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The Canadian Post

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1885. A SINGULAR MARRIAGE A STORY OF AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE.

hand on the bell, she almost hissed at him, under her breath, "Go away, go away; Amanda's coming!" Amanda was the parlor maid, and it was in those terms that the Twelfth-street Juliet dismissed her Brooklyn Romeo. As he wandered back into the Fifth avenue. where the evening air was conscious of a vernal fragrance from the shrubs in the little precinct of the pretty Gothic church ornamenting that charming part of the impression of the delightful con-

tact from which the girl had violently released herself to reflect that the great reason she had mentioned a moment before was a reason for their marrying, of course, but not in the least a reason for their not making it public. But, as I said in the opening lines of this chapter, if he did not understand his mistress' motive at the end, he cannot be expected to have understood them at the boginning.

CHAPTER II. Mrs. Portico, as we know, was always talking about going to Europe; but she had not as yet—I mean a year after the incident I have just related-put her hand upon a youthful cicerone. Petticoats, of course, were required; it was necessary that her companion should be of the sex which sinks most naturally upon benches in galleries and cathedrals. and pauses most frequently upon staircases that ascend to celebrated views. She was a widow with a good fortune and several sons, all of whom were in Wall street, and none of them canable of the relaxed pace at which she expected to take her foreign tour. They were all in a state of tension; they went through life standing. She was a short. broad, high-colored woman, with a loud voice, and superabundant black hair, arranged in a way peculiar to herself—with so many combs and bands that it had the appearance of a national coiffure. There was an impression in New York, about the year 1845, that the style was Danish; some one had said something about having seen it in Schleswig-Holstein. Mrs. Portico had a bold, humorous, slightly flambovant look; people who saw her for the first time received an impression that her late husband had married the daughter of a barkeeper or the proprietress of a menagerie. Her high, coarse, good-natured voice seemed to connect her in some way with public life; it was not pretty enough to suggest that she might have been an actress. These ideas quickly passed away, however, even if you were not sufficiently initiated to know—as all the Gressics, for instance, knew so well -that her origin, so far from being developed in mystery, was almost the sort of thing she might have boasted of. But in spite of the high pitch of her appearance, she didn't boast of anything; she was a genial, easy, comical, irreverent person, with a large charity, a demo-cratic, fraternizing turn of mind, and a contempt for many worldly standards, which she expressed not in the least in general axioms (for she had a mortal horror of philosophy), but in violent ejaculations on particular occasions. She had not a grain of mortal timidity, and she fronted a delicate social problem as sturdily as she would have barred the way of a gentleman she might have met in her vestibule with the plate chest. The only thing which prevented her being a bore in orthodox circles was that she was incapable of discussion. She never lost her temper, but she lost her vocabulary, and ended quickly by praying that Heaven would give her an opportunity to show what she believed. She was an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Gressie, who esteemed her for the antiquity of her lineage and the fre-quency of her subscriptions, and to whom she rendered the service of making them feel liberal—like people too sure of their own position to be frightened. She was their indulgence, their dissipation, their point of contact with dangerous heresies; so long as they continued to see her they could not be accused of being narrow-minded-a matter as to which they were perhaps vaguely conscious of the necessity of taking their precautions. Mrs. Portico never asked herself whether she liked the Gressies; she had no disposition for morbid analysis, she accepted transmitted associations, and she found, somehow, that her acquaintance with these people helped her to relieve herself. She was always making scenes in their drawing-room, scenes half indignant, half jocose, like all her manifestations, to which it must be confessed that they adapted themselves beautifully. They never "met" her in the language of controversy, but always collected to watch her, with smiles and confertable platitudes, as if they envied her superior richness of temperament. She took an interest in Georgina, who seemed to her different from the others, with suggestions about her of being likely not to marry so unrefrontingly as her sisters had done, and of a high, build standard of duty. Her sisters had musted from day, but live Postice weak rather have chapted off one of her large, former hands them believe besuif as transmitted associations, and she found, lieved, as Mrs. Portico had believed-hadn't she?—that, any time the last year, Raymond Benyon was less to her thus he had beer before. Well, as he was; yes, he was. He had gone swag— he was off, Heaven knew where—in the Pacific; also was alone, and now dis-world remain alone. The family believed it was all over—with his poing back to his ship, and other things, and they was right; for it-was over—or it, washi

well as that. She had in harmonites less condition, a certain ideal of the that should be both benefited and romantic, with instance of the production of the troubles. She looked to Georgina, to a considerable degree, to gratify her in-this way; but she had really never understood Georgina at all. She ought to have been shrewd, but she lacked this refinement, and sile liever understood anything until after many disappointments and vexations. It was difficult to startle her, but she was much startled by a communication that this young lady made her one fine spring morning. With her fiorid appearance and speculative mind, she was probably the most innocent woman in New York.

Georgins came very early—earlier

Georgins came very early—earlier even than visits were paid in New York thirty years ago; and instantly, without any preface, looking her straight in the face; told Mrs. Portico that she was in nothing shameful in having married poor Mr. Benyon, even in a little church at Harlem, and being given away by a paymaster. It was much more shameful to great trouble and must speed to her for assistance. Georgina had in her aspect no symptom of distress; she was as fresh and beautiful as the April day be in such a state without being pre-pared to make the proper explanations. And she must have seen very little of her husband; she must have given him

up such a situation forever! There was

up—so far as meeting him went—almost as soon as she had taken him. Had not

Mrs. Gressie herself told Mrs. Portico.

in the preceding October, it must have been, that there now would be no need

of sending Georgina away, inasmuch as the affair with the little navy man—s

"After our marriage I saw him less
—I saw him a great deal less," Georgina
explained; but her explanation only
appeared to make the mystery more

"I don't see in that case what on earth you married him for!"

"We had to be more careful—I wished to appear to have given him up.
Of course we were really more intimate
—I saw him differently," Georgins said,

"I should think so! I can't for the

life of me see why you weren't dis-

Mrs. Portico exhaled a comprehensive

covered.

project in every way so una quite blown over?

itself; she held up her head and smiled, with a sort of familiar bravado, looking like a young woman who would naturally be on good terms with fortune. It was not in the least in the tone of a person making a confession or relating a misadventure that she presently said: "Well, you must know, to begin with—of course, it will surprise you—that I'm married."

"Married, Georgina Gressie!" Mrs. Portice repeated in her most resenant

Georgins got up, walked with her majestic step scross the room, and closed the door. Then she stood there, her back pressed against the mahogany panels, indicating only by the distance she had placed between herself and her Lostess the consciousness of an irregular position. "I'm not Georgina Gressio— I'm Georgina Benyon; and it has become plain, within a short time, that the natural consequence will take

Mrs. Portico was altogether bewild-ered. "The natural consequence?" she exclaimed, staring.

"Of one's being married, of coursesuppose you know what that is. No one must know anything about it. I

"All I can say is we weren't. No doubt it's remarkable. We managed very well—that is, I managed—he didn't want to manage at all. And then, father and mother are incredibly stupid!" want you to take me to Europe." Mrs. Portico now slowly rose from her place, and approached her visitor, looking at her from head to foot as she did so, as if to challenge the truth of her moan, feeling glad, on the whole, that she hadn't a daughter, while Georgina went on to furnish a few more details. remarkable announcement. She rested Raymond Benyon, in the summer, had been ordered from Brooklyn to Charlesher hands on Georgina's shoulders a moment, gazing into her blooming face, and then she drew her closer and kissed town, near Boston, where, as Mrs. Portico perhaps knew, there was another her. In this way the girl was conducted navy-yard, in which there was a temporback to the sofa, where, is a conversaary press of work requiring more over-sight. He had remained there several tion of extreme intimacy, she opened Mrs. Portico's eyes wider than they had ever been opened before. She was Ray. months, during which he had written to her urgently to come to him, and during mond Benyon's wife; they had been which, as well, he had received notice married a year, but no one knew anything about it. She had kept it from every one, and she meant to go on keepthat he was to rejoin his ship a little later. Before doing so he came back to Brooklyn for a few weeks to wind up his work ing it. The ceremony had taken place in a little Episcopal church at Harlem there, and then she had seen him-well, pretty often. That was the best time one Sunday afternoon after the service. of all the year that had elapsed since There was no one in that dusty suburb who knew them. The clergyman, vexed at being detained and wanting to go their marriage. It was a wonder at home that nothing had been guessed, because she had really been reckless and Benyon had even tried to force on iome to tea, had made no trouble; he tied the knot before they could turn a disclosure. But they were stupid, that was very certain. He had besought round. It was ridiculous how easy it had been. Raymond had told him her again and again to put an end to their false position, but she didn't want frankly that it must all be under the rose, as the young lady's family disapproved of what she was doing. But she it any more than she had wanted it before. They had rather a bad parting: was of legal age and perfectly free; he could see that for himself. The parson in fact, for a pair of lovers, it was a very queer parting, indeed. He didn't know, had given a grunt as he looked at her now, the thing she had come to tell over his spectacles. It was not very Mrs. Portico. She had not written to complimentary; it seemed to say that she was indeed no chicken. Of course she looked old for a girl; but she was not a girl now, was she? Raymond had him. He was on a very long cruise. It might be two years before he re-turned to the United States. "I don't care how long he stays away," Georgina certified his own identity as an officer said, very simply. in the United States navy (he had papers, besides his uniform which he married him. Perhaps you don't rewore), and introduced the clergyman to a friend he had brought with him, who member." Mrs. Portico broke out, with her masculine laugh. was also in the navy-a venerable paymaster. It was he who gave Georgina away, as it were; he was an old. old man, a regular grandmother, and per-fectly safe. He had been married three no, Mrs. Portico, of course I haven't; times himself. After the ceremony she went back to her father's; but she saw Mr. Benyon the next day. After that she saw him, for a little while, pretty often. He was always begging her to

Raymond's a splendid fellow." "Then why don't you live with him? You don't explain that." "What would be the use when he's always away? How can one live with a man that spends half his life in the South Seas? If he wasn't in the navy come to him altogether; she must do him that justice. But she wouldn't it would be different. But to go through she wouldn't now-perhaps she wouldn't ever. She had her reasons, which everything—I mean everything that making our marriage known would bring seemed to be very good, but were very difficult to explain. She would tell Mrs. upon me—the scolding and the exposure, and the ridicule, the scenes at home— Portice in plenty of time what they were. But that was not the question now, whether they were good or bad; the question was for her to get away to go through it all, just for the idea, and yet be alone here, just as I was before, without my husband after all—with none of the good of him," and here Georgina looked at her hostess as if from the country for several months—
far away from any one who had ever
known her. She would like to go to
some little place in Spain or Italy,
where she would be out of the world with the certitude that such an enumeration of inconveniences would touch her effectually. "Really, Mrs. Portico, I am bound to say I don't think that would be worth while. I haven't the courage until everything was over. Mrs. Portico's heart gave a jump as this serene, hand-some, familiar girl, sitting there with a hand in hers, and pouring forth this ex-"I never thought you were a coward." said Mrs. Portico. traordinary tale, spoke of everything being over. There was a glossy coldness in it, an unnatural lightness, which suggested—poor Mrs. Portico hardly knew what. If Georgina was to become a mother, it was to be supposed she was to remain a mother. She said there was a beautiful place in Italy—Genoa of

which Raymond had often spoken, and where he had been more than once—he

admired it so much; couldn't they go there and be quiet for a little while?

She was asking a great favor—that she knew very well; but if Mrs. Portico

wouldn't take her, she would find some one who would. They had talked of

such a journey so often; and, certainly, if Mrs. Portico had been willing before,

she ought to be much more willing now.

The girl declared that she would do

something—go somewhere—keep, in one way or another, her situation unper-

ceived. There was no use talking to her

about telling—she would rather die than tell. No doubt it seemed strange, but

she knew what she was about. No one

had guessed anything yet—she had suc-ceeded perfectly in doing what she wished—and her father and mother be-lieved, as Mrs. Portico had believed—

"Well, I'm not-if you will give me time. I'm very patient."
"I never thought that, either." "Marrying changes one," said Geor-

gina, still smiling. "It certainly seems to have had a very odd effect upon you. Why don't you make him leave the navy and arrange your life comfortably, like every one

"You haven't mentioned why you

Georgina hesitated a moment. "Why,

"Oh, yes; I loved him!"

"And you have got over that?"

"I wouldn't for the world interfere with his prospects—with his promotion. That is sure to come for him, and to come quickly, he has such talents. He is devoted to his profession; it would ruin him to leave it.'

"My dear young woman, you are a trange creature," Mrs. Portico exclaimed, looking at her companion as if she had been in a glass case. "So poor Raymond says," Georgins

answered, smiling more than ever.
"Certainly, I should have been very sorry to marry a navy man; but if I had married him, I should stick to him in the face of all the scoldings in the

"I don't know what your parents ma have been; I know what mine are!" Georgina replied, with some dignity. "When he's a captain we shall comout of hiding."

"And what shall you do meanwhile? What will you do with your children?
Where will you hide them? What will you do with this one?"
Georgina rested her eyes on her lap for a minute; them, mining them, she must throw at the party of them.

almost families her young friend; she had some it it bereign little them. If the good fady that little shame to analyzing things a little more she would have said she had so little massience. She looked at "I am not in the least afraid of that Georgina with dilated eyes—her visitor was so much the column of the two-and exclaimed, and murmured, and sank not in the least. You will help me, "Do you mean I will support the child?"

and exclaimed, and murmured, and sank back, and sprang forward, and wiped her forehead with her nocket handker chief. There were things she didn't understand; that they should all have been so deceived, that they should have thought Georgina was giving her lover up (they flattered themselves she was discouraged or had grown tired of him), when she was really only making it impossible she should belong to any one else. And with this, her inconsequence, her capriciousness, her absence of motive, the way she contradicted herself, her apparent belief that she could hush up such a situation forever! There was Georgina broke into a laugh. "I do believe you would if I were to ask you? But I won't go so far as that—I have something of my own. All I want you to do is to be with me."

"At Genos—yes, you have got it all fixed! You say Mr. Benyon is so fond of the place. That's all very well; but how will he like his infant being deposited there?" "He won't like it at all. You see I

tell you the whole truth," said Georgina,

gently.
"Much obliged; it's a pity you keep it all for me! It is in his power, then, to make you behave properly. He can publish your marriage if you won't; and if he does you will have to acknowledge your child."

"Publish, Mrs. Portico? How little you know my Raymond! He will never break a promise; he will go through fire first. "And what have you got him to pro

mise ?" "Never to insist on a disclosure against my will; never to claim me openly as his wife till I think it is time; never to let any one know what has passed between us if I choose to keep it still a ecret-to keep it for years, to keep it forever. Never to do anything in the matter himself, but to leave it to me. For this he has given me his solemn word of honor. And I know what that

Mrs. Portico, on the sofa, fairly bounced. "You do know what you are about And Mr. Benyon strikes me as more fantastic even than yourself. I never heard

of a man taking such a vow. What good can it do him? "What good? The good it did him was that it gratified me. At the time he took it he would have made any promise under the sun. It was a condition I exacted just at the very last, before the marriage took place. There was nothing at that moment he would have refused me, there was nothing I couldn't have made him do. He was in love to that degree—but I don't want to boast," said

Georgiua, with quiet grandeur. "He wanted—he wanted," she added, but then she paused.
"He doesn't seem to have wanted much!" Mrs. Portico cried, in a tone which made Georgina turn to the window, as if it might have reached the street. Her hostess noticed the movement, and went on: "Oh, my dear, if I ever do tell your story, I will tell it so

that people will hear it!" "You never will tell it. What I mean is, that Raymond wanted the sanctionof the affair at the church—because he saw that I would never do without it. Therefore, for him, the sooner we had it the better, and, to hurry it on, he was ready to take any pledge.'

"You have got it patenough," said Mrs. Portico, in homely phrase. "I don't know what you mean by sanctions, or what u wanted of 'em!

Georgina got up, holding rather higher than before that beautiful head, which, in spite of the embarrassments of this interview, had not perceptibly abated of its elevation. "Would you have liked me to-to not marry?" Mrs. Portico rose also, and, flushed with the agitation of unwonted know-

ledge—it was as if she had discovered a skeleton in her favorite cupboard—faced her young friend for a moment. Then her conflicting sentiments resolved themselves into an abrupt question, utteredfor Mrs. Portico—with much solemnity:
"Georgina Gressie, were you really in love with him?"

The question suddenly dissipated the girl's strange, studied, wilful coldness: she broke out with a quick flash of pas-sion—a passion that, for the moment, was predominantly anger. "Why else, in heaven's name, should I have done what I have done? Why else should I have married him? What under the sun had I to gain?"

A certain quiver in Georgina's voice. light in her eye which seemed to Mrs. Portico more spontaneous, more human, as she uttered these words, caused them to affect her hostess rather less painfully than anything she had yet said. She took the girl's hand and emitted indefinite, admonitory sounds. "Help me, my dear old friend, help me," Georgina continued in a low, pleading tone; and in a moment Mrs. Portico saw that the tears were in her eyes.

"You're a queer mixture, my child," she exclaimed. "Go straight home to yourown mother and tell hereverything; that is your best help." "You are kinder than my mother. You

mustn't judge her by yourself." "What can she do to you? How can she hurt you? We are not living in pagan times," said Mrs. Portico, who was seldom se hysterical. "Besides, you have no reason to speak of your mother—to think of her, even-so! She would have liked you to marry a man of some property; but she has always been a good mother to you."

At this rebuke Georgina suddenly kindled again; she was, indeed, as Mrs. Portico had said, a queer mixture. Conscious, evidently, that she could not satisfactorily justify her present stiffness, she wheeled round upon a grievance which absolved her from selfdefence. "Why, then, did he make that promise, if he loved me? No man who really loved me would have made itand no man that was a man. as I understand being a man! He might have seen that I only did it to test him, to see if he wanted to take advantage of being left free himself. It is a proof that he doesn't love me, not as he ought to have done: and in such a case as that a wo-

man isn't bound to make sacrifices!" Mrs. Portico was not a person of a nimble intellect; her mind moved vigorously, but heavily; yet she semetimes made happy guesses. Altogether, Mrs. Portico was shocked and dismayed at Fortice was shocked and dismayed at such a want of simplicity in the behaviour of a young person whom she had hither to believed to be as candid as she was stylish, and her appreciation of this discovery expressed itself in the uncompromising remark: "You strike me as a very bad girl, my dear; you strike me as a very bad girl."

HIS BUNKAL THE

hat, in spite of this re-

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April 27th, 1885,-38.

have consented to everything that Georgina asked of her. I have thought it well to narrate at length the first conversation that took place between them, but I shall not trace further the details of the girl's urgency, or the steps by which-in the face of a hundred robust and salutary convictions—the loud, kind, sharp, simple, skeptical, credulous woman took under her protection a damsel whose obstinacy she could not speak of without getting red with anger. It was the simple fact of Georgina's personal condition that moved her; this young lady's greatest eloquence was the seriousness of her predicament. She might be bad, and she had a splendid, careless, insolent, fair-faced way of admitting it, which at moments incoherently, inconsistently, and irresistibly resolved the harsh confession into tears of weakness; and Mrs. Portico had known her from her rosiest years. and when Georgina declared the couldn't go home, that she wished to be with her and not with her mother, the she couldn't expose herself—she couldn't

-and that she must remain with her and her only till the day they should sail, the poor lady was forced to make that day a reality. She was over-mastered, she was cajoled, she was, to a certain extent, fascinated. She had to accept Georgina's rigidity (she had none of her own to oppose to it; she was only violent, she was not continuous): and once she did this, it was plain, after all, that to take her young friend to Europe was to help her, and to leave her alone was not to help her. Georgina literally frightened Mrs. Portico into compliance. She was evidently capable of strange things if thrown upon

her own devices. So, from one day to another Mrs. Portico announced that she was really at last about to sail for foreign lands (her doctor having told her that if she didn't look out she would get too old to enjoy them), and that she had invited that healthy Miss Gressie, who could stand so long on her feet, to accompany her. There was joy in the house of Gressie at the announcement; for, though the danger was over, it was a great general advantage to Georgina to go, and the Gressies were always elated at the prospect of an advantage. There was a danger that she might meet Mr. Benyon on the other side of the world; but it didn't seem likely that Mrs. Portico would lend herself to a plot of that kind. If she had taken it into her head to favor their love affair, she would have done it frankly, and Georgina would have been married by this time. Her arrangements were made as quickly as her decision had been-or rather had appeared—slow; for this concerned those agile young men down-town. Georgina was perpetually at her house; it was understood in Twelfth street that she was talking over her future travels with her kind friend. Talk there was, of course, to a considerable degree; but after it was settled they should start nothing more was said about

the motive of the journey. Nothing was said, that is, till the night before they sailed; then a few words passed between them. Georgina had already taken leave of her relations in Twelfth street. and was to sleep at Mrs. Portico's in order to go down to the ship at an early hour. The two ladies were sitting together in the firelight, silent with the consciousness of corded luggage, when the elder one suddenly remarked to her companion that she seemed to be taking great deal upon herself in assuming that Raymond Benyon wouldn't force her hand. He might choose to acknowledge his child, if she didn't; there were promises and promises, and many people would consider they had been let off when circumstances were so altered. She would have to reckon with Mr. Benyon more than she

"I know what I am about," Georgina answered. "There is only one promise for him. I don't know what you mean by circumstances being altered. "Everything seems to me to be altered," poor Mrs. Portico murmured, rather

tragically. TO HE CONTINUED.

L. O'Connor.

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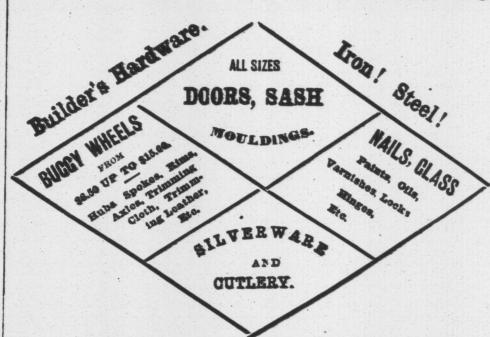
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