THE LOVE THERE OF YOU AND ME.

I've been to the old farm house, good-wife,
Where you and I were wed;
Where the love was born to our two hearts
That now lies cold and dead.

Where a long kept secret to you I told,
In the yellow beams of the moon,
And we forged our vows out of love's own gold;
To be broken so soon, so soon.

I passed through all the old rooms, good-wife;
I wandered on and on,
I followed the form of a flitting ghost,
The ghost of a love that is gone.

And he led me out to the arbour, wife,
Where, with mystic I twined your hair;
And he pointed me down to the old stone step,
Yet I felt he was moving there.

The sun went down as it used to do,
And I took in the sweet of night-
The two bright stars that we called ours
Came slowly onto my sight.

But the sun that was mine went under a cloud,
Went under a cloud alone;
And I fear that I wouldn't have shed for the world
To have seen the old grey stone.

But there, he words can never be unsaid,
Yet I look on none be undone,
Except perhaps in another world,
Where life's sun may more begin.

And I think, in due time in the time to come,
When a few more years are sped,
We may stain as we used to live,
In the house where we were wed.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Look at him quickly, fancying my ears have played me false, but he is grave enough

"Do you mean it?" I ask, very slowly

"Most certainly"

"Then I will," I say, with spirit "Oh! I did not think you were so mean after I had said I was sorry too"

"What did I say to you after you had thrown the first one at me?" he asks

"First! I was not to do that again"

"And you threw another the next moment, so you were not only rude but disobedient"

"Am I your daughter?" I ask, turning round to look at him with a hovering smile

"No, miss, but I am your lord and master, and you are bound to obey me"

"Don't be so sure of that," I say, putting my head on one side to look at my smart engagement ring of big opals and diamonds the "jewels of calamity," as folks say "If you are such a tyrant now, when we are only courting, what would you be if we were married?"

"I don't feel a bit miserable now, or sorry, or ashamed He is talking to me, there is not a dreadful wall of silence built up between us

"Do you expect me to tell you I am pleased with you when I am not?" he asks, sharply "Would you like me to be a hypocrite? I cannot say one thing and mean another, and the same with you, when you are vexed I should like you to speak out and have done with it"

"I am very much vexed with you now," I say, with alacrity, "I wish to get all your knock this very minute and you will not let me"

"Not all, when you have picked up those books"

"Then we shall stay here until we are fossils," I say, swinging my foot "Simpkins will be here presently to say dinner is ready, are we to eat it as we are?"

"The dinner can wait"

"Only I can't wait for my dinner," I say

There is a little pause, during which I look into the red hot heart of the fire and take counsel with myself. Clearly he is not to be managed by dignity, and I don't mean to give in Nevertheless, I have no mind to sit here immediance till we turn into fossils I will try coaxing, and see if that will bring him to a proper frame of mind. I steal my arms round his neck and hold up my mouth to be kissed, but he does not bring his face a jot nearer to mine and, for the first time in my life, my offered caress is repressed. If he had slapped me he could not have astonished me more

"Nell," he says, "Nell," and he looks into my eyes with a vexed and strong pain in his own, "could you not give up your willfulness for once to please me?"

For a little space I look at him, then I slip out of his arms and sit down on the hearth rug There the books lie, nasty little toads! How I hate the man that wrote, the printer that printed, and the person that brought them here I turn them over with the point of my shoe, and take a covert look at Paul, his head is turned away, thank Heaven! or I could never peck them up, never A thought strikes me, and I smile to myself as I scramble up and into a chair, and lift up one of the volumes between my two feet and hold it it out toward him

"Paul," I say, in a very small voice "Paul, here it is" He turns quickly, but on seeing the fashion in which my offering is made, he reseats himself

"That is not the way, Nell," he says; and as it fancy, or is there a keen disappointment in his voice? I lower the book to the ground and consider for a little while, then I pump up and kneel by his side

"Paul," I say, wistfully, "won't you let me, if, dear? I'll never throw any more at you, neither big nor little, never"

He turns and looks at me

"I misunderstood you, child," he says I thought you would have done it, but never mind"

"And so I will," I say, heartily "I would pick up a whole library full rather than you should look at me like that" And I stoop down to gather up those nasty, nasty little volumes, but Paul snatches me in his arms

"My plucky little girl" he cries, "after all she was not disappointed me Do you know, child, that I had made up my mind just now that, with all our love for each other, we should never hit it off if you were too proud to own yourself in the wrong"

"Only I did not pick them up after all," I say, slyly "How do you know I ever intended to"

"Did you not?" he asks, pinching my cheek "I know better"

"I have come out of the ordeal well, sir, so have not you A more pig headed, self willed, obstinate person I never met, and how you could bring yourself to behave in such a way to a lady"

"Why did you provoke me so then?" he asks, quickly, "have you forgotten what it was that you said?"

"Hush!" I say, putting my hand over his mouth "At any rate, I will kiss you now"

"If you please," says Simpkins the ubiquitous, "then" dinner is waiting"

HARVEST

Chapter I.

Harvest Why, get you gone, who is that blackguard? A Jehoiakim, I think there behind

The 10th of December has come and the hour of Paul's departure A black and bitter day and I am bidding him farewell, not in the old schoolroom, or by a warm fireside, but out here in the cold raw winter's day, with the wind blowing wildly, dismally in our faces, with the dead leaves whirling about our feet like a host of restless spirits, with a dull, hard cold sky above, and a desolate sweep of barren landscape stretching out before us. We are standing by the old stile, where we first met, and our faces are not gay and warm as they were then, but pale and cold; his with the sorriness of a man who hates to part with the thing he loves best on earth; I with the restless misery that only a woman's heart knows who sees her treasure go forth into the world, and knows not if it will come safely back to her. It is such a little while that he purposes to be gone only ten days, a mere nothing. Why, therefore, do I feel such a dragging, heavy foreboding at my heart? Why do I hold his hand in both mine, and look at him as though I were taking my last fill of gazing on him for years? Why do I kiss him again and again, with a passion that I never knew until to-day, as I could kiss him no more tenderly if he lay dying in my arms? Ah! why, indeed!

I have lost a dream, but that is nothing; I have an instinct, but that is nothing—something above and beyond these comes to tell me that our parting to-day is for evil; there is sorrow in the air, there is dread in the rustling leaves, a keening of mortal anguish in the sobbing wind, a dark shadow passing like a doom betwixt my lover and me.

"My sweetheart," he says, "how pale you are! I should not have let you come out in this cold—"

"Only you promised," I say, buttoning his coat closer about his throat with trembling fingers. "You will come back, Paul; you are sure you will come back?"

"Come back to my pearl, my darling! Ay, that I will! You are not yourself," he says, looking into my face; I cannot leave you like this, dear, I shall take you back to the house."

"No, no," I say, faintly; "but you are quite sure that you must go?"

"Quite sure, little one; if it had been possible to get out of it, you may be sure I should have done so. But it is such a little while, you will scarcely have realized that I am gone before I shall be back, and then, Nell—"

"We shall be very happy if you come back," I say, dreamily. "Take care of yourself, Paul; do not forget that any harm to you passes straight through me, and that every hour you are away I shall be wearying for you. Do not let any one put me out of your head; do not forget me."

"Forget thee!" he cries, kissing my pale lips again and again; "who could forget thee? not Paul. Write to me twice or thrice, darling; it will pass the time more quickly to you, and I will write too; but I never was a good scribe, pet, so you must not expect much. Of course I shall scrawl you a line from Marseilles"

"Ten days!" I say to myself, as he smooths the hair back from my forehead with his brown hand. "Only ten days!" what could happen in that time? Yesterday I seemed to have no fear; to-day I see into shadow land. What has happened to me between the days that has shaken me so horribly! Only a dream! a silly, mocking, intangible dream, that Paul would laugh to scorn shall I tell him of it before he goes? shall I warn him?

"Don't flirt with George while I am away," he says, jealously; "you will have lots of opportunities, you know."

"Poor George!" I say, sadly; "I don't think there is much fear."

"Darling," he says, "I shall give up this train, and take you back to the Manor House."

"No, you will not, Paul; for where would be the good? If you missed that you would have to catch the next. I should only have to say good-by to you at home instead of here, and you promised me that I should say it here, dear, and nowhere else"

"I did promise," he says; "but I can't let you go like this."

"Yes, you will go," I say, gently; "you will kiss me once, Paul, and then you will go."

And so he takes me in his arms and kisses me many times. "Good-by, little sweetheart, good-by," he says, and at last goes away.

Half way across the field he turns and looks at me All unconsciously I hold out my arms to him, and he comes back

"Do not forget," I whisper, "that here, where I kissed you first, I kissed you last."

There is one more swift embrace, a passionate clinging of hands, and he is gone; and I stand staring after him, with aching, burning eyeballs, and a heart heavy as lead. Why do I feel so certainly, desperately sure that he is going away from me to-day for evil, not good? I watch him over the brow of the hill, turning often as he goes Then I go along the meadow with halting, lagging steps, and presently meet George with his dogs at his heels

"Is that you, Nell?" he asks, and mechanically I put my hand in his and look dully into his face

"You are ill," he exclaims; "had you not better go home at once?"

"I am going. He is gone," I say, looking up into my companion's face with a chilly smile, "and I think my heart is broken."

"He will come back," says George, soothingly; "it is only for a little while. Can't you live these few days without him, Nell?"

"He will never come back," I say, standing still. "Do you not hear the fairies and spirits whispering it 'He will never return to you, never, never!' That is what they are saying quite plainly, and I O God!" I cry, standing still, "He will never be my Paul any more, never any more. I can see it the dream!" I shudder from head to foot, and stagger George holds me for a moment, then I shake the blindness from my limbs, and break away from him. "Hark!" I cry, holding up my hand; "surely that was his step listen!" But no sound comes to us, and though I run to the bend of the meadow and look around, there is no one to be seen; all is blank and bare and chill.

"It is too cold for you here," says George; "come away home, Nell" And he puts my hand under his arm and takes me away

"It sounded just like his step," I say over and over again; "could he have come back?"

"George," I say, looking up into his worn, kind face, "do you think I am mad? I am not, only I feel strange, as though I had had a bad blow. Do you think a person could die in ten days, or that any one who hated him could do him a mischief in that time?"

"Do not think of such things," says the young man; "your nerves are unstrung, dear You will feel differently to-morrow"

"Do you know I say in a whisper, "that when he was saying good-by to me, I seemed to see as clearly as the day light that we were saying good-by to each other, not for a little while, but for ever It was second-sight."

"It was fancy," he says, decidedly. "Who could possibly come between you? Who has the power to do it?"

"A woman," I say, dreaming; "her words sounded empty enough to me once they have a different meaning to day"

"But how can she do you mischief," asks George, "if you and Vasher thoroughly understand each other?"

"I will tell you my dream first," I say slowly "about her afterward.

"I thought I was in a church crowded with people Among them I saw the faces of mother, and Jack, and Alice, and you, and Dolly, and many others that I knew. Before the altar rails were standing a man and woman; the marriage service was being read, and he was putting a marriage-ring upon the woman's finger. Both the figures seemed familiar to me, but something seemed to hold me back and prevent my seeing distinctly. No one heeded me, although I was standing at the foot of the altar steps. When the service was over the two turned and descended the steps; and as they stood face to face with me, the cloud lifted, and I saw Silvia Fleming in her marriage robe of white, and her marriage ring of gold, and on her beautiful face as she looked at me was that slow, faint, dawning smile that I knew so well. I turned my eyes away from her to look at the bridegroom, and there, with a terrible face of shame and horror, stood Paul Vasher. 'Nell!' he cried, and held out his arms to me; and though I knew he was that woman's husband, I strove to get to him as madly as he was striving to get to me, but we could not reach each other. Then church and crowd, and bride and bridegroom, faded away, and in their place I saw the field of rye, and Paul coming quickly across to meet me, and I seemed to know that the picture of the wedding had been a hideous dream and that now I was awake, and the familiar trysting-place looked so natural and familiar, that all my misery fell from me like a veil, and the blood leaped in my veins for joy. And he came nearer and nearer with his dark glad face, and we were but a hand's breadth apart, when between us there came a woman, fair as a rose, with a marriage ring upon her finger; and though we tried to grope round her, we could not find each other, for between us she stood smiling, always smiling—and in calling madly upon him I awoke."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN AND DIRT.

The *New Haven Register* has been investigating the question of children's playing with dirt, and this is the conclusion arrived at:—The best plaything for your children is dirt. This sounding may not seem orthodox, but it is true nevertheless. It is hard to see the clean dresses of the morning wrinkled and begrimed. It is hard to see the rosy cheeks and the dimpled hands that we dearly love to kiss covered with dirt almost deep enough to plant potatoes. All this is annoying, but it is almost a necessity to the children's health. The earth is a good mother. From it we came; upon it we live; and to it we shall return. Children naturally love the earth. If they have no little spade they will improvise one from a stick, and dig in the garden. They will run their fingers in the dirt and stir it up, breathing the air that escapes. It seems to be almost instinctive with them. Fresh earth is their delight and mud pies a luxury. It is well to dress your children in the morning for dirty work. A cheap calico apron and the oldest pair of shoes they have should go on. If it is pleasant let them play the whole morning in all the dirt and mud they like. They will have an immense amount of fun and come in with glistening eyes, rosy cheeks, and hard firm flesh.

At Markham village on Monday morning last, at about half-past ten, Mr. Thos. Nolan, while jumping from a loaded wagon with a long-handled shovel in his hand, slipped and fell upon the point of the handle, which entered the abdomen, passing upwards and outwards a distance of eleven inches, inflicting a frightful wound. He made a desperate effort to extract the stick, but failed in the attempt. It was immediately removed by Alexander Dunlop. Nolan was taken to Dr. Armstrong's office on Church-st., where the wound was dressed. He was then conveyed to Mr. H. G. Armstrong's, in whose employ he had been for the last twelve years. Everything that skill and careful nursing could do was faithfully carried out, but he rapidly sank and died on Tuesday afternoon.

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 round 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.

SIGNS.

People who still adhere to the look-at-your-tongue-and-feel-of-your-pulse doctor sometimes express not a little curiosity in regard to Dr. R. V. Pierce's original method of distinguishing all forms of chronic disease without personal consultation. Some even suppose that he accomplishes this through clairvoyance, or some other species of professional jugglery. All this is utterly false. He claims to determine disease by the rational methods of science only. Says Comegy, in his Biographical Encyclopedia of New York State, speaking of this distinguished physician: "He perceived that in each of the natural sciences the investigator proceeds according to a *system of signs*. The geologist in his cabinet accurately determines and describes a shelf of rock which he has never seen, from the minute specimen on his table. And the chemist in his laboratory notes the constituents of the soil with the same precision that he analyzes a crystal of rock salt. The analogous system developed by Dr Pierce in Medical Science is worthy of his genius, and has made his name justly celebrated." For a full explanation of this ingenious system of diagnosis; see the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent, prepaid to any address on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

NO RISK.

Thomas' Eclectric Oil! Worth Ten Times its Weight in Gold. Do you know anything about it? If not, it is time you did.

Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is the cheapest Medicine ever made. One dose cures common Sore Throat (One Bottle has cured Bronchitis. Fifty cents' worth has cured an Old Standing Cough. One or two bottles cures bad cases of Piles and Kidney Troubles. Six to eight applications cure any case of Excoriated Nipples or Inflamed Breast. One bottle has cured Lame Back of eight years' standing. Daniel Plank, of Brookfield, Tioga County, Pa., says: "I went 30 miles for a bottle of your Oil, which affected a Wonderful Cure of a Crooked Limb, by six applications." Another who has had Asthma for years, says: "I have half of a 50 cent bottle left, and 200 would not buy it if I could get no more." Rufus Robinson, of Ninda, N. Y., writes: "One small bottle of your Eclectric Oil restored the voice where the person had not spoken above a whisper in Five Years." Rev. J. Mallory, of Wyoming, N. Y., writes: "Your Eclectric Oil cured me of Bronchitis in one week."

It is composed of Six of the Best Oils that are known. It is as good for internal as for external use, and is believed to be immeasurably superior to anything ever made. Will save you much suffering and many dollars of expense.

Beware of Imitations. Ask for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. See that the signature of *S. N. Thomas* is on the wrapper, and the names of Northrup & Lyman are shown in the bottle, and *take no other*. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents. NORTHRUP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Proprietors for the Dominion. 974

Note. *Eclectric* Selected and Electrized

Stock Notices.

BLOOD WILL TELL!

AMERICAN WILD BOY

Will stand for a limited number of Mares during the season of 1878, at **Veitch's Hotel, Lindsay.** American Wild Boy is of a glossy jet black colour, stands 15½ hands high, and is pronounced one of the most handsome Bloods in North America. He has proved himself a sure foal getter and his stock of a fearless quality.

PEDIGREE: Young American Wild Boy was sired by Old Wild Boy, from Old American Wild Boy, who was got by New York Black Hawk, from Andrew Jackson, from the famous trotting mare Sally Miller. Young American Wild Boy's dam was sired by Bay Warrior, grand dam by Monoloosian, great grand dam by a thoroughbred horse called Sir Tatton. For terms see Posters. P. D. McILHARGEY, Proprietor. Lindsay, May 10th, 1878. 924b

YOUNG WARMANBIE will stand for service during the season of 1878, health and weather permitting, as follows: **Monday, May 6th,** will leave his stables at Veitch's Hotel, Lindsay, afternoon, and proceed to R. Cliffe's Hotel, Cambray, and remain till Tuesday afternoon. **Tuesday** afternoon, proceed to T. Edward's Hotel, Woodville, and remain till Wednesday afternoon. **Wednesday** afternoon, proceed to Skinner's Hotel, Manilla, and remain till Thursday afternoon. **Thursday** afternoon, proceed to McKinnon's Hotel, Dalwood, and remain till Friday afternoon. **Friday** afternoon, proceed to home stables at Veitch's Hotel, Lindsay, and remain till Monday afternoon. **PEDIGREE:** Young Warmanbie is three years old the 10th day of May, 1878; is a beautiful bright chestnut, with dark mane and tail; stands 16 hands high; weighs 1000 lbs., and has very fine action and promises of great speed. He was sired by Warmanbie, Warmanbie by Mountain Deer, Mountain Deer by Touchstone, out of Mountain Sylph, by Bobbinzee. Warmanbie's dam Mrs. Walker by Jewed, dam Miss Lettie by Priam, &c., &c. Jewed by Don Juan, dam by Tramp. Warmanbie's half brother to Heir of Linne, Montrose, the Tyler, and Bobbinzee. Warmanbie was searched for by Mid-Annandale Hunt Club for a thoroughbred horse to get hunters; gold by Keet and West Cumberland Society's Show at Penrith, and £5 given for thorough bred horses at Carlisle in 1875. He was awarded 3 guineas at the South Lanarkshire Society's Exhibition at Kirkham, in 1876, beating 15 first-class horses, open to all England. He also took 1st prize at the Provincial Exhibition in Hamilton, in 1877, and 1st prize and diploma in Toronto, in 1878. For further particulars see Racing Calendar. Warmanbie was shown at the Central Exhibition, Philadelphia, in 1876, and was awarded the First Prize Gold Medal, the First Prize Silver Medal, the American Diploma and the Dominion Diploma, as the best light horse in the field. 750 horses shown. Warmanbie is allowed by the Dominion Advisory Board, after tracing his pedigree, to be the best trotting horse on this continent, and the most closely connected horse with the best families in Europe. Young Warmanbie has taken first prize at South Ontario Fall Show, Whitby, 1877; 1st at Lindsay Central Fair, fall 1877; 1st at Downsville County Show, fall 1877; 1st at Orono, 1877; 1st at South Victoria Spring Show, at Lindsay, 1878. Young Warmanbie's dam was sired by Yorkshire Lad imported; Grand Dam by old Eclipse, imported; Great Grand Dam by imported Duroc. JOHN McCORMACK, Proprietor. 973-8

NETHERBY'S BEST SON,

HOBBIE NOBLE,

Will stand for mares during the season of 1878, as follows: **Monday,** April 29th, will leave his stable, Lot No. 16, 5th Con., Mariposa, and proceed to Wm. Ingram's, Lot 16, 4th Con., from noon; thence to James Bryan's, Lot 19, 8th Con., Opa, for the night. **Tuesday,** proceed to Veitch's Hotel, Lindsay, for noon, where he will remain till 3 o'clock; thence to Wm. Graham's, Lot 19, 1st Con., Opa, for the night. **Wednesday,** proceed to Jackson's Hotel, Little Britain, for noon; thence to John Nesbit's, Lot 4, 1st Con., Mariposa, by way of Valentia. **Thursday,** proceed to Dacey's Landing, thence across the lake to Timmins', Janetville, for noon; thence to Edward Wilson's, Lot 28, 8th Con., Cartwright, for the night. **Friday,** proceed to James May's, Williamsburg, for noon; thence to Henry McQuade's, Lot 24, in 2nd Con., Cartwright, for the night. **Saturday,** proceed to M. Sloan's, Lot 17, 7th Con., Mariposa, for noon; thence to his own stable, where he will remain till the following Monday morning. The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting. **PEDIGREE:** Hobbie Noble is seven years old, and is a beautiful dapple bay, with black mane, tail and legs, has strong bone and muscle, and superior action. He stands 16½ hands high. He was raised by Mr. Samuel Dixon, of Scarborough, and sold by him to James E. Draper, of Woodstock, when two years old for $500. He took the first prize as a foal at Markham, Scarborough, and York Exhibitions. As a yearling he took the second prize at the Provincial Exhibition, Toronto; as a two years old colt, 1st prize at Central Fair, Toronto; as a four year old at Spring Fair, Woodstock, he took the 1st prize, beating 17 horses, 12 of which were imported. He was purchased by A. McQuade and Joseph Staples, Esq., Bradley, at the London Exhibition, 1877, from Mr. J. E. Draper, at the cost of $1,800. He was sired by the celebrated imported Horse, Netherby, imported by Joseph Thompson, of Whitby, and whose fine Pedigree is well known. For particulars of pedigree see bills. Hobbie Noble took the 2nd prize for draught horses at the Early Spring Show, and 1st for general purposes at the County Show, Lindsay, competing against 18 horses. He also took the 1st prize for draught, beating many fine horses. First prize at County Show, Lindsay, 1877, beating 16 other horses. 1st prize at South Victoria this spring (1878), one at Cartwright and one at Manvers last year. E. G. [illegible]

Harness Shop.

THE OLDEST HARNESS SHOP

In the County of Victoria still doing business, and if you want anything in that line you will find a

FIRST CLASS ASSORTMENT

CHEAP FOR CASH,

At the

Sign of the White Flag, Kent Street, Lindsay, opposite Chisholm's Grocery Store.

929-9m. JOHN HAISLEY, Manager

Miscellaneous.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove their forfeit $500. New articles, just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHESTER, 216 Fulton St., New York. 962.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 24 different artistic designs. The entire piece sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Dell & Co. 20 Ann St., New York.

FOUND.—Last Saturday, on Russell street, south side, east of Lindsay street, a Ring of Door Keys. Apparently a key of cash-box. Owner can have the same on application at this Office by proving property and paying for this advertisement. 974-1

PIMPLES. I will mail (free) the recipe for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 ct. stamp, Ben. Vandell & Co., 20 Ann St., N. Y.—969

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—965.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S

SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

Before Taking. After Taking.

The Great English Remedy is confidently recommended as an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of self-abuse; as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave, all of which is a fact fully established by medical men to be the effect of Onanism. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study, and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlets free by mail. Sole agent for Canada, and for all druggists at $1 per package, or 6 packages for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Wholesale Agents, Lindsay by E. Pelmer, and by all druggists everywhere.—965-1y.

Public Notice.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

No Discount on Assessed Duties, until further notice. OTTAWA, March, 1878.

J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the first sitting of the

COURT OF REVISION

For the unincorporated

VILLAGE OF ORMEMEE,

Will be held at Chisholm's Hotel, in the same Village,

Monday, 27th day of May, Inst.,

At the hour of 11 o'clock, a. m.

C. KNOWLSON, Clerk Corporation of Ormemee.

Ormemee, 16th May, 1878.—975-2.

COURT OF REVISION.

THE COURT OF REVISION

For the

TOWNSHIP OF OPS,

Will be held in the

COUNCIL CHAMBER, LINDSAY,

on

Monday, the 3rd Day of June, 1878,

At 10 o'clock a. m.

All complaints against the assessment must be handed to the Township Clerk before the 10th day of May next, otherwise they will not be attended to.

J. O'LEARY, Tp. Clerk.

April 24th, 1878.—972-6.

COURT OF REVISION.

TOWNSHIP OF EMILY, 1878.

THE COURT OF REVISION

For the Township of Emily will be held in the

PRIEUR HOTEL,

IN THE

VILLAGE OF OMEMEE,

ON

MONDAY, THE 27TH OF MAY

Next, at 10 o'clock a. m., to hear complaints against the assessment, and for the revision of the Roll for the year 1878, of which all parties interested will please take notice.

R. GRANDY, Township Clerk.

Omemee, May 16, 1878.—975-2.

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.—964-15.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

County of Victoria, } To Wit: }

on

Saturday, the 25th Day of May, A. D. 1878,

At the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, by virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, to me directed, and issued out of the Court of Chancery in the suit of

WILLIAM FRASER, Plaintiff,

and

JOHN BURNS, ANDREW BURNS, THOMAS BURNS, BRIDGET FRASER, AND JOHN FRASER, Defendants.

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 North Part of Lot Number (59) Fifty-nine, South of the Portage Road, in the Township of Eldon, in the County of Victoria, containing by admeasurement Forty-Two (42) Acres, more or less.

GEORGE KEMPT, Sheriff, County of Victoria.

Per P. MITCHELL, Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, } 25th April, A. D. 1878. }

First published 26th April, 1878.—972-bl.

Wm. F. F. Gall.

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MRS. A. L. GALL

(Late of Port Perry),

Has opened a restaurant in Adam Hall, Cambray (Old Post Office), where she will keep constantly a variety and choice stock of

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Lindsay, Feb. 21st, 1878.—963.

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DOORS, SASH,

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

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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 Trimmings, Collars, 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.

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

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