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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IN LEAD PACKETS—ALL GROCERS

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Stratford, Ont.
Never before in the history of our college have our graduates been so remarkably successful in securing excellent positions immediately on leaving college as during the present year. A business education is the only one that is in demand. We send you a catalogue.

Pain-Killer
(PAIN EXPELLER)
From Capt. F. L. Lyle, Force Station No. 8, Montreal: "As I frequently use PAIN EXPELLER for rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, and all ailments which afflict the human system, I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN EXPELLER is the best remedy I have ever used."

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Saved From the Flood...

From the first hour of their meeting she had been greatly attracted toward her handsome, chivalrous Max; indeed he and his delicate unworldly intention to his beautiful mother were the admiration of everyone, wherever they went. Consequently Miss Pomeroy made herself useful and agreeable in every possible way to Mrs. Remington, shrewdly surmising that such a course would be the surest way to ingratiate herself with this devoted son.

She adroitly discovered her likes and dislikes, anticipated her wants, read her favorite books, and chose subjects of conversation that were most agreeable to her.

All this was, of course, very alluring to Max, and, in spite of the vague recollection of which he was at times conscious, he gradually came to regard her as a delightful companion, and by the time they reached New York she seemed naturally to belong to them, and had grown to contract her usual most with the bearing of a daughter toward Mrs. Remington.

Upon the arrival of the party in Chicago, Mrs. Remington invited Laura to her own home, to remain until she could communicate with her uncle, who, she said, was not expecting her, a circumstance which her hostess thought somewhat strange.

"Did you inform him that you were coming?" she asked, in surprise.

"No," Laura replied, coloring slightly. "I wrote to him immediately after mamma died, asking him what I should do, but receiving no reply, I imagined that my letter had miscarried. I was very lonely—I did not feel that I could wait to write again, so I determined to write to him myself, and ask him to let me make my home with him."

She had told her new friend that the name of her uncle was Joseph Trowbridge, and that in writing to him she and her mother had simply addressed their letters to Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. They did not even know the street or number of his place of business or his home. Laura said that he was a man without any family, and he had never married, and probably he boarded in some hotel; but she had hoped that he would now make a home and let her keep house for him.

She searched the directory for his address, but no such person as Joseph Trowbridge could be found; there John, and Edward, and George, and almost every other name but Joseph, and Miss Pomeroy professed herself greatly disappointed and distressed on account of it.

She appeared at a loss to know what to do; she had some money, she said—enough to last for a year or more; but if she could not find her uncle within that time, she would be obliged to do something to support herself.

"What could you do, dear?" Mrs. Remington asked her, one day, when they were alone, and had been talking over her uncomfortable situation.

She was very anxious about her, for she felt that the girl was far too handsome to be thrown upon her own resources in a strange country, and especially a city like Chicago.

"I could teach, I suppose," Laura answered, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. "I have a good education. I can play the piano, too, fairly well, and if the customs of your country are not opposed to such a method I could earn a good deal as an accompanist at concerts. I have known girls in England doing such things, though, with a quick, intelligent, and it would be exceedingly repulsive to me to figure conspicuously in public."

"Well, do not worry about it," Mrs. Remington responded, soothingly, her sympathies all aroused by this evident shrinking from public life; "we may yet succeed in finding Mr. Trowbridge, and there will be no need of your doing anything for your own support—I sincerely hope so."

Laura shrugged her shapely shoulders and made a grimace behind her fan at this effort of her hostess to comfort her. Nothing was further from her intention than to work for her own living, if she could manage to exist in any other way.

"I infer from what you have said that your uncle is a man of wealth," Mrs. Remington resumed, after a thoughtful pause.

"I have always supposed him to be; as I have told you, he was always very generous, with mamma, whose means, though she had something of her own, were rather limited," Laura replied, the color flushing her cheeks again.

"Your father must have been quite a young man when he died," Mrs. Remington observed.

any idea how old he is?" that lady asked.

"I think he must be somewhere about sixty. He, too, was a good deal older than mamma; but I have never seen his picture, and he is almost as much a stranger to me as if he were in no way connected with my family."

"I wish you had written to him that you were coming," mused Mrs. Remington, "he would then have been on the look out for you, and you would have escaped this uncomfortable contingency."

Again Miss Pomeroy shrugged her graceful shoulders and darted another peculiar look at her companion, while the least little smile of scornful amusement hovered about her red lips but she was saved the necessity of a reply, for just at that moment, Max entered the room, his fine face lighting up with pleasure as he beheld the home-like picture before him.

And truly it was alluring—the elegant room, cool and airy, with its carpet of moss-like green; its flowing lace draperies at the wide plate-glass windows, with beautiful pictures in their costly frames hanging against the cream and gold of the walls, and here and there a bit of choice statuary gleaming white and pure in the dim light of the room.

But the life of the picture was in the two beautiful women who occupied the apartment.

Laura, who always studied effect wherever she was, was seated in the shadow of a rich, dark green portiere, and clad in a pure white robe of some soft material, that fell in graceful folds, with only a narrow fringe of rare lace, built fitted her as if she had been molded into it.

In her perfect hands which seemed to glide from marble, she held a mass of crimson velvet, which she was fashioning into a wrap of some kind.

With her stately white-robed figure outlined against the dark green of the portiere, with her exquisite face, surrounded by her beautiful black hair, and the dash of warm color in her hands, she made a tableau never to be forgotten.

Max, Remington, in striking contrast to her companion, sat near a window, with the filmy curtain for a background. She was clad in black lace, its silken lining cut low and pure white sleeves, thus allowing the gleam through the meshes of the delicate fabric, while she wore at her throat and in her ears pendants, wrought in gold, a single diamond of purest water flashing from the heart of each.

Her fair, sweet face which, despite her more than forty years, had scarcely a wrinkle on it, was, Max thought—with one exception—the loveliest, if Laura's was the most brilliant, that he had ever looked upon.

With one exception when his mother had been, from his boyhood up, his ideal of perfect beauty.

Yes, for to-day, for the first time in his life, he had looked into one which had thrilled his heart with a passion that was never to die out of it—he had met his fate.

Both ladies greeted him, as he entered with a smile, and done with a blush of pleasure.

"Ah, Max, you are always a welcomed presence in this house," said Mrs. Remington, giving him a fond, bright look; while Miss Pomeroy seconded her words with a sweeping upward glance that spoke volumes.

"Thank you, mother mine; that is a delightful welcome to appreciative me, while I am sure—with an admiring glance from her to Laura—"one could not well be greeted with a more alluring sight than meets the eye here. You ladies look like two angels, some cool grotto; it is absolutely refreshing just to look at you after coming in from the hot atmosphere that prevails outside."

"Max, I really believe you are learning to flatter," returned his mother, smiling, as he threw himself into a great wicker chair and began to fan himself with a palm leaf which lay near his hand.

"An adventure," exclaimed both ladies in a breath, while Laura lost a trifle of her exquisite color.

To be continued.

BEACHVILLE.
August 5th.—Mr. Harman O'Neil, of Toronto, is visiting at Mr. Courtney's.

Mrs. Bingham, of Harrington, and daughter, Mrs. Hager, of Ingersoll, were visiting Mrs. A. Smith.

Only vegetable oils—and no coarse animal fats—are used in making

"Baby's Own Soap"

PURE, FRAGRANT, CLEANSING.
Doctors recommend it for Nursery and Toilet use.

Harrietsville.
August 5th.—Mrs. Copeland, Wyoming, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Jackson.

Mrs. Smith, Lambeth, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Barr.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brooks, Springfield, spent Sunday at Mr. O. Jackson's.

Eddie Goodrich, St. Thomas, spent Sunday under the parental roof here.

Mrs. Danes, Lindsay, is a guest at Wm. Wilson's.

Miss Ethel Frost is visiting friends in St. Thomas.

George Holmes, Windsor, was the guest of G. O. Clark recently.

Arthur Goodrich, of Niagara Falls, is spending his holidays here among relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Worth, St. Thomas, are guests at A. McCullough's.

Mrs. Robt. Eagan, Springfield, is a visitor with Mrs. Hilary O'Neil.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Porter, Port Arwell, were guests of Mr. Holby last week.

Mrs. Ann Facey is visiting her sister, Mrs. Woolver, Brantford.

Samuel Demery, of Kansas, is a guest of his brother, Phineas Demery.

The Directors of the North and South Dorchester Fire Insurance Company held their quarterly meeting in the town hall on Monday, 5th instant.

PALE AND DEJECTED.
THE TRYING CONDITION OF MANY WOMEN.

Subject to Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation, They Grow Discouraged and Permanently Old.

From The Review, Windsor, Ont.
"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that ever gave me any real benefit," said Mrs. R. K. Harris, a well known resident of Windsor, to a representative of The Review recently. "I do not know exactly what my trouble was; doctors seemed unable to tell me, though I thought myself it was consumption. I had a constant racking cough, and a constant feeling of languidness. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was very pale. I had a feeling in my chest as though some foreign substance was lodged there. The slightest noise made me nervous; I was dejected all the time and could not scarcely do any household work. I tried medicines, but they did not help me in the least. Doctors did not seem able to help me or tell me what ailed me, although their bills increased with alarming rapidity. I finally decided to take a trip to Colorado to see if a change of climate would benefit me. While contemplating this trip I read in a paper one day the testimonial of a person whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, who was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to give them a trial and purchased a box. When that box was done I got another, and found gradually that the pills were helping me. I then felt like an altogether different person. From a pale, thin, listless person, I became the picture of health, and felt it too. It is several years since I used the pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble. I am positive Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from an early grave, and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who are afflicted as I was."

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only on the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are discontinued, the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength, be sure the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Selling Carpets Cheap.

- China Matting—It's one yard wide, its 20c per yard. Sale price 10c
- English Hemp Carpet—Good weight. Sale price 8c
- Chenille Table Covers—54 ins. wide, 54 ins. long. Sale price 50c
- Floor Oil Cloth—New patterns. Sale price 20c
- English Floor Oil Cloth—Choice designs, regular 35c. Sale price 25c
- Madras Art Muslin—Fine design, regular 20c. Sale price 12½c
- 25 pairs fine Net Lace Curtains, regular \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Sale price \$2.00
- Brussels Carpet, regular \$1 goods. Sale price 60c
- Door Mats, fringed 16x32 inches. Sale price 10c
- 4 pieces Venetian Carpets, yard wide, regular 30c. Sale price 20c
- 5 pieces 50c Tapestry Carpets. Sale price 35c

The largest and most complete stock of Carpets and Housefurnishings in Ingersoll.

Too big a stock altogether, and we don't want the bother of moving it to our New Store. It will pay you to buy a Carpet now, even though you don't immediately want it. We'll make prices interesting for you.

Big Stock of Rugs, Art Squares, Window Shades, Poles and Trimmings, Lace Curtains, Mattings, etc.

Hollinrake & COMPANY

O'SULLIVAN Business College

W. H. O'SULLIVAN & CO., Proprietors.
Best and most advanced methods thoroughly taught in Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc.—Preparing young men and women to earn their own living.
Day and Evening Classes. Individual Instruction.
For illustrated prospectus and other information, call or address E. J. O'SULLIVAN, C. E., M. A., Principal.
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Visitors always Welcome.

"What Lovely Shoes!"
"Never dreamed that such shoes could be made in Canada!"
"Isn't that a beautiful finish?"
"I like the shape and cut of it, too, so graceful, you know."
"Yes, it's the 'King Quality' shoe, and really, girls, I never wore shoes so comfortable and neat as these are. And, you know, we save all the customs duties, because they are made in Canada."
"They won the gold medal at Paris this year."
"See, here is the trade-mark you can know them by!"
"KING QUALITY."
Made by The J. B. King Co., Limited, Toronto.

F. P. LEAKE INTERIOR DECORATOR
Manufactures the Latest Styles of Mouldings and Over Mouldings, G.C. Arches and Window Cornices, and Art Panels.
DESIGNING AND WOOD CARVING A SPECIALTY.
Give him call.
One door north of Piano Factory

Getting Back To Health.

When your system is all run down, you feel weak, played out, tired in the morning, not enough energy to take any interest in life—it is a sign that your whole system is deranged, your digestive organs weakened, your blood thin and impure.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt will set you right. It acts as a tonic on your digestive organs, makes the liver active, moves the bowels naturally and surely.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is two medicines in one—a perfect laxative and a pleasant tonic.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. 25c and 60c a bottle.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt
Essentially a Household Remedy.

WOODSTOCK BUSINESS COLLEGE
and Shorthand School.

There is no business school under the sun giving better courses of instruction than the Woodstock Business College. We are members of the Eastern Business Practice Association and therefore are acknowledged equal to the best schools in America. Write for particulars.

H. M. KENNEY, Principal.
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BEWARE OF OINTMENTS THAT CONTAIN MERCURY

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.