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The Rural Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB 7, 1879

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

CONDUCTED BY A PRACTICAL FARMER [CONTINUED]

A Morning Sunbeam.

[illegible]

Last Whitby Farmers' Club.

[illegible] the last meeting of this club, a [illegible] discussion took place [illegible] fully showed the importance of good farming, and that bad farming is largely responsible for the failures of the last three or four years. What can be done by good farming, says the Oshawa *Vindicator*, we thought out by two illustrations. To-day Mr. W. R. Stone, on a farm of eleven years, has raised on nearly double the yield of wheat, and [illegible] that of his father and peas. Mr. Camplin who [illegible] farm [illegible] years ago was in [illegible] times when the farm was among the worst of their lands, his father had made no profit in increasing Mr. Camplin's by a dollar and a quarter per acre. And while all this improvement in the soil has been going on their farming has been steadily profitable. We combine and select the more important remarks as reported in the *Vindicator*. Mr. W. R. urged the necessity of a proper system of rotation. The first year he had fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, and about the same of barley and peas, but there was a magnificent crop of thistles. To stop the thistles he cocked down one third of the farm [illegible] a mixture of timothy and clover. He cut it for hay, took off first year, and either pastured it or cut hay the second, and then plough'd it down. After breaking up his land he sowed peas, then wheat, then barley, and then seeded down again. This gave a rotation for five years. Under this system his farm had been steadily improving, and in addition he had made a pay. He might say here that he did a little summer fallowing on the driest, but he did not believe in it as a rule. It was of advantage only when the land was badly infested with thistles and weeds, but a farm in an ordinary state of cultivation could be kept clean without it. Some farmers complained that farming does not pay, but it did with him. It paid this year. His wheat, as that of others, had been a failure, but he had eighteen bushels to the acre. His hay had turned out forty two bushels, and his peas (for he had not yet threshed) would yield about forty. Last year he had twenty eight bushels of wheat, over forty of barley, and forty seven of peas, which were a crop. So that with a proper system he believed farming would even pay.

Mr. Wilcox said he had sometimes followed at first, to kill the weeds, but since, on his hold that thistles could be kept down by clovering and mowing peas. His trouble had been that clover seed to catch. He had no field which he had seeded for three years, and had put on at $40 worth of land and had not a catch. This was difficulty in keeping up a regular rotation of crops. He believed with Mr. Clarke, that the only method of getting a catch was to sow clover alone. He had tried timothy and clover with oats and barley, and had tried sow timothy in the fall, but it had failed.

This year he had sowed the seed alone and had succeeded well. He had bought manure at Whitby and thought it to his farm but like Mr. Clarke, had doubts if it paid, as every load him about a dollar when delivered. He had also experimented with bone dust and superphosphates. Last year he put on 100 pounds per acre on oats, but could see no difference between the oats thus manured and those that had none. On turnips he had experimented with alternate drills, putting on one a for quantity of bone dust, on another a double quantity, and on the third none, but could not discover no benefit from it. He had also tried a compound of plaster, ashes and hen manure, and there was a great difference at once to be seen. He had tried the bone dust and superphosphates on grass, but he had about lost their use altogether, as he could not perceive it returned the outlay, or a small portion of it. He believed in the use of barnyard manure and clover was the only profitable method of bringing up exhausted land, and with these, farming could be made to pay. Mr. Burdett said he had used bone dust and superphosphates on turnips and wheat, and found a great benefit in both cases. The land was in rather poor condition. He believed of these artificial manures would give better results on poor than on rich land. Mr. Camplin said he had tried bone dust, nitrate of soda and superphosphates on turnips and found all of them a great benefit. This year his turnips grown with the aid of these manures, had proven a noble crop. He thought the outlay had paid. He thought too much was looked to the grain and grow from those manures. There would have to be a great difference, indeed, before the farmer could see it. It was when the grain was threshed the gain was discernible. Mr. J. Smith said that he had threshed with a flail and sowed in the chaff would never fail to catch. He had tried it on a field he had bought that was worn out, and it came up as thick as the hair on the back of a dog. Mr. W. R. Stone said he never failed to get a catch when he topdressed his land. He drew his manure on the fall for the land he intended to seed down in spring. Mr. F. E. Ashington said much had been said about the necessity of plenty of manure to reclaim the soil, but little was said as to how these manures were to be had. Clovering was all very well, but there must be manure to accompany it. Cattle had not paid very well during the last few years, and not so many had been fattened formerly. This was a serious mistake and must be changed. He heard of the right sort of cattle were at the feeding would pay with the British market open to us. He did believe in the necessity of summer fallowing so much as some in the meeting.

They summer fallowed very little now in Darlington, and he thought it was not a fourth of the weeds as it was when they did it. It might be necessary in very heavy clay soils in Markham, where they could not get roots to advantage; but here, where a good share of green crops were grown, weeds could be kept down. A crop was always cut by summer fallowing. Thistles for the first year. Like all other plants, they must breathe to live, and if kept under ground they could not breathe. He cut them deep in the ground, and by constant cutting they were soon got rid of. There would be some next year, but not as some thought from the roots but from the seed that had lain dormant. Seed would not grow when very deep, and some seeds were buried so deep that they did not grow the first year, or the second, but germinated in the soil until ploughing brought them near enough to the surface to start them growing. Mr. Stocks said he had tried bone dust and phosphate, but had derived very little benefit therefrom. He had found salt a valuable manure, especially on barley, and particularly this year. He had not much trouble with thistles. He planted ten acres of green crops, and kept that clean. Then he seeded this down for three years, and then sowed peas, and he saw but little of the thistle for that time. Mr. T. F. Leonard said he would like to get the best plan of getting rid of mustard. Mr. Camplin said his farm was pretty bad with mustard. A field of wheat was so full that the occupant of the land had not bound the whole of the wheat, but only portions here and there, and where he had threshed, mustard seed could be gathered in heaps. He had taken that field and burned over the stubble as well as possible. Then he harrowed it, and this started some of the mustard growing, and he repeated this process as long as he could. Next spring he drilled in wheat, and when the mustard started he set men to work with small hoes and hoed between the drilled wheat, and killed the mustard. When this could no longer be done, he had boys and set them to pull up the plants. He never allowed one to go to seed if he could help it, and in this way he got rid of it, but he was troubled with it on the farm for fifteen years. Mr. Camplin was asked if had any experiences with twitch grass. He said he had, and he had harrowed it thoroughly, gathered it in heaps and burned it, and had got rid of it. He was not troubled with it now because he saw the land was properly ploughed.

A Lady's Experience with Sheep.

Nothing is more interesting than to read a well-written record of practical experiences in any line of farming, and as sheep husbandry is a matter receiving wider attention every year, with very satisfactory results, especially among some of the farmers of Mariposa, we transfer to our columns the experience of a lady breeder as recounted in the *National Live Stock Journal*. This, of course, took place in the States, but it can be read with profit by all, and all will observe with some pride the concluding sentences praising the importation from Canada. We do not anticipate that this recital will incite any of our lady readers to take up this branch of industry, but in view of the letter from the lonely bachelors on the Little Saskatchewan printed in THE POST last week, it might be a very desirable accomplishment aside from the direct financial results. "I noticed in our November number of the *Stock Journal* a communication headed 'Young Sheep Breeder's Experience.' I concluded to rise and give my experience, perhaps it will induce others, especially small farmers, to get a few sheep, if not more than two dozen, to begin with, and keep a strict account of the cost and profit, also the cost and profit of keeping as many dollars' worth of hogs. Our farmers generally have a mistaken idea that there is more profit in keeping hogs than any other stock; and if they keep a strict account for four or five years, I will venture to say that at the end of that time they will not keep a hog on the place, except for their own meat. There is not a farmer in this neighborhood, for ten miles around, but keeps all the hogs he can and in that radius there is not (excepting my flock) 100 head of sheep. I have always been a lover of good stock, but have never been situated and had the means to indulge my fancy until the winter of 1873, when I bought my first sheep. I did not keep an account of the grain, for when the winters were open, so that they could get at the grass, I did not feed grain, as they did not care for it. Since buying the first sheep they have not eaten 500 bushels of grain of any kind, and what has been eaten has been mostly by the ewes and lambs. They get all the hay and grass they want, and when the ground is covered with snow, I feed shelled corn and oats in troughs. I have a good warm sheep house for them to stay in at night, if they wish, with a good yard around, so that they are protected from the dogs. In the morning (if not stormy) they are let out on the field. They return at night of their own accord, and are put in the yard, where the racks are full of good hay. Two weeks before lambing time I separate the breeding ewes from the flock, and feed them twice a day with shelled corn and bran, with plenty of water, and by the time they drop their lambs they have so much milk none ever refuses her lamb. I have had the lambs come the 1st of February, and do splendidly; but last year they did not begin to come until the 1st of April, and there was so little labor in attending them that I have concluded always to have them come about that time. As I said, I separate the ewes from the flock about two weeks before lambing time, and feed the ewes extra. I let them run in a little pasture adjoining the sheep yard. I let them out in the daytime, and watch them. If a young lamb comes in the pasture, I take it to the shed, mark the ewe, and then I separate the ewes and lambs from the ewes that have not lambed, keeping them in the house for a day; then I put the ewes and lambs in the orchard, keep them there until the lambs are docked and well enough to go out to pasture with the flock sheep, and I never had lambs do so well as they did last year, with that kind of treatment. Of course, the ewes are fed oats and corn until they go to pasture, by that time it is warm and pasture good, and the lambs strong and active.

Below I give my sales. I never sell a lamb, but keep the wethers until they are two years old, and then sell them and the oldest ewes. I consider the showing pretty fair, considering the low price of everything:—

Feb. 10 1878, bought 36 ewes and 1 buck, cost	$200.00
Raised 41 lambs, sold 147 lbs. unwashed wool for	36.10
1874, raised 69 lambs, sold 386 lbs. unwashed wool	187.00
1875, raised 41 lambs, sold 410 lbs. unwashed wool	247.17
Sold 10 old ewes and wethers	174.00
Sold 8 bucks	18.00
1876, raised 49 lambs, sold 973 lbs. unwashed wool	248.00
Sold 36 wethers, yearlings and two year olds	319.50
1877, raised 78 lambs, sold 483 lbs. unwashed wool	228.00
1878, raised 108 lambs, sold 1,100 lbs. wool, washed	381.00
Sold 65 lbs. unwashed wool	3.00
Sold 63 ewes and wethers	320.00
Total sales	$1,827.17

The fall of 1875, I bought an imported Cotswold buck of Snell's Sons, Canada; cost, when delivered by express, $91 87. Have never regretted the cost, as his lambs' fleeces weighed from two or three pounds more than the lambs I had before, nor his get. The ewes I began with were American merino. I now have 297 head of as nice large sheep as can be found anywhere, and none over three years old; they are so good that they attract the attention of every one that sees them.

[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

"[illegible] the way home when he [illegible] part of Lettitia, with an evident interest in her tale, "and he quite agrees with me that it was rough, or at all events something artificial."

"One more word, Letitia," faintly—a last one. Has he had that sole remaining tooth in the front of his mouth made steady?"

"No, cries Mrs. Masscreene, triumphantly, "he has not. Do you no remember that awful tooth? It is literally the only thing left undone, and I can't imagine why. It still waggles uncomfortably when he talks, and his upper lip has the same old trick of catching on it and refusing to come down again until compelled. Sir John was there, and took me in to luncheon; and as I sat just opposite Lord Rosamere I could see distinctly. I particularly noticed that."

"You have saved me," cries Molly, briskly. "Had your answer been other than it was, I would not have hesitated for a moment; I would have gone off in a deathlike swoon. Thank you, Jane," with a backward nod at Lettrell, whom she has refused to recognize; "I need not detain you any longer."

"Mrs. Masscreene, I shall never forgive you," says Lettrell.

"And is this the way you entertain your guests, Molly?" asks Letitia. "Have you spent your day in the kitchen?"

"The society of the 'upper ten' is not good for you, Letitia," says Molly, severely. "There is a faint flavor of would-be sarcasm about you, and it doesn't suit you in the least: your lips have not got the correct curve. No, my dear, although unnoticed by the nobility of our land, we, too, have had our 'nice, long, happy day in the country.' Now haven't we, Mr. Lettrell?"

"Do you think he would say 'No' with your eyes upon him?" says Letitia, laughing. "By and by I shall hear the truth. Come with me"—to Tredcastle—"and have a glass of sherry before your dinner: I am sure you must want it after all you have gone through."

Chapter V.

"Gather the roses, while you may;
Old Time is still a flying;
And the same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow may be dying." HERRICK

It was four o'clock, and a hush, a great stillness, born of oppressive heat, is over all the land. Again the sun is smiting with hot wrath the unoffending earth; the flowers nod drowsily, or lie half dead of languor, their gay leaves touching the ground.

"The dry grass bore as the summer sea,
The depths were cloudless overhead;
The air was calm as it could be;
There was no sight or sound of dread."

quotes Lettrell, dreamily, as he strays idly along the garden path, through scented shrubs and all the many-hued children of light and dew. His reverie is lengthened, yet not diffuse. One little word explains it. It seems to him that word is everywhere: the birds sing it, the wind whistles it as it rushes faintly past, the innumerable voices of summer cry ceaselessly for "Molly."

"Mr. Lettrell, Mr. Lettrell," cries some one, "look up." And he does look up.

Above him, on the balcony, stands Molly, "a thing of beauty," fairer than any flower that grows beneath. Her eyes, like twin stars, are gleaming, deepening; her happy lips are parted; her hair, drawn loosely back, shines like threads of living gold. Every feature is awake and full of life; every movement of her sweet body, clad in its white gown, proclaims a very joyousness of living.

With hands held high above her head, filled with parti colored roses, she stands laughing down upon him; while he stares back at her, with a heart filled too full of love for happiness. With a slight momentary closing of her lids she opens both her hands and flings the shower into his upturned face.

"Take your punishment," she whispers, saucily, bending over him, "and learn your lesson. Don't look at me another time."

"It was by your own desire I did so," exclaims he, bewildered, shaking the crimson and yellow and white leaves from off his head and shoulders. "How am I to understand you, pray?"

"How do I know, when I don't even understand myself? But when I called you to 'look up' of course I meant 'look down.' Don't you remember the old game with the handkerchief? when I say 'Let go,' 'hold fast,' and when I say 'Hold fast,' 'let go'? You must recollect it."

"I have a dim idea of something idiotic, like what you say."

"It is not idiotic, but it suits only some people; it suits me. There is a certain perverseness about it, a determination to do just what one is told not to do, that affects me most agreeably. Did I" glancing at the rosy shower at his feet "did I hurt you much?"

There is a little plank projecting from the woodwork of the pillars that support the balcony; resting his foot on this, and holding on by the railing above, Lettrell draws himself up until his face is almost level with hers—almost, but not quite: she can still overshadow him.

"If that was all the injury I had received at your hands, how easy it would be to forgive!" says Lettrell, in a low tone.

"Poor hands," says Molly, gazing at her shapely fingers, "how have they sinned? Am I to understand, then, that I am not forgiven?"

"Yes."

"You are unkind to me."

"Oh, Molly!"

"Dreadfully unkind to me. Can you deny it? Now tell me what this crime is that I have committed, and you cannot pardon?"

"I will not," says the young man, turning a little pale, while the smile dies out of his eyes and from round his lips. "I dread to put my injuries into words. Should they anger you, you might with one look seal my death-warrant."

"Am I so bloodthirsty? How badly you think of me!"

"Do I?" Reading with the wistful sadness of uncertainty her lovely face. "You know better than that. You know too, do you not, what it is I would say—if I dared? Oh, Molly, what have you done to me, what witchery have you used, that, after escaping for twenty seven long years, I should now fall so hopelessly in——"

"Hush!" says Molly, quickly, and letting her hand fall lightly on his forehead, brings it slowly, slowly, over his eyes and down his face, until at length it rests upon his lips rebuking lightly. "Not another word. You have known me but a few days—but a short three weeks—and you would——"

"Yes, I would, eagerly, devouring with fond kisses the snowflake that would stay his words. "Three weeks—a year—ten years—what does it matter? I think the very first night I saw you here in this garden the mischief was done. My heart left me. You stole the very best of me; and you will give me nothing in exchange!"

"I will not listen," says Molly, covering her ears with her hands, but not so closely that she must be deaf. "Do you hear what I say? You are to be silent."

"Do you forbid me to speak?" asks Lettrell.

"Yes; I am in a hurry; I cannot listen—now," says this born coquette, unable to release her slave so soon.

"Some other time—when you know me better—you will listen: is that what you mean?" still detaining her with passionate entreaty both in tone and manner. "Molly, give me one word of hope."

"I don't know what you mean," she says, effecting her escape, and moving back to the obscurity of the drawing-room window, which stands open. "I never do know. And I have not got the least bit of memory in the world. Do you know I came out here to tell you tea was to be brought out for us under the trees on the lawn; and when I saw you I forgot everything. Is that a hopeful sign?" with a playful smile.

"I will try to think so; and—don't go yet, Molly," seeing her about to enter the drawing-room. "Surely, it is too to be on the lawn, it is there we ought to go."

"I am half afraid of you. If I consent to bestow upon you a little more of my society, will you promise me not to talk in that way again?"

"Her——"

"I will have no 'buts.' Promise what I ask, or I will hide myself from you for the rest of the day."

"I swear, then," says he, and, so protected, Miss Masscreene ventures down the balcony steps and accompanies him to the shaded end of the lawn.

By this time it is nearly five o'clock, and as yet oppressively warm. The evening is coming with a determination to rival in dull heat the early part of the day. The sheep in great white snowy patches lie panting in the distant corners of the adjoining fields; the cows, tired of whisking their foolish tails in an unsuccessful war with the insatiable flies, are all huddled together, and give way to mournful lows that reproach the tarrying milkmaid.

Above in the brances a tiny bird essays to sing, but stops half stifled, and forgetting the tuneful note, contents itself with a lazy "cluck-cluck" that presently degenerates still further into a dying "coo" that is hardly musical, because so full of sleep.

Molly has seated herself upon the soft young grass, beneath the shade of a mighty beech, against the friendly trunk of which she leans her back. Even this short walk from the house to the six stately beeches that are the pride and glory of Brooklyn has told upon her. Her usually merry eyes have subsided into a gentle languor; over them the white lids droop heavily. No little faintest tinge of color adorns her pale cheeks; upon her lap her hands lie idle, their very listlness betokening the want of energy they feel.

At about two yards distance from her reclines her guest, full length, his fingers interlaced behind his head, looking, longer, slighter than usual, as with eyes upturned he gazes in silence upon the far off, never-changing blue sky showing through the network of the leaves above him.

"Are you quite used up?" asks Molly, in the slow, indifferent tone that belongs to heat, as the crisp, gay voice belongs to cold. "I never heard you silent for so long before. Do you think you are likely to *die*? Because don't do it here, please: it would give me such a shock."

"I am far more afraid I shall live," replies her companion. "Oh, how I loathe the summer!"

"You are not so far gone as I feared: you can still use bad language. Now, tell me what sweet thought has held you so long."

"If I must confess it, I have been thinking of how untold a luxury at this moment would be an iced bath."

"'An iced bath?'" With as much contempt as she can summon. "How prosaic! As I quite flattered myself that you were thinking of me." She says this as calmly as though she had supposed him thinking of his dinner.

Tredcastle's lips part in a faint smile, a mere glimmer—a *laugh* is beyond him—and he turns his head just so far round as will permit his eyes to fall upon her face.

"I fancied such thoughts on my part taboued," he says. "And, besides would they be of any advantage to you?"

"No material advantage, but they would have been only fair. I was thinking of *you*."

"Were you? Really?" With such overpowering interest as induces him to raise himself on his elbow, the better to see her. "You were thinking—that—"

"Don't excite yourself. I was wondering whether, when you were a baby, your nose—in proportion, of course—was as lengthy and solemn as it is now."

"Pshaw!" mutters Mr. Lettrell, angrily, and goes back to his original position.

"If it was," pursues Molly, with a ruthless and amused laugh, "you must have been an awfully funny baby to look at." She appears to find infinite amusement in this idea for a full minute, after which follows a disgusted silence that might have lasted until dinner hour but for the sound of approaching footsteps.

Looking up simultaneously, they perceive Letitia coming towards them, with Sarah behind, carrying a tray, on which are cups, and small round cakes, and plates of strawberries.

"I have brought you your tea at last," cries Letitia, looking like some great fair goddess, with her large fig ures and stately walk and benign expression, as she bears down upon them. She is still a long way off, yet her voice comes to them clear and distinct, without any suspicion of shouting. She is smiling benevolently, and has a delicious pink color in her cheeks.

"We thought you had forgotten us," says Molly, springing to her feet with a sudden return of animation. "But you have come in excellent time: as we were on the very brink of a quarrel that would have disgraced the Kilkenny cats. And what have you brought us? Tea, and strawberries, and dear little hot cakes! Oh, Letty, how I love you!"

"So do I, says Lettrell. "Mrs. Masscreene, may I sit beside you?"

"For protection?" asks she with a laugh.

In the meantime Molly has arranged the tray before herself, and is busily engaged placing all the worst and the smallest cake on one plate.

"Before you go any further," says Lettrell, "I won't have that plate. Nothing shall induce me. So you may spare the trouble."

"Then you may go without any, as I myself intend eating all the others."

"Mrs. Masscreene, you are my only friend. I appeal to you: is it fair? Just look at all she is keeping for herself. "If I die for it. I will get my rights," exclaims Teadecaccle, goaded into activity, and springing from his recumbent position, makes straight for the tray. There is a short but decisive battle: and then, victory being decided in favor of Lettrell, he makes a successful raid upon the fruit and retires covered with glory and a good deal of juice.

"Coward, thief! won't I pay you out for this!" cries Molly, vicariously.

"I wouldn't use school-boy slang if I were you," returns Lettrell, with provoking coolness, and an evident, irritating appreciation of the fruit.

Fortunately, for all parties, at this moment John appears upon the scene.

"It is warm," says he, sinking on the grass, under the weak impression that he is imparting information.

"I think there is thunder in the air," says Letitia, with a mischievous glance at the late combatants, at which they laugh in spite of themselves.

"Not at all, my dear; you are romancing," says ignorant John. "Well, Molly Rawn, where is my tea? Have you kept me any?"

"As if I would forget *you!* Is it not an extraordinary thing, Letty, that Sarah cannot be induced to bring us a tea-pot? Now, I want more, and must only wait her pleasure."

"Remonstrate with her," says John.

"I am tired of doing so. Only yesterday I had a very lengthy argument with her on the subject, to the effect that as it was I *was* having the tea, and not she, surely I might have it the way I wished. When I had exhausted my eloquence, and was nearly on the verge of tears, I discovered that she was still at the very point from which we started. 'But the tea is far more genteeler,' Miss Molly, when brought up without the teapot. It spoils the look of the tray.' I said 'Yes, the *worst* of it does,' with much indignation; but I might as well have kept my temper."

"Much *better*," says Lettrell, placidly.

"I do hate having my tea poured out for me," goes on Molly, not deigning to notice him. "I am convinced Sarah lived with a retired tallow-chandler or something equally horrible before she came to us. She has one idol to which she sacrifices morning, noon, and night, and I think she calls it 'style.'"

"And what is that?" interposes Lettrell, anxiously.

"I don't know, but I think it has something to do with not putting the teapot on the tray, for instance, and taking the pretty fresh covers off the drawing-room chairs when any one is coming, to convince them of the green damask beneath. And once when, during a passing fit of insanity, I dressed my hair in a pyramid, she told me I looked 'stylish.' It took me some time to recover that shock to my vanity."

"I like 'stylish' people myself," says John. "Lady Barton' I am positive, is just what Sarah means by that, and I admire her immensely—within bounds, of course, my dear Letitia."

"Dreadful vulgar woman!" says Moll, with a frown. "I'm sure I wouldn't name Letty in the same day with her."

"We all know you are notoriously jealous of her," says John. "Her meridian charms eclipse yours of the dawn."

"How poetical!" laughs Molly. "But the thing to see is Letitia producing the children when her ladyship comes to pay a visit. She always reminds me of the Mother of the Gracchi. Now confess it, Letty, don't you think Lady Barton's diamonds and rubies and emeralds grow pale and lustreless beside your living jewels?"

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of the digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street, and 170, Piccadilly, London." 20-13

The Great Shoshonees Remedy

Is an Indian vegetable compound, composed of the juices of a variety of remarkable medicinal plants and herbs; the various properties of these different ingredients, when combined, is so constituted as to act simultaneously upon the Blood, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive Organs, Nervous System, &c., restoring their functions to health; active, and, being purely vegetable, is as harmless as nature's own beverage. This medicine is a decided benefit to all, and a permanent cure in a large majority of diseases of the blood, such as Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Pimples, &c. In prescribing this medicine we do not claim that it clears performs cures; but this we do say, that it purifies and enriches the blood, permanently curing a large majority of diseases arising from its impurities. It stands far ahead and unequalled among the hundreds of competing medicines of the day. It has stood the test of ten years, and is today, more popular than ever. As a summer restorative it stands unrivalled; it enables the system to bear up against the constant drain to which it is subjected by a high temperature. Persons who are subject to bilious colic, Dysentry, Indigestion, &c., which is the Shoshonees Remedy. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles, $1. Pills 25 cents a box. Sold by all medicine dealers. 1009-5

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT! A FEW FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

There are but few preparations of medicine which have withstood the impartial judgment of the people for any great length of time. One of these is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Read the following and be convinced: Thomas Robinson, Fareham Centre, P.Q., writes, "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried in my remedies without any relief until I tried Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil and since then have had no attack of it. I would recommend it to all." J. H. Earl, Hotel Keeper, West Shefford, P.Q., writes, "I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horse in cases of cuts, wounds, etc., and think it is equally as good for horses as for man." A. Mayhew, Merchant, Warkworth, writes, "I have sold your Eclectric Oil for some time, and it is a good oil, and it is pronounced by the public one of the best medicines they have ever sold;" it has done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, etc., and is worthy of the greatest confidence." Joseph Rusan, Township Percy, writes, "I was persuaded to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for a lame knee which troubled me three or four years, and I never found anything like it for curing lameness. It is a great public benefit."

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 Northrop & 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.

NOTE.—*Eclectric*.—Selected and Electrized. 1008-8

Wheeler & Johnson.

THE HINGES OF THE BODY are properly the joints of the body. *Gout, Rheumatism* or a cold has in effect upon them somewhat analogous to the effect of rust upon iron hinges. A cold is most apt to settle in the joints. Rheumatism attacks them most violently and frequently.

The surest method of relieving inflammation and pain in the joints, reducing swelling, and and soreness in any part of the body, is **Arnica and Oil Liniment**. If thoroughly rubbed in, it will reduce the inflammation and relive the pain at once. Price 25 and 50 cents.

MY TRIED AND TRUSTY FRIEND.—Why keep trying and purchasing *Remedies* when the **N. H. Down's Elixir** has stood the test so long, and has always proved a true and faithful friend?

It is a never failing remedy in Whooping Cough, Croup, Coughs, Colds and all bronchial affections.

WHAT THE BILIOUS REQUIRE.—Since torpidity of the liver is the chief cause of its disorder, it requires an alterative which will arouse it to activity. **Baxter's Mandrake Bitters** invariably achieve the primary result, bowels removing the Constipation, Flatulence, Heartburn, Yellowness of the Skin and White of the Eye, pain in the right side and under the right shoulder, Nausea and Sick Headache, to which bilious invalids are peculiarly subject. Price, 25 cents.—1008-4.

Public Notices.

AUCTION SALE OF

VALUABLE PROPERTIES.

Under and by virtue of powers of sale contained in certain mortgages which will be produced at the time of sale there will be sold on

Tuesday, 11th February, '79,

At the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon by Matthew Sanderson, Auctioneer, at VEITCH'S HOTEL, in the town of Lindsay, the following valuable properties:

1. **The North half of Lot Number 6**, in the 7th concession of the Township of Bexley, in the County of Victoria, containing 100 acres more or less.

This property is situated about two miles from Victoria Station on the Nipissing Railway.

Terms will be made known at the time of sale. For further particulars apply to

ROBINSON, O'BRIEN & SCOTT,
Vendor's Solicitors,
68 Church-st., Toronto,

Or to P. S. MARTIN,
Solicitor, &c., Lindsay.—1011-3.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION

At the

COURT HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY,

ON

Saturday, the 15th Day of February, 1879,

At 12 o'clock noon, all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldon, in the County of Victoria, and Province of Ontario, known and distinguished as the **West Half of Lot Number Nine, in the Eighth Concession of the said Township of Eldon**, containing by admeasurement one hundred acres, be the same more or less.

There are a log dwelling house, log barn and stable, erected on said premises.

There are 35 acres or upwards cleared on said farm, in a fair state of cultivation, well fenced and watered with a never failing stream and spring.

The soil is rich clay loam, and is an excellent farm, well drained.

The vendor reserves to himself the right to bid.

Further particulars and conditions of sale can be had from D. J. McIntyre, Solicitor, Kent Street, Lindsay, or at time of sale.

D. J. McINTYRE,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Lindsay, Jan. 15, 1879.—1010-5.

SAVE YOUR ASHES.

The undersigned will

PAY CASH for ASHES

And will collect them every month in town.

THOS. FEE.

1006.

James Watson.

IT'S A TRUTH, DENY IT WHO CAN.

When business expenses reach Fifteen per cent., Profits nett Twelve and a half. Query. Who pays Taxes and Rent?

SELLING OFF.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,

GENERAL DRY GOODS,

Stock Well Assorted. Must be Sold.

GROCERIES.

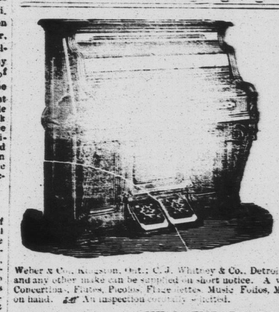
TEAS, SUGARS, TOBACCOS, AND GENERAL GROCERIES.

Full Stock. Must be disposed of.

JAMES WATSON.

Lindsay, Dec. 26, 1878.

A. M. Reekie.



REMOVAL.

A. M. REEKIE

Has gone West to

LOVELL'S BLOCK, 35 KENT-ST. WEST

And while thanking his numerous friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past, begs to strict attention to business and keeping a large and well selected stock of Musical Merchandise and meeting the wants of musical people in general, to share largely in their patronage in the future. He would also intimate that he has now in his warerooms the best stock of

PIANOS & ORGANS

Ever shown in Lindsay. Organs from the following firms:—The Uxbridge Organ Co., Uxbridge, Ont.; "Bell & Co., Guelph, Ont.; W. Doherty & Co., Clinton, Ont.; T. J. Hales & Co., Newmarket, Ont.; George Woods & Co., Boston, Mass.; Prindoel Potton & Co., New York. Pianos from Weber & Co., Kingston, Ont.; C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Mich.; Chickering & Sons, Boston, Mass., and any other make can be supplied on short notice. A very nice assortment of Violins, Guitars, Concertinas, Flutes, Piccolos, Flageolettes, Music Folios, Music Books, Sheet Music, etc., etc., always on hand. ☞ An inspection is solicited.

MUSIC EMPORIUM, LINDSAY. 997.

G. W. Stephens.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Having decided on moving my place of business (in the forepart of January) to the **Store at present occupied by the Montreal Telegraph and Express Companies**, I will give decided bargains for the above lines of goods from now until I move into my new premises, which I intend to have fitted up a Re-before style. Do not be humbugged with people that are leaving town giving you bargains in Christmas Goods, as I can do better than they can and warrant my goods. I have a large, well-assorted Stock, so call early and see for yourselves.

GEORGE W. STEPHENS,

NEXT DOOR NORTH OF THE POST OFFICE,

Sign of the RED WATCH, Foot of Kent Street.

☞ N.B.—Special attention to repairing in all its branches. And all work Warranted to give Satisfaction. 963-1y

James Keith.

SEWING MACHINES.

High honors for the

LIGHT RUNNING ROYAL

International Exposition, Sydney, Australia, April, 1877, Prize Medal and Diploma; also three first prizes awarded at the Provincial Exhibition, Quebec, Sept. 1877, namely: for the

Best Family Machine,
Best Machine for General Purposes
Best Finished Machine.

Also, first prize at Central Fair, Lindsay for best machine. No doubt this is the best family machine in the market.

Also, as usual,

Seeds and Implements

Of all kinds on hand.

Honey's Fanning Mills, that have taken eleven first prizes this Fall, also first prize Lindsay Central Fair. Also agent for the Toronto Fuel Association. **Coal delivered in any part of the town.** Stove Coal thoroughly screened, and at the lowest living rates. Call and examine for yourselves. Remember the

Sign of the Plow, Kent St., Lindsay.

947 JAMES KEITH.

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 advantageous 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.

24th February, 1878. Lindsay

William Howe.

1878. WINTER. 1879.

WILLIAM HOWE

Would call attention to his stock of

COOKING, BOX AND PARLOUR STOVES

Including the celebrated "North West Cook Stove," and the "Guernsey Wood Cook," the two best Cook Stoves in the market. Also Coal Stoves of different varieties.

The Tinware Department is replete with every article required in the line.

Eave Troughing and Spouting put up in the best style on short notice. Best brand of **Coal Oil** at lowest rates. Lamps and Chimneys in great variety. Liberal discount given to pedlars.

Doheny Block, next door to John Chisholm's.

Lindsay, Oct. 18, 1877.—1005-1y

G. H. Keeve.

FOR

Newest Styles and Good Value in all kinds of

GOOD JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, FINGER RINGS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, WALL PAPER, BLINDS AND FANCY GOODS,

SEE STOCK AT

G. H. KEEVE'S, Watchmaker,

Sign of the Dutch Flag.

I also offer for sale a **grand Piano**, (Rose, Boston, maker) two plated **Silver Show Cases, two Side Show Cases**, and many other articles, as I intend to go to Europe next Spring. Call early and select your Christmas and New Year's presents. 1001-26.

Buck & Co.

GO TO

BUCK & CO.'S

FOR BARGAINS IN

Fall and Winter Goods.

Doheny Block, Kent-st., Lindsay.

Hamilton's Carriage Works.