A Song.

O, Roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.

O, violets for the grave of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the withered leaves I chose
Before in the old time.

Harper's Magazine

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

still in my own interests, of course—watched natures as narrowly and carefully as a man would look to the joints of his armor before going into a battle, on the issue of which his life depended. Do you blame me that I will not sacrifice my life? I have only one, remember; simply to gratify a woman's caprice! Can you show me a greater misery than to be bound to a person one can neither trust nor respect? With me worth ranks before beauty."

"I cannot argue," I say, slowly; "I can only feel, and it seems to me that lovers once, who love each other, should be lovers always; nothing but death ought to come between."

"Then Silvia and I should be lovers now."

"If you had loved her really, I think you would be loving her still, faults and all."

"Faults," he repeats. "You don't understand. What if I give you the key to the puzzle? What if I tell you why Silvia's beauty moves me no jot? Why it is as impossible to me to have any love for her as to breathe life into dry as dust bones? Shall I tell you a story? You may suppose it to be my own, or that of any one else, just as you please."

We have come to a grassed old garden seat, that is set where the eye can range the garden and woods and a glimpse of the sea below, and we sit down. "Once," he says, leaning toward me and watching my face, "a man was driven over the world, searching in cool gardens and wayside roads, and by gates of palaces and the doors of the poor, for a certain spotless, delicate flower. He saw many very like the particular blossom he was seeking, but there was always some trifling flaw, or speck, or stain, and he passed them all by, for he said to himself, 'I know that the flower exists, for other men have found it, and why should not I?' And at last to him also came the happy hour, and he found it. Long and carefully he watched it, lest after all it should be no more perfect and spotless than the rest; but at last he put one his hand, and, with a great exulting in his heart, plucked it. It was but freshly in his hand, he had scarcely tasted of its sweetness, hardly felt his soul filled with its exceeding beauty, its petals had not withered with neglect or been scorched by the hot breath of passion, when a chance blow struck it, and, lo! the dazzling whiteness fell from it like a veil, and there it lay, robbed of its deceitful mantle, lovely still, but speckled, tainted, soiled. No one but God knows what that man felt then. He had sought for it so long, exulted in it so deeply, he could have laid his life on its perfect purity and sweetness, and now, broken and shamed as it was, he loved it still, though he knew he could never lay it in his bosom, never wear it through life as his glory and pride, and, therefore, though it nearly cleft his heart in twain to leave it, he cast it from him, and went his way alone. But long afterward, when he was an old, very aged man, his hard, fierce struggle to forget, he came by chance upon it, and though he knew its worth lessened, he longed after its beauty with a deep and passionate longing that nearly overcame him, and, after all, the speckled stains were faint and invisible to all eyes save his own, but his standard of purity was a high one, and he did not so long sought the one who should come up to it, and a so sad time he compared the madness of it went his way. Years after, when he was no longer seeking either good or evil, when his old search after any thing perfect seemed faint and far away, he chanced upon a little flower that grew up sweet, and sturdy, and honest, in its quiet corner, past which the world never ran. It was not so gorgeous and stately as the tall white flower, but it had a fair, winsome face, and its clean, fresh sweetness came so gratefully to the weary, jaded man that had lost the exhaustion beauty of the other. And though his love of the most had long faded away, this fresher, healthier love took and cast out the last fragments of a lingering, haunting memory, and his heart was as empty of all feeling for it as church he had never loved and regretted so bitterly. And so he was mad you will say, for had not his experience been disastrous enough? he longed for this little flower with a keen intensity that he had never known for the other." He pauses, and dreamily dropping onto the silence come these opening notes of a bird, who seems to be singing miles above us, oh, so sweetly! in at God's gate.

We sit quite sure this time? I rock, watching a little snowy sail that we could see across the bit of paper that shines through the trees. Was he not afraid of that this was a deception like the other?

"He was not afraid of that, he knew its nature through and through, but sometimes he feared he was too late, that another man had set his mark on that flower, and that its treasures were sealed for him, at others, he felt sure it was his own, and, at last, he made up his mind that he would speak and find out the truth, and know."

A rabbit scampering suddenly out of the bushes behind us startles me so violently that I leap up, and out of my shallow pocket fall two letters, and lie at my feet. I pull stoops, picks them up, turns to give them to me, when something in my face seems to arrest his attention, and he looks from me to George's big, bold hand writing, and from the letter back to me.

"Is either of these from your lover?" he asks, striking them with his forefinger.

"Yes."

"And he writes to you, you write to him?"

"Yes." I have written George three bald epistles since I came to Lutterell.)

He does not speak again immediately, but his glance fell upon me heavy as a blow. Oh me! men are hard task-masters. Do they love us we more at all, save for their own pleasure? Are they not merciless, cruel when we make them suffer pain or discomfort? I want to tell him that it is all a mistake, that, if George is my lover, I am not his, but somehow the words refuse to utter themselves.

"I have not told you the end of my story," says Paul Vasher, "will you care to hear it?"

"If you please."

"I don't know how it was I came to tell it you, unless indeed it were to convince you that I do not love Miss Fleming. The ending is simple enough; some tales do end happily, you know."

"And it did end happily?" I ask, very low, while the dread that has for the past minute been creeping about my heart, trembles and dies.

"Yes, I will sit her to you some day."

Has the bird gone in at heaven's gate, or are my ears too deaf to hear him? What is this greyness that is creeping over land and sea? The little white sail has vanished, and the diamonds that bordered the ocean's breast have died dully out.

"I hope, sir," says a gentle voice, that sounds something like mine, "that you found her all you could wish."

Looking idly down at my lap, I see all my pretty flowers lying headless; and my fingers strip them from their stalks.

"It is cold," I say, shivering. "let us go in."

Side by side, down the green glade, we move in silence. "O fool!" the trees seem to whisper as I pass. "O fool!" cry the birds, in their mocking shrill voices. "O fool!" cries louder and deeper my heavy, heavy heart. If I could only laugh aloud, jest, speak carelessly. About fifty paces from our seat we meet Alice, fresh and fair and blooming as the morning itself. Alice is one of those few people who can look as well by daylight as wax-light. After the usual salutations.

"How pale you are," she says to me. "Why did you get up so very early."

"You forget how I danced last night," I say, turning aside to pick up my small nephew, who is rendered the freak of fortune as much by reason of the length of his swallow-tail pelisse as by the unsteadiness of his legs. How she ever got him so far up is a mystery; how to get him down again, I find by experience, is a work of time and difficulty.

Alice and Paul are talking about the ball; she with much spirit, he with a listlessness that makes me look at him once with shrinking, perplexed eyes. For a man who is successful in his second courtship, he does not look very happy; there is a dull, disappointed expression upon his face.

"It seems to me," says Alice, "that you are two very lively people; have you been quarrelling?"

A timely upset of her son takes up my attention at this moment; but I hear Paul's answer plainly enough.

"Quarrelling, Mrs. Lovelace? I think not. I have been telling Miss Adair a story; that is all."

To Alice's sisterly looks and asides of inquiry, I turn blind eyes and a bland countenance, and presently, having guided the cherub's steps past the gold and silver fish, whose watery abode he evinces a rooted determination to share, I get away and up-stairs to my own room, and lock the door. As I kneel down by my bedside, and press my knees hard against the floor, I do not say to myself that an exquisite hope that has sprung up, at unawares, in my heart is dead, slain by a sharp, swift death that, may be, is mere merciful than a baiting, lingering one.

I am not conscious of thought, I only know that I thought myself rich, and that now my kingdom has passed away into other hands; my poor kingdom that was never anything but a fanciful one, and which I have seemed to see growing stately and beautiful day by day. There are some miseries over which one may weep aloud with not only deep self-pity, but the pity of the world besides; there are others over which it is a shame to make one sigh, to drop one heavy tear, that can know of no relief, but must be carried about with us, like a burning cross that lies on the naked, bleeding heart.

"Luncheon is served," says Annette entering half an hour later.

I have smoothed my untidy locks, put on fresh ribbons, rubbed my cheeks hard with a towel, and now I look no worse than any other country miss, who is not used to racketing, and who dead up for her first real ball, and danced twenty one dances over-night.

"And now," I say to myself as I go down the broad stairs

"Array and mask your face with forced show,
False flowers must hide what the true heart doth know."

I dare say George would say my heart was false.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRIGHT AND GLADSTONE

(W. S. in N. Y. Tribune)

Mr. Bright was asked to dine last week with the Princess Louise, and a smart party was made for him, mostly duchesses. One of these great ladies presently began, as the fashion now is, to abuse Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright, in his grave way, asked the personage, "Madam, have you any children?" She admitted she had. "Then permit me, Madam, to advise you to take them on the first opportunity where they may see Mr. Gladstone, and when they are in his presence say to them they are standing before one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived, and who has done his country perhaps the greatest service it was ever permitted an Englishman to do, by preserving it from a wanton and wicked war." Mr. Bright has shown a good many plucky things in his time, and this deserves, all things considered, to be reckoned among them. For it was said not only in a circle of Anglo-Parks, but in the hearing of a hostess who must be presumed to share the violent prejudice of the rest of the royal family against the man whom her guest eulogized so warmly. But Mr. Bright's admiration for Mr. Gladstone and affection for him are of old date.

SOTHERN'S LATEST PRACTICAL JOKE

(London Post)

Sothern invited a party of gentlemen to dine with him. The hour had arrived, and, with one exception, so had the guests. "We may as well begin," said Sothern, "he is sure to come, and he would rather we did not wait for him," upon which the company sat down, and were just finishing soup when the card of the missing guest was handed to Sothern. A sudden inspiration of fun led him to propose that before the gentleman came in they should all get under the table. Without an objection and trusting to Sothern's wit for some comical *denouement*, the unsuspecting fellows hurriedly crept under the table and awaited results, totally ignorant of the fact that their wicked host had not followed their example, but had quietly continued his seat. The belated guest came in full of apology for his tardiness. "Don't mention it," said Sothern, "it isn't of the slightest consequence, we are only at the soup; sit down and be helped." The gentleman did so, but with a puzzled look at the empty chairs about the table. "O," said Sothern, "you miss the other gentlemen. They are all here, but, for some extraordinary reason, they all got under the table. What they are doing there is more than I know." It is easier to imagine than to describe the variety of expression upon the faces of the deluded victims as one by one they came crawling sheepishly out from under the table.

ELECTRICITY! THOMAS' EXCELSIOR ECLECTRIC OIL!

Worth ten times its weight in gold. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is the cheapest medicine in the world. One dollar cures common sore throat. One bottle has cured bronchitis. Fifty cents worth has cured an old standing cold in the head. Twenty cents worth has cured a bad case of earache. Fifty cents worth has cured crick in the back, and the same quantity lame back of eight years standing. The following are extracts from a few of the many letters that have been received from different parts of Canada, which anybody should call and see, which the most sceptical Doubting Thomas, Doubting Jerry, and Doubting Jim Mc Gillicuddy of Scotland, can see for themselves. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has cured my child from croup, and I cannot know its merits too highly. Wm McGuire, of Franklin, writes, "I have used all the good bottle of oil I took home with me, and it did not take much to do me good." Hale of Lynn, writes, "Please forward a dozen more." Dr. Hale, M.D., writes, "I am nearly out, send me a dozen." It is highly recommended by those who have used it." J. Bedford, Brampton, writes, "Send me one more dozen." Miller's Point writes, "I have used your Eclectric Oil in getting rid of a very bad cough, which I had had for months, and it has cured me entirely without bleeding." Beware of Imitations. Ask for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. See that the signature of E. M. Mallory & Lyman are shown on the bottle and wrapper. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Prop., Proprietors for the Dominion. 954

NEW EDITION! Revised and Enlarged

THE CRISIS.

What think you would be the result if the earth should stop spinning around the sun? Were we on our way to meet another planet when one of its wheels became chipped or broken near enough to bear the grating, jarring clash the sudden deafening rush? Astronomers assure us that precisely similar effects, only on a more awfully grander scale, would be produced if our earth, one of the wheels in the universe machine should suddenly cease its revolutions. In other words, there would be a general clash and crash of satellites, planets and systems. What we term financial crisis are due to similar causes. One of the wheels in the finance machine becomes clogged, perhaps chipped. The terrible "Wall street crash" which follows is common, extend to every part of the financial mechanism of the country. Bad markets do not stop here. There is that other mechanism, the most intricate of all, sometimes called an organism because it operates in our bodies, the human machine. When one of its members fails to perform its office, the whole system is thrown into disorder. Members before considered unassailable, break down under the unusual pressure. The shock comes, and utter prostration is the result. Reparation can only be effected by the restoration of the impaired parts and the re-adjustment of its levers, the physical forces. There is one part of the machine more liable to disorder than any other, the liver, the great balance-wheel of the machine.

The liver being the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set it at work and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and poison, as it were, the machinery of life, are speedily expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Flint's Golden Medical Discovery, and Dyspepsia Cure, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, taken in very small doses, are pre-eminently the very articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Break up long standing chronic coughs which yielding to no other influence. Vitalize blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and somewhat prostrated as the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great medicines.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Utah man sold thirty thousand head of cattle last year.

Australian railways pay large dividends to their shareholders.

The wife and the children of Mr. Thomas Gammon, Plympton, all died of diphteria last week.

The tallest man in the House of Lords is the Earl of Enniskillen, who stands six feet seven inches.

The deaths of the past week include Bishop Selwyn, Hon. John Young and "Boss" Tweed.

Two illicit stills have been seized in the county of Bruce and the parties operating them arrested, one of whom was a notorious smuggler.

Last Saturday, a leading citizen, of Scranton, Pa., fell backward on a circular saw and was ripped through from the head downwards.

During the past ten years Canada has increased her annual cheese production from 4,000,000 to 38,000,000 pounds.

The Empress Dowager of Japan is said to have contributed $30,000 towards founding a school in Tokio for young ladies.

A child two years old at Leeds, in England, was suffocated to death the other day by a cat lying on its face while asleep.

Miss Amy Hilborn, one mile west of Arkona, has a quilt, her own make, having 13,220 pieces. Trot out your other quilts.

The lumber trade is active at the Chicago yards, the shipments for five days last week totalled fourteen million feet.

The salvors of the Cleopatra obelisk about which there has been litigation, have been awarded $10,000 by a British Court of Admiralty.

A snow bird built a nest and is hatching four eggs in a tree on the farm of Mr. James Dowd, Burns. It is very rare that a snow bird nests or hatches in these regions.

The very latest *on dit* is that on the blissful morning preceding the marriage ceremony Lord Rosebery received a check for £300,000 $1,500,000 signed "Hannah de Rothschild."

A pious man has hired space in the Ellenville (N. Y.) *Journal's* advertising department, in which he publishes every week, in large type, a verse of scripture.

Mrs. Mackenzie, wife of the Hon. A. Mackenzie, has given two gold medals to a girl's school in Ottawa, as prizes for proficiency in domestic economy and plain sewing.

Three young ventriloquists, pupils of the Seaforth Public School, were recently suspended by the teacher and trustees for practising their art by annoying the teacher and school.

The question of butter factories appears to be as popular in Western Ontario as cheese factories were some years ago. There is every prospect of a number being established this season.

A wise and timely edict has been issued by Monseigneur Racine, Roman Catholic Bishop of Sherbrooke, prohibiting political meetings and discussions at the doors of the churches in his diocese.

One boy in Toronto and three in Hamilton have been bound over to keep the peace for carrying revolvers during school hours. A fine of $50 may be inflicted for this infringement of the law.

Keewatin is to have township boards of school trustees. Attendance will be enforced by a capitation tax. An examiner will be appointed to grant certificates of qualification to teach to suitable applicants.

The amended school law of Quebec provides that every Saturday shall be a holiday in the schools unless the trustees pass a by-law to the contrary. Saturday has not hitherto been a holiday in the Quebec schools.

The new torpedo, invented in the government works at England, will travel beneath the water at the rate of forty miles an hour. The destructive power of these horrible engines of war is frightful to contemplate.

The English War Office are about to arm with a six-chambered revolver the non-commissioned officers, farriers, and trumpeters of all cavalry regiments in accordance with a recommendation of the Committee on Equipments.

A little boy named Putman, residing at London, aged six, found a quart bottle of whiskey and drank the whole of it. He had a narrow escape, but was discovered in time and proper remedies immediately applied. He is now out of danger.

The Toronto *Leader* claims that it is acknowledged by Americans familiar with the progress of their own cities, that no city in the Eastern, Middle or Southern States has shown during the last few years such signs of growth and material prosperity as Toronto.

An Australian is trying to invent a machine which shall reap, thrash, clean and bag wheat as it moves along. When he gets it done, America will add an attachment which sells the wheat, grinds it, puts it into barrels and stamps each barrel with XXX's.

Mr. Eddy, of Fineville, Kentucky, who has recently purchased a number of choice Berkshire pigs in Canada, being desirous of treating them with all the respect due to their high quality, has built for them a magnificent *pigeo Parisien* at a cost of $20,000. Rather an expensive pig sty.

Mrs. Sarah Spencer, widow of a former showman, was, by her dying request, buried at New York the other day in a coffin like that of the late A. T. Stewart, and with over $1,000 worth of flowers. She left $10,000 for the erection of a handsome wall around her burial lot, and for a marble bust of herself to be placed upon her grave.

The Russian navy has ready for use a newly invented Swedish gun, claimed to be much superior to the Gatling gun. It moves to and fro, from side to side, in a section of a circle, sweeping the area it covers very thoroughly. It can be carried into the maintop of a vessel and worked to great advantage on an enemy's decks.

The Montreal *Bonanza* states that Thos. Stevens, of Mornington, a lad of 19 years, has gone and committed matrimony with a blooming belle of thirty summers. It is a curious fact that he is going to revive the ancient practice of paying for his wife by working a number of years for her. He ought to be paid handsomely for taking her off.

A wedding was to have been celebrated in Port Burwell; the guests had arrived, the wedding presents had been admired, and the table was spread for a sumptuous repast, but the bridegroom did not appear. After waiting nearly all day, it was discovered that he had taken the train at Aylmer, and fled to Michigan.

It is said that Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Chancellor, never uses wine or tobacco, and that he is vigorous at the age of seventy-eight. William Cullen Bryant spoke on the dangers of moderate drinking the other day in Tammany Hall. He is a hale and hearty man at eighty-five. He never used or could use wine in any way.

Austria can put in the field for war purposes a standing army of 800,000 men, including reserves, besides landwehr, ersatz, reserve and landsturm. The compulsory system will attain its full development this year, 1878, and it would not be an exaggeration of the results of Baron Kuhn's organization if we estimate the force now available at 600,000 regular troops.

Shanghai advices to March 15th report the famine unabated. Governor Hennessy gave ten thousand pounds of the public funds towards the relief. In the U. S. Senate on Thursday, Mr. Mitchell presented a cablegram from the Consulate at Tientsi, in China, saying that the famine was spreading; cannibalism exists. No rain had fallen, and the famine will be worse next year.

At Lord Leitrim's funeral in Dublin the mob endeavored to capture the hearse, declaring their intention to drag out the corpse. They vituperated the deceased as an old ruffian and heretic. They also climbed the church yard wall, hustled the mourners, and yelled and hissed during the service. Several mourners were roughly handled while endeavoring to make their way into the church yard. All of them had to pass out by an unfrequented way in rear of the church. Fifty constables were present, but were wholly insufficient to cope with the mob, many of whom were drunk. Lord Leitrim was the most tyrannical landlord who has cursed Ireland for years.

One of our Lambton young men dissatisfied with his show acquisitions of wealth, by patient, honest industry, wished to become rich and was to get $10,000 in bogus greenbacks for $100 of Canadian money. He readily and hastily raised the required $100. He got his father to endorse his note for $200, which, with the $100 he had, he paid over to the sharper, taking a receipt for the same. The $10,000 of bogus money was to be on hand in a day or two from his uncle in New York. The parcel arrived, but in place of crisp, new bills, it was a box of sawdust. The story creates a great deal of laughter and amusement for the gossiping portion of our population, and their verdict was freely given: "Serve the young scamp! he would be swindler right."

Full particulars have arrived of the breaking into the office, at Winnipeg, of Mr. Nixon, paymaster on the Pacific Railway. This was done shortly after he left for Ottawa to appear before the Public Accounts Committee. At the moment it could not even be surmised for what purpose a burglar should break into an office where no money was kept but it now appears that the object was to get possession of and destroy certain papers, so that Mr. Nixon could the more easily be ruined by his enemies. The late Winnipeg papers contain full particulars. Mr. Nixon believes that the purpose was to destroy certain warrants sent in for the payment of money so that there would be no evidence authorizing the advances, should the warrants be called for. This piece of villainy is not too grave for the tools of the Tories to resort to.

W. M. Robson.

LINDSAY TEA HOUSE.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN TEAS.

W. M. ROBSON

Has just received a

FINE STOCK OF NEW TEAS,

Fresh and Fragrant.

In consideration of the times a special price list has been prepared. Call and see them.

	Previous prices.	
Fine Moyune Hyson	$1 00 per lb.	80c.
Finest Pinguang Hyson	75 "	60c.
Good Hyson	50 "	40c.

Japan, sweet and good, 3 lbs. for $1.00. Good mixed Tea, 4 lbs. for $1.00. Finest Black Tea, 60c. per lb. worth $1.00.

Scented Orange Pekoe and other grades at reduced prices. Also a complete of stock

FRESH GROCERIES

A call is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed Note the address.

W. M. ROBSON,
Kent St. West, Lindsay

959-1y

Public Notices.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA, March 23rd, 1878.

Authorized Discount on American invoices, until further notice 1 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

County of Victoria, } To Wit: } ON

Saturday, the Eighth day of June, A. D. 1878,

At the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, and issued out of the County Court of the County of Victoria, in the suit of

DUNCAN JACKSON AND E. McTAVISH, Plaintiffs,
and
ZABLAN ROBERTSON, Defendant,

I will sell by

PUBLIC AUCTION

At my office in the

COURT HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

In the said County, all the right, title and interest of said defendant in the following lands and tenements, that is to say:—

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate lying and being in the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria, being composed of Lot Number Nineteen, North of Russell Street, in the said Town of Lindsay, East.

GEORGE KEMPT,
Sheriff, Co. Victoria,
Per P. MITCHELL,
Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, } 27th February, A. D. 1878. } First published 1st March, 1878. 954-15.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

County of Victoria, } To Wit: } ON

Saturday, the Twenty-Second day of June, A. D. 1878,

At the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, and issued out of the County Court of the County of Victoria, in the suit of

WILLIAM KERR,
Plaintiff,
and
WILLIAM SWANTON,
Defendant.

I will sell by

PUBLIC AUCTION

At my office in the

COURT HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

In said County, all the right, title and interest of said defendant, in the following lands and tenements, that is to say:—

The South East Quarter of Lot Number Twenty-Seven, in the Seventh Concession of the Township of Fenelon, in the County of Victoria, containing by admeasurement Fifty Acres, more or less.

GEORGE KEMPT,
Sheriff, County of Victoria,
Per P. MITCHELL,

Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, } 15th March, A. D. 1878. } First published 15th March, 1878. 956 1d.

Pumps.

WE ARE GOING TO J. BARNES PUMP FACTORY, WOODVILLE where we can get the best value for our money in pumps that cannot be excelled in durability and utility. He tenders to his numerous friends and customers his best thanks for past favors, and begs to assure both old and new friends of his ability to supply all with the best durable pump in the market. Satisfaction guaranteed. Remaining days—Thursday and Saturday. Force Pumps and piping to order. Accounts not paid in three months will be charged as the rate of 8 per cent. from date of account. Remember the place—north of the Queen's hotel, and near the Town Hall. JACOB BARNES.—958-3m.

W. Herlihey.

BLACKSMITH AND CARRIAGE SHOP.

W. HERLIHEY

Begs to inform his friends and the public generally that having

Re-Built on the Old Stand,

Kent Street East, he is now prepared with increased facilities to do all kinds of

BLACKSMITHING & REPAIRING AND MAKING CUTTERS, SLEIGHS WAGGONS AND BUGGIES.

Chopping Axes always on hand and made to order. 956.

Planing Factory.

LINDSAY PLANING FACTORY.

Parties in want of

DOORS, SASH,

WINDOW BLINDS,

MOULDINGS,

FANCY FENCE PICKETS,

And everything in the Factory Line, should see our stock. We do not advertise a price list, but request inspection of our work.

GEO. INGLE & Co.
Factory,—Wellington st., Lindsay. 874-1y

McGill Manf'g Co.

MACHINERY AND PRINTING PRESSES.

THE McGILL MANF'G CO'Y

having purchased the General Machinery Business and Patterns from the Joseph Hall Co., are now prepared to furnish

Leffel Water Wheels,

Steam Engines,

Printing Presses,

Leather Splitting Machines,

Knife Grinders,

And all kinds of Mill Castings, Machinery, &c.

Special attention paid to Tanners' Machinery, and Tools. Address,

P. E. THORNTON,
Ottawa, Feb. 28th, 1878. Manager.

Miscellaneous.

STRAYED into the premises of the undersigned, Lot No. 6, 9th Con. Emily, on or about 1st December last, a three-year old Bull. The owner can have the same by paying charges. JOHN C. LEARY, Emily, March 29, 1878. 957-3pd.

BAKERY AND GROCERY BUSINESS for sale in a flourishing and fast growing village, doing a first-class confectionery and fruit business. Five minutes' drive from R. R. Station. Good reasons for selling. A rare chance. Apply at the Office of THE CANADIAN POST. 958-tf.

CARRIAGE HORSE FOR SALE.

Four years old; Iron Grey; Half Blood; Good Roadster; Gentle and Kind; suitable for Ladies' or Children's driving. Will be sold cheap as the owner has no use for him. For particulars, apply at the TORONTO BOOT AND SHOE STORE, Lindsay.—959-tf

VICTORIA MILLS, CAMBRAY.

OATS WANTED.

The subscriber begs leave to announce that he has built in connection with his flour mill at Cambray a first class Oat Mill, and is now prepared to exchange meal for oats, and guarantee to give satisfaction in both flour and oat meal to all who may give him their custom.

M. H. BERKELEY.

Cambray, Feb. 12, 1878.—952-15.

J. Britton.

NEW WATCHMAKING & JEWELLERY ESTABLISHMENT.

J. BRITTON

Has opened in the Watchmaking & Jewellery business in

Mr. C. Britton's Store,

Next door south of the Post Office.

☞ Repairing Watches and Jewelry a specialty.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. 904-1y.

John Berry.

THE UNDERSIGNED REQUESTS AND MUST HAVE AN IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT of all outstanding accounts due him. All accounts not paid before the 25th Feby., will be placed in suit for collection.

At the same time he is anxious to get rid of his Stock of

HARNESS,

&c., of all kinds, which he will sell at very reduced prices, in order to make room for a fresh stock.

Farmers, Lumbermen, and others in want of first-class work will find it to their advantage to inspect this stock as no reasonable cash price will be refused until Spring work begins.

The stock of Trunks, Valises, Brushes, Whips, &c., and all other kinds of stock on the premises will be sold as above for Cash; and for cash a great sacrifice will be made.

JOHN BERRY,
Golden Saddle, Kent Street,
Opposite English Church, Lindsay.

N. B.—Repairing as usual done on shortest notice, and Collars a specialty.—906-13.

Lumber.

TRUDE'S LUMBER YARD.

F. & C. TRUDE

Having purchased the entire stock at Bond, Downer and Co.'s Mills, consing of

Lumber, Timber, Shingles, &c.

Are prepared to offer rare bargains. Intending builders should see the stock and ascertain prices before making purchases elsewhere. Yard—Corner Cambridge and Bond Sts., opposite the Methodist Church. 956-1y.

LUMBER AND SHINGLES.

LUMBER

Of all kinds, suitable for building and retail purposes, can be had cheap in quantities of 20,000 feet and upwards; also

SHINGLES

Of any grade. The same can be delivered at any point.

BOBCAYGEON LIME.

Also a large quantity of Lime from the now celebrated Bobcaygeon kiln.

Orders for Lumber and Lime can be left with Mr S. WALKER, at the yard, below Fee's Mill, Lindsay.

904-1y 944 M. BOYD, Bobcaygeon, Ont.

LUMBER YARD.

The subscriber has on hand and for sale at his

LUMBER YARD, LINDSAY,

ON

BANK OF RIVER EAST SIDE WILLIAM ST. IN REAR OF WOOLLEN FACTORY.

All kinds of

Lumber, Shingles, Scantling,

Lath, Flooring, Joist, Pickets, Plank

all widths and lengths or cut to order on the shortest notice. All manufactured in Gang Mill by

Green & Ellis, Fenelon Falls.

A. W. PARKINS, Agent,
Office opposite Woollen Factory.
904-1y

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 roster type, is prepared to execute promptly and at low rates orders for any kind of printing, such as

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BUSINESS CARDS,	PROGRAMMES,
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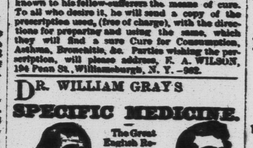

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Received this week, and which will be sold at a

Tremendous Sacrifice for Cash.

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CANADIAN LAND AND EMIGRATION CO.

FARM LOTS for SALE in DYSART

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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.

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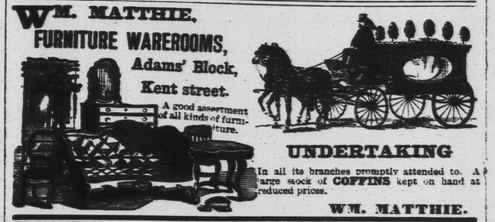

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Cheaper than ever they were sold in Fenelon Falls, because I have a large quantity of

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All kinds of PRODUCE bought, and the highest price paid for them.

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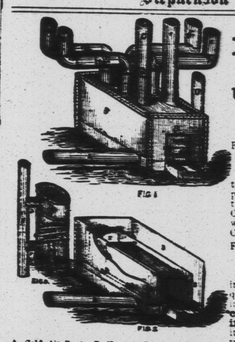

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Used in the Victoria Co. Buildings, Lindsay.

TESTIMONIALS:

From the report of the Special Committee appointed to consider the Warden's Address, December Session, 1877:—

"With reference to the system of heating the County Buildings recently adopted, your Committee express their approval of the work but feel assured that the matter will be fully reported on by the Special Committee appointed to superintend the work, as well as come under the inspection and report of the Committee on County Property."

From the report of the Special Committee appointed to superintend the heating and ventilation of the Court House and County buildings:—

"Having fully considered the best mode of carrying out your instructions, and having made due enquiry and come to the conclusion that the method introduced by Mr Stephenson had the merit of combining great economy in fuel with an improved ventilation, your Committee thought it in your best interests to adopt it, and gave a contract, which will be laid before you, to Messrs. Stephenson & Thompson, for the completion of the work. It is to its success you now have an opportunity of ascertaining by personal inspection.

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This Heater is admirably adapted for Churches, School Houses, Public Halls and Private Buildings. Prices range from $100 to $200