Dundas & Flavelle Bros.

BUSINESS CHANGE.

Having taken into partnership in the Dry Goods business my Nephews J. D. & W. Flavelle, the business will in future be carried on under the name and style of

DUNDAS
&
FLAVELLE BROS.

J. R. DUNDAS.

The principle that has sustained the business for so many years of keeping only

BEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

Will be strictly adhered to, and as the Stock was so much reduced during the Great Clearing Sale, we have been obliged this Fall to

IMPORT VERY LARGELY,

So that our Stock will be found

ALMOST ENTIRELY NEW.

Never before in the previous history of the Dry Goods trade of Canada have goods reached the PRESENT LOW FIGURES, and with the increased reduction made on all goods remaining over from the old firm, we can confidently assert that we are in a position to offer better inducements to intending purchasers than ever heretofore has been done.

Believing it will be more satisfactory to our customers to MARK OUR GOODS CLOSE and charge for Spools and other Trimmings, we have decided to adopt this plan, and to offer a

SPECIAL DISCOUNT ON ALL CASH PURCHASES

OVER THREE DOLLARS.

DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

THE ENDLESS PROCESSION

Down the aisle of the wood,
Stands and stares, dull and goggle-eyed,
Mute, lack-witted, leaf and sod-shod,
The endless procession,
Here the beetle, here the weevil,
With a rhythmic hop and shuffle
To the grave.

Like the rollers of a mill,
Doing on and on for ever,
Never a thing never doing,
Never for an instant staying,
Peer and peasant, fool and knave,
Equal, soon to stay and stone lie
In the grave.

Duty, counsel, nor can pleasure
For a moment stock the mill-race,
They are machine-driven to death,
They are moving to the tomb,
All the coward, all the brave
Soon to level off in the tread mill
To the grave.

Were the manner of creation
Without fault, or transgression
Ever on the linen moving,
All the lord and all the knave,
All that mother's ever gave
On to silence and to slumber
To the grave.

Here no babe the heart can weaken,
Here no sob, little or taken,
Each one for himself—mother,
Son nor father, sister, brother,
Leave the pure to meet the vile,
Each alone the roll and cover
At the grave.

Who command the dread procession
That shall know no retrocession?
Who can beat the great drummer?
He that grim and grisly specter,
Him that hate Satan gave,
Death, the unlucky kiss of terror,
And the grave.

THE STORY OF ROSE.

A little brown woman standing boldly relieved against the shadow of a door way in a little brown house. Chesnut hair has she, and great woodsy eyes, with liquid lights and unquiet shadows, like the little brown brook in the meadow. A cheap print, whose ground plan is an expanse of brown, and which is besprinkled lavishly with tiny scarlet and yellow autumn leaves, is fashioned into a wrapper whose every fold presses itself into shape over the trim, short figure. A look of expectancy in the woodsy brown eyes and two poppy burnt cheeks tell their story ably.

And while he is coming, and you may gaze your fill at the tropical-hued robe and the flaming face, let me tell you more about her. Her name to begin with, is Rose Van Dyke a nice old name enough, with associations of tubes of color and stiff pointed manikins, easels and sable points and satiny folds of brown; a name that belonged to her good old father, who dying five years ago, left it to her with his blessing. And upon this scant heritage the little brown woman who taught country bumkins their first principles, and was well paid for it.

And it was well for her that she had put every extra penny by, woman-fashion, in a precious cracked tea-pot, on a high shelf, we'll, indeed, she thought, since Teresa Van Tassel, a far off orphaned cousin, had been thrown on her hands, and was coming to share her hearth and home with her on the morrow. Meanwhile

A hush was in the very air. Up from the village that nestled at the mountain's base there came the soft chime of the clock in the church tower—five, six, seven! And the echoes had not yet rolled their silvery waves of sound beyond her alert ears before the quick tread of advancing footsteps set her heart beating wildly, and she turned her face from the doorway to gain time. It was so flushed with joy.

"Looking for any one, Miss Van Dyke? asked a very pleasant, rich voice, in a very matter-of-fact manner.

"Yes, Mr. Lee, I was looking for you," she answered, simply.

"For me?" with an affected tinge of surprise in his voice. "How did you know how came you to think I was coming?"

"There is the theory of mental telegraphy," she answered, drawing down the creamy covering of her eyes.

"Oh;" he vouchsafed at length, but seeming unsatisfied with her reply, "What a simple little soul it is!" is his inward observation; "so sweet and fresh and artless. She has won a place in my heart of hearts, and I shall enthrone her there whenever the love light in the brown eyes grows frosty or dancing with rain to a [illegible]

And her first thoughts ran riot. "Will he never, never know? Oh, to be a woman to sit and mop one's life away and let the grand opportunities be lost! Not daring to stir toward the haven of one's desire not daring to lift a hand as the idol passes poor blind idols that will go by unconscious, and crush our hearts out in the passing!"

"How goes the school, Miss Van Dyke?" he asked, looking at the queer frown that knotted itself upon her forehead.

"The school? Bah! I'm sick of the school tired, tired, tired!" a little vengeful lip. "But it goes along smoothly enough, of course, and will continue in the monotonous tenor of its way until."

"Until what?" he asked, the surprise all real now, a little anxious at her hesitation.

"Well, until my cousin arrives and she may put me out some."

"Your cousin" flinging etiquette to the dogs.

"Yes, sir, an orphan, if you please."

Philip Lee did not seem to be pleased. The coming of this orphan child meant to him a breaking in, in some way, upon their quiet talks and his study of her. She was a charming study to him; and when he was just beginning to turn the first leaves of this interesting book, in must come a stranger to break up his lessons piece-meal.

"How old is she, Miss Van Dyke?" feeling as if he must say something on the subject of the interloper.

"Indeed, I cannot tell; somewhere between ten and twenty I should judge," this followed by a dolorous sigh.

"Are you not well?" Ah, what would he not have given to have been free to let that blessed word of endearment slide from its perch on the tip of his tongue! "You seem sick or sad."

"I am weary. This teaching is tiresome work; and then it is lonely here on the hill when."

He turned those perverse eyes of his that would mirror his soul in spite of him toward the open door, and waited for the conclusion of her sentence.

But she did not finish. They sat there in the quiet, these two, with glances wide apart. It pleased him that this shy being should show her preference of him before he spoke of sentiment.

Of course there was a reason for this, and what that reason was is quickly told. He had years ago loved with a young man's fiery passion a creature cold as ice, keen as a lawyer, as heartless as a sphinx. But the passionate flame burnt high, and the incense surrounded the adored one and clothed her in a halo of glory.

And when the vision spoke, and the altar tumbled at her touch; when the incense melted before his blinded eyes and his soul saw her as she was, the flame in his heart smouldered and died leaving nought to show for it save a scar. And the old axiom of the burnt dog dreading the fire proved a verity in his case; for in his dealings with Miss Van Dyke, he clung to the mainland of facts, and kept from the dangerous ground of fancies.

They had known each other some half a dozen months, and he had called upon her on an average of twice each week, and sometimes oftener, for on Sunday evenings he walked beside her to and from church. He had come to unravel a little tangled thread of her inner life, and of that little skein he wove a web around and about himself from which he could not escape. He did not dare to escape, in fact, but kept weaving the threads with which she unwittingly supplied him like a human cocoon.

On this evening of which I write he had come to her with a plan in his head. "I can get her to speak out now," he thought, and, thinking this, he said rather hurriedly, as if waiting longer to hear what she might say were a thing impossible.

"By the way, Miss Van Dyke, I am going away. May I hope that you will not forget me?"

Away! she had never thought anything

that could happen had come to her. Going away!

There was no outcry, although the heart buried under the flaming calico autumn leaves went throbbing on as if it were a hammer. Into the eyes crept a look of infinite yearning, but he saw it not, for the womanly pride came to her rescue, and her glance went roving over the faded flowers in the three-ply carpet beneath them.

"I hope I shall not be forgotten!" he repeated.

"Oh, no, Mr. Lee," she replied, more absent-minded at this instant than any dullard among her pupils.

"Thank you. Well, I must be off. The train leaves in half an hour, and I just flew up here to bid you good-bye."

The train! Good-bye! Absent-minded no longer, but, with senses fearfully alert, she reached out her hand to him in farewell. A touch of her finger-tips thrilled him through and through. What a warm little hand it was that he held within his own for a second's space. Still, she had disappointed him; he had felt sure of an outspoken word of sorrow at his absence, but she was silent. He dropped her hand, turned about and left the house.

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" she cried, spurred on to desperation. And the cry came to him as he passed the open window and stopped him short. He turned on his heel and came back.

The gray gleaming was almost swallowed up by the night. Away in the corner where there was least light the little brown woman had dragged herself and crouched down, her heart numb with silent agony; but on hearing his steps she arose and stood waiting for him.

"You called me, Miss Rose?" her Christian name coming out despite himself.

"Yes, I called you. Philip Lee, you have been a good friend to me, and if you never come back again, remember there is one who names you in her every prayer, and who thanks you in her every breath, for your considerate kindness. I have been alone so long," she went on quickly, "that a friend such as you have been to me seems heaven sent. Let me thank you again!" She was standing before him now, looking with great liquid eyes straight into his face.

"No more than a friend to you—may I not be nearer than that?"

At this her eyes filled with tears, and clasping two small hands before them she stood there crying quietly.

"I must go—Rose—little one. Only say, may I sometime be nearer then a friend?" The tears were more than he could bear.

He had left, after kissing in knightly fashion her hand—thereby glorifying in her eyes that small member for ever more—and had been just in time to catch the upcoming train, which whirled him away to the metropolis. Here he staid two weeks, up to his ears in business, but never so engaged as to lose from his mental vision the exact color and shape of a pair of very haunting brown eyes. But he would not write to her. "Perhaps the little spark I have kindled," he said to himself, "may be coaxed into a flame if I do not be too rash," and he let "nothing venture, nothing have," alone with all his might.

On the day succeeding his departure came Teresa Van Tassel, who, to the infinite surprise and dismay of Miss Rose, proved herself to be—instead of the child she was expecting—a woman grown; indeed, one year older than her would-be adopter herself.

"How strange it is, Teresa," she said, in a blunt, home-truthy way, "that you should have looked for a protector in me! And your respected guardian wrote to me that I could care for you, he supposed, as he heard I was making money in a little school. How absurd all this twaddle. I take care of a big, stately, strong-built woman, fully as able to work as I! Had he never seen you, Teresa, this guardian?"

Teresa had listened with eyes as full of amazement at this speech as well-bred eyes could consent to be; and at this last question she turned her fair, startled face languidly away from the

said, with the least possible hint of contempt in her voice. "Why, yes, Rose, of course he has."

"And he thought you would come to me for succor, and would not try to fight the world's battle for yourself!" laughing, but somewhat anxious, nevertheless.

"I could not fight that battle, Rose; I am not fit to volunteer."

"Fit!" Her voice demanded an explanation.

"Oh, what could I do?" and she held out two very long fingered, aristocratic-looking hands as a piteous reason for her mistiness. "You would have taken me had I been a child you expected take me now, Rose, dear, and I will amply repay you by my companionship, and try to help you about the house, and pray don't turn me out upon the charity of the world!"

And as Rose kept the tell-tale girl as her companion; never guessing in her innocent heart that she was a creature cold as ice, keen as a lawyer, heartless as a sphinx.

And Miss Van Tassel ate humble pie in the sweet, depending manner of her own; did what she could to help Rose; outwardly all servility, inwardly something entirely different.

Rose was busy as a nailer with her school, which was to close next week, and hence got small chance to gossip with Teresa or grow in any way familiar. Teresa minded not her attention in the least as far as gossiping went, for she was a woman with a still tongue, and had not come clear to this out of the way place on the plea of orphanage for the purpose of letting the subject nearest and dearest her heart leak out. So they went their way until vacation came, and Rose, bringing her armful of day books and momentos from each loving child-heart, came home for a three months' rest.

Then they walked and talked together; Rose joyous and unrestrained as any uncaged wren, and chatting and laughing as if her whole life were taking a holiday.

But it all ended one day, when Miss Van Tassel sent a little sentence like a barbed arrow straight into the guileless heart of her cousin. They had been speaking of Rose's friends, and Philip Lee had been brought up before the bar, his friendship weighed and his kindness measured, when Teresa, who had been listening greedily said, throwing in her voice an affectation of deep surprise:

"You cannot mean it Rose, when you tell me that Mr. Lee came here to see you so often?"

"Of course, Teresse, I mean it," at a loss to understand her. And Teresa coolly laid before her the gossip she said she had gleaned.

"You seem to have made many friends hereabouts," said Rose, in a voice changed to that of an old, old woman.

"Only the washerwoman and the sexton up at the chapel, gazing pitilessly upon the chesnut braid-crowned head that came not even so high as her shoulder.

"And they told you that?"

"They told me that others said so—indeed, almost every one on the hill."

"And he must have known it—and he kept coming, coming. Heaven! how base he must think me!" And she went home with her heart shot through with the arrow of slander.

After that Rose carrolled no more gay songs of love and war, but sat within doors, while Teresa, whose spirits, when put in the balance of those of her cousin, grew high and light, went roaming about, always taking the townward track.

One night when the pale young moon hung a silver sabre against an opal sky, there came a steady tramp of footsteps toward Teresa, who had gone wandering down through the gray gloaming of the grassy front yard. Swiftly she turned, and opening wide her outstretched arms held them so in mute entreaty until he came.

The fickle moon has hidden her face behind a fast-coming storm cloud! He cannot see a feature of the loved one, but her keen eyes pierce through the

a face she has been searching for for over a year.

"Oh, my little primrose. I could not keep the secret of my love from you! Will you accept it, dear, and let me have the sunshine of your presence ever about me?"

And his only answer is a creeping of a hand into his own. Holding this treasure fast, he talks on about his brightened future, and his low, rich voice fills the small cottage and echoes its pleasant voice through the rooms.

And when the clock tolled the ninth hour he was still talking, too happy to wonder at the quietude of the chosen one his side, too much filled with busy Cupids to notice the little figure standing behind him. But when parting came, and he rose to take leave of her, he found the storm had arisen in fury, and mutterings of the black artillery of inky clouds came rolling down from the western coast of heaven.

He turned about and faced the doorway. Then came a flash, or a mischievous streak of lightning, which made the place all about him like day. And in that second's time he saw the hands he held were not the hands of Rose, who stood, a soul-stricken wraith in the black doorway.

"Philip," she said, her voice pinched and uncertain, "you should have told me. Did you think I would stand in your way, my friend? You are unjust—nay, more, you are unkind. I would have helped you had you let me knowing all this, for you have iron more than I ever can repay. You are cruel, too, Teresa; am I not to be trusted, then? Go away, now Philip, for Teresa must come within, else people will talk. Ah, heaven, go!"

As one blinded and stricken with a great woe, too deep for speech, Philip Lee turned about and went off under the pall of wind-spreading rain clouds.

"You did not guess our secret, then?" Teresa asked of her cousin, as she rose and followed her into the house.

But there came no answer. The poor, little tired body grew too burdened with the great suffering soul to contain it, and she fell across the bed in a dead faint.

Miss Van Tassell, among other of her pitiful characteristics, had that of excessive fright at even the appearance of death; so, seeing the white drawn lines about the mouth of the poor, drooping Rose, she ran to the door and gave one great shout for Philip. In the flash that followed she saw him coming, striding fiercely along through the pelting rain.

He passed her without a word, and hastened to the bedside where his soul's idol lay stretched.

"You have killed her, wretched woman. Out of her sight!" he whispered hoarsely, pointing to the door. And the soul of the little woman at last gained the mastery; her eyes opened again upon the familiar things about her.

Turning her face from the wall, she met the tender, anxious gaze of Philip Lee, as he knelt at her side. He touched his fingers to her lips to command silence, and told his story to her.

"Philip!" the old-womanish tones all gone, and her voice, although but a very faint voice just now, was sweet in its cadence as a bird-song; "I cannot blame her dear for having loved you. But, oh, to love you and lose you!"

"She never loved me for myself, as you have done, primrose; my store of worldly wealth has been her chief attraction. Stupid fool that I was to have ever mistaken her for you!" angry with, as well as feeling an utter contempt for himself.

"Worldly wealth?" looking hard at him as if she would discover in his face this new-found quality.

"Yes, darling, I am sorry to spoil your life's romance by not letting you work those tiny fingers off for me; but it is an absolute fact," he continued, with a laugh of exquisite enjoyment at her big, amazed eyes. "You have heard, no doubt, of the great Mogul of our bonny State—Gov. Philip Lee. Well; I am Philip second, and no fitter ornament could I wear than my sweet blooming Rose." And he drew her

William Howe.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

WILLIAM HOWE

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has opened a Stove and Tin Shop in the premises lately occupied by Malcolm Morrison in the Doheny Block, Kent-st and hopes by strict attention to business, and by selling at reasonable figures to merit a share of public patronage. He has just received a

Large and Complete Assortment of Cooking, Box and Parlour Stoves,

Which he will sell at the lowest living prices. A large Assortment of Lamps and Chimneys. Best Coal Oil. All kinds of Jobbing, Tin and Galvanized Iron Roofing and Eave-troughing executed on the shortest notice. Orders respectfully solicited. Just received a fine Stock of **Coal Stoves**, from Gurney, Toronto, which we are confident will give satisfaction in style, price and quality. Inspection solicited.

Lindsay, Oct. 18, 1877.—945.

M. Markham.

SPRING, 1878. SPRING, 1878

M. MARKHAM

Begs to announce that he has received his

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

☞ Ordered work as usual a specialty.

Baker's Block, Kent Street, Lindsay.

James B. Knowlson.

MONEY LOANING & INSURANCE AGENCY.

To Farmers and others requiring money for improving their farms, building houses, or for other purposes.

THE CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

Offer money on very avourable terms either on the sinking fund system or in straight loans.

FIRE INSURANCES

Effected on all descriptions of property at lowest rates consistent with the nature of the risk

LIFE INSURANCE granted in all desirable classes.

For further particulars apply to

JAMES B. KNOWLSON,

28th February, 1878. Lindsay

McLennan & Co.

COAL DEPOT.

Stove, Grate, Foundry and Blacksmith Coal,

At lowest Prices. We have in stock and to arrive a large Stock of

Plaster of Paris, Scotch Dynamite, Blasting Powder.

Also, a full line of

IRON, STEEL AND SHELF HARDWARE.

Bought strictly for CASH. We would solicit inspection of goods and comparison of Prices.

Lindsay, Aug 28th, 1878. **McLENNAN & Co.** 945

John Dobson.

JOHN DOBSON,

KENT STREET, LINDSAY

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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

Keeps constantly in stock a large assortment of the above goods, which being bought in the best markets and on the most advantageous terms, he is enabled to give the very best value to his customers and the public.

Masson Manufacturing Co.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

The MASSON MAN'F'G CO.

OF OSHAWA

Would call particular attention to their new

COMBINED SUPERIOR SPRING HOE BROADCAST SEEDER AND DRILL.

With Steel Spring for Hoe, a new and very important feature in their business. It is so constructed that by a very simple contrivance it can be changed from a Drill to a Broadcast Seeder, or from machines for nearly the same price as formerly charged for a single machine, and it only wants to be seen to strike the farmer at once that he cannot do without it. of their Single Drills or Broadcast Seeders, very little need be said here, there being over five thousand of them now in use in the Province, which have won for themselves the name the past year, "Superior," and have proved themselves to be far ahead of any other machines of their kind in the market.

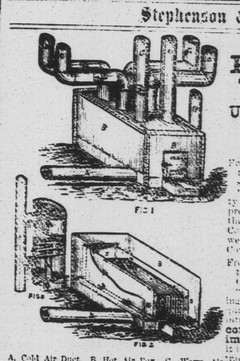
THE GALLOWAY RAKE.

The best Rake on the Continent is called the Galloway. I 966 sold the season of 1877. Every one tapered teeth, all of which will be warranted for the season. Examine the Galloway Rake before purchasing. We can rake the largest winrow, rake the cleanest stubble, and dump the easiest of any Rake in the market.

The **Masson Man'f'g Co.** have made a specialty of these machines, and having kept the lead in the past are determined to do so in the future, in all the latest improvements.

970. **JAMES FLUREY.** Agent at Lindsay

Stephenson & Thompson.



STEPHENSON'S Patent Furnace,

Geo. Stephenson, Patentee and Manufacturer, Lindsay, Ontario.

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 duly considered the best mode of carrying out your instructions, and having made due enquiry, it gives us the conclusion that the method adopted by Mr. Stephenson **had the merit of combining great economy in fuel with an improved ventilation.** Your Committee thought it in your best interest to adopt it, and gave a contract, which will be laid before you, to Messrs. Stephenson & Thompson, for the completion of the work; in this choice you may have an opportunity of ascertaining by personal inspection.

Your Committee, however, beg leave to express their approval of the manner in which the contract was carried out."

A, Cold Air Duct. B, Hot Air Box. C, Warm Air Pipes. D, Feed Door. E, Fire Box. F, Smoke Pipe. G, Heating Space. H, Smoke Holes. S, Dampers. I, Ashes chute. J, Ash Pit. K, Legs to support Heater. L, Cold Air Chamber. M, Bolts binding plates of Box. N, Smoke Pipe. O, Spiral Webs. P, Inlet pipe with damper. R, Outlet Pipe. Q, Foul Air Draft. T, Box to receive Foul Air.

This Heater is admirably adapted for Churches, School Houses, Public Halls and Private Buildings. **Prices range from $200 to $200.** Orders from all parts of the Dominion promptly attended to. For sale by

STEPHENSON & THOMPSON, Kent Street, Lindsay, Ont.—956-1y.

John Makins

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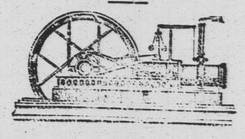
William Street, Lindsay (Dobson's Old Stand),



JOHN MAKINS

MANUFACTURER OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Iron and Brass Founder.

Begs to inform the farmers of Victoria County that he has made preparations to go

MORE LARGELY THAN EVER

Into the manufacture of

Ploughs, Fanning Mills, Cutting Boxes, Horse Powers, Sawing Machines, etc., etc.,

And will make Specialties of

Hill's Patent Improved Plough, with iron beam and steel landside. Improved Combination Plough' Two Patterns of Fanning Mills. Two Patterns of Straw Cutters.

☞ All these implements are good articles, and are acknowledged to be the best by all who have used them.

All Work Guaranteed.

Repairing Promptly Executed

Lindsay, December 24th, 1877.—955.

Job Printing.

CHEAP JOB PRINTING

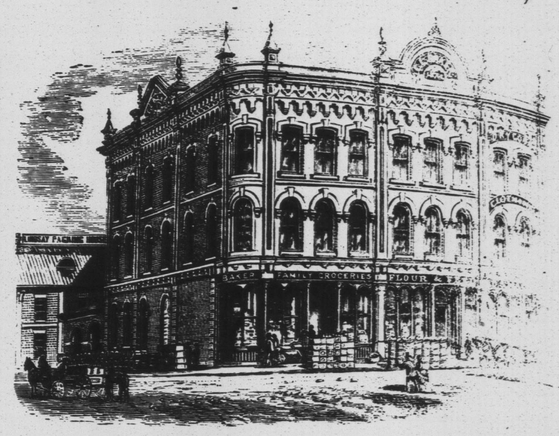
AT

THE CANADIAN POST OFFICE

Charles L. Baker.

CHARLES L. BAKER,

Dealer in Grain and Produce.



Wholesale and Retail Grocer

CORNER KENT AND CAMBRIDGE STS.

LINDSAY - - ONTARIO.

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.

Navigation.

DAILY LINE TO ROCHESTER, commencing on or about Monday, the 8th April, the Steamer

"NORSEMAN,"

(W. Sherwood, Master.) Will make her regular trips on this route, leaving Cobourg every morning at 7.30, and Port Hope at 9 o'clock, on arrival of G. T. R. Trains from East and West, connecting at Rochester with the New York Central, Northern Central and Erie Railways, and Lake Ontario Shore Division of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburgh Railway, for all points East, West and South.

RETURNING.—Will leave Charlotte (port of Rochester) daily, at 9 p. m., except Saturdays when she will leave at 3 p.m., for Port Hope direct.

Dealers in stock, &c., will find this the cheapest and most expeditious route to Boston, Albany, New York, &c.

For further information apply to

W. SHERWOOD, Port Hope. C. F. GILDERSLEEVE, Kingston

Tickets for sale by F. C. TAYLOR, Agent, Lindsay

981.

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 12.40, 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, Agent of Nipissing Railway, and John Duncan, Toronto. 973-3mos.

TO PLEASURE SEEKERS AND TOURISTS.

The "Vanderbilt"

Will leave the Lindsay wharf every day at 8 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 4.00, arriving in Lindsay at 5.30, in time to connect with the 5.50 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.

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 their own refreshments are at liberty to do so.

SEASON TICKETS.—Family tickets for the remainder of the season reduced to $6.00.

CHEAP SATURDAY EXCURSIONS.—Every Saturday until further notice a cheap excursion to Sturgeon Point and Bobcaygeon will be given. Tickets to Point and return, 25c; Bobcaygeon and return, 40c.

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

FRANK CRANDELL, On board Steamer.

989. Or George Crandell, Lindsay

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

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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.

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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.

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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.

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LUMBER YARD, LINDSAY,

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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

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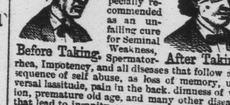

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WM. MATTHIE,

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STOVES AND TINWARE.—A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT AT LOWEST RATES.

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A large assortment of **Cistern and Well Pumps, Iron and Tinware** complete, at prices adapted for heating Churches, Schools, Halls and Dwellings.

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Thanking my numerous customers for the liberal patronage which I have received during the past year, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of the same during the present year.

Ontario Bank, Kent Street, Lindsay.

P. S.—A liberal discount given to Trade.

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If you will be convinced that I will sell cheaper than any other house in town.

50 Chests of that Tea, 3 lbs. for $1, which I will sell for 50 cts.
50 Boxes Raisins, new, which I will sell 25 lbs. for $1.
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25 Boxes good Solace Tobacco at 45 cts. per lb.
10 Cases Telegraph Matches 2 boxes for 25 cts.
A lot of Coal Oil at 25 cts per gallon, or 5 gallons for $1.

And everything else in proportion.

Remember the place, William St., opposite Anglican Church.

P. S. Highest price in cash or trade offered for the produce of this country.

John Chisholm.

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AND

LIQUOR STORE.

The Subscriber begs to inform his customers and the public generally that he has opened the above premises with a full and well selected stock of

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A choice assortment of **Pale and Dark Brandy, Port and Sherry Wines, Old Tom Gins,** several brands of **Whiskey.** Boarding House and Hotel trade supplied at prices to suit the times. Prime Cigars always on hand. The cash system will be strictly adhered to.

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ST. PAUL'S S.C.—Kent St., Rev. W. T. Stillboro' D. D. 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. MARY'S C.—Russell St., Rev. M. S. G. Service at 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

W. M. CHURCH.—Market St., Rev. Dr. Jeffers, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Wellington St., Rev. W. H. Anderson, 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

B. CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Market Street, Rev. T. R. Courtice, Pastor, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S (Presbyterian).—Francis-st., opposite Court House. Rev. J. Hecle, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Peel Street, Rev. J. J. Redditt, pastor. Services 11 a.m. and 7:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening. Sabbath School at 2:30. Strangers welcome.

LODGES.

KING HIRAM, A. F. AND A. M.—E. Flood, W. M. Third Friday of every month.

PATMOS, R. A. C. & A. M.—Geo. Ingle, W. M. 1st Friday of every month.

PATMOS TEMPLE, K. P. T.—W. T. Sullivan, Commander. 1st Wednesday of every month.

LINDSAY LODGE, No. 190, I. O. Odd Fellows. D. Ryan, N. G. Every Thursday evening.

LINDSAY L. O. L.—J. L. Winters, M. Third Tuesday.

ROYAL BLACK PREC.—J. L. Winters, Com. 2nd Wednesday.

LINDSAY O. Y. B.—W. H. Wilson, M.—1st Monday.

SOCIETIES.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—Jno. Knowlson, Pres't. Every Sunday after Mass.

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