

Miss Ida Moore,

Teacher of Music,
Having purchased a magnificent new Piano, is prepared to give instruction on the Piano, Organ, and Violin, at her residence, Victoria Avenue, West door, south of Kent Street. Terms moderate. Further particulars apply at her residence.—247.

HARDWARE.

William Foley.

SOUTH KENT STREET.

Cut, Wrought and Finishing Nails.
Hoops, Spades, Shovels and Forks.
Horse Shoes, Chains, Castles.
Sawing, Splitting, Ropes and Ropes.
Tinned Dryboard and Felt Building Paper.
Fence Wire, Wire Nails and Spring Wire.
Paints, White Lead, Oil and Turpentine.
Pearl's Best Machine Oil.
Glass, Putty, Whiting and Vaseline.

CUTLERY.

PARIS GREEN, pure, and warranted good.
Said cheap as any other place in town.

McDonnell's Block.

WM. FOLEY.

The Victoria Warder

FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1890.

Civilizing Sheep.

A person who habitually keeps his sheep so easy and wild that he cannot call them up to him at any time, is unfit to be a shepherd. Such animals never do as well as those which are docile enough to come up and out of the hand. I have seen wild flocks tamed by the aid of a cozen, brought up about the house. It will obey when called, and the wild ones will soon learn to follow its lead if they receive kind treatment from the shepherd. In taming it is necessary to place the bell on the strongest and wildest. This is a serious mistake. The wildest are frightened first. The others soon learn what rapid tones of the bell indicate, and when they hear such, will scamper off without looking to see if there is really danger. At shearing time once, when the bell was off, I took it and hid behind a stump forty rods away. A few quickly repeated notes set the flock in motion. If there is a cozen, it is the one to bell, for something more than apparent danger will be required to set it on the run. When one has a flock of wild sheep it would pay to raise a cozen especially for this purpose.—Country Gentleman.

Between the Lakes.

This is a local appellation in Central New York, meaning the strip of land between Cayuga lake on the east and Seneca lake on the west. It is 20 miles wide and 40 long, with Ithaca at the southern extremity of Cayuga and Cayuga village at the other extremity. Corresponding with these places on Seneca are Watkins and Geneva. These lakes are like the Mississippi river in that they "never give up their dead." Once drowned in deep water, a person is buried until the dead shall rise. It is in Cayuga that the murdered Rut is supposed to have hidden his murdered wife from mortal view.

This shores of these lakes are bold; no swampy ground, and hence malaria and mosquitoes are little known. Out of Ithaca, the east shore for two miles and the west for four are dotted thickly with summer cottages, belonging to citizens of Ithaca and other places far and near—even Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Texas. When the schools close, the next thing is for all hands, old and young, to go "down the lake" and spend the heated term. The shores rise for a mile back to an elevation of 300 to 400 feet. Seneca is a rugged and winter by steamboats; Cayuga is not, because the water on the flat lands at either end naturally freezes in the coldest weather. Cayuga is but little over a mile wide; yet the inhabitants on either side are as much strangers to each other as though one portion resided in Africa and the other in Australia. There is scarcely any intercommunication. Lying on the back of the west shore, with a field glass I can see "my neighbors" on the opposite side plowing, weeding their gardens, trimming trees, and on Mondays the housewives hanging out their washings or pumping water.

"So near and yet so far." The open water of the lake in winter is temperate; the atmosphere that these extensive billows are a noted fruit section. The location is particularly favorable to the growth of peaches, grapes and all the small fruits. Since the river, however, began to put in its serious work, growers on "my side" have become discouraged and few peaches are grown. On the Seneca side, however, the lake is so many peach orchards apparently in a flourishing condition. They must be so, otherwise the owners would not extend the area planted, as they have been doing this spring. To cultivate the ground properly and exterminate the horrs are the only requisites to grow peaches in abundance in usual seasons within a mile of these "twin lakes."

"We shall have no fruit this year" is on every tongue in the locality. Fruit trees of all species never blossomed fuller, and as there was little fruit last year this year, and it was only an omen—of a fruitful year was greeted with thankfulness; but brightest hopes are soonest dashed, and so were the fruit blossoms. There will be scarcely any peaches, plums, pears or cherries, but perhaps a moderate crop of apples. It was not freezing that blasted the fruit, but cold, north winds. How do I know? My residence is situated on the north bank of a precipitous ravine. About the house are cherry trees, which blossomed full and should have borne bushels, but there will not be so many quarts. Just over the brink of the ravine and out of the sweep of the north wind are other cherry trees, which are full enough of green fruit. These were subject to just as much freezing as the others, but they escaped the fatal north wind.

Whereas never looked better. The ground is covered and so bare spots in any field, and all of it has a rank, healthy growth, whether phosphated or not. Grass and clover never better. These were season given the spring crops a setback of about three weeks. Some are just done sowing. Corn was generally

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

planted the last week in May, and the first week in June corn planting will be finished. Corn was better off out of the ground than in, during the cold month of May. Early potatoes are coming forward freely, and it is strange that potato bugs have not yet got in an appearance. GALEN WILSON, in Country Gentleman.

Letter from N.W.T.

The following letter from D. H. Moore, formerly of D. Moore, has been handed us with a request for publication. It will no doubt be read with satisfaction by all many friends in Delaware and vicinity: FIFTH STING, BOSTON AND LONG LANE S.E., N.W.T.

MAY 11TH, 1890.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your letter before I left Manitoba and had no chance to answer it before this. I am now working on the station on this road. I gave my term to Alexander on shares, but he had one hundred acres of wheat when I left. I had a letter from him to day. He says the crops are up and looks well. I sold one of my horses to him before I left; I got a colt down there yet. Jim Steele is along with me, there is eleven of us in the gang; we finished one station and moved here yesterday. It snowed about two inches last night, but it is warm to-day. We are a long way north, we are about three hundred miles north of my place. It is a colder climate than we have in Manitoba and not as good a country. The land is lighter and more stones than we have in Manitoba. We live in tents, they are a little cold at night, but we get them lined up good and comfortable. I think I will go down to Ontario this fall. When Jim Steele goes down he is going to call in to see the folks in Manitoba. I think that is all the news this time, there is not much news here of any account. We are all well and hope you are the same. With love to mother, I remain your loving son, D. H. MOORE.

Babies' Need of Sleep.

A young baby should spend most of its time in sleep. Never allow it to be wakened for any purpose whatever. A child's nerves receive a shock every time it is roused from sleep, which is most injurious to it. Admitting friends should be made to wait until it is awake, to kiss it and play with it. After it is nursed at night put it back in its crib, and if it is comfortable it will soon fall asleep. It should never sleep in the bed with an older person. Place the crib with its head to the light so as to protect the eyes from the glare. A light canopy serves to ward off draughts. Carriage out of the supply of fresh air and, except a most quieting in summer, should not be used. Until a child is two years old it should spend part of each day in sleep, taking a long nap morning and afternoon.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Rules for a Clear Skin.

You want to keep your skin nice all summer? Well, then, here are some rules for you. Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia, or a little borax. Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it. Don't wash your face when you are tired, unless it is with a little alcohol and water, or a little vasoline. Don't attempt to remove dirt with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off it. Rub your face with a coarse towel, just remember it is not made of cast-iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately. Don't use a sponge, or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one. Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the creases with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles, and you are resting.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Story of a New York House.

There is in New York, upon one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, a most magnificent house, a veritable palace—which can never be looked at by the sentimental woman without a tear coming to her eye, because of the story attached to it. It was designed and built by one of the richest men in New York—the head of an old Dutch family—for the woman he loved. Throughout the whole house, which might have been called "The House Beautiful," were the colors, furnishings, ornaments and dainty touches that were the young bride's taste. The ball-room, in which she expected to trip so many merry measures, was walled and ceiled in many colored marbles; but the lover, himself, directed the building of the porte cochere under which her carriage was to roll, so that, when it came, she would not be touched by a drop of rain or a flake of snow. Everything was ready; the horses were pawing in the stable waiting for the day to come when they would carry their new mistress out to the coachman and the footman. And their big, white rosettes at hand to wear on the wedding day; the house was full of fragrance, for beautiful flowers were massed to please the coming mistress, and everything seemed to be in harmony with all this thoughtful loving care; for the sun shone bright, and it was somebody's wedding day. Yet, but it wasn't an earthly wedding, for when, with quick footsteps, her mother went to wake the expectant bride, she found her dead. The last kiss she had given, had been to her lover the night before. The last kiss he ever gave any human being, he gave to her as she rested in her coffin. But he lives on in the beautiful house and does, with his great fortune, a deal of good, all in the name of the woman he loved. The shutters are never opened in that wonderful house, the carriage has never been used, no feet have danced in the ball-room; but it is the military men there are witnesses of the fact that a love can so completely out of the heart that all life is nothing without it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Tried Cure for Insomnia.

Every night, at an early bed-time, take a five-grain pill of acetamide—be careful to take no strong medicine after three o'clock in the afternoon; half-an-hour before getting into bed take a hot foot-bath. Put the water in as hot as can be borne, at first, and add a very little hot water as it cools. Be sure to keep well covered up, and to have the feet in the water for a full half-hour. A month of this treatment under the most adverse circumstances, completely cured the insomnia of a friend, who had run the entire gamut of narcotics, stimulants, sedatives before retiring, and bring himself out.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Why Women is Man's Best Friend.

First and foremost, women is man's best friend: Because she is his mother. Second, because she is his wife. Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness, and "mothers" him. Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe him, if she loves him. Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungaily. Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and consideration. Because she can with him, endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly. Because, on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards. Because when he is behaving like a freckled boy—and we all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself as he ought to be. Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no good work done, there would be no noble deeds written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains of melody. Because she has more for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live, and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world has reached an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a Saviour for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of testing his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and, therefore, man's best friend.—Edward W. Box, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Had Enough of Farming.

The editor of the Walla Walla (Ore.) Journal has tried farming and is disgusted. Hear him: "The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadliest ignis fatuus that ever glittered to beguile, and dazzled to betray, is agriculture. We speak with feeling on this subject, and we've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and deceived by the same arch deceiver. She had promised us bees and they flew away after putting a head on us; promised us early potatoes, and the drought has withered them. She has promised us cherries; the cherries have stung them, they contain living things unclean to the eye and unseemly to the taste. She has led us strawberries, and the young chickens have devoured them. We were in the sheep business and a hard winter closed down on us, and the lambs died in the shell. No wonder that Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is he did not kill his father, and then weep because he did not have a grandfather to kill."

Ida Lewis at Home.

Running from the mainland of the city of Newport, Rhode Island, into the west side of its harbor, is a long, thin wharf, built where, says E. W. Le Grand, in The Ladies' Home Journal. Were you to find your way to its end, you would be long see from the lighthouse beyond, a woman appear and glance in your direction. Presently, with an agile step, she runs down the narrow ladder fastened to the stone wall, jumps nimbly in a boat, unties it from the wharf, and with the heavy oars, and with a beauty of stroke all her own, pulls with a long and a strong pull that sends her flying toward the steps of the pier on which you wait. Her back is as erect as that of a young girl, her powerful strength manifest in the great strides the row boat makes, and yet, when she docks and is around, and you get a good look at her face, it can be seen that it belongs to a woman in middle life, but upon whom time has left few tell-tale marks. She puts out a welcoming hand with a beautiful white wrist, adding a cheery smile and a word of greeting as she makes ready to take you over to the lighthouse. You are here for a cause for self-congratulation in being thus favored by the heroine—Ida Lewis.

Life on a light-house, situated as is Lime Rock light, is not the gruesome thing generally imagined. With a six-roomed house there are bareness that the day, and like any other "gentle wife," Miss Lewis has her pots, kettles and pans to attend to, rooms to sweep, beds to make, papers and magazines to read, letters to write, and all the various duties to manage which fill the time of a busy woman. A devoted church woman, she spends Sunday on shore whenever her brother is at home. As the only woman light-house keeper in our country, and the last one that will be given a light—for such is the verdict of the powers that be—Miss Lewis has other duties that are unique. Exactly as sundown the most light her lamp, and precisely at midnight another must be substituted. All through the night it must be watched, and Miss Lewis keeps this constant care to that demanded by an infant. The wick must flare or burn low, the chimney smoke or crack, or any of the hundred and one accidents happen that are ever taking place with the use of kerosene oil. She can but catch her nap; hence the nearness of her sleeping room to the light. At sunrise the law requires her lamp, like the foolish virgin, to have gone out, and from this fact she is an early riser. The responsibility is no small one, for the slightest neglect of duty or accident to her light or lamp would bring a report from the first man who suffered by it. Lives hang on her vigilance, but to her credit no light on all the coast is as regularly or perfectly attended to, nor does any other gain from the Government Inspector so high a report. Miss Lewis keeps a daily expense book, setting forth the amount of wick and oil burnt, and the time to a

second of the lighting and putting out of the lamp. In addition, a record of the weather must be entered daily. As Lime Rock light is a first-class light, no rations are allowed, the yearly salary being \$750, and two tons of coal.

A Girl's Best Charm.

My dear girls, keep yourselves looking as sweet and dainty as possible. Never undervalue the charm of an agreeable appearance. It is the most delightful letter of introduction that can be given a stranger, and there is no reason in the world why every woman should not be pleasant to look upon. A famous woman once said, "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not understand how to make themselves beautiful." This is absolutely true. So the right thing for you to do is to sit down, think it over, and make yourself the charming example that points the moral of this.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Tract for the Times.

Editor of the Canadian Protestant. Sir,—Who are these on either side of the line seeking the ruin of Canada? They are Irish rebels, their dupes and hirelings. What is their motive? It is to wound England in her colonies. What has created this destructive hatred against England? Ignorance and the false calumnies of the Romish priesthood, who see with sorrow and indignation that the advance of learning and civilization is destroying the tyrannical power of priestcraft, so long and basely exercised over their fellow-men. They hate England because she is Protestant, and they hate Protestantism because its genius is civil and religious liberty, under whose benign influence learning, art, and science have flourished for generations. Yet they enjoy greater liberty in the British Empire than in any other portion on earth, save in one respect, namely, they are not permitted by brute force to crush out all dissent from, and opposition to, their irrational superstitions and idolatries. The liberty they want is what the present Pope deplored the loss of in 1884, namely, the power to close up all the Protestant schools and churches in the city of Rome. What the priesthood want is liberty to destroy the people's liberty, and this they cannot have. Our fathers bought it too dearly, and we prize it too highly, to surrender it to the avowed enemies of liberty. In standing up for the rights and liberties of all mankind, we wish these misguided and unhappy men no harm, but they have compelled us to draw the sword in defence of civil and religious liberty, and if they will rush blindfolded on the point of the naked sword, they must take the consequences. They have attacked principles dearer to us than life, and therefore no sacrifice shall be spared in repelling the attack. The thinly-veiled motives and false assumptions under which the attack is made, we can see through and understand, and no false delicacy shall restrain us from exposing the base motives and tyrannical aims of a designing priesthood and their unhappy dupes. And by exposing the real motives of these men, we will compel them to fight this battle on its true issues. The battle to-day is between Romanism, with its priestly tyranny, and Protestantism, with its civil and religious liberty. It commenced in Ireland and is spreading, in various forms, over the whole British Empire. And sooner or later the ranks of Protestantism must close in and stand ready to shoulder against a better and desperate foe. The sooner we realize this, and are thus united, the better for ourselves and our opponents, for then we can checkmate their designs before their folly and madness have driven them into crimes injurious to us and to themselves. The poison of falsehood has already produced bigotry and hatred, and we must hold them with a firm hand till truth has destroyed the poison and the hatred has evaporated. Yours, &c., VINCE.

What say They?

In popularity increasing. In reliability the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers sell it.—37-2.

Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine

Is prepared from fresh beef, soluble iron, and pure cherry wine, combined with choice aromatics.—31-4.

THE VICTORIA WARDER.

LINDSAY, ONTARIO.

A Weekly Journal published every Friday morning by Sam. Hughes, Office, Warder Printing House, Cambridge Street, south of the market. Subscriptions and Job Printing done in modern styles at moderate prices.

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Advertisements without written instructions will be taken on the usual basis of the office.

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Sam. Hughes.

MT. HOREB GROCERY.

W. ELLIOTT

Is prepared to furnish the people of Mount Horeb and surrounding country with

Confectionery, Tea, Sugar, Tobacco, Rice, Soap, Brooms, Pails, Salt, Biscuit, Liniment, Coal Oil, English Condition Powder, etc.

Highest price paid for Eggs.
Grocery on the East Corner of Boundary and William streets.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT.
May 12, 1890.—73-13

J. RIGGS BICYCLES

Call or Send for New and Second-Hand List, Free

TERMS:—Good discounts for Cash, or part Cash and balance on approved notes, to

J. RIGGS,
Lindsay, Agent for Victoria Co.
Lindsay, April 10, 1890.

To Rochester Daily

The Stanch Lake Steamer.

NORSEMAN

C. H. NICHOLSON, Master.

Is now making daily trips, leaving Coburg at 7:30 A.M., Port Hope at 9:45 A.M., on arrival of Grand Trunk Railway trains from East, West and North, connecting at Charlotte with afternoon trains for all points on New York Central, Erie, Northern Central, and Lake Ontario Division of Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railway.

RETURNING—Leaves Charlotte daily 11 A.M., except Tuesday at 9 P.M., Saturday at 4 P.M.; calls at Brighton, Wexford, and Coburg Wednesday and Friday mornings, Trenton and Belleville via Murray Canal Saturday nights.

Freight shippers will find goods carefully handled and lowest rates quoted.

Every accommodation for passengers.

Attention and Regularity Specialists.

For information, address

C. F. GILDERSLERVE, CAPT. NICHOLSON, Kingston, Ont.—30-12.

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New Patterns arriving daily, from

English, Canadian and American Markets

All the latest designs in Hall, Dining-room, Drawing-room and Bed-room.

Ceiling Papers, Corners and Decorations.

Prices and styles to suit customers.

Call and see my 5c. per roll paper, 6c. per roll paper, 7c. per roll paper, 8c. per roll paper, 9c. per roll paper, 10c. per roll paper, and all the way to 50c. per roll paper.

I have on hand the largest stock of Wall Paper ever brought into Lindsay.

Remember the place, just opposite the new Post Office, Kent Street, Lindsay.

G. A. METHERELL

Call and see my 5c. Wall Paper.

TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY, (LIMITED).

1890. TIME TABLE. 1890.

COMMENCING THURSDAY, JUNE 5TH.

THE STEAMER

ESTURION

WILL RUN BETWEEN

Lindsay, Sturgeon Point and Bobcaygeon

Calling at SANDY POINT on Morning and Evening trips, until further notice as follows:

Leave BOB-CAY-GEON at 6:30 a.m. and 3:05 p.m.

Arrive LINDSAY " 8:00 " " 5:30 "

Leave LINDSAY " 11:30 " " 8:45 "

Arrive BOB-CAY-GEON " 1:45 " " 3:00 "

Excepting on Saturdays when the steamer will leave Lindsay at 8:20 p.m. (date of 5:45 p.m.) upon arrival of Toronto train.

Single Tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon 75 cents, return tickets \$1.

Single Tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point 35 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

Single Tickets between Bobcaygeon and Sturgeon Point, 40 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

For Family Tickets and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates can be procured at the POST OFFICE, BOB-CAY-GEON, and on the Boat.

Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for Excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat.

For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. N. Co., Bobcaygeon.

1735-4. MAURICE LANE, Captain

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BUCKDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Blood, kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Scrofula, Puffing of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the BUCKDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

2. HILBURN - Proprietors, Toronto.

NEW SPRING GOODS

We beg to announce to our customers and the public generally, that we have received our new assortment of Spring Goods, comprising all the newest designs in

COATINGS, TROUSERINGS, OVER-COATINGS, ETC.

And that we shall be pleased to receive a call from you, being determined to keep up our reputation for

Low Prices, New Styles and Fine Finish.

Call early and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Prices Low. Terms Cash.

Remember the place, opposite McLennan's Hardware Store.

1699-12

CATHRO & CO. MERCHANT TAILOR

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me the name, address, and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C. 185 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

—1724-12.

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The best Organs, Pianos, and Sewing Machines, both Canadian and American make, are sold by

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MARIPOSA GRAIN MARKET

We are prepared to pay highest prices for

WHEAT, BARLEY & OATS

Also

POTATOES AND WOOL.

Seasonable Goods in Stock.

Horsetooth and Southern Sweet Ensilage Corn,

Mangold, Carrot, Turnip, Vegetable and Flower Seeds,

Dutch Sets, Potato and Top Onions.

LAND SALT, fine Barrel Salt, and fine Dairy Salt in 56 lb. sacks for Butter

All Lines of Goods are now well assorted for Spring and Summer Trade.

HOGG BROS., - OAKWOOD

1593.

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PURE SPICES FOR PICKLING

Full Strength Baking Powder.

LIVER TONIC.