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FIREWOOD

#### The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1888.

### COUNTESS NARONA.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXIV. Henry turned to the window, thinking to relieve his mind by looking at the bright view over the canal. He soon grew wearied of the familiar scene. The morbid fascination which seems to be exercised by all hor-Fole sights, drew him back again to the whastly object on the floor.

Dream or reality, how had Agnes survived the sight of it? As the question passed through his mind, he noticed for the first time something lying on the floor near the sead. Looking closer, he perceived a thin little plate of gold, with three false tooth attached to it, which had apparently dropped out (loosened by the shock) when the manager let the head fall on the floor. The importance of this discovery, and the

mecessity of not too readily communicating it to others, instantly struck Henry. Here surely was a chance—if any chance remained of identifying the shocking relic of humanity which lay before him, the dumb witness of a crime! Acting on this idea, he took possession of the teeth, purposing to use them as a last means of inquiry when other at-tempts at investigation had been tried and had failed.

He went back again to the window; the clitude of the room began to weigh on his pirits. As he looked out again at the view, we was a soit knock at the door. He stened to open it—and checked himself in the act. A doubt occurred to him. Was it the manager who had knocked? He called out, "Who is there?"

The voice of Agnes answered him. "Have you anything to tell me, Henry!" He was hardly able to reply. "Not just now," he said, confusedly. "Forgive me if I don't open the door. I will speak to you a

The sweet voice made itself heard again, pleading with him piteously. "Don't leave me alone, Henry! I can't go back to the happy people down stairs."
How could be resist that appeal? He heard

her sigh—he heard the rustling of her dress as she moved away in despair. The very thing that he had shrunk from doing but a few minutes since was the thing that he did now! He joined Agnes in the corridor. She turned as she heard him, and pointed trembling in the direction of the closed room. do asked, Iaintly,

He put his arm round her to support her.
A thought came to him as he looked at her, waiting in doubt and fear for his reply. You shall decide the question for yourself," he said, "if you will first put on your hat and cloak, and come out with me." She was naturally surprised. "Can you sail me your object in going out?" she asked.

He owned what his object was unreserve edly. "I want, before all things," he said, to satisfy your mind and mine on the subject of Montbarry's death. I am going to take you to the doctor who attended him in his illness and to the consul who followed

Her eyes rested on Henry gratefully. "Oh, how well you understand me!" she said. The manager joined them at the same moment, on his way up the stairs. Henry gave him the key of the room, and then called to the servants in the hall to have a gondola ready

"Are you leaving the hotel?" the manager "In search of evidence," Henry whispered, pointing to the key. "If the authorities

want me. I shall be back in an hour."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

The day had advanced to evening. Lord Montbarry and the bridal party had gone to the opera. Agnes alone, pleading the excuse of fatigue, remained at the hotel. Having kept up appearances by accompanying his friends to the theatre, Henry Westwick slipped away after the first act and joined Agnes in the

"Have you thought of what I said to you earlier in the day?" he asked, taking a chair at her side. "Do you agree with me that one dreadful doubt which oppressed us both is at Agnes shook her head sadly. "I wish I could agree with you, Henry—I wish I could

bonestly say that my mind is at ease." The answer would have disconraged most men. Henry's patience (where Agnes was concerned) was equal to any demands on it.

"If you will only look back at the events of the day," he said, "you must surely admit that we have not been completely baffled. Remember how Dr. Bruno disposed of our doubts: 'After thirty years of medical practice, do you think I am likely to mistake the symptoms of death by bronchitis? If ever there was an unanswerable question, there it is. Was the consul's testimony doubtful in any part of it? He called at the palace to offer his services, after hearing of Lord Montbarry's death; he arrived at the time when the coffin was in the house; he himself saw the corpse placed in it, and the lid screwed down. The evidence of the priest was equally beyond dispute. He remained in the room with the coffin, reciting the prayers for the dead, until the funeral left the palace. Bear all these statements in mind, Agnes; and how can you deny that the question of Montharath and burial is a question set at rest? We have really but one doubt left; we have still to ask ourselves whether the remains which I discovered are the remains of the

lest courier or not. There is the case as I understand it. Have I stated it fairly? Agnes could not deny that he had stated it

"Then what prevents you from experienc-og the same sense of relief that I feel?"

me as I lay between the requires of murdered husband above me and the guilty wite suffering the tecture of passages stony bedside. But what I so not understand in that I should have passed through that dreadful ordeal, naving no provious innewholes of the murdered man is his Mattime, or only knowing him (if you suppose that I now the apparition of Ferrari) through the interest which I took in his wife. I can't dispute your reasoning, Henry. But I feel in my heart of hearts that you are deceived. Nothing will shake my belief that we are still as far from having discovered the dreadful truth as ever."

as ever."

Henry made no further attempt to dispute with her. She had impressed him with a certain rejuctant respect for her own opinion in spite of himself.

"Have you thought of any better way of arriving at the truth?" he asked. "Who is to help as? No doubt there is the counters, who has the clew to the mystery in her own hands. But, in the present state of her mind, is her testimony to be trusted—even if she were willing to speak? Judging by my own experience, I should say decidedly not."

"You don't mean that you have seen her again?" Agnee engerly interposed.

again? Agnes eagerly interposed.
"Yes, I had half an hour to spare before dinner, and I disturbed her once more over her endless writing." "And you told her what you found when

you opened the hiding place?"
"Of course I did," Henry replied. "I said, in so many words, that I held her responsible for the discovery, and that I expected her to reveal the whole truth. She went on with her writing as if I had spoken in an unknown tongue. I was equally obstinate on my side. I told her plainly that the head had been placed under the care of the police, and that the manager and I had signed our declarations and given our evidence. She paid not the slightest heed to me. By way of tempt-ing her to speak, I added that the whole in-

ing her to speak, I added that the whole investigation was to be kept a secret, and that she might depend on my discretion. For the moment I thought I had succeeded. She looked up from her writing with a passing flash of curiosity, and said: 'What are they going to do with it?—meaning, I suppose, the head. I answered that it was to be privately buried, after photographs of it had been first taken. I even went the langth of communicating the origins of the length of communicating the opinion of the surgeon consulted, that some chemical means

surgeon consulted, that some chemical means of arresting decomposition had been used and had only partially succeeded—and I asked her point blank if the surgeon was right. The trap was not a bad one, but it completely failed. She said in the coolest manner: 'Now you are here I should like to consult you about my play; I am at a loss for some new incident.' Mind! there was nothing satirical in this. She was really eager to read her wonderful work to me—evidently supposing that I took a special interest in such things because my brother is the manager of a theatre! I left her, making the first excuse that occurred to me. So far as I am concerned I can do nothing with her. But it is possible that your influence may succeed with her again on it has messaged at ceed with her again, as it has succeeded already. Will you make the attempt to satisfy your own mind? She is still upstairs; and I am quite ready to accompany you?

Agnes shuddered at the bare suggestion of another interview with the countess.

"I can't! I daren't!" she exclaimed. "After what has happened in that horrible room, she is more repellent to me than ever. Don't ask me to do it, Henry! Feel my hand-you have turned me as cold as death only with talking

She was not exaggerating the terror that possessed her. Henry hastened to change "Let us talk of something more interest-

ing," he said. "I have a question to ask you happier you will be?"

"Right?" she repeated, excitedly. "You are more than right! No words can say how I long to be away from this horrible place. But you know how I am situated—you heard what Lord Montbarry said at dinner time? "Suppose he has aftered his plans since dinner time?" Henry suggested.

Agnes looked surprised. "I thought be had received letters from England which obliged him to leave Venice to-morrow," she

"Quite true," Henry admitted. "He had arranged to start for England to-morrow, and to leave you and Lady Montbarry and the children to enjoy your holiday in Venice under my care. Circumstances have occurred, however, which have forced him to alter his plans. He must take you all back with him to-morrow, because I am not able to assume charge of you. I am obliged to give up my holiday in Italy, and return to Agnes looked at him in some little perplex-

ity; she was not quite sure whether she understood him or not "Are you really obliged to go back?" she asked. Henry smiled as he answered her. "Keep

the secret," he said, "or Montbarry will never She read the rest in his face. "Oh," she exclaimed, blushing brightly, "you have not given up your pleasant holiday in Italy on

"I shall go back with you to England, nes. That will be holiday enough for me."
She took his hand in an irrepressible outburst of gratitude. "How good you are to me!" she murmured tenderly. "What should I have done in the troubles that have

come to me, without your sympathy? I can't tell you, Henry, how I feel your kindn She tried impulsively to lift his hand to her lips. He gently stopped her. "Agnes," he said, "are you beginning to understand how truly I love you?"

That simple question found its own way to ber heart. She owned the whole truth, without saying a word. She looked at him-and then looked away again.

He drew her to his bosom. "My own darling!" he whispered—and kissed her. Softly and tremulously the sweet lips lingered, and touched his lips in return. Then her head drooped. She put her arms round his neck, and hid her face in his bosom. They

The charmed silence had lasted but a little while, when it was mercilessly broken by a knock at the door.

Agnes started to her feet. She placed ner-self at the piano; the instrument being oppo-site to the door, it was impossible, when she seated herself on the music stool, for any person entering the room to see her face. Henry called out irritably, "Come in."

The door was not opened. The person on the other side asked a strange question:

"Is Mr. Henry Westwick alone?"

Agnes instantly recognized the voice of the countess. She hurried to a second door, which communicated with one of the bed-rooms. "Don't let her come near me?" she whispered, nervously. "Good night, Henry!

"Then what prevents you from experience of the same sense of relief that I feel"
Henry could, by an effort of will, have ing passion of the gamester.

"At the period of the play the barea's good in the superience of the counter of the counter to the uttermost.

"At the period of the play the barea's good he amount of the carth he would have made the fortune has desirted him. He see his way to a called, the superience of th

true view—ne and, as ne places a quar review, "Countess, I am afraid you have been working too hard; you look as if you wanted rest."

She put her hand to her head. "My invention is gone," she said. "I can't write my fourth act. It's all a blank—all a blank."

Henry advised her to wait till the next day. "Go to bed," he suggested, "and try and fibe waved her hand impatiently.
"I must finish the play," she answered. "I only want a kint from you. You must

cally want a kint from you. You must know something about plays. Your brother has got a theatre. You must often have heard him talk about fourth and fifth actayou must have seen rehearsals, and all the rest of it." She abruptly thrust the manuscript into Henry's hand. "I can't read it to you," she said; "I feel giddy when I look at my own writing. Just run your eye over it, there's a good fellow—and give me a hint." Henry glanced at the manuscript. He happened to look at the list of the persons of the drama. As he read the list he started and turned abruptly to the countess, intending to ask her for some explanation. The words were suspended on his lips. It was

words were suspended on his lips. It was but too plainly useless to speak to her. Her bend lay back on the upper rail of the chair. She seemed to be half asleep already. The flush on her face had despend; she looked like a woman who was in danger of having a fit.

He rang the bell, and directed the man who answered it to send one of the chambermaids upstairs. His voice seemed to partially rouse the countess; she opened her eyes in a slow, drowsy way. "Have you read it?" she asked. It was necessary, as a mere act of humanity, to humor her. "I will read it willingly," said Henry, "if you will go upstairs to bed. You shall hear what I think of it to-morrow

speaking. "I am afraid the lady is ill," Henry whispered. "Take her up to her room." The woman looked at the counters, and whispered back, "Shall we send for a doctor, sir?"

Henry advised taking her upstairs first, and then asking the manager's advice! There was great difficulty in persuading her to rise and accept the support of the chambermaid's arm. It was only by reiterated promises to read the play that night, and to make the fourth act in the morning, that Henry prevailed on the counters to return to her room. valled on the countess to return to her room.

Left to himself he began to feel a certain languid curiosity in relation to the manuscript. He looked over the pages, reading a line here and a line there. Suddenly he changed color as he read—and looked up from the manuscript like a man bewildered.

"Good God! what does this man "Whe said to "Good God! what does this mean?" he said to

His eyes turned nervously to the door by which Agnes had left him. She might return to the drawing room; she might want to see what the countess had written. He looked back again at the passage which startled him—considered with himself for a moment—and suddenly and softly left the

CHAPTER XXVI. Entering his own room on the upper floor, Henry placed the manuscript on the table open at the first leaf. His nerves were unsestionably shaken; his hand trembled as he

turned the pages; he started at chance noises on the staircase of the hotel. The scenario, or outline, of the countess' play began with no formal prefatory phrases. She presented herself and her work with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Allow me, dear Mr. Francis Westwick, to about yourself. Am I right in believing that introduce to you the persons in my proposed the sooner you get away from Venice the play. Behold them arranged symmetrically "The lord. The baron. The courier. The

doctor. The countess "I don't trouble myself, you see, to invent fictitious family names. My characters are sufficiently distinguished by their social titles, and by the striking contrast which they present one with another. "The first act opens

"No! Before I open the first act I must announce, in justice to myself, that this play is entirely the work of my own invention. I scorn to borrow from actual events; and, what is more extraordinary still, I have not stolen one of my ideas from the modern French drama. As the manager of an English theatre, you will naturally refuse to be-lieve this. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters—except the opening of my first act.
"We are at Homburg, in the famous Salon

d'Or, at the height of the season. The countess (exquisitely dressed) is seated at the green table. Strangers of all nations are standing behind the players venturing their money, or only looking on. My lord is among the strangers. He is struck by the counters' personal appearance, in which beauties and defects are fantastically mingled in the most attractive manner. He watches the counters he watches the counters have been also been also been also be made a local by money where he tess' game, and places his money where he sees her deposit her own little stake. She looks round at him, and says, 'Don't trust to my color; I have been unlucky the whole ng. Play your stake on the other color. and you may have a chance of winning.' My lord (a true Englishman) blushes, bows and obeys. The countess proves a true prophet. She loses again. My lord wins twice the sum that he has risked.

"The counters rises from the table. She has no more money, and she offers my lord

ber chair.

Thatead of taking it, he politely places his winnings in her hand, and begs her to accept the loan as a favor to himself. The countess the loan as a favor to himself. stakes again, and loses again. My lord smiles superbly, and presses a second loan on her. From that moment her luck turns. She wins, and wins largely. Her brother, the baron, trying his fortune in another room, hears of what is going on, and joins my lord and the

"Pay attention, if you please, to the baron. He is delineated as a remarkable and interesting character.

"This noble person has begun life with a single minded devotion to the science of experimental chemistry, very surprising in a young and handsome man with a brilliant future before him. A profound knowledge of the occult sciences has persuaded the baron that it is possible to solve the famous problem called the 'Philosopher's Stone,' His own lem called the 'Philosopher's Stone.' His own pecuniary resources have long since been exhausted by his cestly experiments. His sister has next supplied him with the smail fortune at her disposal; reserving only the family jewels, placed in the charge of her banker and friend at Frankfort. The counters' fortune also being swallowed up, the baron has in a fatal moment sought for new supplies at the gaming table. He proves, at starting on his perilous career, to be a favorite of fortune; wins largely, and alast profance his noble enwins largely, and alast profance his noble en-thusiasm by yielding his soul to the all debas-ing passion of the gamester.

saits seem to pay an respect to the counters the next morning at her likel. The biron hospitably invites him to breakfast. My lord accepts, with a last admiring glance at the countess which does not escape her brother's observation, and takes his leave for the night.

"Alone with his sister, the baron speaks out plainly. 'Our affairs,' he says, 'are in a desperate condition and must find a desperate remedy. Wait for me here while I make inmiries about my lord. You have evidently produced a strong impression on him. If we can turn that impression into money, no matter at what sacrifice, the thing must be

"The countess now occupies the stage alone and indulges in a soliloguy which develops

"It is at once a dangerous and attractive baracter. Immense capacities for good are applanted in her nature, side by side with qually remarkable capacities for evil. It equally remarkable capacities for the rests with circumstances to develop either the one or the other. Being a person who produces a sensation wherever she goes, this noble lady is naturally made the subject of all sorts of scandalous reports. To one of these reports—which falsely and abominably points to the baron as her lover instead of her brother—she now refers with just indigna-tion. She has just expressed her desire to leave Homburg, as the place in which the vile calumny first took its rise, when the baron returns, overhears her last words, and says to her, 'Yes, leave Homburg by all means; provided you leave it in the character of my lord's betrothed wife!'

"The countess is startled and shocked. She tests that she does not reciprocate my lord's admiration for her. She even goes the length of refusing to see him again. The baron answers, 'I must positively have com-mand of money. Take your choice, between You shall heer what I think of it to-morrow marrying my lord's income, in the interest of morning. Our heads will be clearer, we my grand discovery—or leave me to sell my-shall be better able to make the fourth act in self and my title to the first rich woman of

low degree who is ready to buy me.'

"The countess listens in surprise and dismay. Is it possible that the baron is in earnest? He is horribly in earnest. 'The woman who will buy me,' he says, 'is in the next room to us at this moment. She is the wealthy widow of a Jewish usurer. She has the money I want to reach the solution of the great problem. I have only to be that woman's husband, and to make myself master of untold millions of gold. Take five minutes to consider what I have told you, and tell me on my return which of us is to marry for the money I want, you or I.' "As he turns away, the countess stops him.

"All the neblest sentiments in her nature are exalted to the highest pitch. 'Where is the true woman,' she exclaims, 'who wants time to consummate the sacrifice of herself, when the man to whom she is devoted de-"She does not want five minutes: she does

not want five seconds—she holds out her hand to him, and she says: 'Sacrifice me on the altar of your glory! Take as stepping stones on the way to your triumph, my love, my liberty and my life!" "On this grand situation the curtain falls

Judging by my first act, Mr. Westwick, tell me truly, and don't be afraid of turning my head. Am I not capable of writing a good Henry paused between the first and second

acts-reflecting, not on the merits of the play, but on the strange resemblance which the incidents so far presented to the incidents that had attended the disastrous marriage of the first Lord Montbarry.

Was it possible that the countess, in the present condition of her mind, supposed her-

was only exercising her memory? The question involved consideration too se rious to be made the subject of a hasty decision. Reserving his opinion, Henry turned the page and devoted himself to the reading of the next act. The manuscript proceede as follows:

"The second act opens at Venice. An interval of four months has elapsed since the date of the scene at the gambling table. The action now takes place in the reception room of one of the Venetian palaces. "The baron is discovered alone on the stage. He reverts to the events which have happened since the close of the first act. The countess has sacrificed herself; the mercenary

marriage has taken place-but not without obstacles caused by difference of opinion on the question of marriage settlements. "Private inquiries instituted in England have informed the baron that my lord's chief income is derived chiefly from what is called entailed property. In case of accidents he is surely bound to do something for his bride. Let him, for example, insure his life for a sum proposed by the baron, and let him so

settle the money that his widow will have it if he dies first.
"my ford nesitates. The baron wastes no time in useless discussion. 'Let us by all means,' he says, 'consider the marriage as broken off.' My lord shifts his ground, and pleads for a smaller sum than the sum pro-posed. The baron briefly replies, 'I never pargain.' My lord is in love; the natural result follows-he gives way.

"So far, the baron has no cause to com plain. But my lord's turn comes, when the marriage has been celebrated, and when the honeymoon is over. The baron has joined the married pair at a palace which they have hired in Venice. He is still bent on solving the problem of the 'Philosopher's Stone.' His laboratory is set up in the vaults beneath the palace-so that smells from chemical experinents may not incommode the count the higher regions of the house. The one obstacle in the way of his grand discovery is, as usual, the want of money. His position, at the present time, has become truly critical. He owes debts of honor to gentlemen in his own rank of life, which must positively be paid; and he proposes, in his own friendly manner, to borrow the money of my lord.

My lord positively refuses, in the rudest terms. The baron applies to his sister to exercise her conjugal influence. She can only answer that her noble husband—being no longer distractedly in love with her—now appears in his true character, as one of the seanest men living. The sacrifice of the marriage has been made, and has already "Such is the state of affairs at the opening

of the second act. "The entrance of the countess suddenly dis-"The entrance of the countess suddenly disturbs the baron's reflections. She is in a state bordering on frensy. Incoherent expressions of rage burst from her lips; it is some time before she can sufficiently control herself to speak plainly. She has been doubly insulted—first, by a menial person in her employment; secondly, by her husband. Her maid, an Englishwoman, has declared that she will serve the countess no longer. She will give up her wages and return at once to Englished. up her wages and return at once to England. Being asked her reason for this strange pro-ceeding, she insolently hints that the countem' service is no service for an honest woman, since the baron has entered the house. The countess does what any lady in her position would do; she indignantly dis-

her position would do; she indignantly dismisses the wretch on the spot.

"My lord, hearing his wife's voice raised in
anger, leaves the study is which he is accustened to shut himself up over his books, sail
asks what this disturbance means. The countess informs him of the outrageous language
and conduct of her maid. My level not only
declare his entire aproval of the wearse's
conduct, but expresses his over abcominghle
dentire of his wifit, distilty, in language of
such her him by repeating it. If I had
hern a man, the counters as as and if I had
her a man, the counters as as a raid if I had
her a man, the counters as a such in it is not been
truck himself at my feet?

"The harder him by feet?

"The harder him by feet?

"The harder him to finish the sentence for

you, "he mays. You would have struck your husband dead at your feet, and by that resh act you would have deprived yourself of the insurance money settled on the widow—the very mone; which is wanted to relieve your brother from the unendurable pecuniary position which he now occupies!

"The countess gravely reminds the baron that this is no joking matter. After what my lord has said to her she has little doubt that he will communicate his infamous suspicions to his lawyers in England. If nothing is done to prevent it, she may be divorced and disgraced and thrown on the world with no reource but the sale of her jewels to keep her

it from him for a moment and shows it to her

ilence. No words are needed. They thoroughly understand the position in which they placed; they clearly see the terrible rem edy for it. What is the plain alternative before them? Disgrace and ruin-or my lord's

ing. He speaks of my lord's constitution illness and death.

"He observes that the countess is listening to him, and asks if she has anything to propose. She is a woman who, with many defects, has the merit of speaking out. 'Is there no such thing as a serious illness,' she asks, 'corked up in one of those bottles of yours in the vaults down stairs?

"The baron answers by gravely shaking his head. What is he afraid of?-a possible examination of the body after death? No: he can set any post-mortem examination at defance. It is the process of administering the poison that he dreads. A man so distinguished as my lord cannot be taken seriously ery. Then, again, there is the courier, faithful to my lord as long as my lord pays him. Even if the doctor sees nothing suspicious, the courier may discover something. The poison, to do its work with the necessary crecy, must be repeatedly administered in graduated doses. One triffing miscalculation or mistake may rouse suspicion. The insurance office may hear of it, and may refuse to pay the money. As things are, the baron will not risk it, and will not allow his sister to risk it in his place. "My lord himself is the next character who

appears. He has repeatedly rung for the courier, and the bell has not been answered. What does this insolence mean?

"The countess (speaking with quiet dignity for why should her infamous husband have the satisfaction of knowing how deeply he has wounded her!) reminds my lord that the courier has gone to the post. My lord asks suspiciously if she has looked at the letter. The countess informs him coldly that she has no curiosity about his letters. Referring to the cold from which he is suffering, she inquires if he thinks of consulting a medical man. My lord answers roughly that he is quite old enough to be capaable of doctoring himself. "As he makes this reply, the courier ap-

self to be exercising her invention when she | pears, returning from th gives him orders to go out again and buy some lemons. He proposes to try hot lemonade as a means of inducing perspiration in bed. In that way he has formerly cured colds, and in that way he will cure the cold from which he is suffering now.

appearances, he goes very reluctantly on this ( Continued next week.)

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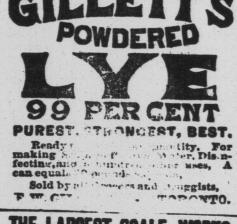
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"At this moment the courier who has been engaged to travel with my lord from England crosses the stage with a letter to take to the post. The countess stops him and asks to look at the address on the letter. She takes brother. The handwriting is my lord's, and the letter is directed to his lawyers in Lon-

"The courier proceeds to the possession. In-

death!
"The baron walks backward and forward in great agitation, talking to himself. The countess hears fragments of what he is sayprobably weakened in India-of a cold which my lord has caught two or three days sinceof the remarkable manner in which such slight things as colds sometimes end in serious

ill without medical attendance. Where there is a doctor there is always danger of discov-

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Organist of the Methodist Church, Lindsay, will give lessons for the Organ and Piano, and the voice. Piano tuning done at short notice. Residence: Wellington street, four doors east of Cambridge. Lindsay. Nov. 16, 1887.—71-1y.

FOR SALE CHEAP .- The following

**DUNN'S** 

BAKING

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

T. A. Middleton, Esq., agent Mutual Ac-

cident Insurance Co. of Manchester.

SIR,-We desire to thank you for prompt pay-

ment of our claims by the Mutual Accident

Insurance Co. of Manchester, on account of

YOUNG STALLION FOR SALE,

The property of McEACHERN BROS. is a beautifully built horse of fine proportions. Sibbs; sarking. He will be these years old on May 14th coming. Inspection invited of intenting purchasers for the season 1888. Performance description can be get us application to McEACHERN BROS. lot 14. org. 5, Eldon, Armite B.O. Che.

A. W. PARKIN
JOSEPH KILLABY,
SAMUEL RUILLICK,
THOS. BAKER,
R. H. HOPKINS,
J. G. MATCHETT,

CARD OF THANKS.

injuries received by us.

Lindsay, Dec. 29. 1887.—81-tf.

"Casteria is so well adapted to children that frecommend it as superior to any prescription Sour Stomach, Diarrhosa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes discourants may be a superior to any prescription to may be a superior to any prescription to make a superior to any prescription to may be a superior to any prescription to make a superior to any prescription to a superior to a sup Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

J. B. Weldon-Little Britain.

GREAT BARGAINS.

Having get settled down to business we are now prepared to give Bargains in Tweeds, Worsted Goods, Shirtings, Prints, Cottons, Cottonades, Table Cloths, Towellings, Ladies' Dress Goods, etc., etc.

The balance of our stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING and GANSEYS will be sold very cheap. Look out for our new stock of GENERAL DRY GOODS. Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's SPRING HATS coming this week. CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

J. B. WELDON,

James Keith.

THE KARN ORGAN

I have received the agency for Victoria county for the Celebrated Karn Organ, manufactured at Woodstock, Ont., received the only silver medal, highest award over all manufacturers, at the Dominion Exhibition. 1883, St. John, N.B. This was the last medal ever awarded Organs in the Dominion of Canada.

The Karn Organ also received the last medal awarded Organs at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, Toronto,

Those in want of a good Organ should call at my store and see for themselves. I intend to sell cheap, as I keep no men and horses on the road, therefore I don't want any profits on men and horses.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

JAS. KEITH.

SEED STORE, WILLIAM ST

AND SCHOOL BOOKS

G. A. METHERELL Is sole agent for the County of Victoria for the Celebrated

UXBRIDGE ORGAN, now recognized as the Best Instrument

WALL PAPERS.

Here you have them. Every conceivable design, and prices to suit every pocket; all neat and most of them handome, from 5c. as high as you wish to indulye.

Property, situated on Colborne-st., west of St. Paul-st; lots 1, 2, 3, block E E. These lots are beautifully situated on high ground; good drainage, well fenced, good well; numerous fruit and ornemental trees surround the premises; only a short distance from the centre of the town. Altogether one of the most desirable locations in town for residence or gerden purposes. The block contains nearly two acres, which may be divided into lots to suit purchasers. For terms apply to P. G. PILKIE, Lindsay, Ont. Feb. 21, 1888.—85 13pd. SCHOOL BOOKS. Don't forget the fact that my shop is known as the School Book Emporium for Victoria County. All the standard books kept in stock at lowest prices.

> G. A. METHERELL. Lindsay, Feb. 14 1888 -84. Grain and Produce.

CRAIN AND WOOL. The undersigned will pay the

HIGHEST CASH PRICE Barley, Wheat,

delivered at the old Brogden store house. east of Dundas & Co's. storehouse East Warl, Lindsay WANTED 50,000 LBS WOOL delivered at Lindsay Market. W. D. MATTHEWS & Co.

Peas and Oats.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID QUMMER GRAZING.—The undersign SUMMER GRAZING.—The undersigned will (D.V.) next spring, be prepared to take in for pasture 100 good Heifers, allowing each about five acres, and will put with them his Stock Bull, "DUKE OF SHARON 13th," from Bow Park and registered in the D. H. B. and again change him for "6th EARL OF FAME," also from Bow Park and registered in D. H. B. Charge, including service of Bu la, for six months (\$6 50) six dollars and a half. Alse 100 good two or three year old Steers, at (\$5 50) five dollars and a half and allow asme acreage to each beast. The eattle to be delivered here, branded on the horn, or to be branded here before being turned out. Cash before removal. Good pasture, good water and good bush for shelver, abundant salt. No insurance, but careful attention. Good heavy cattle preferred G. LAIDLAW, "The Fort," Victoria Road.—73 25. WHEAT and OATS.

The undersigned are prepared to pay the High-est Market Price for Wheat and Oats delivere at their mill Lindsay.

PATENT FOUR-NEW PROCESS. Having introduced the new process for the manufacture of Flour they are now prepared to dil all orders for the patent article. CHOPPING is sow being dene at our mill and will continue for the season. SADLER, DUNDAS & Co.

Lindsay, Oct 1st, 1884.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT. The undersigned are prepared to pay the

HIGHEST CASH PRICE for WHEAT at the Beaverton Roller Mill.

Having introduced the latest improved Roller System for the manufacture of FLOUR they are new prepared to fill all orders with the patent article.

AF Chopping done at all times. Wh DOBSON & CAMPBELL. N. B.—Baker's trade a specialty