THE WOLF AND THE HORSEMAN

(From the Latin of Ariosto.)

A wolf before a hunter's taking flight
Crept among brambles in a horseman's sight.
"By all thy hopes," he said, "betray me not,
Heaven knows that never have I harmed thee aught."
"Fear not," the man replied, "thy lurking place
Is safe as secret." On its edge he sat
The huntsman came. "Have seen a wolf, I pray?"
"Yes," said the third, he took the left hand way."
But wished to let the coward understand
The wretch was lurking close at his right hand.
The hunter heard, took on the chase intent,
Mark, the treacherous wolf, and forward went.
"What thanks, my dagger friend, best thou to give?"
The nightcrouch'd wolf. "Does I have let thee live?"
"Great thanks I owe thy tongue," the beast replies,
"But blindness light upon thy treacherous eyes."

OWEN, THE MILKMAN.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"Matilda's father married a Spanish woman. She was a wild, ungovernable creature, subject to fits of frenzy. In one of which fits she died. Matilda has inherited this temper, she is liable to go into frenzies that can only be compared to insanity. Fanny has seen her in two only; they occur but at rare intervals; and she tells me that she truly believes the girl is mad mad, Mr. Johnny during the few minutes that they last."

This history I had heard of her mad rage at Miss Deveen's flashed over me. Temporarily insane they had thought her then.

"I said to Fanny one day when we were talking of her," resumed Owen, "that a person in that sort of uncontrollable passion might commit any crime, murder or what not." "Yes," Fanny replied, "and not unlikely to do it either. Matilda has more than once said that she should never die in her bed, meaning—"

"Meaning what?" I asked, for he came to a pause.

"Will, sir, meaning, I suppose, that she might one day lay violent hands on herself or another. I can't help thinking that something must have put her into one of those rages with Jane Cross, and she pushed or flung the poor girl over the stairs."

Looking back, rapidly recalling signs and tokens, I thought it might have been so. Owen interrupted me.

"I shall come across her some time, Mr. Johnny. These are things that don't hide themselves forever, at least not often. And I shall tax her with it to her face."

"But don't you know where she is?"

"No, I don't, sir. I wish I did. It was said that she came up to take a situation in London, and perhaps she is still in it. But London's a large place. I don't know what part of it she was in, and one might as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay. The Valentines have never heard of her at all since she was at Saltwater."

How strange it seemed that she and they were living so near each other and yet not to be aware of it. Should I tell Owen? Only for half a moment did the question cross me. No, most certainly not. It might be as he suspected, and, with all, I could only pity Matilda. Of all the unhappy women she seemed the unhappiest.

Miss Deveen's carriage bowled past the door to take her up at the linen-draper's. Wishing Owen good day, I was going out, but drew back to make room for two people who were entering—an elderly woman in a close bonnet, and a young one, with a fair, pretty, and laughing face.

"My mother and Fanny, sir," he whispered.

"She is very pretty, very nice," I said, impulsively. "You'll be sure to be happy with her."

"Thank you, sir. I think I shall. I wish you had spoken a word or two to her, Mr. Johnny, you'd have seen how nice she is."

"I can't stay now, Owen. I'll come again."

Not even to Miss Deveen did I speak of what I had heard. I kept the thing off as we drove round Hyde Park, and she told me I was unusually silent.

The thread was unwinding itself more and more. Once it had set on a lengthening, I suppose it could not stop. Accident led to an encounter between Matilda and Thomas Owen. Accident? No, it was this same thread of destiny. There's no such thing as accident in the world.

During the visit to the linendraper's above spoken of Miss Deveen bought a gown for Matilda. Feeling in her own heart sorry for the girl, thinking she had been somewhat hardly done by in her house, what with Hall and the rest of them, she wished to make her a present on leaving, as a token of her good will. But the quantity of stuff bought proved not to be sufficient; Miss Deveen had had her doubts upon the point when it was cut off, and she told Matilda to go herself and get two yards more. This it was, this simple incident, that led to the meeting with Owen. And I was present at it.

The money order office of the district was situated amid this colony of shops. In going down there one afternoon to cash an order, I overtook Matilda. She was on her way to buy the additional yards of stuff.

"I suppose I am going right, sir?" she said to me. "I don't know much about this neighborhood."

"Not know about it! What, after having lived in it more than a year?"

"I hardly ever go out, except on Sundays," she answered. "And what few articles I've wanted in the dress line, I have mostly bought at the little draper's shop round the corner."

Hardly had the words escaped her lips when we came face to face with Thomas Owen. Matilda gave a kind of smothered cry, and stood stock still gazing at him. What they said to each other in that first moment I did not hear. Matilda had a scared look and was whiter than death. Presently we were all walking together towards Thomas Owen's, he having invited Matilda to go and see his home.

But there was another encounter first. Standing at the grocer's door was pretty Fanny Valentine. She and Matilda recognized each other and clasped hands. It appeared to me that Matilda did it with suppressed reluctance, as though it gave her a pleasure to meet her relatives. She must have known how near they lived to Miss Deveen's, and yet she never sought them sooner. Perhaps the very fact of not wishing to see them had kept her from the spot.

They all sat down in the parlor behind the shop, a neat room. Mrs. Owen was out; her son produced some wine. I stood up by the book-case, telling them I must be off the next minute to the post office. But the minutes passed, and I stayed on.

How he led up to it I hardly know, but before I was prepared for anything of the kind, Thomas Owen had plunged wholesale into the subject of Jane Cross, recounting the history of that night, in all its minute details, to Fanny Valentine. Matilda, sitting on the far side of the of the room in an arm chair, looked terror-stricken; her face almost seemed to be turning into stone.

"Why do you begin about that, Thomas Owen?" she demanded, when words at length came to her. "It can have nothing to do with Fanny."

"I have been wishing to tell it to her for some time, and this seems to be a fitting opportunity," he said, coolly resolute. "You, being better acquainted with the matter than I, can correct me if I make any blunders. I don't care to keep secrets from Fanny, she is going to be my wife."

Matilda lifted her hands with a convulsive movement and then let them fall in her lap again. Her eyes flashed fire.

"Your wife?"

"If you have no objection," he replied. "My dear old mother goes into Wales next month, and Fanny comes here in her place."

With a cry, faint and mournful as that of a wounded dove, Matilda put her hands before her face and leaned back in her chair. If she had in truth loved Thomas Owen, if she loved him still, the announcement must have caused her cruel pain.

He resumed his narrative, assuming as facts what he had in his own mind conceived to have been the case, and by implication, but not directly, charging Matilda with the crime. It had a dreadful effect upon her; her agitation increased with every word. Suddenly she rose up in her chair, her arms lifted, her face distorted. One of those fits of passion had come on her.

We had a dreadful scene. Owen was powerful, I not of much good, but we could not hold her. Fanny ran sobbing into her own door and sent in two of the shopmen.

It was the climax in Matilda Valentine's life—one that perhaps might have been always looked for. From that hour she was an insane woman, her reviews being interspersed with lucid intervals. During one of these she disclosed the truth.

She had loved Thomas Owen with a passionate love. Mistaking the gossip and the nonsense that the young man was fond of chattering to her and Jane Cross, she believed her love was returned. On the day preceding the tragedy, when talking with him after the morning service, she had taxed him with paying more attention to Jane Cross than to herself. Not a bit of it, he lightly answered; he would take her for a walk by the sea shore that evening if she liked to go. But, whether he had meant it or not, he had never came, though Matilda had dressed herself to be in readiness. On the contrary, he went to church, met Jane there, and walked the best part of the way home with her. Matilda jealously resented this; her mind was a chaos; she began to suspect that it was Jane Cross, not herself, he liked. She said a word or two upon the subject to Jane Cross on the next day, Monday; but Jane laughed it off. So the time went on to the evening, when they were up stairs together, Jane sewing, Matilda writing. Suddenly Jane Cross said that Thomas Owen was coming along, and Matilda ran to the window. They spoke to him as he passed, and he said he would look in as he returned from Mumpior. After Matilda's letter to her brother was finished, she began a note to Thomas Owen, intending to reproach him with not keeping his promise to her and for joining Jane Cross instead. It was the first time she had ever attempted to write to him; and she stuck her work box with the lid open behind the sheet of paper, that Jane Cross might not see what she was doing. When it got dusk Jane Cross remarked that it was blind man's holiday, and that she would go down and get the supper. In crossing the room, work-box in hand, she passed behind Matilda, glanced at her letter, and saw the first words of it, "Dearest Thomas Owen." In sport she snatched it up, read the rest where her own name was mentioned, and laughingly began, probably out of pure fun, to plague Matilda. "Thomas Owen your sweetheart!" she cried, running out on the landing. "Why, he is mine! He cares more for my little finger than for—" Poor Jane! She never finished her sentence. Matilda, fallen into one of those desperate fits of passion, had caught her up and was clutching her like a tiger-cat, tearing her hair, tearing pieces out of her gown. The scuffle was but brief. Almost in an instant Jane Cross was falling headlong down the well of the staircase, pushed over the balustrades by Matilda, who threw the work-basket after her.

The catastrophe sobered her passion. For a while she lay on the landing in a sort of faint, all power and strength taken out of her as usual by the frenzy. Then she went down to look after Jane Cross.

Jane was dead. Matilda, not acquainted with the aspect of death, saw that at once, and her senses pretty nearly deserted her again with remorse and horror. She had never thought to kill Jane Cross, hardly to harm her, she liked her so well; but in those moments of frenzy she had not the slightest control over her actions. Her first act was to run and lock the side door in the garden wall, lest any one should come in. How she lived through the next half hour she never knew. Her superstitious fear of seeing the dead Edmund Peahern in the house was strong and now there was another one! But, with all her anguish and her fear, the instinct of self-preservation was making itself heard. What must she do? How could she throw the suspicion off herself? She could not run out of the house and say—"Jane Cross has fallen accidentally over the stairs; come and look to her" for no one would believe it was an accident. And there were the pieces, too, she had clutched out of the gown! While thus deliberating the gate bell rang, putting her into a state of intense terror. It rang again. Trembling, panting, Matilda stood cowering in the kitchen, but it did not ring a third time. This was, of course, Thomas Owen.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Something she must do, and her brain hastily concocted the plan she should adopt. Putting the cloth and bread and cheese on the table, she took the jug and went out at the front door to fetch the usual pint of ale. A moment or two she stood at the front door, peering up and down the road to make sure that no one was passing. Then she slipped out, locking the door behind her, and carrying the key concealed in the hollow of her hand, she threw it amid the shrubs at No. 1. Now she could not get into house herself; she would not have entered it alone for the world; people must break it open. All along the way to the post office, to which she really did go, she was mentally rehearsing her tale. And it succeeded in deceiving us all, as the reader knows. With regard to the visit of her brother on the Wednesday, she had told Thomas Owen the strict truth; though, when he first alluded to it in the churchyard, her feelings were wrought up to such a pitch that she could only cry out and escape. But how poor Matilda contrived to live on and carry out her invented story, how she bore the inward distress and repentance that lay upon her, we shall never know. A distress, remorse and repentance that never quitted her night or day, and which no doubt contributed to gradually unhinge her mind, and to throw it finally off its balance.

Such was the true history of the affair at No. 7, which had been so great a mystery to Saltwater. The truth was never made public, save to a few who were specially interested in it. Matilda Valentine is in the asylum, and likely to remain there for life; while Thomas Owen and his wife flourish in sunshine, happy as a summer's day. *Johnny Ludlow, in the Argosy.*

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD?

A Boston lawyer was called upon lately by a boy, who enquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer has a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a very methodical man. So pulling out the lower drawer he exhibited his stock of waste paper, laid smoothly in, sheet after sheet, a solid mass.

"Will you give me 25 cents for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtfully a moment, and offered 15.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag, by the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he "hefted" the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good, I'd just as soon have it as money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good, whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for 15 cents, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting his bag of paper, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow re-appeared, and producing the money, announced that he had come to take up the note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever know a note taken up the day it was given. A boy who will do that is entitled to note and money, too," and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

This boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly goods, is worth his weight in gold.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

LECTURE IN PEMBROKE BY REV. FATHER STAFFORD.

We take from the *Standard* the subjoined careful synopsis of a lecture on Total Abstinence delivered in Pembroke lately by Rev. Father Stafford. At the close the lecturer was awarded a hearty vote of thanks, the proceeds of which spoke in high terms of the address. The lecture was delivered in the town hall, under the auspices of the Father Matthew Temperance Society.

FATHER STAFFORD, on being introduced was heartily welcomed by the audience, and first of all proceeded to define his position by saying that while his motto was "total abstinence," he did not therefore consider that the man who used wine was necessarily a bad man, or that a hotel keeper or wine seller was a sinner above all others. He was in favor of abolishing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, but the men in the trade should be compensated. He did not believe that wine was, in itself, a bad thing. He did not believe it to be a creation of the devil, as some think. The devil never created anything. All things were created by God, and God had not created anything to be in itself bad. He thought a drinker of wine or other liquors might be a good man, that he might reach heaven—provided he drank without injuring any one else. But the difficulty, the almost impossibility of drinking, subject to such provisions, made it extremely unwise and imprudent to drink at all. He said he had searched the scripture from cover to cover, from the first chapter to the last, with a view of finding out the true scriptural doctrine with regard to the use of wine, and he found that the word "wine" occurred about 220 times. He found wine spoken of as a good thing, as a blessing. He found that our Saviour himself made wine at the marriage in Cana; and in other places he found it recommended. But he also found wine spoken of as a curse—as a thing which would bite like a serpent and sting like an adder—spoken of as a thing to be avoided. He was told that he who partook of this wine was not wise. It was so dangerous a thing that he was warned not even to taste it—not even to touch it—not even to look upon it. He then showed that according to common sense, the wine which was good and the wine which was bad could not be the same thing. He defined the good wine to be the line juice of the grape, such as was used in Palestine to this day; and the bad wine to be our intoxicating liquor, by whatever name known. The former of these was in all probability the wine of which St. Paul recommended Timothy to take a little for his "stomach's sake, and his often infirmities." No one had ever proved, and no one could ever prove, that the wine recommended by St. Paul was intoxicating. Indeed, the very fact of the recommendation shows that both St. Paul and Timothy must have been total abstainers, for, if Timothy had been in the habit of "taking a little," Paul would never have had occasion to recommend it. The wine made at the marriage in Cana must also have been of this kind, for our Saviour would not make wine which would deprive men of their reason, and made them worse than brutes. He said we had no right to use intoxicating liquors, for by so doing we robbed our bodies of that beauty and loveliness with which God clothed them. He showed how it affected the heart of the drinker. He who hath vowed to love and cherish his wife till death parted him from her, soon began to treat her shamefully. He who had treated his children with all the tenderness of love, was known, when intoxicated to strike one of them dead with a blow. He said that the man who shortened his own life by the use of strong drink was guilty of suicide just as much as if he had shortened his life by the dagger, pistol or poison. A certain time was allotted man to live, and if he shortened it—whether by blowing his brains out or by drinking liquor—he alike murdered himself, and the Bible plainly declares that no murderer shall enter Heaven. It was painful for a clergyman to attend a man dying from the effects of strong drink. He might annoint him with the holy oil and show him the crucifix, but it was of little use, the man's thoughts were not on his soul's welfare. The lecturer himself knew of a dying drunkard to whom the last rites of the church had been administered. He had remained in sullen silence while his spiritual advisor talked with him, and, when he was through, all the miserable wretch said was, "Can't you give me a little brandy?" He went on to show that men do not become drunkards all at once, but rather slowly, and by almost imperceptible degrees. The youth takes a little of something weak at first, but as his system grows more vigorous, so do his draughts, until at last he becomes a confirmed drunkard. The drunkard, he said, never knew when he crossed the line between moderate drinking and drunkenness. It is bad enough to have drunkards, but the great misfortune is that we have moderate drinkers. If we had only drunkards they would soon die off, and we would have no more; but, alas! though thousands of drunkards die every year, an equally large number of moderate drinkers are always ready to step into the ranks and descend to the drunkard's grave, and to the drunkard's hell beyond the grave. It was strange, too, that men would not treat this matter in the same common sense way that they treated other matters. No parent would prepare the minds of his children for murder or for other crimes by teaching them to do little injury to their neighbors, yet they will prepare them to do great injuries to themselves, and to all around them, by giving them a little beer or a little of something weak, and thus encourage in them a thirst for alcoholic liquors. He pointed out the anomaly in the law relating to the sale of liquors. Blackstone, the greatest exponent of the principles of the law of England, lays it down as a rule that no man is to use even his own property in such a way as to cause an injury to himself or to his neighbor; yet hotel keepers and others having liquor in their possession are allowed to use it for the destruction of the bodies and souls of their neighbors. If a man were to give a visitor a drink, and such visitor went out and died immediately after, the man who had given such a drink would be required to show that the other had not died from the effects of it. Yet if he gave him a glass of whiskey and he died immediately after, a jury of his own countrymen, sworn to examine as to the cause of his death, would in many cases say that he died "in a fit, but that the fit was brought on by drinking," or that he died from the "visitation of God," or from some such cause, while they were morally certain that strong drink was the cause of his death. The lecturer said that while travelling in England some time ago, he picked up in a railway car a newspaper from which he gathered that a certain man was fined $20 for plucking a fowl alive, but was surprised to find in the same country that a liquor dealer might pluck a man alive—take even the pin feathers off him—and get off scot-free. Speaking of the terrible havoc wine was making in England, he said that in the Crimean war only about forty-two thousand men were slain, and we would never hear the end of it; but in England, in time of peace, sixty thousand persons every year were slain by whiskey, and nothing was ever said about it. He then proceeded to show that physicians were in the habit of prescribing it too frequently, and in too careless a manner. When other medicine were prescribed the doctor also prescribed the dose; but when wine came in question, it was "Get a little brandy and take a little once in a while." Frequently, too, it was prescribed for the wives, and their husbands kindly helped them to take the medicine. Two hundred and fifty leading English physicians had subscribed a declaration to the effect that the cases in which wine, as a medicine, might be beneficial, were very few, while it was always a dangerous remedy. In his own parish, one of the leading doctors assured him that about eighty per cent. of his practice sprang from the liquor traffic. In regard to wine as a medicinal agent he said that he would not, for all the good it had ever proved, or would ever prove, risk the loss of the soul of the least child present. In conclusion, the Rev. Father exhausted all parries of whatever political or religious denomination to assist in putting a stop to the nefarious traffic, and to elevate man to his true position and dignity. He said that if one man saw another drowning he would not wait to enquire whether the perishing man was a Catholic or Protestant. He was a man—that was enough. He would rush to his relief at the risk of his own life, and as death from drinking is more terrible in every sense than death from drowning we should make all the greater efforts to save. No man had a right to say he was not his brother's keeper. Every man was bound by the laws of God to do all that lay in his power to save his brother from ruin, and the plea that his brother had a right to act as he liked would not relieve anyone from responsibility, if he saw him going astray and did not warn him. It did not require any great fuss to do this; he should say to him quietly, but earnestly, "friend, you are making a mistake, this thing you are about to take will hurt you; you had better not touch it." No man should do anything upon which he could not ask the blessing of God; and it was a proof that even liquor drinkers knew that they were doing wrong, that no man had ever been known to ask God's blessing on his glass of whiskey. He would not dare to do it, he would be afraid of blasphemy.

The *Standard* says:—"We freely confess that we have given but a very faint outline of this splendid lecture, which lasted about an hour and a half. All who heard it say they enjoyed it immensely, and we must say that for sound and practical reasoning, and logical conclusions, we think it could scarcely be surpassed. It was characterised throughout by such broad and christian and philanthropical views as must have recommended it to all who heard it, while its clear and forcible delivery could not fail to produce a powerful effect. The thanks of the community are certainly due to the society which secured the services of such a talented lecturer."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of the digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street, and 170, Piccadilly, London."—799-1y.

Public Notices.

NOTICE.—All parties infringing the Fishery Laws will be punished to the full extent of the Statute.
904-1y. J. W. FINNEY, Local Overseer.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 8th Jan., 1877.
Authorized Discount on American Invoices, until further notice 5 per cent.
I. JOHNSON,
896-1y Commissioner of Customs.

MUNICIPALITY OF MARIPOSA.

NOTICE.

The Municipal Council of the Township of Mariposa intend at its next meeting to be held at the

Town Hall, in the Village of Oakwood,

ON

MONDAY, 23rd DAY OF APRIL

1877, to pass a By-law to

CLOSE A ROAD

Running between Lots No. 19 and 20, in the 3rd and 4th Concessions of Mariposa.
JOHN F. CUNNINGS,
Township Clerk.
Clerk's Office, Oakwood, 21st March, 1877.—915-5

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

County of Victoria, } to wit: }

Will be sold at my Office, in the

COURT HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY,

ON

Saturday, the 31st Day of March,

A. D. 1877, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias, all the right, title and interest of the undermentioned defendants, in and to the following lands and tenements, viz.:

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN NESBITT AND MARGARET NESBITT,
Defendants.

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldon, in the County of Victoria, and Province of Ontario, being composed of the

West Half of Lot Number Twenty, in the Eighth Concession of the Township of Eldon,

Containing by admeasurement One Hundred Acres, be the same more or less.
GEORGE KEMPT,
Sheriff, County of Victoria.
Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, }
14th December, 1876. }
First published 15th December, 1876.—901-16.

The above sale is

ADJOURNED

UNTIL

SATURDAY, 21st OF APRIL,

At the same hour and place.

GEO. KEMPT,
Sheriff, County of Victoria.
Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, }
March 6th, 1877. } 913-td.

Physician's Remedy.

THE

PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY.

When you are ill, and don't know how to get over it, you generally send for your physician. If the opinion of

SIXTEEN LEADING PHYSICIANS OF MONTREAL

Is considered worthy of confidence, you will

TRY

DR. BIRNBAUM'S

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT

REMEDY

To the efficacy of which those Sixteen Physicians have certified for the cure of

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Lumbago, Stiffness in Limbs or Joints, Sprains, Frostbites, Chilblains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Wandering Pains, &c., &c., &c.

It has cured several of these Physicians, and thousands of others in Canada, and is now considered on this continent, as well as in Europe, as the

ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY

For all kinds of

RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS.

The fac-simile signatures of Sixteen Leading Physicians of Montreal are on each bottle, as guarantee of its efficacy.

For sale by all druggists, at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. Certificates of Physicians are on each bottle, and can be had also by applying to

CHARLES MARTIN,
Montreal, sole agent for Canada and U. S.

OFF OF THE TESTIMONIALS:

From Dr. Duncan McCallum, Montreal:

I, the undersigned, have been suffering very much for the last two years from Rheumatism in the ankle joint, so much so that I was often prevented from attending to my calling, but three applications of Dr. Birnbaum's Rheumatic and Gout Remedy gave me that relief from pain and stiffness which I did not experience for the last two years, and after eight days' use of this remedy I find myself entirely cured.

I owe this statement to the public, to this profession, and to the merits of the genuine article.
DUNCAN McCALLUM, M. D.
896 1y.

REMOVAL.

J. MULLINS, DYER,

Has removed to Peel Street, next to Mr. Baker's Oil Cloth Factory, where he will carry on Dyeing all kinds of Furs. Gloves and silks dyed and refitted with the best dye, from 75c. to $2. All kinds of Repairing done at reasonable rates. Good work guaranteed.

Harness & Saddlery.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SAVE MONEY.

JAS. HAINLEY,

Of the New Harness Depot, Kent St., opposite Smallman's Block, Office of the Mammoth Clothing House, offers to sell

HARNESS

Collars, Horse Blankets, Circingles, Whips, Bells, Curry Combs, and Brushes of all description. Trunks and Valises of all sizes. From 8 to 10 per cent. allowed on former prices of all the above named articles to those who bring the "Ready Cash Down;" or short credit will be given those hard times. All work warranted to give good satisfaction, or your money will be refunded. As I pay the highest price to get the best leather in the market, I am not afraid to recommend my stock or workmanship to the public without misrepresentation as is too often the case. Remember the place, sign of the Mammoth Collar.
JAS. HAINLEY.

Printing.

STEAM JOB PRINTING.

The Canadian Post

JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT

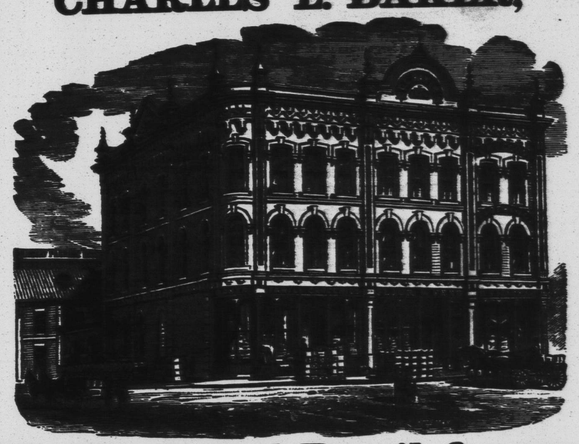
has been furnished with steam power, and having received large additions to its already large stock of fancy type, scripts, ornaments, wood and metal poster type, is prepared to execute promptly and as low rates orders for any kind of printing, such as

PAMPHLETS	STEAMBOAT BILLS,
POSTERS,	RAILWAY BILLS,
CREDIT SALE BILLS,	FUNERAL CARDS,
AUCTION SALE BILLS,	BILL HEADINGS,
CONCERT BILLS,	SHOW BILLS,
BUSINESS CARDS,	PROGRAMMES,
CHEQUE BOOKS,	STAGE BILLS,
BLANK BOOKS,	CONCERT TICKETS,
CIRCULARS,	FANCY CARDS,
MEMORIAL CARDS,	LABELS.

PRINTING IN COLOURS from the finest card to the largest poster at reasonable rates.

Charles L. Baker.

CHARLES L. BAKER,

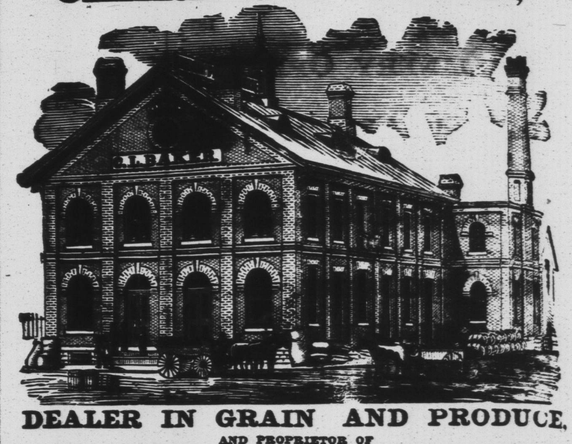


Wholesale and Retail Grocer,

CORNER KENT AND CAMBRIDGE STS.

LINDSAY - - ONTARIO.

CHARLES L. BAKER,



DEALER IN GRAIN AND PRODUCE,

AND PROPRIETOR OF

LINDSAY PACKING HOUSE,

CAMBRIDGE STREET, LINDSAY.

R. Easton.

CENTENNIAL PRIZE ORGANS

AT

R. Easton's School Book Depot

DOHENY BLOCK.

R. EASTON,

Agent for the

Dominion Organs

AND

WANZER SEWING MACHINE.

Both were triumphant at the Centennial, and

Received Highest Awards.

Organs and Machines in stock, and will be sold at 50 per cent. off for cash.

Organs and Machines taken in exchange.

Doheny Block, Lindsay.

LOTS OF

Toys,
Wax Dolls,
Writing Desks,
Work Boxes,
Motto Cups
And Saucers,
Vases,
Toilet Sets,
Skates,
Sleighs,
Pictures,
Jewellery,
&c., &c.

N. B.—Goods about one-half price. Motto, "Nimble Sixpence better than slow shilling."

Blank Books, Inks, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Bibles, Catholic Prayer, Church Services, and

Hymn Books,
Albums,
Berlin Wool,
&c.,

Peterboro Foundry.

PETERBOROUGH FOUNDRY

AND

MACHINE WORKS.

The undersigned has got up some of the NEWEST DESIGNS of

CAST IRON FRONTS AND COLUMNS, WINDOW SILLS, CAPS, GRATINGS, &c.,

For Stores and Buildings.

Cast Iron Railings, of different patterns
Cresting for Buildings.
Cast Iron Chairs and Vases, for Lawns and Verandas,
Gallery Columns,
Ends for Church Seats,
Draw Seat Handles,
Book Rack Brackets,
Ends for School Desks and Seats,
Potash Kettles,

HAND FIRE ENGINES, FOR GARDEN PURPOSES, ETC.,

CASTINGS AND FORGINGS, MILL MACHINERY,

ENGINES AND BOILERS FOR CHEESE FACTORIES, ETC., ETC.,

CHEAP, AND OF THE BEST QUALITY.

WM. HAMILTON, Peterborough.

P. S. I am also prepared to get up any new design for Buildings, to suit the Architect.—900-13.

Bartlett.

CHARLES BARTLETT,

BUTCHER,

Keeps constantly on hand a choice assortment of

BEEF AND MUTTON, AND ALL MEATS IN SEASON.

Which he sells at the lowest living profits. A call respectfully solicited. Remember the place.

Haslam's Old Stand, near the Post Office Corner, Kent Street.

P. J. Hurley.

P. J. HURLEY

Is now offering his

FIFTY CT. TEA FOR FORTY CTS.

SALT, PLASTER,
COAL OIL, FISH,
FLOUR AND FEED, PORK,
AND GENERAL GROCERIES.

Are also selling very low for Cash.

P. J. HURLEY.

Jewellery.

IF YOU WANT A NICE PRESENT

GO TO

J. A. PORTE'S.

Just received a new assortment of

Watches, Chains, Rings, Brooches, Ear Rings, Sets,

&c., Cheap for the "Hard Times."

J. A. PORTE.

FOR

FINE WATCHES AND JEWELLERY, ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,

Rich Vases and Motto Cups,
Writing Desks, Work Boxes,
Bronzes, Statuettes, &c.,
Parlour Games,
Albums, Concertinas, Violins, &c.

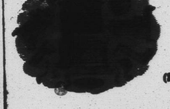
SCHOOL BOOKS & STATIONERY

With an endless variety of novelties, all suitable for the season, personally selected in the best market

J. P. JOHNSTON,
LINDSAY.

Stephenson & Thompson.

NEW FIRM.



STEPHENSON

&

THOMPSON,

(Successors to John Doyell, late Stephenson & Doyell)

Have in stock a large variety of

STOVES AND TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sole manufacturers of the Celebrated

Stephenson Patent Furnace,

For dwellings and public buildings—the best and cheapest in use.

Special attention at the store paid to Furnace and Stoves.

Have Tinsmithing, Roofing, and all Repairing Work promptly attended to.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Philip Nicolle.

THE CHINA, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE STORE will, on the 1st of May, 1877, Remove on the West Side of William Street, Next Store to Markham's old stand, where the subscriber will be pleased to see his friends and customers. Having just returned from the best markets, and selected a very large stock of goods at low prices for William Street Store, will enable him to sell cheaper than elsewhere after that date for reasons easily explained, namely, low rent, no taxes. Any person in need of goods from this date will secure bargains rather than moving goods, by calling at the old stand, Kent Street. And also have as in the past, and will in future, keep the largest stock, best assorted, and greatest variety of goods in Lindsay. The public will find his stock in future cheaper than ever was on Kent St., consisting of China, Glass, Earthenware, Cutlery, Silver-Plated Ware, Lamps, Fancy Goods, Bird Cages and Teas.
PHILIP NICOLLE. Remember the stand, west side of William Street, after 1st of May. Lindsay, March 29th, 1877.—916.

Dobson & Niblock.

DOBSON & NIBLOCK,

KENT STREET, LINDSAY

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fresh Teas	General Groceries
Tobaccos,	Wines,
Coffees	Liquors
Sugars,	And Cigars.

Keep constantly in stock a large assortment of the above goods, which being bought in the best markets and on the most advantageous terms, they are enabled to give the very best value to their customers and the public.

Boots & Shoes.

JAMES CONNOLLY,

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURER,

Has just opened out the largest and best assorted stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

He has received for the last 13 years. The stock comprises all the newest and best adapted styles for WINTER WEAR, together with a large assortment of

MOCCASINS, FELT OVERSHOES, SNOW EXCLUDERS, RUBBERS, SLIPPERS, &c., &c.,

In every known variety, shape and style. Orders filled promptly. A good fit guaranteed, and none but best material and workmanship used.

Men, Women and Children all equally well fitted.

☞ Please to pay cash and save costs.
Kent Street North, 2 doors east of E. Gregory's Drug Store.

John Pyne.

NEW HARDWARE

AND GROCERY STORE.

JOHN PYNE,

Would respectfully inform the public of Lindsay and its vicinity, that he has opened a store for the sale of

Hardware and Groceries, Immediately adjoining the Dominion Hotel, William St., Lindsay.

His long practical experience in these two branches of commerce, combined with a determination to sell at the lowest living profits, encourages him to hope for a good portion of public patronage.
P. S.—My expenses being so considerably below an ordinary business of the kind, I will be able to offer the public a corresponding advantage.

JOHN PYNE.

Mrs. Sheridan.

ONTARIO HOUSE, LINDSAY

MRS. SHERIDAN,

HAS RECEIVED HER

Very Attractive Fall & Winter Stock

IN MILLINERY, MANTLES & FANCY WOOLS

The assortment is large and embodies all the new goods, such as Feather Trimmings, &c

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

The stock is unusually complete, and ladies can rely on having neatness, durability & fashion combine

A Large Stock of New Fancy Goods.

Pattern Bonnets in all varieties.

An inspection of the stock and styles solicited. Orders promptly attended to.

Keenan's Block, opposite the Benson House.

For Sale.

THE CANADA LAND AND EMIGRATION CO.

FARM LOTS for SALE in DYSART

AND OTHER TOWNSHIPS,

ALSO, TOWN LOTS IN THE VILLAGE OF HALIBURTON,

The terminus of the next section of the Victoria Railway.

Apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager, 50 Front Street East, Toronto.
Or to ALEX. NIVEN, Agent, Haliburton.
904-912.

Foundries & Machine Shops

MOWRY'S FOUNDRY.

Corner William and Russell Sts., Lindsay.

WROUGHT IRON FRAME

WROUGHT IRON FRAME

COSSITT'S GANG PLOUGH.

In offering to the farmers of this county this celebrated "Farmer's Friend" Gang Plough, we guarantee that it is the only perfect Gang Plough now made. It will not clog, has a Wrought Iron Frame, and guaranteed to do good work or no sale.

THE COMBINATION IRON PLOUGH

Is wholly manufactured on the premises, and farmers can have their

Soft Mould Boards Tempered and Made Hard.

Plough Points, 50c. each.

Lindsay, April 3rd, 1877.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY,

William Street, Lindsay.

JOHN MAKINS,

Iron and Brass Founder, Engineer, &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Shafting Pullies, Hangers, Mill Gearing, &c.

Maker of Circular Saw Rigs, Saw Carriages, &c.

This Rig is so substantially got up that those who use it pronounce it the best in the country.

SHINGLE MACHINES, JOINTERS, X CUT & OTHER SAW RIGS

Our two-Horse Powers and Saw Attachments are without exception the most substantial and scientific before the public, and for the last two years since our present improvement was adopted has given universal satisfaction.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers will please call on us before purchasing elsewhere and examine our machines and prices.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT DEPARTMENT.

This department will in future receive special attention, and all work turned out will be warrant first-class in every particular. The machines will include the following:—

From 2 to 10 Horse Powers, (for Farmer's use,) with Saw Attachments.
McIlle's Patent Plough, (improved) with Steel Landside and Iron Beam. Dominion Plough, Steel Landside and Wooden Beam. These two are the two best general purpose ploughs in the market.
An Improved Fanning Mill or Separator—acknowledged the best in use.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY, DOBSON'S OLD STAND, WILLIAM STREET LINDSAY. 904-1y

John Chisholm.

VICTORIA GROCERY

AND

LIQUOR STORE.

The Subscriber begs to inform his customers and the public generally that he has a complete stock of

Staple Groceries, Cured Meats, Herrings, Cod-Fish and Mackerel.

A choice assortment of Pale and Dark Brandy, Port and Sherry Wines, Holland and Old Tom Gins, several brands of Whiskey, Bottled Ale and Porter, &c. Plaster and Seeds of tion of hotel keepers and others is invited to this stock. ☞ CASH FOR FARMERS' PRODUCE on hand. The cash system will be strictly adhered to.

JOHN CHISHOLM.

904-1y. Next to the Grand H