Cammarion Motiewer.

In mid: "I can proquesticate
I'th estimates correct.

All when the skies I contemplate
I know what to expect,

than dark ang clends obscure my sight.
I'think perhaps 'twill rain,

no when the stars are shining bright
I know 'tis clear again."

not then abstractedly be scanned
The heavess hour by hour,

if Ptolessy (operatous

Ptolony (Spornious ammarica Mettower —Caretra Wells in 88. Nicholas

THAT SEDAN CHAIR.

"I re, out it." said Jacques d'Ebligase, with an coupliarie so curious that all turned to look at him; "it gave me the fright of a lifetime." "A sedan chair?"

"You Listen, if you would know all about it." And he told us the following

story: "A love tale," said he, "of the city of Lille, of my twontieth year, and my pastry cook's flanghter, a mere child, but so pretty, so sweet, so afterably coquestish : moreover, so admirably skilled in all pertaining to her father's business. Nowhere also could I buy such cate, such bune, such sugared almonds. And the stacks and stacks of rich confections that I decoured each day to

The fire of my love-which she returned between the unites bestewedt upon her father's customers - alone myed me from gastritic by consuming the heaviners of my stemach

This was the state of things, when, one day, I chanced to find the pass key of 'te pere,' who spent half his time in the wineshop across the way and the ether half gossiping at his door with his equality tile neighbors.

"Determined to profit by this piece of luck, I managed to speak a word to Vic-

teire, my little sweetheart, and to prepese to her a visit to the theater that evaning, if she could stude the vigi-lance of her mother and join me unseen. the could easily re-enter by means of

the pass key.
"Victoire was charmed with my in spiration, and six hoursafter I had conserved the project we had carried it into execution. Although it was the middle of the winter the night was suporb, a tate riving meen, but thousands of bril-tant stars shining from every quarter of the heavens. Victoire trembled like a leaf in the wind, but I was filled with such burning arrive that it securited to my head like a drink of wine.

"We were young, you see, the thealove with each other and more than happy. Our hearts, like the strings of some delicately bused instrument, viwe forgot everything but each other and gover thought of moving when at last the final ourtain fell until the lampiet appeared to turn out the lights

Hurrying then to the street, we found that the night had changed. The chare were gone, the moon hidden under a empty of clouds, a cold, penetrating min beginning to full and all the sedan chairs some with the stars

"No. I was wrong; one was left standing by the conducte a little way below us. At sight of it a fatal idea popped into my brain. It was not yet very late, and I had still so many beau-tiful things to my to Victoire. Why not get into that chair, a refuge from the chilly rain, and talk everything all over

The clock at the corner was just striking to as we slipped into our movable apartagent, rather eramped, to be sure, but both of us were light and thin, so, drawing close and sauge like birds in a nest we awaited the passing of the shower-cheerfully, awaited it ter-when all at once semothing very strange eccurred.

The door of the house near which the chair was standing opened noiseleasty, as if bung on volvet, and two men looked out, evidently desiring acither to be seen nor heard. 'Assured of solitude and a clear

coast, they descended to the street, bearing in their array a heavy burden. Just at that instant the moon skid from ander the clouds and we distinctly saw that this burden was a human being wrapped in a long cloak closely muffled about the face and shoulders

This was startling enough, but fancy our horror when the bearers of this strange lead sacred draight to the chair where we erenched in terror, and one of them already had his hand on the door when Victoirs attered a stiffed shrink. answered by a frightful cath, and quick as a flesh the men were gone as they had econe, and the deer reclessed as softky as it had opened.

"The whole thing had passed so quickfearful vision, only dealt was not pos-nible—we had seen it—both of us had distinctly seen the same thing, and without a spoken exhable were filled with the same blood freezing thought-Brurder-a searder dembiless committed in this very beasa, from which the musderese were now making to carry away and to convent all traces of the crime With the vietim's becky.

"Oh. lot us see let us se " meaned Victoire tresslingly. 'Last us go at ours, Jacques. I am so frightened! "(10? You I was willing oncome, but how! For as Victoire speke, two men anarged from the darkness are and uses we could barely distinguish them me the merch bad gent bed incl a chead again which the their their and were bearing to away tule the dismut night.

This was a predictional. We were stupelied What must we do! Cay out. and make a dreadful seaudal? Buttay Victoire, and expess myself to the rick of discovery! Never! It was not to be thought of) It was not to be thought of! It was one of these times when trast in chance was the only resource, hoping by blind coefficace to propitions her

"Perhaps the was our case; perhaps,

and I am inclined to think the latter we were both so frightened that we had neither the erroughly nor the courage to afternet anything. Vietelre had unequiminusly this icu berself into my arms Hor warm breath fanued my check. Her little hand berit fast to sulse. Ne maker

what threatened us, it was something, at least, to have gained this happiness; we would die together, her last sigh on

my lips.

"For these men—we were sure of it—were accomplices of the first two, and by a previous arrangement they had been engaged for the carrying off and concealing of the dead body. Deceived by our joint weight, they believed they had it, and we, instead of the murdered had it, and we, instead of the murdered victim, were hurrying away through the shadowy gloom.

"True, so we were, but where were we harrying? Where were we heading as the men trotted on with swift, untir ing steps, at times almost a run? What were they going to do with us—their

"Presently we saw that we were passing one of the city gates leading into the distant country. Again I was tempted to cry out, to call to the sentinel, but fear for Victoire deterred me, Victoire, whose mother believed her slumbering sweetly under her little

white curtains. "What should I do? What could de? I was nearly distracted.

'By this time we were clear of the suburbs, but still swept onward. Another lightening of the sky, and I saw ahead of us a glistening sheet of water, the river Doule. I knew it well—a deep, rapid stream, the running of whose current we even now could hear. "Undoubtedly the wretches were go-

ing to fling us into this seething vortex. "This time I would have oried out, but Victoire, mad with fright, clung so tightly to my neck, clasping me with such force that my voice died in my throat, my eyes closed and the cry was strangled. * * *

"How long a time elapsed I never knew. I was brought back to conscious ness by the chair striking the ground. They had set it down preparatory to— yes, but where, where? Decidedly not in the river. It was a room, on the contrary, the dirty, grimy chamber of a lew country wineshop, where a crowd of rough, course men were drinking. swearing and rolling about a lot of boxes, barrels and packages, like mer-

"'Mme. Jervaise, Mme. Jervaise! they shouted in chorus, as dur bearers set us down. 'Have you brought us Mme. Jervaise?'

'She is here, " the bearers replied. " 'To work, to work, then! We have

And the chair door was thrown open "But scarcely had they caught sight Viotoire and me, crouching half dead in the bottom of the chair, when a wild stampede took place, a helter skelter rush for the outside. The lights were extinguished, the thud of feet was lieard penuding away into the night, and then a deep, bloodeurdling stillness,

We were alone in black darkness "Luckily I had noticed the direction of the door. To leap from the chair. seize Victoire's hand and make my way to it was the work of a second. The elonds had not desponed, the rain had coused, and by the purest miracle we found the road back to the city. By daylight we were safe at home.

in a morning paper gave nie the key to the mystery of that hideous night in which we (Victoire and I) had been so strangely involved. The article annonneed the capture by the police of a band of smugglers who had installed themselves in an old, abandoned wineshop in the outskirts of Lille-a regular magazine, as it turned out, of contraband goods, which they had snuggled in and out of the city by means of a manikin representing a sick old woman, partly paralyzed, and which, muffled in wraps and placed in a sedan chair, they carried back and forth under the very nese of the gendarmes without the slightest fear of detection. "An invalid ordered by the doctor

to take the steam baths,' they told the officers of the law. 'by name Mme. Jer-

"'Mme Jervaise!" The name told me all and explained everything that hitherto had seemed taysterious and inexplicable in our midnight adventure. fappily for as our nocturnal escapade had never been suspected, and Victoire and I escaped a summons to appear as witnesses before the court of assizes. All the same from that day to this the aght of a sedan chair gives me goose flesh down the spine."-From the French in Cincinnati Enquirer.

When the plant was introduced, about 1840, it was only the small daisylike flower, now only seen as a rule in cotgardens, which was highly prized as a novelty. The teste for growing and showing it began early, and before 1980 there were many chrysautheraum societies in existence, among them the Stoke Newington, which formed the nucleu of the National society. Yet it was not until 1859, when the plants suffered seearly from early frosts, that there was any idea of growing it under glass. The Japanese variety was noticed in 1864 as a nevelty, "very curious and interesting but scarcely ornamental." How little did the author of these remarks suspect what a future was before the plant he so summarily set aside Three years later, however, we find Jap ese varieties recommended with pom pera and incurved, and since then they have ever increased in favor.

The gorgeonaly colored, moplific would certainly astonish that writer of 36 years ago. The golden and bronze shades of the chrysanthemum suited the taste of the premoters of the "high art" nuthetic movement of a few years ago, hich, if it had no other merit, belped to bring this flower more forward and revived the culture of snaflowers, which ere fast becoming extinct in our gardens -Langman's Magazine.

Drimtnichvickhillichattan is the tame of a small bandet in the isle of hiull containing not mere than a dezen inhabitants. How they pronounce it is a mystery only to be solved by some one acquainted with Gaelie.

Great Eritain and Ireland contain \$50 banks, the most important being the Bank of England, which has a cap-ital of \$73,000,000.

FATE OF THE RIPAS.

STORY OF THE REVENGE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.

A Whole Tribe Wiped Out by a Flood as Funishment For Disobedience—A Legend of the Indians of Texas Told by an Epigrammatical Guide.

The Indian had been recommended to me as the best hunter in the San Bernard bottoms. For two days we had been in pursuit of big game.
It was after the second day of

hunt that we camped on the banks of a small creek to the west of Hinkle's ferry. The Indian busied himself with the coffee, while I sat idly by and thought over the incidents of the day. I had been told my companion was a

Caranchua and that he had more knowladge of the history of his people than any member of his tribe now living. He spoke as good English as a white man, but his sentences were generally short and epigrammatic.

"Rebar," I said, "the hunting is very good in these bottoms when you consider how long the country has been settled." "No," he replied, "game nearly gone now. Soon no more, "Was there good hunting here when

you were a boy?" I asked. 'Much," he replied. "I have heard," said I, "that there is a legend among your people that long ago, before the white man came into this country, there was one great river in this land, that it was a mighty

the bed of what is now the Caney. 'It is so," said the Indian. "And I have heard," I continued, that when the white man digs his wells he sometimes finds limbs of great trees and pieces of pottery and bows and arrows and flints that were used long years age by your people."
"It is so," said the Indian.

stream, and that its course was through

"What is the legend that your people have?" I inquired.

"My father told me, and the great ief, Mockwilhum, told my father, said the Indian, "that it is so. There was one river. It was the Caney. My people, the Caranchuas, lived to the ast. The Lepans, the Tawakanies and the Ripas lived to the west. The Wasees lived to the north. My people hunted but the game. The Ripas were pow erful. They made war on the Lepaus and drove them far to the west. They stole the cattle and horses of my people. There was a great battle, in which many of my people were killed. The lipas drove the Caranchuas far to the east. They stole the young squaws of the Caranchuas and killed the boys. Soon the Caranchuas had to hide away the squaws that were left. All the country of my people was held by the Ripas. The Caranchuas had to flee to the islands by the sea. Still the Ripas purcued my people. The Caranchuas were but few; the Ripes were many.

"It was not only my people the Ri-pas murdered and plundered. The Tawakanies and the Wacoes lost all their cattle, and their young squaws were taken by the Ripas until none but the Ripas were in all this country.

the Ripas, but the Ripas thought they were more powerful than the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit sent a messenger to the Ripas and told them they must send back the squaws they had stolen and must make war no more on my people or on the Tawakanies or the Lepans or the Wacoes. The Ripas held conneil, and they decided to make war on the circat Spirit. When they went to tell the messenger that they defied the Great Spirit and challenged him to battle, the messenger had disappeared. They searched the woods and they searched the great river, they searched the prairie and they searched the sky. but they could not find the messenger. He left no trail.

'Then they had much fear that they had done wrong, and some chiefs wanted to make peace with the Great Spirit. Again they had council, but while they held talk the heavens opened, the rain fell, the sky seemed all afire, the thunfor roared, and the messenger appeared in a flame of lightning. The Ripas fell apon the earth and begged the Great spirit for mercy. But it was too late. The rain poured down and the lightning flashed, the ground shook and the thunfor crashed. Soon all the earth was covered with water. The Ripas ran to the trees. Still the water rose. Then the wind blew down the trees, and many of the Ripas were killed or drowned. The waters rose higher and higher, and the rain and the thunder and the lightning lasted many days. There was no earth here. All was water.

'Then the Great Spirit smiled, for the Ripas were no more. They were gone. All had died in the waters. A messenger came to my people, who were down on the islands by the great sea, and told them the Great Spirit had sent a flood to punish the Ripas and that my people could return to their lands. "When the Caranchuas went to their

lands, they found all changed. Where had been the great river there was but me small river. That is now the Caney. What had been the great river is now two rivers. One you call the Brazos; that is to the east. The other is to the west; that you call the Colorado. All the land between these two rivers was given to my people by the Great Spirit for a hunting ground. "—Galveston Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Will It Come to This?

When airships shall fly gracefully over our heads and wires carry thoughts as well as words, and people live on their capsules of chemically prepared food, then names will probably be dispensed with and a symbol will be sufficieut to designate one's person. The most advanced scientists have always en unable to remember the names of their acquaintances. They never forget faces, and so they deem names unne Symbols suggestive of the natu-aracteristics of the person would be much better. Durwin once forgot his own name. Professor S. of Harvard. after committing to memory the string of names of a Spaniard to whom he wished to present an old friend, forgot the same of his friend, at the crucial the name of his friend at the cruc moment.—New York Times.

UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

fittle Children Who Were Berns Careful Not to Hurt an Uncle's Fee He was a big, burly, good natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round faced, rosy check-ed boys and three sunny haired, pretty fittle girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind looking gentleman, evident-ly their guardian, got in with them, and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of a deaf and dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with ap-proval. Naturally kind hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others, but his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy growd of youngsters at home and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no

It was plain they were off on a holi-day jaunt, for they all had satchels and wore a festive "go away" air, and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching om and nodding to them as he passed through the car. They returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length at one of the rural stations the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on. Then the biggest "little girl' took a brown paper bag from her atchel and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor in passing smiled and nodded as usual as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.
"Do have some," she said.

He started back in sheer amazement. 'What!'' he exclaimed. "You can talk, then-all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus. The conductor sank into the seat eross the aisle. "I thought you were

deaf and dumb!" he gasped.
"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow! He was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us; it might burt his feelings, you know. Hello, here's our station! Come on, girls!" And the five trooped noisily out and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on. -Belle Moses in St. Nicholas.

Peculiar Betrothal.

Marchesi, the great singing teacher, ave that when she found in any of her pupils symptoms of indolence or want of enthusiasm she at once attempted to dissuade them from an artistic career. One such case was very absurd in the manner in which her advice was taken. This was Fraulein T., who was remarkably handsome, but very lazy. One day Marchesi lost patience with

"Get married, my dear child," said she, "and become a good wife. You The girl laughingly replied that she believed it was easier to get a good engagement than a good husband, but shortly afterward on coming for her lesson, she whispered:

"I am following your advice. I am going to be married." "Ah, that is good! And who is the happy man?"

"I do not know," was the girl's laconic reply. "What! You are going to marry some

one you do not know?" Yes; my fiance saw me before he went to India, when I was 12 years old. I have been shown his photograph, and as his noble expression inspires me with confidence I have decided upon marry-

"When will your fiance come to fetch

Unfortunately he cannot come for he wedding," she answered, with a slight blush. "His business prevents him from doing so. I am to be married in my native town to a friend of the family by proxy, and he will take me to Bombay to my future husband."

A few weeks later the curious ceremony did take place, and the marriage apparently turned out very happy.— Youth's Companion.

The Society of the Rejected.

In one of the western cities a lot of men have formed an organization, the only condition to membership to which being the fact that the candidate's matimonial advances have been rejected by a woman. From all that can be earned regarding the inside proceedings it is believed that the members do not lulge in sighs and tears and all the old time evidences of hearthreak. On the contrary, it is understood that the; have what may be termed a riproaring ood time. Their ritual, if it may be so assignated, prescribes frequent mutual ratulations and hearty assurances of future happiness and fond wishes for continued freedom. This doesn't seem quite the right thing under the depress ing circumstances, but it is a fact that the club appears to enjoy it. It is even said that they get a good deal of pleasure out of following, as it were, the existence of the individual women who have rejected one or more of them. They eagerly watch for gains in avoirdupoiand for wrinkles and for rumors of back temper. One of the choicest possessions of the society is a photograph of a cae time haughty sylph who now weigh-283 pounds and has nine red haire-children.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Customer-What on earth is thi broth made of, waiter? Surely it isn'. chicken broth? Waiter—Well, sir, it's chicken broth in its hinfancy. It's made out of the water that the heggs are hoiled in.— London Fun.

Here to Devil Turde Steak.

Illis a insponsful of commonl and half a inseponsful of dry musicar with half a gill of crange julce. Spread this paste over a turde steak, greate the chafing dish and cook the steak in it for five minutes on each side. Sieve hot with current idea.

THE FIRST PAIR.

The Boy's Mother Had Not Become Act Doctor (hat in hand-Is there a little

Mother of the Sufferer-Yes. Con in. Doctor, my poor dear is very sick.
Since this morning—I don't know why
—he keeps falling down.

"Falling down?" "Yes, all the time." "Falling to the floor?"

"Yes, to the floor." "That's strange. How old is he?" "Four years and a half."

"He ought to stand all right at that age. How did it begin?" "I don't understand it at all, I tell you. He was very well last night, and he played all around the room. This morning I went to wake him as usual. I put on his socks, I put his little breeches on and then I put him on his feet. He fell at once."

"Perhaps he tripped." "Listen, doctor. I picked him up. He fell right down again. I was startled, but I picked him up-bang! down he went, and he did it seven or eight times running. I tell you, I don't know what ails him, but since this morning he keeps falling down." "That's very singular. Let me see

The mother goes out of the room and then comes back with the boy in her arms. His chubby cheeks are rosy, and he appears to be extravagantly well. He wears trousers and a loose blouse starched with dried preserves.

'Why, he's a splendid child," says the doctor. "Stand him on the floor." The mother obeys. The child falls. 'Once more, please.' The child falls again.

"Once more." Third attempt, followed by the third fall of the sick boy. The doctor is thoughtful. "Unheard

of!" He says to the boy, whose mother holds him up by the arms, "Tell me, my fine little fellow, have you a pain anywhere?" "No, sir."

"Does your head sche?" "No. sir.

"Did you sleep well last night?" "Yes, sir."

"Have you any appetito now? Would you like a little soup?' "Oh, yes, sir."

"Exactly," and the doctor adds with an air of authority, "He has paralysis." The mother cries: "Paral— O Lord!" She raises her hands toward heaven, and the boy falls. "Yes, madam. I am sorry to say he

has complete paralysis of the lower limbs. You can see for yourself that the desh of your dear child is absolutely insensible." (Speaking, he goes close to the boy and prepares to make the experiment.) "But-but what's this? What's this?" And he screams out, "Thunder and lightning, madam, what's this you are chattering to me abou paralysis?" The amazed mother answers. "But

doctor"-"Of course the boy can't stand on hi

feet. You have put both his legs into one leg of his breeches."-Boston Jour-

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY

Nineteen Commandments Which, if Kept May Insure One Hundred Years. Sir James Sawyer, a well known physician of Birmingham, England, has been confiding to an audience in that town the secret of longevity. Keep the following 19 commandments, and Sir James sees no reason why you should

not live to be 100: Eight hours' sleep. 2. Sleep on your right side. 3. Keep your bedroom window open

all night. 4. Have a mat to your bedroom door. 5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall

6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body. 7. Exercise before breakfast. Fat little most and see that it is

9. (For adults) Drink no milk 10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.

11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy 12. Daily exercise in the open air. 18. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about

disease germs.

14. Live in the country if you can. 15. Watch the three D's-drinking water, damp and drains.

16. Have change of occupation. 17. Take frequent and short holidays.

18. Limit your ambition. 19. Keep your temper.

The activity and power of intellect of the late Henry George did not prevent absentmindedness. A writer in The Review of Reviews says that this quality was "the jest of his circle." Names escaped him. I heard him say

to Mr. Dayton, the candidate on his ticket for comptroller and one of the best known men in New York: "You won't mind it, I hope, if I for get your name. I am so conscious of the

danger of getting names wrong that when the need of remembering comes it tattles me, and away the name goes." He came late to a dinner at the Lotus club, where he was to discuss with some friends the question of his being a can-didate in apprehended contingencies. It was raining, and he took from his pocket the slippers with which Mrs. George had insisted on providing him in case he should get his feet wet, and as he put them on he apologized with honest

"I lost time looking for a man I kept asking after as Kinsella, and it turned out his right name was Moriarity. At least I think that was what he told me it was when I found him." But there was no absentn when discussion of the business in hand

ensued; he was keen and wide awake.

"Her father says positively that I nn't marry her." "What are you going to do?" "There's nothing left now but to ask the girl."-Detroit Free Press.

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purcse." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

the the chart Hetchers orange

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES IN THE

TOWN OF LINDSAY

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor if the Town of Lindsay, and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said Town, bearing date the 9th day of November, 1897, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and that I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall to WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1898, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to seil by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred.

8	All the undermentioned lots	are Pate	ented.				
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