OFF TO EUROPE.

The LION'S order off to Europe Months ago.

We publish in this issue a letter from our resident buyer in Glasgow, by which it is seen that we have done a good stroke of business in placing our orders so early. We could not begin to get our goods at the same price now as we bought them at a month

J. D. Williamson & Co.

Messrs. J. D. WILLIAMSON. & Co., Guelph.

Dear Sirs:—I write again from Glasgow, where I have returned after visiting the chief manufacturing centres of England and the continent, and am happy to say that I have been able to place your whole order without, in any case, paying the advance. In a number of cases—notably in Cashmere Wool Goods—the manufacturers are asking a number of cases—notacy in Casakere who Goods—the manager and the from 10 to 20, and in some cases, 25 per cent more than old prices; but your order being a large one I have been able, in every instance, to secure these goods at the old prices. The retail buyer who comes over in the months of July and August will get sadly left; there is not the slightest doubt but that he could do better in Canada, as Canadian Wholesalers who were here early placed all their orders before the advance.

In Dress Goods I was specially fortunate in getting in with two of the largest manufacturers, one in Germany and one in France. These firms sell only to the Wholesale, but your order being a large one, equalling a good many of the wholesale orders, I was able to get an entrance. With these two manufacturers at your back you are in a position to buy your Dress Goods on an equality with the largest wholesale houses in Montreal and Toronto. If you don't do the Dress Goods trade of Guelph, it is not because you have not got the goods at the right price. I bought your Cashmere Henriettas and Sateens from G. F. Schnider & Co., of Merane, Germany, and Cloth, Serge end Fancy Dress Goods from Ferlie Pere & Fils, of Roubaix, France. I bought a magnifeent line of Sealette, Astrachan and other Cloths from one of the leading Berlin manufacturers, A. & A. Lehman, and Shawls from Lane & Co. Your Gloves and Hosiery I bought from a manufacturer in a town in Saxony. I visited Ireland and bought your Table Linens, Rough Browns, &c., from the County-Down Flax Spinning and Milling Co., and the York Street Flax Spinning Co., of Belfast. I took a run up to Dundee and filled your order for Carpets, Hessi ans, &c. In Hawick and Leeds I bought your Cloths and Tweeds and secured some excellent value. I bought your Oil Cloths from your namesake in Lancaster. These goods have taken a considerable advance on account of the rise in Jute, but I was able to place your order at the old figures.

I shall expect to see one of the firm over next winter although I think you have done wisely in placing your order this season earlier than you could have done if you had come over yourself.

Trustiny all are well in Guelph, yours faithfully,

84 Oswald Street, Glasgow.

D. WILLIAMSON,

WM. WATSON

Would call the attention of the Public to his fine selection of Goods of

Black and Colored Worsteds, Scotch and English Tweeds, Black and Fancy Pantings and a fine line of Spring Overcoatings.

AlPerfect Fit Guaranteed. WM. WATSON

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DRY GOODS CHEAP.

Great Bargains in Hosiery, Great Bargains in Gloves,

Great Bargains in Dress Goods.

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Great Bargains in Towellings.

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Great Bargains in Straw Hats. Always Big Bargains at the Red Flag Bankrupt Stock

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N. B.—Be sure and get in the RED FLAG STORE.

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Next to O'Brien & Keough's

Hot Weather will be with us in a Day or Two.

Ladie's Undervests in Gauze, Balbriggan and Silk, 20c, 25c.

Men's Linen Underwear 20c, and 25c. up.

Keep your Eye on our Ladies' Straw Shapes at half price.

1,000 pairs Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, at 8c.—a Baargain.

AT

H. MACDONALD'S, Next to O'Brien & Keough's.



A LANCASHIRE STORY

CHAPTER XIX. A NEW LODGING-ANTTHING BUT WELCOME

A NEW LODGING—ANTHLING BUT WELCOME
VIATORS.
We left Richard Buokley—after giving
that shrill whistle of his on Blackstone
Edge—hurrying along in the darkness
with his companion, Luke Booth. In what
seemed an exceedingly short space of
time, following on that signal of the gamekeeper, as Booth had thought it, the dog
which had been left on guard at the back
door of the cottage came bounding up to
his master, and after indulging for a
moment or two in energetic but silent demonstrations of delight, dropped quietly
behind.
The factory operative now understood

The above is a portrait of the late Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth College, He was a strong, able man, who stood high in the literary and scientific worlds. It is not generally known, but it is, nevertheless, the truth, that Prof. Phelps was the discoverer of what is known to the Medical Profession and Chemists universally as Paine's Celery Compound, unquestionably one of the most valuable discoveries of this century. This remarkable compound is not a nervine, an essence, a sarsaparilla or any devised article, but a discovery, and it marks

THE LATE PROF. PHELPS.

a distinct step in medical practice and the treatment of nervous complications. It has been freely admitted by the best medical talent in the land, and also by the leading chemists and scientists, that for nexy e troubles,

nervous expansion, insomnia, debiniy, sennity and even the dreaded and terrible Paresis, nothing has ever been discovered which reaches the disorder and restores health equal to this discovery of Prof. Phelps

Paine's Celery Compound is now being prepared in quantities, and can be procured at any reputable druggist. An attractive bunch of celery is to be found on every wrapper. It has become specially popular among professional men, mind workers, ladies burdened with exciting social duties and frequenters of the leading clubs.

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NOW IN STOCK

Jamaoia Rum. Fine Old Native Grape Brandy,

Guinness' Stout, pints and quarts.
Bloods Stout, pints and quarts.
Sleeman's Ales and Porters, in bottles,
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Angostura Bitters.
Ginger Als.
Double Soda Water.
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Lawn Mowers,

Lawn Rollers,

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nedicinal use. Guinness' Stout, pints and quarts.

Walkers.

Very fine Old Port. Very fine Old Sherry.

Native Wine. Holland Gin.

Old Tom Gin.

moment or two in energent due size in the monstrations of delight, dropped quietly behind.

The factory operative now understood that the whistle had been intended to call up the dog, and that the appearance of the faithful ...imal, and no barking having been heard, might be considered as an omen that so far he (Luke) had escaped the danger which he believed had threatened him. Whether the good fortune which hitherto had attended him would continue, was, however, yet to be seen.

Intuitively, as it almost seemed, Buckeley had, as they walked along, kept always on firm ground, although Boothwas awars, from his early recollections of the Edge, that they must frequently have been in close proximity to marshy gpots, danger one at night to the unwary traveller. In this way they kept on until they had covered parhaps a couple of miles since leaving the cottage, when the gamekeeper told his companion that he must be careful now how he followed in his steps, as they were about to make a steep descent.

It appeared that they had reached the brow of the ridge of hills, and at a point at which the declivity was much more abrupt than where the road traverses Blackstone Edge by way of the Moor Cock and the White House. In fact, at the spot to which the keeper had led Booth, there was neither road nor path, and even in daylights man had to mind what he was about if he would retain a safe foothold.

But Richard Buckley was acquainted with every inch c' the goound, and as the two commenced the descent, he not only, but from time to time, gave his companion advice and warning, but occasionally assisted Luke Booth with his hand. In this manner they got over a couple of hundred yards or so, until at length a narrow platical couples of hundred yards or so, until at length a narrow platical couples and hearting but occasionally assisted. ed Luke Boom with his hand. In this manner they got over a couple of hundred yards or so, until at length a narrow plateau, two or three strides wide, was reached, from which the rocky ground shelved away like a wall to some fifty feet below, otherwise their downers precise could

away like a wall to some fitty feet below, although this dangerous precipice sould not now be perceived in the dark.

"Neaw we be a' reet," said the keeper, with evident satisfaction, and taking hold of Booth's arm for fear he should step too near the edge of the ridge.

Then Buckley walked a few yards along the plateau, and, pushing aside some bushes, took another step or two forward, still retaining his hold of Booth. They were by this time in the densest darkness until the keeper ignited a sulphur match and lighted the candle in the lantern, when Luke perceived that they had entered a cave. This natural cavity in the rock, the entrance to which even in daylight was quite concealed from view by the bushes, was about the size of an ordinary cottage room, high enough for a tall man ostand upright in it, and with a dry, hard floor.

hard floor.

"This mun be yo'r lodgin' fur a bit," said Buckley. "It's noan sa gradely, but it's a seet better than look up, I rockon." "Yo're reet," replied Luke, with a grim smile, "an' I thank yo'."

smile, "an' I thank yo'."

The keeper then gave Booth the food that he had wrapped up for him, and also took off a rough overcoat which he had put on before leaving home, intending at the time to leave it with Luke, in case that the latter should feel cold in the night. Buckley was also careful to warn his brother Chartist against the dangerous wall of rock that was near to him, and advised that he should not venture outside of the cave until daylight.

advised that he should not venture outside of the cave until daylight.

After taking these precautions for the
comfort and safety of the man who had
been left in his charge by Mr. Orompton,
and promising to visit the cave again on
the following morning, Buckley bade good
night to Booth, and prepared to ascend to
the brow of Blackstone Edge. Surefcoted
and active of frame, this was no difficult
task to the gamekeejer; and once more
on level ground he stepped out, followed
by his dog, at a pace which would soon
bring him to his home.

He was still a good mile away, however,

He was still a good mile away, however, when he startled by hearing the barking of a dog in the distance—the sound travelling, as he believed, from the direction of his cottage. It it were his dog—and it could not well be any other at that time of night on the Edge and near his cottage—he knew that someone must be about, or the animal would not give mouth. If so, he suspected who the intruders were; but this did not cause him to hasten his flootsteps. Presently the dog he had with him begun to show signs of impatience, and more than once Buckley had to speak in a very angry tone to keep it from darting forward. A few minutes later he thought heard a voice, or voices, shouting; but of this he was not quite certain. The fierce barking of the dog, however, was now very distinct on the night air. He was still a good mile away, howeve Orders must be left at the Vaults or by Watson Bros.

Anon the dim outline of his cottage cam Anon the dim outline of his cottage came into view, and then, plainly enough, Buckley heard a loud knocking, followed by a man's voice saying, "Why do you not open the door?" At the same time the animal with him begun to growl, low, but savagely. A few moments more brought the gamekeeper round to the front of his cottage, and then he saw two or three menhe was not certain which at the first glance gated into a the door.

"What do yo' want heer?" demanded the keeper, bringing the gun from under his arm to the "steady," not, however, with the intention of inflicting any bodily hurt upon his visitors, but meant to intimidate

The sound of Richard Buckley's voice seemed to astonish and startle the intruders much more than their appearance had

ders much more than their appearance had the gamekeeper.

"Who are you?" asked one of the three men in turn—for now the keeper perceived that there were three.

"I reckon I'm mester heer," was the reply, "an' they ca' me Richard Buck.

Richard Buckley—eh?" said another voice, and speaking, as it seemed with some authority. "Then if you are Buckley, the gamekeeper, we want a man you have got shere—one Luke Booth, a factory opera-

"Then yo've getten ta wrang shop," an-swered the keeper, "fur there's no mon o' that name heer."
"We shall see," remarked the former

"We shall see," remarked the follows speaker. "We are police constables, and hold a warrant for this iman's apprehension, and must search your house."

"Yo're welcome, but yo'll ha' yo'r trouble for nowt, fur I tell yo' there's no mon living hear but myeen." ble for nows, fur I tell yo' there's no mon living heer but mysen."

"Keep back your dog!" suddenly exclaimed the efficer, who seemed to be in authority; for the animal, with his hair bristling, seemed about to make a spring upon the intruders, as had been made apparent by one of the efficers having turned on a dark lantern.

"Down!" shouted Buckley; and the dog immediately stretched himself on the ground, his head between his paws, but with his sharp eyes still fixed upon the strangers.

The keeper then put down his gun, with the barrels leaning against the wall of the house, and, taking the key from his pooket, proceeded to unlock the door and

might attack one of his not over-welcome visitors.

The candle was still alight, though rather low in the socket, and the fire burning brightly in the grate—the latter having been replenished before Booth and Buckley left the cottage. Throwing wide the door, the keeper bade the officers enter, so that they might see for themselves whether the man for whom they were searching was there.

The constables glanced round the kitchen, or living room; but there was no Luke Booth to be seen there. Buckley then led the way into the sleeping chamber adjoining, but with a like result, as we need scarcely say, so far as finding the man wanted was concerned—although a cupboard was looked into, a search made under the beds, and a light from the dark lantern even turned up the wide open chimney.

"Are these all the rooms you have?" inquired the one who appeared the chief of the constables, for they were all in plain clothes.

"Av." replied Buck'ey; "but there's

inquired the one who appeared the chief of the constables, for they were all in plain clothes.

"Ay," replied Buck'ey; "but there's a stable, a' th' hen-house, a' th' pantry; but I reckon yo'll noan find much theer."

"But there's a loft over these two rooms," said one of the officers, looking knowingly at his companions.

"I reckon theer is, if it has na goan," replied Buckley, smiling, and pointing to a trap door between two of the rafters in the kethohen; "an' happen theer's a ratten or two in it.—You'll find a ladder outside th' stable, if yo' want it."

At this hint two of the constables left the cottage, and presently returned, one of them carrying a ladder just about of sufficient length to reach the trafters. They had had no need to esarch the outbuildings, having before knocking at the door of the cottage, whilst the owner was absent, closely inspected every nock and corner of the stable or shed, looked into the hen house, and thrown the light of the fart lantern into the pantry. As for the last-named, it was so small that it could only have been thought of as a hiding place in a last emergency.

The ladder was now raised against one of the rafters, and a constable mounted the rungs, and made an attempt to push open the trap door, but this was stiff from want of use, and stuck as hard and fast as though it must have been bolted from above. Perhaps some such thought entered the head of the constable, or possibly he imagined that the man they were searching for was in the loft, and holding down the trap door. Anyhow, he gave a more vigorous push at it, when suddenly it flew back on

in the loft, and holding down the trap door. Anyhow, he gave a more vigorous push as it, when suddenly it flaw back on its hinges with a loud bang, a cloud of dust and cobwebs at the same time half blinding the enterprising policeman.

After this unanticipated reception, it ought to have been plain to the explorer that the trap-door could not have been opened, certainly not for many months, and possibly not for years. However, he mounted a rung or two higher on the ladder, and drawing himself up through the man hole, commenced to examine the cock-loft, turning the light from his lantern about his with no better result than disturbing a winoffensive spiders which had sought to ring and shelter under the eaves.

had sought it ing and shelter under the eaves.

Descending not only dirty, but unsuccessful, the constable shook his head, and glanced inquiringly at his superior, as if for further orders. But the chief had none to give. A search already had been made, without finding Luke Booth, and the sergeant, or whatever his rank might be, could not see his way to doing anything further that hight. It cocurred to him, however, to question the keeper.

"What time did you go out tonight?"

"Happen yo'll mind yo'r own business, mester, an' leave mine a' be," answered the keeper.

the keeper.
"That is part of our business," said the

"That is part of our business," said the constable.

"Then yo' mun find out yo'reens for I'm noan goin' to tell yo," added Buckley.
"An' happen if yo've dun rootin' abeawt, yo'll be makin' yo'r ways whoam."

'Not so fast, my friend," remarked the superior officer. "We know that this man Booth came to your house here in company with a gentleman with whose name we are acquainted. The gentleman returned alone, and you ought to know what has become of his companion."

"Well," said Buckley, "I'm noan goin' to tell yo' a lie abeawt it. Theer wur a gentleman an' a chap heer, but yo've seen fur ye'rsons tha' they're noan heer neaw."

The three constables held a short com-

The three constables held a short con-sultation, apparently arriving at the conclusion that there was no information to be obtained from this man Buckley. There was something more, however, that they wanted from him just then, and the chief officer said:

officer said:

"We want to get to the Moor Cock,
where we have a horse and conveyance
waiting, but are not sure of finding our
way there, now that it is dark. If you
will show us the main road, I will pay
you well for it."

Buckley laughed, and then said, goodneturedly:

naturedly:
"Happen if I dunna, yo'll ha' to bide a'
nest on Blackstone Edge. An' if yo're
fur goin', I dunna moind the walk." fur goin', I dunna moind the walk."

The constable thanked him, and then the keeper, putting his hat on again, took up a stout stick instead of his gun, and led the way out of his cottage. The dog, which in the earlier part of the evening had been left in charge of the house, was now allowed to follow him; and looking the door on the outside, and telling the constables to be careful to keep close to him and in his footsteps, as he was going to take them by the shortest cut, Buckley led the way.

to take them by the shortest out, Buckley led the way.
When the Yorkshire road, as it was generally called on the Lancashire side of Blackstone Edge, was reached, the lights from the Moor Cock Inn were visible towards the bottom of the hill, away beneath them. As the constables had now only to keep to the road to lead them to their destination, the keeper's office as guide was at an end, and he told his late visitors so.

visitors so.

The chief of the police offered Buckley some silver in recompense for his services, which the keeper did not refuse to accept. We know on a former occasion he had declined money from Frank Mareden and Mark Crompton, but now probably he had a feeling, a good Chartist, that he was for the time being in the pay of the enemy, and had a right to get what he could out of him.

the time being in the pay of the enemy, and had a right to get what he could out of him.

At all events he had been robbed of part of his rest, for by the time he arrived home and had his supper, it was nearly two hours beyond his usual hour for going to bed. Late, however, as he was in courting sleep, it did not interfere in the slightest with his getting up on the following morning. He was away soon after daybreak, and was dressed and feeding his fowls just as the sun was rising, having previously lighted a fire and put the kettle on the hot for breakfast.

When seated partaking of his early meal, the gamekeeper's thoughts were with Luke Booth. He was wondering how the factory operative had got on in his novel lodging during the night, and whether he was thirsty, for Buckley now remembered that, though he had thought of food, he had omitted a jar of water. There was spring which trickled from the rocks a short distance from the cave, but the keeper doubted if Booth had discovered it, or even whether he had dared to venture forth from his place of coucealment.

However, if he had had to undergo a little hardahip during the past night, Booth had a kind and thoughtful friend in Richard Buckley; for the latter, after he had finished his own hreakfast, mixed

jug of hot ten with milk and sugar, and placed it on the hob to keep warm until he had got ready a supply of food that could last Luke during the day. Then he poured the ten into a bottle, and putting this in one of his capacious pockets, and into another a tim can that would hold about a quart, he hurried off out of his cottage, leaving both his dogs behind him.

But the keeper was careful, as he left his home, to glance around him to see if any one was in sight. Not a soul, however, was to be seen on Blackstone Edge—at least, in Buckley's neighborhood. The path which he took was by a gentile deciline, and was in the same direction which Booth and he had travelled the previous night, but now, being alone, the keeper's progress was no rapid that it would have kept peace with him. Once or twice some grouse got up almost from under his feet, and dashed off with a loud "whirr;" but, with the exception of these, he came across

and dashed off with a loud "whirr;" but, with the exception of these, he came across no living thing until he reached the brow of the rocky incline which led to the cave to which he had conducted Booth.

Now, in the full light of day, the voice of the valley beneath, and of the more distant landscape, was lovely in the extreme, and a stranger doubtless would have lingered to gaze upon so entraneing a scene. To Buckley, however, it was but the face of an old friend, and he at once commenced that steep descent with the activity of a mountain sheep, and with a the face of an old friend, and he at once commenced that steep descent with the activity of a mountain sheep, and with a rapidity which showed how certain he was of his own nerve and power of motion.

On reaching the narrow plateau running along the front of the loave he gave a low whistle, twice repeated, which was a signal arranged with Booth to be given by the keeper to announce at any time his presence. In response the bushes covering the mouth of the cave were pushed back, and Luke came forth from his concealment, greeting his brother Chartist with much heartiness.

Doubtless, taithough his agnificament in the cavern was voluntary, and had been short, the anticipation of the companionship of the game keeper for a while was felt by Luke Booth as a great relief. The latter was eager to know what had trans-

felt by Luke Booth as a great relief. The latter was eager to know what had transpired after the return of his new friend to his oottage, but Buckley laughingly refused to answer any questions until Luke had partaken of the breakfast which he had brought for him. It was useless for Booth to protest that he was not particularly hungry, and could wait, for the game-keeper would not hear of it; and leading the way to a spot on the plateau a little keeper would not hear of it; and leading the way to a spot on the plateau a little beyond the cave, as which it was difficult for them to be saen, either from above or below, he made Luke sit down, in much the same sort of way as a father might with a refractory child.

Then the bottle of tea—which, if not exactly hot, was still warm, and very acceptable to Luke' teetotal palate—and also the food and the tincan, he bade Booth eat and drink, and not ask a question nor ex-

the food and the tinoan, he bade Booth eat and drink, and not ask a question nor expect an answer until he had fluished. Luke laughed, yet obeyed; but had his curiosity satisfied lin the end, when Biohard Buckley, over a smoke, told him of his encounter with the police constables, and all that had happened in connection with the three men who had visited his cottage.

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The several climates of Florida, Colorado and California have each been much
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yet thousands of the natives in those States
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Professor of Agriculture.

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Jewelry Store up-stairs. Besidence-

MONEY TO LOAN AT 5 PER CENT, \$85,000 Private Funds in sums to suit borrowers on first ecurity. Mortgages bought. HUGH McMILLAN, Solicitor,

LOANS PARIVACH FUNDS on hand to lend in tens.

from \$550 to \$15,500 on approved real as made, security at lowest rates. Charges made GUTHELE & WATE

ood security, low. Oity and farm property for sale 180 acre farm to rent. Apply to CHAS. WALKER,

ST. GEORGE'S SOUARS Notice of Removal. R. H. BARBER PAPER HANGER, and Painter in all branches. begs to announce to the public that he has removed his shop to another part of the same Blook (Days). Entrance from Market square, opposite City Hall. Orders left at MeHardy's Forz Enop wall be promptly attended.