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The Canadian Bost. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 5, 1884.

EYRE'S ACQUITTAL A SETUEL TO "THE MYSTERY

OF SHIFTING POOLS ---

Continued from Second page.)

In Frank's name, he telegraphed to Lovel news of his own death, certain that Josephine would immediately communicate the news to Hester, so that he would probably find the two women together on his arrival. No matter what hidden clew Frank had held, in his soul Mr. Eyre knew Hester Clarke to be guilty; and it was with the implacable determination to convict her yet, that he had approached his house that night, expecting to find her within it.

And on his very threshold he had been met by this sordid reading of the tragedy; a mere clew to which had made him a wanderer on the face of the earth for three long years, a clew that had made him put even Hester aside as one to be dealt with later, and now if Digges or Josephine were guilty-if-but what waste of time to speculate, when by that hour of the following day the man would be in the hands of justice, and probably his confession made.

But as a side-thought will sweep & man out of the track of sober fact, and bid tragedy itself pause while heddlies with a folly, so Mr. Eyre's mind started off at a tangent to Madcap, and rested there, ji st as a mariner in drowning looks up to the patch of blue above him. So the darkened chamber, the white chair, receded from Mr. Eyre's eyes, and in their place he saw an old-fashoned garden, and a young girl stepping backward down a ladder, as, aloud, she counted the plums on the garden-wall. Anon he saw the same young shape (but three months older) sitting beneath the white plume of a thorn, whose blossoms were no paler than her cheeks, till a step on the furf made her turn, and the next moment two gentle arms, arms that trembled, but did not doubt, were found his neck... A trysting-place (six hours later), to which a young shape in a white gown came stealing all her worldly goods tied up in her pocket handkerchief, and nothing in life to keen her warm, but her love? to keep her warm but her lover's arms. . . A hurried marriage, at which an old friend of the bride's assisted, and then six years of such happiness as mucht make a wicked man in love with

And these arms held her fast and sate through those six short, happy years ay, and made to her so sure a heaven that dreamlessly she had sunk to her last rest in them, knowing neither fear nor pain, so long as they were closed about her year and even in the moment of death knew no pang, but called it the happiest moment of her

virue, and look back with loathing on

the pleasures he had found in sin.

She had been happy to the last-exaltantly in that lonely chamber. Mr. Fyre ifted his brows to Heaven, and cried alond, that no matter what his suffering, sin, and shame might be, she

had never suffered. Settlenty he near, and stretching out his hands toward you empty bed, called wildly and passionately. Mudaup?

The starved erroring through the stent house as, pierced though all his semiory of pride by that living thought of her, the strong man awakened for the strong man awakened for

the first time to the full desolation of miscrable lot. Hark! what was that? A movement father than a sound that stole through

the empty place . . . then a faint stir as of something that approached waveringly and with many halts, till gradual by the faint, pattering sound as of a child's bare feet upon polished boards frew nearer and nearer, till, on the threshold of Madcap's chamber, they paused as though in fear or doubt. Through the herce wrestle of his bodily weakness with the power that crushed him, these footsteps sounded but faintly, nor when a gentle hand pushed the door open, and a little shape stood on the threshold, did he move or turn, till, feeling something approach him, he fore his hand from his eyes, and angrily pointed to the door.

Who was it that dared intrude on him thus? He looked, but at first naw nothing; then downward, and saw close be-fide him a child no higher than his

"Go!" he said, once more lifting his hand in the flerce gestage of dismissal that Madeap's children had so invari-ably obeyed. But the harsh look that aprel like a blow, fell fultering for what

Did he not know this face by heart-its lips—the very sunshine of its giance, we the very dimples in lips and checks the same bright hair that had soorten

curied about his head... this could not be Josephine's child?

Unconsciously he sunk to his knees, and looking at him earnestly, then, with one of those angalic instincts of pity that will move a little child's heart to the comprehension of traggedy it cannot know, and with no fear of that terrible face above her, she lifted a dimpled hand to his neck, and left it there.

"Is 'oo miserbul?" she said in her tender little voice, then finding something in his face that satisfied her, put her other arm round his neck, and gave him that first, best, purest gift earth can afford—a child's unbidden kiss. He received it as if he were stone. . How long ago was it since anyone had kissed him? Then, putting her from him so harshly that any but a child would have been startled into the belief that he was angry, cried.

angry, cried. What is your name?" "I'se Madcap," she said, and laughed aloud in the desolate chamber . . . and then Mr. Eyre knew how betwixt him and God had passed the shield of a lit-

tle child. Here was Madeap's message to him-

from the grave—sent to him in his darkest, loneliest hour; here in his grasp was that divinest link between (iod and man—the hand of a little child. Here, in the very moment that life had practically come to a full stop, was a heart put into it. . Ay! but through which to suffer, to be made to remember dead sins . . . though he knew it not, was not here his punishment, the

instrument by which his stubborn soul was to be brought to submission?

No such thought touched him as he bowed his head on the little innocent breast that took him with all its sing upon it, and, neither questioning, nor doubting, knew only that he was in

trouble, and that he was her friend. "Can't find Jocy unmehere," she said, shaking the bright head that rested on Mr. Evre's raven locks, "and I don't like being left all by my lone self—has co' come to stop?" she added, suddenly, "Ves!"

"What's oo' name?"
"I am your father."
"O! no," said the child, looking at him with grave, lovely eyes—'Daddy's dead—Jocy said so this afternoon—they're going to put him in the cold, cold pit to-morrow—poor Daddy!"

She shivered a little as she said it, as

if chill or afraid; and, as though it had been his Madcap's body that his own carelessness had put in danger, Mr. Eyre lifted the child, and, wrapping her in his cloak, carried her to the bed, and

laid her down upon it.
She fell asleep soon, with her hand in his and a shower of bright hair failing over both . . . and so the morning found them . . . a child wrapped in a man's gray cloak, and a man who slept with his arm thrown around her, as though, even in his slumbers, he might watch over the one treasure that, in the shipwreck of his life, had been cast up from the very deeps at his fest.

CHAPTER VI-

By eight o'clock came riding in hot reed Colonel Bushy, a magistrate of the neighborhood, and the most pesti-

the neighborhood, and the most pestilential busybody within it.

But when he came to the vast hall,
whose lofty ceiling was still in gloom,
while the light from the stained-glass
windows fell but faintly on Lord Lovel's
uncovered face, upon which, as yet, no
change had come, with such incredible
rapidity had Mr. Eyre brought himhome, involuntarily he bared his head,
and coming to the side of the coffic and, coming to the side of the coffin. looked down with a real impulse of sorrow on the young fellow's face.

How well he remembered Frank Lovel in life, and how nobly he had taken on himself Mr. Eyre's sins; and now the one lay dead, while the other lived and flourished, ripening, perhaps, for some new crime, and defying alike the justice of God and the opinion of

man The busybody had come in war, se cretly suspecting some mystery about Frank's death, but outwardly to demand by what right Mr. Eyre com-manded the young man's grave to be dug, and the burial to take place, before the process of identification had been the process of identification had been gone through, or the heir and his advisers summoned. But at first one, then another came in, those who had loved him, those who had blamed him; yea, and those who had pitied while they honored him. All these, I say, as they wept, knew him; and as the hours wore on, and more and more people gathered, Frank lay in state, however humble, and was a hero, so that strong men wept for the thought of the manner of his death, and the women for the glimpse of the stain on his scarlet coat, above which his hands rested so quietly, their

work being done. Last of all came Mr. Eyre, and, without looking at those around, stood gaz-ing down upon him, and might have spoken that most exquisite farewell which, once addressed to Lancelot, has

never been matched in human language. Vast and sinewy as a gladiator of Rome, with a dark, stern face upon which the fires of over forty years had legibly left their mark, Mr. Eyre stood like a second Saul among those around, too negligent of their presence to defy

them. Those around thought his face hardened as he looked down on his dead friend; but his lips moved neither in blessing nor cursing, and none could have told whether the stern restraint of pain or the callousness of hatred held him motionless during the minutes that he stood beside him.

When at last he moved, it was with the old firm step and sir of command, so that, involuntarily, the women around courtesied and the men pulled each his forelock, ashaned of their doubts of him, for Job's love had cleared the way for Mr. Eyre, and none durst suspect him of harm to Lord Lovel now

Colonel Busby, whose keen eyes had never left Mr. Eyre's face since he entered, hurried out after him, and overtook him as took him as he entered one of the aven-

"You seem out of breath," said Mr.
Byre, by way of greeting to a man he
had not met these three years, and
"I am." said Colonel Rusby, who, he
hed nothing so much as a gasping frog!
seen into. What gross carsiessness on
the part of the Post Office people—it
hear—"That I'm alive," said Mr. Eyes, the

"That I'm alive," said Mr. Eyre; "exactly—it must have been a great blow to you after the telegram."
"Well, well," said Colonel Busby, coloring violently; "it's a sad thing you know—poor young fellow—but fortunate you were there to bring him home.

nate you were there to bring him home.
Odd, too, as I suppose you were not
fighting yourself?"
"Not I," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly; "it
was a mere chance my finding him."
"And yet you've been together these
three years?" said Colonel Busby, his
inveterate curiosity not to be checked
by the fact that all this time Mr. Eyre
was walking away from him down the
arenne.

"Have we?" said Mr. Eyrs, indifferently; "then I suppose we're both dumb, for I have not exchanged a syllable with him since I left Level."

The little man gasped with amazement and lack of breath as he tried to keep up with Mr. Eyre's long stride, but the next moment said; "Them about that poor woman, Eyre—what a fearful blunder you made—and that lout of a gardener guilty after all!"

"Ahl by-the-way," said Mr. Eyre, pausing suddenly in his walk, "have you heard anything about the woman—has she been seen in the neighborhood during my absence? You see I look to you for all the gossip."

you for all the gossip."
"As a magistrate," said the Colonel, puffing himself out, "I am compelled to take cognizance of matters that do not come under the heading of gossip. I have certainly made it my business to inquire about this unhappy and perse-

"By whom per whom persecuted?" said Mr.

Eyre.
To do Colonel Busby justice, he was no coward, and now he looked Mr. Eyre full in the face.
"By you," he said, with a touch of dignity, not even to be marred by his absurd appearance. "It was an inhuman persecution, since you could not have believed in her guilt."
"Pshaw!" said Mr. Eyre, frowning; "but I won't quarrel with you—there is no railing in an allowed fool—and for the first time in my life, I find your conthe first time in my life, I find your con-

the first time in my life, I find your conversation interesting. And pray whom did you think guilty?"

"Well," said Busby, hesitating for a moment, but hardened by that allusion to his folly, "it was generally considered that you ought to have changed places with the woman, and been tried for it yourself—but being a fool, I only repeat what was of common report." repeat what was of common report." "And what is your own opinion?" said Mr. Eyre, grimly.
"What my opinion was matters little

now that there is not a shadow of doubt your gardener is guilty," said Colonel

"Don't alter your opinion on that score," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly. "I'm not at all sure that either of them did it-or if so, the woman Clarke was accessory to the crime, and deserved hanging. Now that I've done with Lord Lovel, I must have her found—I've been too busy to think of her these three years.

"You will remain here?" said Colonet Busby, curiosity mastering dignity.
"To be sure," said Mr. Eyre. "I've found new ties (he laughed) that will keep me here awhile—and there are Lord Lovel's affairs to arrange; the new heir is a mere lad, and I'm his guardie."

Colonel Busby opened his mouth, but no sound came; for once, wonder silenced him. "New ties"-what were they? Mr. Eyre guardian to the young heir-hethis man preeminent in evil, who carried things with as high a hand in de-

feat as victory?

"By-the-way," said Mr. Eyre, "I heard something about your coming over to have Lord Lovel's coffin opened—did you think I had killed him, too?"

"The proceedings were informal—ir-

As he watched its wild flerce spirit entered into his blood, and with it his own rose—he was once more himself, and the pastnight of his self-abasement. vanished like a dream; he had been out of sorts, fasting, and had conjured up thoughts that the brisk morning air dispersed. His interview with Colonel Bushy had refreshed him; his weapons might have rusted, but had not worn as a suspected he could hold his own yet.

And at the end of this avenue, that ran straight as the crow flies to the foot of the Red Hall, he would find somebody—something; and then the dance, the whistle, the rush of the leaves and wind blended, held him no longer, and be went forward, bent only on his thoughts.

Once he had gone this way with Frank and Madcap, and he had moved beside them like aghost. Now he walked the same path, living, and knowing that, beyond any taking away of Frank or any other, she was his, had been always his to the last beat of her heart; and even in dyinghad left him (so loath was she to leave him quite) a lovely message in her own image, that should reach and stay him in the first hour of physical and mental weakness that he had ever known.

He gave no backward thought to the dead nowlying in the Towers. He had not forgiven him, and never would, even though Madcap had loved the hoy; and to Mr. Eyre's own heart there had been no living soul (save her) so near to it as Frank Lovel.

CHAPTER VIL

No regular notifications of the hour of Lord Lovel's funeral were sent out, or invitations in the county given; nevertheless, nearly every man of any consequence in it came, so that from the gates of the Towers to the churchyard there was an unbroken procession of men and women all on foot, as were the pall-hearers, so that not a sign of ostentation of hired grief marred the spectacle.

Some of those present remembered that this was about the anniversary of Mrs. Eyre's burying; but there were no flowers on this coffin, nor did Mr. Eyre follow, but a bright-faced boy brought fresh from school, and looking round repeatedly for the only face he knew among the bewildering crowd at his heels. But with his habitual contempt for laws and appearances, Mr. Eyre came last of all, leading a little child, whose dressing had possibly delayed him, as she had a boa-tied on over her white pinafore, and a bonnet on that certainly was never made for her, while a pair of her father's gauntleted gloves extended to her shoulders, and kept dry and warm her dimpled hands and arms. regular," said Colonel Busby, stiffy; his next of kin should have been asked to the funeral, which, I am told, you have

fixed for to-morrow."
"Not I," said Mr. Eyre, "but for next day. You'll see the heir safe enough, and, no doubt, the lawyer—and the rest

"It must be a great relief to you to know that you are not morally responsible for your wife's death," said ('olone! Busby, gathering all his energies together to implant one poisoned shaft in Mr. Eyre's invulnerable hide. "Almost as great a one as to know that I'm not physically responsible," said Mr. Eyre, grimly; "and now you'd better run back to Mrs. Busby, and retail

your news if any; you've filled my budget with food for a week." And Mr. Eyre went on his way down one of the three avenues that were the glory of The Towers and the pride of the Lovels—avenues that branched like

the Lovels—avenues that branched like three spokes of a giant wheel from the very hall door, and gave endless variety to the outlook.

Mr. Eyre had walked them in all seasons and all weathers, often with Madcap, oftener with Frank; and he knew them in their every gradation of splender. But this morning he saw the avenue in a new light, and, as it happened, was in a mood to observe it.

Dull and sadden as the day before had been, in the night the wind freshend, and by morning agaic had sprung up. The leaves of the trees, wasted to mere sheletons, danced in their them sands to the keen wind that smoothers this way and that, and produced (with the sun shining through) as extrage?

cary effect, so that Mr. Eyre stood for a time looking, and thinking that he had never really seen wind before.

Though they came last, the crowd divided, and the right of precidence at the grave was given them; indeed, a clear circle was left around the pair, that might have touched a less sensitive man than Mr. Eyre; but the only sign of feeling he gave during the burial service was when he looked down at the child's feet, and for the first time observing that she wore shoes, snatched her up, and, having stripped them and her warmly in his cloak, and stood impassible as before.

Madcap the younger had been quite happy as she trotted along beside him, and the sight of so many people, and some familiar faces, pleased her, but she was happiest of all when "Dad" took her up, and from the eminence of his stature gave her a bird's-eye view of the proceedings that ended in a leave

his stature gave her a bird's-eye view of the proceedings that ended in a long stare at a boy, whose head did not reach

her father's elbow as he stood behind it.
When that droll little head popped
over Mr. Eyre's shoulder, the boy looked up, and fell in love at once with her, so that when her blue eyes dropped to him, and her rosy lips pouted to him in token of satisfaction, it was natural enough that he should reach up to, and

Colonel Busby was a witness to the little scene, and considered it unseemly to the last degree. The villagers whispered that here was the old story over again, a Lovel would love a Madcap, even to his own undoing, to the end of time. Most of those present thought of how Frank had led Doune at the older Madcap's funeral; and some of them saw, grudgingly, how Providence, in meting out its bitters, had kept some sweets for Mr. Eyre yet. His innocence, too, was clear, and men wondered that they could have doubted him; even Colonel Bushy, with a sigh, relin-quished his suspicions, and hated him worse than before.

Those who saw him that day-this terrible man, this monster of evil incarnate, who had stalked tearless, unheeding, through tragedies at which an angei might have wept—with a little child clinging to his hand, prattling, looking up into his face with perfect trust and love, somehow they felt their convic-tion of his Satanship rudely shaken, and in every breast was wrought a revulsion of feeling toward him.

Perhaps some of the men thought of how great had been his wife's love for him, and she had not been one to love unworthily; perhaps every woman present saw that he had dressed the child nimself, and more than one mother's heart yearned to him as she marked the laboriously tied bonnet-strings, the clumsily knotted boa, and smiled, with a tear between, at the masculine intelli-gence that had put warm stockings on, but shoed the little one with brown pa-

Mr. Eyre had glanced neither to right nor left among the crowd, so that if his compeers were present that day he did not know it, and from first to last gave no one the opportunity of either turn-ing a friendly or a cold face toward

He seemed neither to see nor heed them, as he turned abruptly and left the churchyard, followed by the young heir, who obeyed a little commanding hand that beckoned him over her father's shoulder, so that the three entered the Towers together.

When the lawyer and others (including Colonel Busby, who must hear the will read, or die) came in, they found Mr. Eyre drying his daughter's shoes by the library tire, while she was feeding the heir with cake, and kissing him when her own mouth was not full. He was like Doune, her brother, only older and kinder; and her little heart went out to him at once, while the boy had no sister and only a fine-lady cuckoo-mother, who had never loved

And if he hung his head and blushed a little, he loved her, too, and took her image back to school with him that day so that often, when alone, he would blush again at the thought of her, and long to feel the touch of those velvet

lips again. The Duke of Marmiton, who had been one of those passed unnoticed at the grave, on entering the room, took Mr. Eyre's hand very warmly (not seeming to notice that it was his left, the right being occupied with Madcap's shoe), and bade him a hearty welcome home

after his wanderings. [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all threat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to our suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to our suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyrs, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.—13-22eow.

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They will also give the usual facilities to ustomers requiring advances.—99-9mos. COUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

DR. CRONK'S SARSAPARILLA REER CONTAINS NO GAS.

Private families and farmers can get it for narvest time by leaving their orders at any notel in the county or at the manufactory. Waggon delivers every week. PRICE: \$1.00 per dozen Imperia

SAWEY & CHESTER. Lindsay, July 2nd, 1884 -95-26. A CAPITAL CHANCE.

PTERCROVE STORE And Dwelling

FOR SALE, With one acre GARDEN LOT attached, also STOREHOUSE and STABLE. The store with dwelling above it is 22x40 ft. and new. It is a splendid stand. There is no opposition. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Apply for terms to

Franklin, Oct. 23, 1884,—11-tf. Franklin THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE. The Largest Fire Insurance Company in the World.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. Assurance effected with er without profits at moderate rates. Four-fifths of profits given to colicy-holders. For particulars or rates apply to R. SPIER.

Agent for Lindsay and Co. Victoria

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY Steam Carriage and Blacksmith Shop in Lindsay.

The subscriber offers for sale cheap his large frame Carriage and Blacksmith Shop, situate on Lots 27, 28 and 29, north of Kent-st., in the Town of Lindsay, with good frame dwellinghouse attached.
The buildings are nearly new and substantially built. tally built.

The carriage shop is large and well-fitted up, with Steam Boiler and Engine, with all necessary shafting, pulleys and belting, and is suitable for Planing Mill, Sash or Door Factory, or any business of that nature.

The premises are very centrally and conveniently situate, and will be sold cheap, as the proprietor is retiring from business.

the proprietor is retiring from Forterms, etc., apply to WM. HERLIHEY, or O'LEARY & O'LEARY.

Barristers Lindsay. Lindsay, Sept. 4, 1884.—1394-tf. THE OLD ESTABLISHED

REVIEW BOOK-BINDERY,

PETERBOROUGH, ONT. **ACCOUNT BOOKS** MANUFACTUERED

BOOK-BINDING OF ALL KINDS.

Makers of Blank Books, Pocket Books, Bill Cases, Polios, etc. Pasteboard Boxes and Covers. Envelopes, Etc.

ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS.

of every kind. Stock fully ery department. Prices low. erted in every department. Fire and de-

ed. Competent Workmen. Best Material. Noted for Style, Strength and Moderateforices. MONES. Poeket Books, Music and Port-THE REVIEW PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, (Limited)

Miscellaneous.

LAVERY, Auctioneer for Manvers. • Sales promptly attended to. Prices derate. Address, Janetville P. O.-61-lyr.

PRIZE. - Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away, than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.—83-lyr-pd.

LUMBER, LATH, PICKETS AND

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER for Barns and Dwelling Houses. BILL STUFF all dimensions, from ten to thirty feet long

DRY LUMBER for Sash and Doors. FLOORING dressed and undressed, at the Lindsay yard or at our mills at Fenelon Falls. GREEN & ELLIS. Proprietors,

SAMUEL PARSONS,
Agt. at Lindsay, in place of A. W. Parkin.
WM. GOODENOUGH, Assistant and Clerk.
Fenelon Falls, Aug. 4, 1883. 48-19. MOSSOM BOYD & Co.

LUMBER YARD.

CORNER OF BOND AND LINDSAY-STS LINDSAY.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles and Pickets of all Grades. Also BORGAYGEON LIME in Barrels and in Bulk, and CURDWOOD for Sale. SAMUEL WALKER, Agent.

Lindsay, Dec. 26. 1884.-68.

ALEX. MITGHELL Cambridge-st., Lindsay, Ont.

Dealer in and manufacturer of TOMBSTONES. and all descriptions of MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

A Number of Fine Blue Marble Column Menuments on hard. Aberdeen Grey Granite and American Marble Headstones. All orders attended to promptly and thoroughness and correctness guaranteed in every particular. Prices on application. Lindsay, May 4, 1882.—921

TENDERS FOR WATER SUPPLY.

TENDERS will be received up to

Tuesday, 2nd Day of December, 1884 FOR THE SUPPLY OF WATER FOR FIRE AND OTHER PURPOSES.

for the Town of Lindsay. Parties so tendering will state in what way they propose to supply the same. The lowest or any tender not ecessarily accepted. I also call for Tenders for Digging and Laying Pipes to Connect the Present Main with the New Pumps. Parties tendering will call on me for plans and specifications

GEORGE CRANDELL

Chairman F. & W. Committee



NOTICE is hereby given that the Council of the Corporation of

the County of Victoria will meet in the Council Chamber, in the Court House, in the town of Lindsay, on Tuesday, the 9th Day of December.

1884, at two o'clock p. m., for the transaction of general business. By order. T. MATCHETT, COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE, County Clerk. indsay, 24th Nov., 1884. 1-16-2.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS

COUNTY OF VICTORIA,

On Saturday, the 20th day of December. A.D., 1884, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, I will offer by PUBLIC AUCTION, at my office in the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, all the right, title and interest of the defendant in the undermentioned lands and tenements, seized by me under and by virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of Her Majesty's County Court of the County of Victoria, and to me directed, in which ADAM HUDSPETH is plaintiff and JANE BEATTY is administratrix with the will annexed of the estate and effects of Robert P. Beatty, deceased, is defendant: the said lands and tenements being composed of all and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the village of Bobcaygeon in the County of Victoria and Province of Ontario, and being composed of Lot number Seven East Boulton street, and west half Lot number Nine East Mansfield street, containing by admeasurement three-fourths of an acre, be the same more or less. ment three-fourths of an acre, be the same more

GEORGE KEMPT. Sheriff County Victoria. per P. MITCHELL, Deputy-Sheriff C. V. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LINDSAY, 25th November, A. D. 1884. -16-4. 6.243

The last THERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

COUNTY OF VICTORIA,

X

On Saturday, the 7th Day of March, A. D. 1885, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, I will offer by PUBLIC AUCTION, at my office in the Court House, in the town of Lindsay, all the right, title, and interest of the defendall the right, title, and interest of the defendant in the undermentioned Lands and Tenements, seized by me under and by virtue of several writs of Fieri Facias, issued out of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice, Chancery, Queen's Bench and Common Pleas Divisions, and to me directed, in which Cales Blyssions, and to me directed in which Cales Blyssions, and tenements being composed of all and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Mariposa and Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the West half of Lot No Ten, in the Eleventh Concession of the Township of Mariposa. Also Town Lot number Five, south of Russelst, east in the Town of Lindsay, and the West part of Lot number Five, south of Russelst, east in the Town of Lindsay, and the West part of Lot number Six on the South side of Russellst, east, which latter parcel or fract of land may be better known and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at the North-west angle of said Lot number Six, thence south sixteen (16) degrees, east one hundred and thirty-two feet (122 feet), more or less, to the rear of said lot, thence north seventy-four (1) degrees, east along the rear of said lot seventeen (17) feet six (6) inches, thence north sixteen (16) degrees, west one hundred and thirty-two (132) feet, more or less, to Russell-st, east, thence along the southern limits of Russell-st, east, seventeen (17) feet six (6) inches, to the place of beginning, containing in all thirteen thousand two hundred (13,200) square feet, more or less.

GEORGE KEMPT. ant in the undermentioned Lands and Tene

heriff County of Victoria per P. MITCHELA.
Deputy Sheria SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LINDSAY,)

GEORGE KEMPT.