

Attorneys-at-Law.

J. C. HARPER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Germania House. 30 28

WILLIAM I. SWOOPF, Attorney-at-Law, Furst building, Bellefonte, Pa. 34 25 1y

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Woodring's building, north of the Court House. 14 2

J. M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Germania's new building, with W. H. Blair. 19 40

JOHN G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson. 24 2

S. D. RAY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office on High street. 25 1

H. HASTINGS & REEDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office No. 14 North Allegheny street. 25 15

J. L. SPANGLER & HEWES, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Consultation in English or German. Office opp. Court House. 19 6

JOHN KLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on second floor of Furst's new building, north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 25 31

JOHN MILLS HALE, Attorney-at-Law, Philadelphia, Pa. Collections and all other legal business in Centre and Clearfield counties attended to. 25 14

W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Germania's block, opp. Court House. All professional business will receive prompt attention. 30 16

Physicians.

W. S. GLENN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, State College, Centre county, Pa. Office at his residence. 35 41

J. D. MCGIRK, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Philadelphia, Pa. Offers his professional services to those in need. 20 21

A. HIBLER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office 26 North High street, next door to Judge Drayton's law office, opp. Court House. 29 20

D. R. J. L. SEIBERT, Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office on North High street, next door to Judge Drayton's law office, opp. Court House. 29 20

H. K. HOY, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, No. 24 North High street, Bellefonte, Pa. Office hours—7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m. Defective vision carefully corrected. Spectacles and Eyeglasses furnished. 32 18

D. R. E. L. DARTT, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office in residence No. 61 North Allegheny street, next to Episcopal church. Office hours—8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone. 32 45

D. R. L. DARTT, of Bellefonte, Pa., has the Crankshaft system of Rectal treatment for the cure of Piles, Fistulas and other Rectal diseases. Information furnished upon application. 30 14T

Dentists.

J. E. WARD, GRADUATE OF BALTIMORE DENTAL COLLEGE. Office in Crider's Stone Block, High street, Bellefonte, Pa. 34 11

Bankers.

JACKSON, CRIDER & HASTINGS, (Successors to W. F. Reynolds & Co.) Bankers, Bellefonte, Pa. Bills of Exchange, Discounts, Interest paid on special deposits, Exchange on Eastern cities. Deposits received. 47 26

Insurance.

GEO. L. POTTER & CO., GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS, Represent the best companies, and write policies in Mutual and Stock Companies at reasonable rates. Office in Furst's building, opp. Court House. 25 5

J. C. WEAVER, GENERAL INSURANCE Agent, Bellefonte, Pa. Policies written in Standard Cash Companies at lowest rates. Indemnity against Fire, Lightning, Tornado, Cyclone, and wind storm. Office between Reynolds' Bank and Germania's Hotel. 34 12 1y

M. I. GARDNER, No. 8 Bush Arcade, Agent for the best

FIRE, LIFE OR ACCIDENT—INSURANCE COMPANIES. All business in his line carefully and promptly attended to. 35 37

Hotels.

TO THE PUBLIC. In consequence of the similarity of the names of the Parker and Potter Hotels, the proprietor of the Parker House has changed the name of his hotel to

COAL EXCHANGE HOTEL. He has also repaired, repainted and otherwise improved it, and has fitted up a large and tasty parlor and reception room on the first floor. WM. PARKER, 33 17 Phillipsburg, Pa.

CENTRAL HOTEL, MILESBERG, PA. A. A. Komanowka, Proprietor. This new and commodious Hotel, located opposite the depot, Milesburg, Centre county, has been entirely refitted, refurnished and replenished throughout, and is now second to none in the county in the character of accommodations offered the public. Its table is supplied with the best market affords, its bar contains the purest and choicest liquors, its stable has attentive hostlers, and every convenience and comfort is extended to its guests. Through travelers on the railroad will find this an excellent place to lunch or procure a meal, as all trains stop there about 25 minutes. 24 24

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. Having assumed the proprietorship of this finely located and well known hotel, I desire to inform the public that whittlet will have no bar, and be run strictly as a tenement hotel, and will furnish to its patrons all the comforts, conveniences and hospitalities offered by others. Its table will not be surpassed by any. Its rooms are large and comfortable. Its stabling is the best in town, and the prices to transient guests and regular boarders will be very reasonable. The citizens of the town will find in the basement of my hotel a

FIRST-CLASS MEAT MARKET at which all kinds of Meat can be purchased at the very lowest rates. I earnestly solicit a share of the public patronage. 33 13 GOTLEIB HAAG.

Medical.

CAUSES OF SCROFULA.

First of all, Scrofula is inherited. The large majority of people suffer more or less from impure blood given them by their parents. Second, Scrofula may be acquired by trying to live on insufficient and poorly-cooked food, which fails to supply the blood with enough of the elements of life and health. Third, confinement in poorly ventilated rooms, workshops or factories, or living in damp, unhealthy localities, will poison the blood and develop Scrofula.

FOR ALL CASES Of scrofula, whether inherited or acquired, and in whatever form, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine known. It thoroughly expels every trace of impurity, gives the blood those elements of health and vitality which it craves, and helps the liver and kidneys, the great sewers of the system, to perform their natural duties.

KING OF MEDICINES

Is what Wm. A. Lehr of Kendaville, 1 ind. calls Hood's Sarsaparilla, and with good reason Scrofula, in the form of white swellings and sores confined him to his bed for 7 years and kept him an invalid for 11 long years. His sufferings were intense, he feared he never should get well. But he read of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try this medicine. He was soon gratified to see the sores decrease, and to make a long story short, as the result of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully he has been entirely cured of scrofula and given good health.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO. Lowell Mass. 35 39 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

CHILDREN

CRY FOR PITCHER'S C C C A S T O R I A C C A S T O R I A C C A S T O R I A C C C C C

HEALTH and SLEEP

Without Morphine. 32 14 2y nr

FITS STOPPED FREE.—Marvelous success. Insane persons restored. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer for all brain and nervous diseases. Only sure cure for more affections. Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Infallible if used as directed. No fee after first day's use. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to, Dr. Kline, 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. Beware of imitating frauds. 35-21 1y

SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE!

Should your little one be taken to night with Membranous Croup, what would you do? What physician could save its life? None. —BELLDIN'S CROUP REMEDY— Is a tasteless, harmless powder, and is the only safeguard. In 20 years it has never failed. Order now from your druggist for 10c. Price 50c. A sample powder by mail for 10c. THE DR. BELLDIN PROPRIETARY, Co., Jamaica, N. Y. 35 50 2y

GENUINE HUNGARIAN MEDICINAL

T-O-K-A-Y W-I-N-E-S (Sweet and Dry) Direct from the Grower, ERN. STEIN, ERD-BENEY, TOKAY, HUNGARY. ERN. STEIN'S TOKAY WINES have a wide European reputation as fine, agreeable wines of delightful bouquet, ripe and rich color, and as appetizing and strengthening tonics; they are peculiarly suitable for knocon wines, for ladies, and for medicinal use. SUB AGENTS WANTED. Write for sample case containing one dozen full pint bottles selected of four different qualities of these Tokay wines at \$10. ERN. STEIN, 35-50 1y * Old Cotton Exchange, N. Y.

Watchmaking--Jewelry.

F. C. RICHARD, JEWELER and OPTICIAN, And dealer in CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE. Special attention given to the Making and Repairing of Watches. IMPORTANT—If you cannot read this print distinctly by lamp or gaslight in the evening, at a distance of ten inches, your eyesight is failing, no matter what your age, and your eyes need help. Your sight can be improved and preserved if properly corrected. It is a wrong idea that spectacles should be dispensed with as long as possible. If they assist the vision, use them. There is no danger of seeing too well, so long as the print is not magnified; it should look natural size, but plain and distinct. Don't fail to call and have your eyes tested by King's New System, and fitted with Combustion spectacles. They will correct and preserve the sight. For sale by F. C. RICHARD, 27 49 42 High St., opp. Arcade, Bellefonte.

Book Bindery.

HUTTER'S BOOK BINDERY. (Established 1852.) Having the latest improved machinery I am prepared to BIND BOOKS AND MAGAZINES of all descriptions, or to rebound old books. Special attention given to the ruling of paper and manufacture of BLANK BOOKS. Orders will be received at this office, or address F. L. HUTTER, Book Binder, Third and Market Streets, Harrisburg, Pa. 25 18

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., December 26, 1890.

THE CHRISTMAS SILENCE.

Hushed are the pigeons cooling loof. On dusty rafters on the loft. And mild-eyed oxen, breathing soft, Sleep on the fragrant hay below.

Dim shadows in the corners hide. The glimmering lantern's rays are shed. Where one young lamb just lifts his head. Then huddles against his mother's side.

Strange silence tingles in the air; Through the half-open door a bar Of light from one hanging star Touches a baby's rambant hair.

No sound—the mother kneeling, lays Her cheek against the little face. Oh, human love! Oh, heavenly grace! Yet in silence end the prayers!

Agas of silence end to-night; Then to the long expectant earth Glad angles come to greet His birth In burst of music, love and light! —MARGARET DELAND, in Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

LONELY SAM'S CHRISTMAS.

Wreaths of snow hung on evergreen boughs; the sun was dazzling, and lay in an ocean of clearest blue, with here and there a tiny cloud, pure as the snow that covered the lofty Catskills; indeed, the floating, feathering clouds looked like brothers and sisters arrayed in the lacey burdens with which spruce and hemlock were so profusely decked.

Beneath the quiet forest a man stood in an attitude that betokened what has been termed a "brown study." A tall man, finely proportioned, with deep, thoughtful brows, eyes shining from his thickly bearded face. His features were massive, and rather stern, and his height herculean. He leaned on the barrel of a fowling piece, but his mind was not bent on sport.

"Seven years ago to-day!" he said; "seven years. I wonder how she is. Christmas-day will always be the same to me no matter where I spend it. Once in the heart of the desert in Africa, once in a gambling hell in South America, once in a fashionable society in Paris, once in the student's quarter in London, now here amid the Catskills, with no sound save the singing of the pines, no sight save the blue space above, the masses of snow and the deep swags of this pathless forest. Still, she is with me, I can feel the soft fragrance of her breath against my cheek, the touch of her hand sending flashes of fire through my veins. Solitude! It has done nothing for me."

With a deep sigh he shouldered his gun and strode away, his bulky form thrusting aside the snow-laden boughs, his step crashing the white crust beneath.

"Lonely Sam" had come to the Catskills three years ago. He had taken up his residence in a deserted log cabin and no Trappist monk had ever so completely turned his back on the comforts of civilized life as this hermit of the forest. His hut was situated in Greene County, some miles from High Falls. It was destitute of every appliance of culture or refinement; even an Indian would have scorned the rude shelter. Here lived the man who appeared, when he first came to the mountain, a being from a different world. A man in the printed page, well educated, a man of polish and refinement, and what was stranger still a man of wealth.

Inside the moss-grown hut betrayed no evidence that its inmate had once been a denizen of the world of luxury and ease, save in one respect. The walls were lined with shelves, and these were packed with books. Rare and costly volumes filled the place, leaving little space for the humble appearances of a simple housekeeping which told of frugal fare. Solitary Sam was no epicure, that was evident.

"Lone Sam" had come to be a well-known character even in his mountain home; his presence had attracted attention, though he had himself never been known to whom he came in contact when he sallied forth to procure necessary supplies. His name was not known. Visitors during the summer season had dubbed him "Lone Sam" and had often expressed curiosity and anxiety to know more of the recluse; but any advances they made were coldly repulsed, and the hermit could on occasion display a stern dignity that surprised intruders as his privacy.

As "Lonely Sam" approached his hut on that brilliant Christmas morning, an unwary foot on the slippery surface brought his weighty form to the ground. A loud groan betokened to him an agonizing pain shot through his right leg.

"Hump! a broken knee-cap, said the hermit as he dragged himself into a sitting position. "A pleasant outlook, upon my word!" His cabin was still some yards away, and he was powerless to walk one step.

"I suppose I can crawl that far," he said, reflectively. "I must do it. I'll have to starve to death, for this is a three month's job. My old handiness in surgery will scarcely bear me out here."

He crawled toward his hut slowly and cautiously, stopping now and then to rest. His leg, a noble-looking setter of pure breed, seemed as distressed as his master. He came back every few minutes to lick the hermit's face and encourage him during his tedious and painful progress toward the cabin.

"Ah, Rollo!" cried "Lonely Sam," when, at length, he gained the shelter of the hut. "This is the worst mischance we have encountered during all our wanderings. If we survive this calamity, I think we may be tempted to turn our backs on solitude."

Does the hermit look at all like this? The speaker was a lovely woman. Her rich dress of red plush, her jewelled hands, and beautiful high bred face had won for her the admiration and sympathy of the landlord of the well-known deserted mountain hotel.

This was a photograph of a man whose steadfast eyes looked calmly at the hotel proprietor. His face was clear shaven with the exception of a long, heavy mustach. Mr. Morse studied the portrait. "Yes," he said, slowly; "that's the man; but now his face is mostly covered by a thick beard."

"Then I shall need a carriage immediately," the lady in red exclaimed quickly

"I have been searching for the original of that portrait for three years. A carriage, Mr. Morse, and tell them to make haste."

"But, madame, if you mean to visit 'Lonely Sam' I mean this gentleman, I must tell you that no carriage or sleigh can get near the house."

"Let them take me as near as possible, and I'll walk the rest of the way," cried the lady, impatiently.

Her commands were obeyed. Her maid had informed Mr. Morse that her lovely and imperious mistress was an English widow—a titled lady of large fortune—and such a visitor is rare in the Catskill Mountains in winter.

"Drive fast!" the lady said, when she was seated in the comfortable sleigh. "Drive fast—wait a moment! It is Christmas-day. I want brandy, wine and a nice cold dinner sent on immediately. Stay—I'll take it with me for I shall go very quickly. My friend may not be prepared to receive company."

The things she named were put in the sleigh, and the driver, stimulated by her impatience and his own hope for a reward, urged his horses to do their best. Gilbert Arbutnot, otherwise "Lonely Sam," had succeeded in crawling into his cabin. He lay upon the floor, near the fire, and by dint of much exertion, he could succeed in throwing on wood from a pile near at hand.

"When that is exhausted I shall have to freeze," he said in a tone of resignation. "I've heard of dogs carrying messages, but that task seems beyond Rollo. I always thought you were as intelligent as your neighbor, old boy, but you have failed me this time."

He looked ruefully at the dog to whose collar he had attached a note written on a leaf of his pocket-book. Rollo eyed his master pitifully. He knew he was unable to comprehend Gilbert's wishes, and he realized that his master was in trouble. With every wish to do his duty, the faithful brute was helpless.

The day wore on. Arbutnot began to suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst. He dragged himself to his rough cupboard and managed to reach a pitcher of water and a crust.

"My last Christmas dinner," he said, as he once more returned to his uneasy place before the fire. "Rather an inglorious death to die by the way. I wonder if the bears and wolves will find out I am helpless and make short work of me?"

As dusk settled over the forest cabin Rollo started up from an unhappy consciousness in doze. He growled savagely, and sprang to the door which he soon scratched open.

"Ah, there are my friends, the wild beasts, coming to their Christmas dinner," said "Lonely Sam," bitterly, as he sought to reach his rifle which stood in the corner. In vain. His leg was too painful, it had swollen enormously and ached with torturing intensity.

"Well, I may as well give up. Hello! Was that a voice? God sends someone out to help me!"

A shout rang out. He answered it with a wild, appealing cry that ended in a sob. The voice came nearer, and the dim light faded altogether a form filled up the road below.

"You are ill, Gilbert?" inquired a voice—surely a woman from dream-land.

"I've broken my leg. Who are you?"

A little hand was laid gently on his head as the woman felt her way to his side in the dark cabin.

He caught the small, warm hand, just withdrawn from his sealskin gauntlet, in his.

"Is this a vision—a spirit?" he asked with terrified intensity.

"No, Gilbert, it is really Gertrude."

Both hands were now in his. She knelt on the rough floor beside him.

"What are you doing here, Lady Herbert?" asked the hermit sternly.

"I have been searching for you for three years, Gilbert. Thank God I have found you!"

Now that the cabin door was again filled up, this time by the figure of Lady Herbert's guide, who had borne a large basket. He soon found the hermit's lamp, and its cheerful glow dispelled some of the gloom. It was a sight to see the countess in her velvet and jewels setting before the feast. Later came the doctor, and Lady Gertrude's maid, for Gilbert could not be moved till the following day, when he was borne to the hotel on a litter. When he was comfortably settled, there followed a long talk between the two who had loved and parted years ago.

"You should have told me the reason of your coldness. I never loved Sidney Herbert; but when you left me without one word, broke our engagement and deserted me, I married him."

"And if? When your mother told me that you loved the earl, and only kept to our engagement because you dreaded my anger—"

"Hush, Gilbert, she is no more. All is past, and now we shall never part."

"No; I have asked Mr. Morse to send a clergyman to marry us to-morrow."

"That was not necessary, my dear," said Gertrude with a blush.

"Why, my own?"

"Because I had already sent for him. He is here."

The following is clipped from the Somerset Democrat: We stated last week that the Nicely brothers had been quite seriously injured in the fall they received when attempting to come down the rope in their escape from the jail. Both received severe injuries and claim that because of their injuries they were unable to escape. They are both lying in their cells in the jail under treatment of the jail physician, Dave with a broken ankle and a broken wrist and Joe with a severely sprained ankle and a wounded hand. They both suffered severely from their exposure to the weather and had their feet and legs frozen. For awhile it was thought inflammation had set in Joe's frozen foot, but the doctor says that such is not the result. They are both in a fair way to recovery. It may be necessary to amputate the toes and heel on Joe's foot, but unless the symptoms are more unfavorable amputation will not be made.

"Wherever you find petroleum you won't find mosquitoes," says an old countryman. "The insects can't stand the small grease, and wherever oil wells are plenty there is no call for mosquito bars."

Medicinal.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

BROOKLYN, CONN., May 5, '90. Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Sirs—Last summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully, WOLOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90. Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Dear Sirs.—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powder than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 10, '90. Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Dear Sirs.—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare which was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness; an shows no bunch on the joint.

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 8, '90. Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Dear Sirs.—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prize do this because I know that nine out of every ten persons who try it will be so well satisfied with the results they will take pleasure in speaking about its marvelous curative virtues to all their friends and acquaintances. The value of this sort of advertising to me is worth many times the cost of the medicine given away, so I am well compensated for the seeming large expense.

I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address, F. H. HART, 35 14 y n r. 88 Warren Street, N. Y.

Prices \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

35-40 1y

I GIVE AWAY

Every reader of this paper who suffers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility or Consumption, a bottle of that most wonderful medicine,

—FLORAPLEXION— which is the only absolute and permanent cure for the above named diseases. I can afford to do this because I know that nine out of every ten persons who try it will be so well satisfied with the results they will take pleasure in speaking about its marvelous curative virtues to all their friends and acquaintances. The value of this sort of advertising to me is worth many times the cost of the medicine given away, so I am well compensated for the seeming large expense.

I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address, F. H. HART, 35 14 y n r. 88 Warren Street, N. Y.

Address, 7 Laight St., NEW YORK CITY. 35 2 1y. n. r.

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Pure Malt Whisky.

PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKY! DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, All wasting diseases can be ENTIRELY CURED BY IT. Malaria is completely eradicated from the system by its use.

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revives the energies of those who with excessive bodily or mental effort. It acts as a SAFE and constant exposure in the wet and rigorous weather.

Take part of a wineglassful on your arrival home after the labors of the day and the same quantity before your breakfast. Being chemically pure, it commends itself to the medical profession.

WATCH THE LABEL. None genuine unless bearing the signature of the firm on the label. M. & J. S. PERRINE, 31 36 1y 38 N. Third St., Philadelphia.

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GERBERICH, HALE & CO., —BELLEFONTE, PA.— Manufacturers of — F-L-O-U-R and F-E-E-D, and Dealers in — ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.— The highest market price paid for WHEAT—RYE—CORN —AND—OATS.— 28 1

Carriages.

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CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, at the old Quistion stand of

McQUISTION & CO., NO. 10 SMITH STREET adjoining the freight depot

We have on hand and for sale the best assortment of Carriages, Buggies, and Spring Wagons we have ever had. We have Dextor, Brewster, Elford, and Thomas Coil Springs, with 2 and 4 wheel bodies, and can give you a choice of the latest styles of patterns of wheels. Our work is the best made in this section, made by good workmen and of good material. We claim to be the only party manufacturing in town who ever served an apprenticeship to the business. Along with that we have had forty years' experience in the business, which certainly should give us the advantage over inexperienced parties.

In price we defy competition, as we have no Pedlers, Clerks or Rents to pay. We pay cash for all our goods, thereby securing them from the usual figures and discounts. We are determined not to be undersold, either in our own make or manufactured work from other places; so give us a call for Surries, Phaetons, Buggies, Spring Wagons, Buckboards, or anything else in our line, and we will accommodate you.

We are prepared to do all kinds of —REPAIRING— on short notice. Painting, Trimming, Woodwork and Smithing. We guarantee all work to be just as representative, so give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. We have places alongside of the freight depot. 34 15 S. A. McQUISTION & CO.

Saddlery.

A GOOD RECORD. THE OLDEST HARNESS HOUSE IN TOWN. Over 18 years in the same spot—no change of firm—no fires—no going back, but continued and steady progress. This is an advanced age. People demand more for their money than ever before. We are up to the times with the largest and best assortment of everything that is to be found in a FIRST-CLASS HARNESS STORE, and we defy competition, either in quality, quantity or prices. NO SELLING OUT FOR THE WANT OF TRADE. NO COMPANY—NO PARTNERS—NO ONE TO DIVIDE PROFITS WITH BUT MY CUSTOMERS. I am better prepared, this year, to give you more for your money than ever before. Last year and this year have found me at times not able to fill my orders. The above facts are worth considering, for they are evidence of merit and fair dealing. There is nothing so successful

—AS SUCCESS— and this is what hurts some. See my large stock of Single and Double Harness, Whips, Tweed Dusters, Horse Sheets, Collars and Sweet Pads, Biding Saddles, Saddle Bags, Saddle Trunks, Harness from \$3 a pair and upwards. Axle, Coach and Harness Oils, Saddlery Hardware and Harness Leather Sold AT THE LOWEST PRICES to the trade. Harnessmakers in the country will find it to their advantage to get my prices before purchasing hardware elsewhere. I am better prepared this year than ever to fill orders promptly.

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