SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when'er you can

Why should you dread to morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel health

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse,
And earth has many trials
(We'll consider worse)
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
Try to make your pathway brighter
Example shows or you can

COME THRO' THE RYE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

He shakes hands with Mrs. Skipworth, and looks about for a chair, but as the supply of seats by no means comes up to the demand, after a little search he comes back

"Would you not rather stroll about than sit still, Nell?"

"I think I would"

"Will you come, Dolly?"

But Dolly, bearing in mind the excellent lines that set forth that "two is company, three is trumpery," declines the honor, so we depart without her.

"May I ask why you looked so astonished at me when you saw us?" I ask. "Is there anything so very extraordinary in our coming here, pray?"

"Nothing he say, coldly. "Only you had not told me you were coming, that was all."

"And how could I tell you, when I have not seen you for three whole days? I will tell you the truth," I say, suddenly, my voice falling, "I hate being here. I *hate* it, but I could not get out of it. Mrs. Vasher asked the governor to let us come without my knowing anything about it, of course, and papa said 'Yes,' and told us he had accepted the invitation. Dolly declared she would not come, she is a good hater, mother got out of it in some wonderful manner, but all our protestations were unavailing, and here we are."

"It was a pity your father never knew the truth," said George. "It seems altogether wrong that you should be the guest of a woman who played you so vile a part."

"Hush!" I whisper, as his voice rises in his excitement, for we are in the crowd now, "and take care" for with his head lifted skyward, and his then hotly engaged, he is taking no heed to her steps, which are encroaching on the train of a lady before me, who looks as though she had seized Fashion forcibly by the nose, and wrested a custom from her, so fierce and outrageous and eye-blending are its properties. It is, by the time that the lady in a perfect toilet is that one does not know of what it is composed, although one is distinctly aware that the person in it looks charming, that as for dress, here present is not seriously wanting, for the dress and the manner of it strike the beholder first, the wearer of it after. And yet there are a few beautiful, beautifully dressed; a few graceful women with the grace that is almost as great a gift as beauty; a few *triples-chames*, who hold their own against fairness, wit and youth, by merit of a certain *air du faubourg* and fascination, that it is hard to define, harder still to resist. I wonder why some women can have so much *chic*, individuality, what you will, and others none at all! Hundreds and thousands of women are made on precisely the same pattern, but now and again you come across one who, by right of some sturdy strain of character or independence of thought, marks her self out from the rest, and is not merged in the common rack, but leads it.

"Do you men never have any hankering after your lost doublet, hose, velvet clocks, and other smart trappings, George? I should if I were a man. Now, I have no doubt that blue would be as becoming to some of you as it would be fatal to others, that some particular color sets you off as well as it does particular women, and that the very relics of you might be furbished up into something uncommon looking or picturesque."

"I can't say it ever bothers me," says George, laughing. "But there is one thing I should like to have back, and that is the good old days when a pretty woman was a pretty woman, and every one knew it, and a plain woman was a plain one, and every one knew it, and the line between Madam Beauty and Madam Ugly was drawn hard and fast. It is all very different now. The plain women make themselves such excellent imitations of their lovely sisters with their dyed hair, painted cheeks, and artificial charms, that it is not always easy to separate the make-believes from the really handsome people; in fact, the only difference between them at a distance is that the former wear veils and the latter do not. Now, our grandmothers were not obliged to look close into a woman's face to find out whether she was beautiful or only pretending to be, they says heartly, honest admiration to the lass with the ropes of yellow hair, and the skin of cream and roses, and kindly pity to the one who possessed but scanty pepper and salt locks and a sallow skin. Nowadays the latter would plump out her head with another woman's hair, and dye her own golden in imitation of the ultimate beauty's fairest adornment, and copy with pigments what the other possesses by Nature's gift. So it often happens that a man, seeing the deficiousness of the one, doubts the honesty of the other, and his mind gets into a horrible and disgusting jumble."

"Well done!" I say, with much admiration, as he pauses for lack of breath. "I had no idea you were such a keen observer, Mr. George. There is a good deal of truth in what you say, though there is a ghastly mixture of false and real beauty about, but for all that there is some contented spirit wandering about the face of the earth, making no attempt at whitening itself. At any rate, you could not accuse that wreck yonder of being a show" and I nod toward a very old woman sitting a little in the background in a wheeled chair. She wears a lilac, black front, blue bottle spectacles, and an enormous white bonnet; her mouth is grim as death, she does not move a muscle, or a finger, or an eyelash. No one speaks to her, and she speaks to nobody; she just sits there looking out at the gay scene before her, like a spectre who is silently noting the uselessness, the folly, and the evanescence of it all

"Why do such people come out at all?" asks George, shuddering. "Pah! they spoil the look of everything. It can be no pleasure to them to take their aching old bones abroad; they only give the blues to every one who looks at them, and yet they come with the rest until Death taps them on the shoulder and takes them away."

"Poor souls! perhaps they like the excitement, who knows?"

"Mrs. Barcacres is smacking her lips over something," says George. "Another reputation demolished, no doubt. Those old women are perfect emporiums of scandal and venom, out of which a story, redounding to the discredit of every one present, may be furnished at a moment's notice."

"I wonder what mine is," I say, laughing.

"Heaven grant they may never have a chance of making you the subject of their talk!" say the young man soberly

so soberly that I stare at him for a moment in surprise. He used not to be so grave and thoughtful, or think so seriously about people and things. His philosophy is touched with something more of bitter than it was three years ago.

A fat man and a lean woman vacate their chairs, and so George and I promptly sit down on them and look about us. Several promising flirtations are in full swing; several lines are being thrown out by mischievous maidens to entice into their net certain comely fish; there is a bus of coverseation, a flutter of fans, above which rises, sweet and clear, the music of the band hidden in the trees away to the left. In the assemblage the female sex, as usual preponderates largely, and beholding the number of petticoats as set against the infrequency of the lavender and grey legs, I feel slightly snubbed and rather small, for is it not an unpleasant reflection that in Great Britain we are supposed to be three females against every male? No wonder men think so much of themselves; no wonder it is considered more honorable in a young woman to possess as betrothed, or lord, over so pot-marked, broken-winded, weak-kneed, soft-brained a man, than none at all! And Fate, with her unfair fashion of lumping her favors, has a bad knack of giving two or three lovers to one girl who wants none of them, and never a one to another girl who would say thank you for any little mannikin.

"Dolly seems to be amusing herself very well," says George; and I look across to where she sits, soft and round and fresh as the pink roses that lie half on her brown hair, half on her white lace bonnet. Dolly has exquisite blue eyes, and out of them she is looking up, half shyly, half pleasantly, at a very tall, good-looking young man whom one would, at a moderate guess, suppose to be a trifle shorter than Chang.

"He is a giant," I say, looking at the man, not Dolly. "Why, he must be eight feet."

"Not quite," says George; "in fact he is only six feet four and a half. He is Molyneaux of the Fifth."

"I wish they would stand up; I should like to see what they look like together," I say with interest. "Dolly was measured yesterday, and she is exactly four feet eleven;"

"And she will bowl him over like a ninepin," says George; "these little bits of women always bewitch these big men."

"They would look very nice if they went to a fancy-dress ball; he as Tom Thumb, and she as the Kentucky giantess, would they not? But I do hope he will not be *falling in love* with Dolly."

"Why not?"

"Because," I say thoughtfully, "I have a plan in my head about Dolly. I have made up my mind whom I should like her to marry."

"And who may that be? I did not know Dolly had ever seen anybody!"

"(George," I say, lowering my voice, "will you promise me not to be angry with me?"

"Don't try me too far."

"Well, then, don't you think Dolly is a little me, George?"

"Not a bit! No one would ever know you were sisters"

"Oh!" I say, disappointedly. "Don't you think, though, that on the whole blue eyes are prettier than green ones, and rosy cheeks than pale ones?"

"To some people's taste they may be."

"But not to yours?"

"No."

"Oh!" I say again dismally.

"You have not told me yet what you are going to make me angry about?"

"I can't tell you," I say, slowly. "Yes, I will, though; I only *thought*, George" (this in a prodigious hurry), "that . . . for she is very sweet, you know, and a hundred times as pretty as ever I was that perhaps, *after a bit*, you might get to like her as well as you did me?"

"Did? Was there ever any past tense in my love for you? You remind me, Nell," he goes on, looking at me with half sad, half-bitter eyes, "of a story I once heard of a man who proposed for a young lady to her father, and, on finding her to be already engaged, the suitor said he was not at all particular, any one of her sisters would do just as well; it didn't matter a pin to him which he married. Do you think I am so accommodating? There never was but one girl in the world that I wanted, and as I can't get her I'll have nobody."

"Dolly would *never forgive me* if she knew what I had done," I say, my cheeks crimson with vexation; "and I have wounded you too. I am very sorry, George" and, forgetting the people all about us, I put my pale yellow hand into his straw-colored one, and give it a friendly squeeze; he holds mine for a moment, then I draw it away, and looking up see Paul Vasher standing before us.

"I hope you are not feeling dull, Miss Adair?" he says; and, cold as are our ways and looks to each other always now, his voice strikes upon me like an unexpected douche of ice-cold water.

"Not atall, thank you, Mr. Vasher."

He moves away among his guests, and George and I look after him silently between us Paul's name is never spoken. Dolly goes by with her tall cavalier, giving me a saucy, side-long look of triumph. She just reaches his elbow. Smiles follow them as they pass, but they are so taken up with each other that they do not see them. As the assemblage ebbs to and fro, scraps of conversation come to our ears "Pity Adair quarrels so confoundedly with everybody," issues from a knot of men discussing the people present (apparently), "for he has the prettiest family of daughters I ever saw." And a minute later I hear a woman's voice exclaim, "*That* Helen Adair! Impossible! How she has gone off, poor thing!" George's eyes meet mine, and I smile.

"Hags!" cried George, in a fury. "I should like to knock all their spiteful, ugly heads together!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Balance Sheets Wanted

A correspondent of the Montreal *Witness* calls for "100 *honest* farmers to send their balance sheets for 1877" to that journal in the following form: "Total receipts for farm produce and stock, $; total expenses for family and farm, $; profit or loss, $." The editor seconds the invitation, and asks, "How many of our farmers will respond to the suggestion?" The question might be put in another form: "How many of our farmers *can* respond to the suggestion?" In other words, how many of our farmers keep accounts. If the Montreal *Witness* succeeds in getting 100 balance sheets we shall be agreeably surprise. This brings out a matter too generally neglected. A business man cannot do without careful account-keeping, and farming ought to be managed on strict commercial principles. How else can we know what we are about! A strict debtor and creditor account ought to be kept, not only with the entire farm, but with each particular field. The cost manure, labor and seed should be carefully put down, and then the amount obtained for the produce. It would no doubt be some trouble, but it would conduce to careful management, and be a mighty incentive to improvement.

Milking Cows by Machinery.

Milking by hand is one of the most irksome duties to be performed on the farm. It is no wonder therefore that inventive genius has been at work to devise a way of getting rid of it. During the past few years cow milking machinery has been occasionally shown at State fairs across the lines, but until recently nothing likely to come into general use has been offered to the public. An English device consisting of very small silver tubes connected with rubber pipes, has been found to work well, and is making its way among dairymen. Yankee shrewdness has cheapened, if not improved, the English device, and it is now offered at the low cost of two dollars. Some of the best stock men on the other side of the lines recommend it. The *Country Gentleman* speaks well of it. The editor of the *American Agriculturist* states that though prejudiced against it at first, thorough trial proves it to be a good thing. A child can operate it, and it will milk any cow in from three to five minutes. It is a small, compact affair, and can be put into one's vest pocket. Of course like every labor-saving improvement, many will be inclined at first to think it a humbug, but there seems ground to hope and believe that that it is a success, adding one more to the many triumphs of science and skill in lessening the drudgeries of life on the farm.

LANGUAGE OF THE GLOVE.

The English girls have improved upon the language of the fan and the handkerchief by devising a very copious vocabulary of the gloves, which for the benefit of American women we beg to "pirate" from an English contemporary. It runs thus:—

Drop a glove—Yes.

Crumple the gloves in the right hand—No.

Half unglove the left hand—Indifference.

Tap the left shoulder with the gloves—Follow me.

Tap the chin with the gloves—I love you no longer.

Turn the gloves inside out—I hate you.

Fold the gloves neatly—I should like to be with you.

Put on the left glove, leaving the thumb uncovered—Do you love me?

Drop both gloves—I love you.

Twirl the gloves round the fingers—Be careful; we are watched.

Slap the back of the hand with the gloves—I am vexed.

Take the glove in each hand and separate the hands—I am furious.

WHAT SIX MILLIONS COULD DO.

The *Echo* tells us that the Messrs. Abel Heywood & Sons, of Manchester, and Catherine-st., Strand, London, have done useful work by publishing "A Graphic View of the Six Millions Spent on War Materials." On a large sheet of paper are represented 1,200 bags of gold, each containing £5,000, and then at the side of the sheet is stated what might have been done with the money, as follows:— Eighty churches and 80 chapels at £5,000 each, 240 schools at £2,500 each, 80 colleges at £5,000 each, 80 baths and wash-houses at £5,000 each, 40 infirmaries at £10,000 each, 80 reformatories at £5,000 each, 40 asylums at £5,000 each, 400 lifeboats and stations at £500 each, 80 public parks at £5,000 each, 20 museums at £10,000 each, 1,000 drinking fountains at £200 each, 40 free libraries at £5,000 each; and then there would have been enough left to divide £800,000 among philanthropic societies, to build 1,300 almhouses, to pension 400 old people, to keep 200,000 people alive during the Chinese famine, and to purchase for the distressed populations whom our war policy keeps idle, 1,000,000 lbs. of beef, 5,000,000 lbs. of bread, 500,000 lbs. of tea, and 4,000,000 lbs. of sugar. We have, says the *Echo*, spent our six millions not in these things, but in smoke.

A NOVA SCOTIAN VIEW OF PROTECTION.

The Yarmouth *Tribune* speaks on the protection question the mind of the vast majority of the people of the Maritime Provinces. After quoting the duties imposed on a number of manufactured articles by the United States the *Tribune* goes on to say:—

"We regard the extreme protectionist, high tariff policy of the United States as one very detrimental to themselves; but it is their affair; they have the right to make laws to suit themselves; so long as they deal with Canada on the same terms as they do with England and all the rest of the world, the talk about unfairness on their part or of 'retaliation' on ours is the veriest foolishness. The duty of our legislators is not to be controlled by motives of spite or retaliation not to adopt a policy which they condemn in others, but to make laws adapted to our circumstances and needs, and tending to promote instead of to restrict the freedom and extension of trade, whilst also keeping as light as possible the burden of taxation. It manifestly cannot be for the advantage of the Maritime Provinces to have a tax on flour and to increase the taxes on the other necessaries of life. Suppose we were to adopt a 'reciprocal' American tariff as a means of 'retaliation.' A large proportion of our imports are from England, the foremost free trade country in the world. Would this be treating her fairly? Has she no claim to a 'reciprocal' policy on our part? Does she talk of retaliation because the United States has raised the same 'Chinese wall' against her as against us? It is not by such a narrow, senseless policy that England has made such immense strides in wealth of every description."

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE PROTECTION-ISTS.

[IN WORDS MAINLY OF ONE SYLLABLE.]

There was a man in I-o-wa who grew Wheat. One Day he had Need of a new Plough-Share. A man in Eng-land said, I will sell you a Plough-Share for five bushels of Wheat. A man in Penn-syl-van-i-a said, Buy your Plough-Share of me. But as it costame Twice as much as the man in Eng-land to make a Plough-Share, you must give me Ten Bushels of Wheat for it. And the man in I-o-wa said, No! for I can buy the Plough-Share of the man in Eng land for the Half of That, and have the Rest left to buy Something else, or I can buy Two Plough-Shares, and I shall be so much the more rich. It was a waste to give Twice as much for a Thing which can be got for the Half. Then the man in Penn-syl-van-i-a went to Uncle Sam who ruled that Land and the Land of I-o-wa, and said, when the man in Eng-land Sends the Plough-Share, You must not let the man in I-o-wa have it, if he does not give you Six Bush-els of Wheat. For if the man in Eng-land Sells Plough-Shares here, I can-not sell mine, for his are more cheap, and there shall be no Work for the Men of our Trade, and your land shall get poor. But if the man in I-o-wa finds that he has to give Five Bush-els of Wheat for the Plough-Share from Eng-land, he bought the Plough-Share of the man in Penn-syl-van-i-a. By which he lost Five Bush-els of Wheat, with which he had meant to buy a Blank-et for his Bed, so that he was cold all Win-ter, but the man in Penn syl-van-i-a laughed in his sleeve and grew Fat. Now, was it not a Waste of La-bour and loss to Uncle Sam to make a Plough-Share in Penn-syl-van-i-a, when Half the La-bour would have brought a Plough-Share from Eng-land? And when, too, the Rest of the La-bour might have gone to make Some-thing else, which the man in I-o-wa would have bought with the Rest of his Wheat, so that the man in Penn-syl-van-i-a is an unjust, greedy man, and Un-cle Sam a Sil-ly man to let him have his way? [New York Evening Post.

The Parry Sound *North Star* says:

All who look at our shipping news may form some idea of the state of business in this village. Not only are all the mills working full time—giving constant employment to some two hundred hands but the shipment of lumber gives additional employment to a great many more. One of the companies alone has been paying their men two hundred dollars per day for the past two weeks. As the result of this business is lively and improvements are being rapidly made.

AN UNDENIABLE TRUTH.

You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault and there is only one excuse for you,—your unreasonable prejudice and skepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, habitual costiveness, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents from S. Pearson, Lindsay. Three doses will relieve you.

AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.

A German journal gives the following account of the disagreeable consequences attending a practical joke: A young student of the University of Prague, Baron Charles Di Klavensburg, when on his way to Vienna, towards the end of last month, stopped for the night at the Black Eagle Hotel, in a small town of Arcdstadt, near Banzlau, in Bohemia.

Having been requested by the landlord to inscribe his name in the traveller's register, the young gentleman had the impudence to write in the column headed "object of journey" the words "to blow out his brains."

The landlord without reading what the baron had written, sent the book to the burgomaster in the evening, in conformity with the police regulations. About ten o'clock, after the traveller had gone to bed, a soldier entered the room, drew his sabre and sat down on a chair by his bedside.

On the Baron asking the reason of this intrusion, the soldier replied, "I am sent to keep watch over you, and shall be replaced in two hours by one of my comrades, who will be succeeded by others till ten o'clock in the morning, when you will be taken to Banzlau."

As the soldier had said, the young baron was next morning put into a carriage and taken to Bazlau, where, by the orders of the Director of the Police, he was examined by two physicians, who declared that he was not insane. He was, nevertheless, constantly watched by sentinels, one of whom, in answer to his inquiry why he was thus treated as a criminal, replied:—

"Because you declared your intention to kill yourself, and his magnificence, the burgomaster, has forbidden suicides under any pretext whatever."

In spite of all the baron could say in explanation of his joke, he was detained in close custody, and in due time brought to trial on a charge of writing what was immoral on a public register. The tribunal condemned the accused to a month's imprisonment, a fine of 200 florins (about $100), with all the expenses attending the arrest, custody and trial.

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

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 my Lame Back. Limb, by six applications." Another who has had Asthma for years, says: "I have half of a 50 cent bottle left, and 50,00 would not buy it if I could get no more."

Rufus Robinson, of Nunda, 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. 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 blown 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.

COMMON SENSE.

Many imagine all advertised medicines to be worthless nostrums, and indiscriminately condemn them; but is it not an injustice to the thousands of respectable citizens who give voluntary evidence of benefits received, to thus question and doubt their veracity and integrity? Fairbank's standard scales are extensively advertised. Does it necessarily follow that they are inferior in make, and less accurate than others? Have they not been demonstrated to be among the best? Again, is it common sense to suppose that a physician with capital could be induced to hazard it and a hard earned reputation upon a worthless article? R. V. Pierce, M.D., of the World's Dispensary and Invalid's Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y., is the proprietor of most popular family medicines in the market. His reputation as a skillful surgeon and physician has been fully established for many years. Would physicians and clergy, after having tested his medicines thoroughly, unite in commending them to the afflicted if they possessed no merit? The undersigned take pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce and his Family Medicines to all who may need them:

C. B. Fairchild, M.D., Seneca, N.Y.; W.B. Coushs, Albia, Iowa; M. J. McClellan, M. D., Gartersville, N.Y.; W. F. Hazleton, M. D., Silver Lake, Kan.; F. S. Miner, M. D., Veale, Nev.; G. Dieterich, M. D., 105, Vine Street, Baltimore, Md; T. H. Sherrod, M. D., Paoli, Ind.; Geo. B. Chapman, M. D., Pattemouth, Neb.; T. J. Jasper, M. D., Springfield, Ohio; James H. Porter, M. D., Durham, N.H.; D. E. Wells, M. D., Bristol, N.H.; J. A. Miller, M.D., San Leandro, Cal.; J. N. Camp, M.D., Balsilie, Mo.; Jos. S. Burr, M.D., W. Lafayette, O.; Rev. E. N. Harmon, Elsah, Ill.; Rev. I. W. Augustin, Shipman, Ill.; Rev. Thos. O'Reiley, Newman, Kan.; Rev. L. Weston, Bucklin, Mo.; Rev. L. A. Dawson, Homer, Ill.; Rev. W. S. Long, Graham, N.C.; Rev. Andrew Adams, Calhoun, Ga.; Rev. F. P. Prentiss, Palmyra, Ill.; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Boyd, Falls City, Pa.; J. Spencer, Union City, Michigan; Geo. C. Bazzil, Renovo, Pa.; Mrs. M. Kerns, Palmyra, Mo.; Mis. E. R. Daley, Metropolis, Ill.; Samuel Farmer, Java, Ohio; Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent's Asylum, Troy, N.Y.

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TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 36 different artistic designs. The entire piece sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Dell & Co., 20 Ann St., New York.

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, Benj. Vandell & Co., 20 Ann St., N.Y.—962

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, formerly 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, &c. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—962.

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SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

Before Taking. After Taking.

The Great English Remedy is confidently recommended as an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, 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 are as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study, and many years of experience in treating these special diseases. Pamphlets free by mail. The Specific Medicine is sold by 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., Windsor, Ont. Agent in Lindsay by S. Pearson, and by all druggists everywhere.—964-1y.

Navigation.

BALSAM & CAMERON LAKES.

Str. COBOCONK.

(CAPT. McFADDEN.)

During the Season of 1878 will run as follows:

Leave Fenelon Falls at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Rosedale at 11.30; thence to Coboconk, arriving at 12.45, connecting with trains on Toronto & Nipissing Railway for Toronto and intermediate stations, and all trains on Midland R. R. north and south.

Returning, leave Coboconk at 1.40 o'clock, arriving at Rosedale at 3 o'clock; thence to Fenelon Falls, arriving at 4 o'clock, connecting with trains on Victoria Railway north and south, and Str. Victoria for Sturgeon Point Hotel and Bobcaygeon.

The above time table will be strictly adhered to, except on excursion days, of which due notice will be given.

PICNIC PARTIES carried at reasonable rates. Rosedale and Laidlaw's Island are acknowledged to be the most beautiful resorts for picnic parties on the back lakes.

Freight carried at lowest rates with promptness.

For particulars respecting rates for excursion or picnic parties apply to

JOHN McFADDEN,
Capt., Fenelon Falls.

Or to THE POST Printing House, Lindsay, and Agent of Nipissing Railway, and John Duncan, Toronto. 970-3mos.

TO PLEASURE SEEKERS AND TOURISTS.

The "Vanderbilt"

Will leave the Lindsay wharf every day at 9 o'clock, on the arrival of Midland train from Port Hope and Peterboro', arriving at Sturgeon Point at 10.30 a.m., and Bobcaygeon 11.30, remaining one hour. Returning will leave Bobcaygeon at 12.30 o'clock, and Sturgeon Point at 2.30, arriving in Lindsay at 3.40, in time to connect with the 4 o'clock train going South on the Midland, or the 5.20 on the Whitby, Port Perry and Lindsay Railway. Experienced and obliging officers are in charge of the steamer and every precaution is taken to guard against accidents of any kind. The "Vanderbilt" was largely patronized last year and will endeavor during the present season to sustain her reputation for safety and comfort which no other steamers on the back lakes have offered.

FAMILY SEASON TICKETS.—In order to place this opportunity within the reach of all, Family Ticket Books are issued at $10.00, containing 100 tickets each, and each ticket is available for one passage to any of the points on this route.

EXCURSION PARTIES AND SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNICS.—Extraordinary inducements are offered to excursion parties and Sunday School Picnickers wishing to hold their Festivals at Sturgeon Point.

MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS.—Will take place during the warm weather when due notice will be given several days in advance in order to give every one an opportunity to make their arrangements.

REFRESHMENTS AND MEALS.—The boat will always be provided with Fruit, Sandwiches, Coffee and Tea, or meals if spoken for in time at the cheapest rates, or parties wishing to bring their own refreshments are at liberty to do so.

No season ticket will be taken for moonlight excursions. For information, enquire of

FRANK CRANDELL,
On board Steamer,
Or George Crandell, Lindsay

980.

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 at 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 COLORS from the finest card to the largest poster at reasonable rates.

Mrs. A. L. Gall.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MRS. A. L. GALL
(Late of Port Perry).

Has opened a restaurant in Adams' Block, Corner of Kent and Lindsay Streets, where she will keep constantly a varied and choice stock of

Confectionery & Canned Goods.

Oysters, Lunches and Meals Served at all Hours.

COMFORTABLE ROOMS AND GOOD ATTENDANCE.

☞ A call solicited.

Lindsay, Feb. 21st, 1878.—963.

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. 958-1y.

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.

994-1y 944 M. BOYD, Bobcaygeon, Ont.

LUMBER YARD.

The subscriber has on hand and for sale at their

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.

994-1y

Public Notices.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA, May 4th, 1878.

No Discount on American Invoices, until further notice.

J JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

996-1y

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

COUNTY OF VICTORIA, } TO WIT:

On Saturday the Twenty-Eighth day of September, 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

THE ONTARIO BANK,
Plaintiff,
and
JAMES SEDGEWICK and GEORGE JEFFREY,
Defendants,

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 Defendants in the following lands and tenements, that is to say:—All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria and Province of Ontario, Being composed of Lot number two, containing half an acre more or less, and that part of Lot one on the East side of William street, in Block J, not heretofore sold to A. W. Parkin, Esquire, containing fourteen hundredths of an acre more or less, which said part of said lot number one may be better known and described as follows: Commencing at the intersection of the Easterly limit of William street, with the line between Lots numbers one and two; thence north seventy-four degrees and following the line between said lots numbers one and two, one hundred and twelve feet and two inches more or less to the Easterly limit of said lot number one; thence South, sixteen degrees East following the Easterly limit of said lot number one, Fifty-six feet more or less to the North-East angle of lands heretofore conveyed to A. W. Parkin, Esquire; thence South seventy-four degrees West following the northerly limit of said lands conveyed to A. W. Parkin, Esquire, one hundred and twelve feet and two inches more or less to the Easterly limit of William-street; thence North sixteen degrees West following the Easterly limit of William-street, fifty-six feet more or less to the place of beginning.

GEO. KEMPT,
Sheriff Co. Victoria.

Sheriff's Office,
Lindsay, 19th June, 1878.

989-15

First Published 21st June, 1878.

ESTRAY HORSE.—Came into the premises of the undersigned, Lot 10 in 10th Con., Ops, on the 8th May, a Chestnut Horse. Owner is requested to prove property and pay expenses, or he will be disposed of. Ops, June 6, 1878.—989-4t.

John Welch.

FISH MART.

JOHN WELCH

Has opened a Fish Mart on Lindsay-st. east, where he will keep constantly on hand

FRESH FISH of all Kinds

Which will be sold at very low rates.—957-1y.

Miscellaneous.

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

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 36 different artistic designs. The entire piece sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Dell & Co., 20 Ann St., New York.

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, Benj. Vandell & Co., 20 Ann St., N. Y.—962

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, formerly 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, &c. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—962.

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