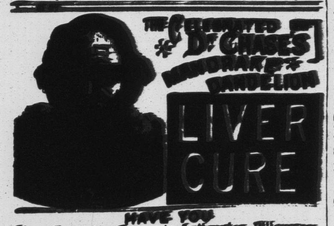
Dr. Chase's Liver Cure.



HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Constipation or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well known liver regulators MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

600,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

LADIES

It is a well known fact that an inactive liver causes a dull, sallow complexion, liver spots, pimples, etc.; Chase's Liver Cure is the only remedy that will most positively cure these complaints.

SENT FREE—SEND AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (by mail, containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Sold by R. W. Ellis, Lindsay; and R. F. Sutlee, Oakwood.—76-13.

Marriage Licenses.

GEORGE DOUGLASS,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,

MANILLA, ONT.

R. S. PORTER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,

LINDSAY, ONT.

Lindsay, Oct. 23, 1885.—13.

J. BRITTON,

(of the firm of Britton Bros., Jewellers, Lindsay,)

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1886.

THE BELLE OF MULKAPORE.

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

By the Author of "Faced Fateless."

'We must all follow when Fate puts from the shore."—BYRON.

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter XIV.

ON BOARD THE "HINDOSTAN."

'You do amuse me,' she exclaimed; 'you open your great big eyes so wide, and look as if I had seven heads! By the way, what color do you call your eyes—hazel, or light brown?' she asked, in a parenthesis. 'I thought all Irish girls had blue or gray eyes.'

My eyes have had been called 'yellow,' 'mud-color,' and 'cat's eyes,' by Rody and Deb, when in a specially critical humor. Consequently I felt some diffidence in advancing my own opinion, viz., that they were hazel, with black trimmings.

'If you were one of a large, pauper, genteel family, pursued Miss Gibbon loquaciously, 'you would soon know what I mean. Mr. Hogg came home last year, and happened to stay with friends of ours. He is fabulously rich; an enormous purse, both in purse and person. That's a pun,' pausing for applause. 'And all the girls in the place instantly set their caps at him, and he was good enough to throw the handkerchief to me, and I picked it up, and said 'Thank you kindly.' He told en route to marry him, wedding, trousseau, cake, and all complete!"

'And do you love him?' I asked point-blank.

'Love him!' she rejoined; no, I do not love him, you dear little sentimental goose! I don't dislike him, although he is middle-aged, usually plain, and preposterously fat! I am making what is called a 'good match,' and I can open up a splendid vista of pastures new to my three pretty, penniless sisters. I shall have them out, according to age, and marry them off! Now are you wiser?' she asked, suddenly changing her tone, and looking at me with her head on one side, and an expression of amused interrogation.

Miss Gibbon would half apologize for her extraordinary frankness by telling me that, as we were going to different parts of India, it did not signify two straws what she said to me.

'I must open my mind to some one,' she would say. 'It used to be to my sister Bessie; now that she is not within earshot, I repose my confidences in you, an utter stranger—and so much the better; you will soon forget the queer, mad girl you met on board the Hindostan, and, meanwhile, you serve me as an admirable safety-valve!'

After a time she ceased to be so expansive; her confidences were no longer mine. The new safety-valve was a very good-looking young man—a Bengal civilian, returning from furlough. Together they paced the deck, together they danced, and played chess, and occupied reserved corners. Only in our cabin and at meal-times did I see anything of Miss Florence Gibbon.

She was certainly a young woman of action; for after a short time she confided of the drought at our table (this in the Red Sea) and moved away to the one at which the Bengal civilian took his meals.

The other lady who shared my cabin was a Mrs. Fortescue Roper, a tall, slight individual, with a profusion of fair, almost orange-colored, hair. Her eyes were pale and her features indefinite, but somehow her whole face conveyed the most stylish and settling. I was not surprised to learn that Anglo-Indian ladies were considered lucky after I became acquainted with her. From the first she treated me with an affectionate familiarity that there was no resisting. She was an experienced woman of the world, and I was a raw, unsophisticated, country girl, and as wax in her hands. She took a prodigious fancy to me the instant she saw me. She told me that 'I amused her immensely, I was so refreshingly green'—her own expression—'I was, moreover a heroine, who had saved a whole boat's crew from the Bay of Biscay!'

This I indignantly denied; but my anxious disclaimers were of no avail.

'There is not a bit of good in your talking my dear; no one will believe you. It is in all the newspapers that you saved Colonel Keith's life, and if I were in your place I would swear that I had saved the other twelve passengers into the bargain! Always stand up for yourself, and put your best foot foremost.'

Mrs. Roper occupied a top berth, and made that elevation an excuse for sending me all her errands, and they were not a few.

'Go into the saloon, and bring me the yellow-backed novel from the top of the piano, there's a darling! Don't look into it, for it is a very naughty book, and not fit for an innocent little pet lamb like you;' or, 'Would you mind bringing me the eau-de-Cologne, dearest?' or, 'just run up on deck—your are young and nimble—and tell Colonel Durand that I am not coming out till the afternoon, I have such a headache!'

She never got up till Miss Gibbon and I were both dressed. She liked to have the cabin to herself. 'Air, and space, and plenty of elbow-room,' were necessities she could not dispense with.

I was an early riser, and only too glad to escape from the stuffy cabin and take a turn on deck with Colonel Keith; who had fallen in with many Anglo-Indians, and was a most sought-after and popular man. Breakfast would be almost forgotten when Mrs. Roper would make her appearance on deck, charmingly dressed in an elaborate washing costume, and altogether got up with considerable care.

To see her languidly moving towards her long cane chair, feebly responding to the anxious enquiries of a host of attentive gentlemen, one would think she was a confirmed but most interesting invalid. I knew better having seen a well-laden tray despatched to her berth during breakfast. Extended at full length in her steamer-chair, her head gracefully buried in cushions, and her beautifully shod feet modestly displayed beneath the frills and furbelows of her morning-gown, she would remain perdue the entire forenoon, an enormous white-covered umbrella concealing her and the favored cavalier, who read and talked to her, in a low voice, until the tete-a-tete was interrupted by the luncheon-bell.

No one on board the Hindostan believed the heresy 'that luncheon is an insult to your breakfast, and an injury to your dinner!' No, no! They all eagerly responded to the loudly clanging bell by hurrying headlong down to the saloon, where a substantial cold refection awaited all comers.

Mrs. Roper formed an exception to the rule. She still remained prone in her chair, slowly fanning herself with a prodigious black fan, and making observations in a faint, subdued tone. A recherche little luncheon, accompanied by a bottle of champagne, was, nevertheless, disposed of under the shelter of the umbrella; and during the afternoon Mrs. Roper would be sufficiently revived to stroll along the deck, arm-in-arm with her side-de-camp, and exchange a few words en passant with the other passengers. But after dinner was the time to see her at her best. Arrayed in an exquisite demi-toilet, and surrounded by a select circle, she was the gayest of the gay, the liveliest of the lively—a leetle fast, perhaps, and rather too fond of the adjectives 'beastly,' 'revolting,' and 'disgusting,' as applied to people and things. Nevertheless, it certainly seemed that the men found greater entertainment in her society, and she appeared to afford them as much amusement in one way as I did to her in another.

We had dancing on deck most evenings. Going down the Red Sea the weather was glorious—not a ripple on the water, and splendid moonlight nights. Mrs. Roper had no taste for the sublime; she prided herself on being common-place and matter-of-fact. I myself heard her describe the moonlight track on the water as looking very oily that it forcibly reminded her of melted butter. She 'loathed the moon,' she said; all the same she found it very useful, as, in its beams alone, she tripped the deck on light fantastic toe, the piano was the band, and dancing went on every evening for at least a week. I could not dance a step (except an Irish jig,) and I was obliged to decline many pressing invitations to take the floor, as I watched the revolving couples, dying (but not daring) to follow their example.

I had not touched upon the miscellaneous horde of other passengers, far too numerous to particularize. There was a strong civil element, half a dozen forlorn grass-widows en route to join their husbands; a judge, a general; a lord, bent on tiger-shooting; an M. P., toiling to write a pamphlet on the late famine; and several large clutches of young ladies, bound for the East, under the wings of various discreet and experienced chaperons. As a stray and friendless 'chicken' I was permitted to join one of the broods, and spent most of my time working and reading under the aegis of Mrs. Trevor-Jones, a very kind, motherly lady—a faint, fashionable travelled copy of Mrs. Ward.

My two cabin companions had had a few words previous to my arrival on board, and were not on speaking terms: a state of affairs that was exceedingly unpleasant for me, as they used me as a channel of communication whether I would or not. For instance, Mrs. Roper would say:

'Miss Burleigh, will you be so good as to tell Miss Gibbon that I cannot accommodate her dresses upon my hooks?'

'Miss Burleigh say to Mrs. Roper that these hooks are mine not hers!'

Or 'Miss Burleigh, tell Miss Gibbon that I insist on the port being closed.'

'Tell Mrs. Roper I intend to keep it open!'

Then Mrs. Roper would spring out of her top berth, with surprising agility, and slam the port with a defiant bang. But she had scarcely gone back to her couch, Miss Gibbon would have boldly thrown it open; and as fast as Mrs. Roper shut it, Miss Gibbon would open it. At length she ventured out her antagonist, who hysterically desired me to 'Tell Miss Gibbon she was a most unbearable, ill-natured young person, and that she (Mrs. Roper) would certainly complain to the captain of her abominable conduct.'

Of course we all laughed at Poor Sahib. In spelling out of the book Miss Gibbon blushed like anything, and very badly. As I used to purchase it and lendings it for her, and assist her to dress and do her hair, we were brought very much together, and she again restored to me her "safety-valve," and honored me with her confidence—one evening especially. We were sitting together on deck, in the dark, and had not opened our lips to each other for more than a quarter of an hour, when Miss Gibbon suddenly exclaimed:

'I declare, at times I've a good mind to jump overboard!'

I peered into her face in the dim light, but I could not make out whether she was in jest or earnest, or what to gather from her alarming declaration.

'You know I'm going to be married,' she went on. 'Its me you see,—or rather you do not see, for it's far too dark—the future bride of the rich Mr. Hogg. I suppose he is actually counting the very hours till I arrive in Madras!'

'Probably,' I answered; 'and you, are you reckoning up the days? Shall you be pleased to see him?'

'Pleased to see him! I hate the thought of him; I detest him!' she answered vehemently.

'Then why—why—?' I stammered.

'Why marry him? you would say. Because we are so poor, as I have told you fifty times; I have no choice. He has actually paid for my passage and outfit—think of that!' spreading out both hands, a favorite gesture. 'When I accepted him, I did not absolutely dislike him. I cared for no one else, and no one else cared for me. Now it is different; the very idea of Mr. Hogg drives me mostly frantic.'

'And what will you do?' I inquired, with my usual bluntness.

'That is exactly the question I am asking myself night and day. I cannot return to England, for I have no money; I cannot abscond, when I reach Madras, for the same excellent reason. I am only certain of one thing, and that is, come what may, I will not marry Mr. Hogg,' replied his financee, in a tone of stern determination.

'I would not, if I were you, if I did not like him,' remarked sage seventeen, serenely.

'I heard Mrs. Jones telling a story of some girl, who had been engaged on a short acquaintance, to a gentleman, for years and years, and went out to India to marry him; but when she saw him she found that she really could not; and she sold her wedding presents and outfit in Bombay to pay her passage home in the next steamer.'

'I am sure she did right,' I concluded with great emphasis, and in a tone of the deepest approval.

'History does not mention the kind of reception she met with at home when she arrived back to her loving relatives, sans husband, sans trousseau, sans presents!' remarked Miss Gibbon sarcastically. 'She received a tepid welcome, believe me.'

'No, no; I might work my passage home as stewardess—I should not mind that; but to face my mother and sisters, and uncles and aunts and cousins, who have all been chanting triumphant pæans in praise of my excellent sense and magnificent prospects—no, I could not do that! Come along; there's the bell for tea,' she exclaimed, jumping up, and and thus bringing the conversation to an abrupt conclusion.

Miss Gibbon could not endure Mrs. Roper, as I have already hinted.

'Horrid old frump!' she would say. 'She ought to be ashamed of herself. The way she goes on is preposterous—at her age, too!'

'Age!' I echoed. 'Why, she is quite young.'

'Forty, if an hour, probably forty-five,' returned Miss Gibbon, with unusual animation.

'Oh, how can you say so?' I expostulated indignantly. 'She does not look much older than you do.'

'Don't you know that she is 'made up,' you dear, little, innocent Paddy? Are you not aware that that is the reason she performs her toilet solus? She does not want to let us into its mysteries, in case we might divulge the secrets of the prison-house. Have you not remarked how she keeps the curtain of her berth drawn, and her face quite in the shade, and if you go near her, she always puts up her fan. What an unsophisticated little creature it is!' she added, surveying me with compassionate curiosity.

I had not observed this before, but it struck me now as a remarkable fact.

'I firmly believe,' continued my companion forcibly, 'that every night she takes off her hair and eyebrows, and removes her complexion and all her back teeth! What is in that mysterious little black bag that she always takes to bed with her? Tell me that!' authoritatively.

I shook my head hopelessly, in confession of miserable ignorance.

'Mr. Price told me,' pursued Miss Gibbon, with still greater animus, 'that he remembers her fifteen years ago, when he first came out, looking much the same as she does now—as notorious a flirt, and as vain and empty-headed as ever she could be. I wish I could lay hands on her bottles of hair-dye, and other various little artificial aids, and pitch them out of the cabin window. Then we should see her in her true colors,' concluded Miss Gibbon viciously, 'with dark hair and a tallow skin.'

'Miss Gibbon is a beast!—this was Mrs. Roper's opinion—'a great, gooseberry-eyed creature, like a barnacle! The way in which she is carrying on with Mr. Harvey Price is simply scandalous; considering, too, that she is engaged to be married. Whoever the finance may be, I pity him from my heart!—some people said that Mrs. Roper did not possess that organ. 'If she thinks that she is going to catch Harvey Price she is greatly mistaken. I'll put him on his guard this very day. Some one told me that her father was an auctioneer. If he was a surveyor, it would never surprise me. She is the regular stamp of an adventuress.'

So much Mrs. Roper confided to Mrs. Jones on a certain sunny afternoon, in my hearing. She still patronized me, and made me useful, and gave me plenty of advice gratis, and one day, when I was holding some wool for her, she became quite maternal in her attitude, as she wound off skein after skein, with jewelled, taper fingers.

'Of course, you will marry,' she said, nodding her head confidingly. 'But, take my advice, have nothing to say to the military; they are generally but poor, a Bengal or Bombay civilian, well up—if not already a member of council—is your mate. And, entre nous, you can flirt away with the officers as much as ever you please.'

'Mrs. Roper!' I cried, aghast, 'you can you say such things, even in jest! But it is of no consequence, for I never intend to marry. No—never!'

'Then what are you coming out for, my good girl?' she asked, with raised brows, and a highly incredulous expression of countenance.

'To live with my aunt and uncle.'

'Oh, well, your aunt and uncle won't have the pleasure of your society for long! You can tell them so, with my compliments. Of course, you know that you are a very pretty girl?'

'I know nothing of the sort,' I answered, coloring, 'and I don't think you ought to turn me into ridicule—you are making fun of me.'

'Come now, there is no use in putting on such an affectation of modesty,' gazing at me with an air of lazy amusement. 'It won't go down with me.'

'But I really mean what I say, Mrs. Roper, I really do. I have been told that I was ugly as long as I can remember anything; as a little girl I was simply hideous.'

'Very possibly,' returned my companion coolly; 'but now that you are a big girl, you are the very reverse! You are uncommonly pretty!'

'I was always told that I was plain!' I murmured, still clinging to old traditions. 'I am sure you must be making fun of me.'

'Who told you that you were plain?' she asked, sitting erect, and looking greatly entertained.

'Everybody!' I answered forcibly; 'grandfather, Deb, and dozens of others.'

'How long was this ago?'

'Oh, four or five years ago!'

'And did no one else say anything else?' she asked, dubiously.

'Yes; the servants and beggars used to call me a 'lovely girl;' but that is a mere figure of speech in Ireland; and Rody told me last summer that I was not so bad as he expected, and might pass in a crowd, if I got a good shove.'

'Your friend Rody evidently understands the art of paying graceful compliments! I can scarcely believe that you entertain so low an opinion of your charms.' Leaning forward, and looking into my face with calm, critical scrutiny, she said: 'Your eyes alone are a fortune to you, putting your dear little mouth and nose out of the question. You are a case of the ugly duckling, my dear. I have no doubt that once you were a detestable little duckling, but now you are a magnificent young swan. Probably your worthy aunt and uncle would say that I was poisoning your mind, if they heard me; but I think that a girl who is pretty and does not know it (or pretends she does not) is the eighth wonder of the world. Hold up you head—you will be the belle of Mulkapore.'

Chapter XV.

I still sat silent, mechanically winding up the last ball of wool, and vainly endeavoring to adjust my ideas. 'A pretty girl'—the intelligence was certainly most agreeable; but could it be true, or was it mere pleasant banter? It seemed incredible.

'Let me give you a little bit of advice, my dear,' she continued; 'do not be so brusque and abrupt with gentlemen. You keep them all at arm's-length—they are afraid of you, really quite afraid of you. Mr. Spooner, who admires you immensely, came up to me this afternoon and said: 'Is my nose on my face? Miss Burleigh nearly snapped it off just now.'

'I hate Mr. Spooner!' I observed with energy.

'My dear, my dear!' reprovingly. 'He is the judicial commissioner at Arcoonum, and draws five thousand rupees a month.'

'I don't know what a commissioner is, and I don't care if he has a million a month,' I answered recklessly.

'All in good time,' replied Mrs. Roper, complacently, nodding her head up and down, like a mandarin. 'You will be more worldly-wise this time next year. This time next year you will value position and rupees just as much as any other girl in India.'

The evening before we touched at Galle I retired as I always did, at ten o'clock. Mrs. Roper would remain pacing the deck till nearly midnight, with one of her train; and latterly Miss Gibbon had been quite as late in descending to her berth. As I opened the door of our cabin I remarked that all Miss Gibbon's portmanteaus were packed and strapped, and drawn out into the middle of the floor. Before I had time to ask a question, their owner, who was mending her gloves by the light of a candle, raised her eyes, and said, in a most casual manner:

'I am going to land at Galle to-morrow morning.'

[Continued next week.]

A Horrible Act of Blasphemy.

On Thursday morning there was a jovial crowd in a hotel at Millersburg, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, and while they were imbibing, Samuel Mecker, a patent medicine peddler, entered. A discussion followed on religious subjects, and Mecker dared the men to indulge in an imitation of the Lord's supper. They agreed to have it with beer and bread. They knelt in mock humility, and with the beer in one hand and bread in the other, Mecker went along distributing a bite and sup to each. Suddenly, when he was about half through, a strange noise was heard, and looking up the men saw a sight that made their blood run cold, and from the mouths in their bosoms. As near as the men could describe it they declare it was an immense ill-formed and foul beast with great cloven feet, infernal horns, and eyes that flashed fire. With loud yells the men rushed into the open air and scattered in every direction. Finally all of them reached their homes except Mecker who was away so long time and at last arrived at a counter. He was put to bed and physicians summoned; but they could do nothing for him. He raved, howled, and prayed, and declared he had seen the evil eye and that he was lost. His torture was terrible but nothing could be done to relieve him and he died in the wildest agony.

Consumption Cured.

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 Throat 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 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, using, and all information necessary for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Nervous Weakness, etc.—Address,

CHAS. B. BARR,

The Canadian Post,

LINDSAY.

Lindsay, Dec. 31, 1885.

"The Post."

GET THE BEST.

THE CANADIAN POST FOR 1886.

Once again has the time come for renewing subscriptions for another year, and THE POST confidently expects that once more friends and readers, many of them being from ten to twenty years standing, will continue the relationship for 1886. The past year has been a satisfactory one; and the incoming year promises steady progress, and as fair a share of prosperity as can be obtained in what many consider "these hard times."

The standing of THE POST as one of the best local papers in the Dominion will be maintained, and it will be the constant aim of its proprietor and staff to increase its value and interest. It is enough to say that its local correspondence will not be diminished. In this respect THE POST may fairly claim the first rank. The newsletters of our various correspondents make up a most valuable and interesting feature.

Special attention is directed to the new story just started in THE POST. It is one of surpassing interest and of high moral tone. It will please our readers more than any of the stories that have been published in the paper. New subscribers sending in names promptly will get the two back numbers (Dec. 11 and 18) containing the opening chapters of the story.

We need not enlarge upon the other features that have made THE POST popular and attractive. We may add that the advertisements are among the most interesting things to be found in the paper. They are fresh, bright, sparkling, witty, clever, entertaining. There is nothing stale or dull, not even among the most matter-of-fact legal notices. The advertisements are carefully perused for the tempting bargains they offer and for the varied wants they make known.

We trust our friends, agents and readers will continue with increased vigor their efforts to increase THE POST's sphere of usefulness. We are greatly indebted to them for their zeal and kind offices in the past, and respectfully solicit their co-operation for another year.

Renewals are now in order. Write name, amount and post-office plainly. Some people forget to give name or post-office. In changing from one post-office to another be sure to give the *old* name as well as the *new*. If you have a second name or initial give it as well. Register and address,—

CHAS. B. BARR,

The Canadian Post,

LINDSAY.

Lindsay, Dec. 31, 1885.

A. Higinbotham.

A FULL LINE OF SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, GOGGLES, ETC.

TESTIMONIAL.

LINDSAY POST OFFICE, Dec. 17, '85.

B. F. Laurance:

SIR,—I have been wearing the glasses procured from you, and have great pleasure in testifying to the accuracy with which you adapted the lenses to each eye. I was astonished at the readiness with which you discovered the difference in my eyes, the right being much stronger than the left.

I have not hitherto been able to get glasses that I could use with any satisfaction. I am, your obdt servant, H. GLADMAN.

TESTIMONIAL.

LINDSAY, 18th Dec., '85.

A. Higinbotham, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—The "Laurance" Eye-glasses procured from you this morning give me great satisfaction. I have never worn any to equal them for comfort in reading either print or writing without the slightest strain on the eyes. I have no doubt the spectacles I got from you for night reading will also prove satisfactory. In a dimly lighted room I find I can with ease read the smallest print—whilst not magnifying, the print seems clear and easily read. Yours truly, TOHS. MATCHETT.

A. HIGINBOTHAM, DRUGGIST, LINDSAY,

Lindsay, Nov. 13th, 1885.—67-tf. Sole Agent. [TELEPHONE Connection.

Laraine Machine Oil.

THRESHERS AND MILLMEN!

For Your Machinery in the Cold Weather, Use McCOLL'S Celebrated

WINTER LARDINE

MACHINE OIL.

Guaranteed not to stiffen up in cold weather or gum or clog. The best Oil in world. Manufactured and sold by McC LL. BRS. & Co., Toronto, and for sale by

JOS. HEAD, Fenelon Falls.
THEXTON & Co., Lindsay.
McLENNAN & Co., "
EDWARDS & Co., "

Sept. 28, 1885.—53-1y.

Thexton & Co.

"SILVER-PLATED WARE."

CUTTER TRIMMINGS,

GUNS AND SKATES.

STORM SASH—Prices Right.

—AT—

THEXTON & CO'S.

Lindsay, Dec. 10, 1885.—70.

S. Perrin.

THE GREAT COUGH REMEDY

Is sold by every Druggist and Dealer in Patent Medicine in the County.

Little Britain	H. Pogue
Oakwood	R. F. Butler
Omemee	E. J. Lytle
Fenelon Falls	W. R. Ellis
King's Wharf	J. C. Leary
Bobcaygeon	R. Ventress
Dunsford	Wm. Graham
Eastwood	Wm. Stacy
Fenelon	John Nugent
Ballyhoo	J. D. Perrin
Brampton	John Franks
Chisolm, Ill.	R. M. Porter
Haliburton	John Anderson
Ivondale	Peter Barr
Kinmount	Jas. Watson

Lindsay, Jan. 26th, 1886.—77.

James Keith.

CLOVER SEED! & CLOVER SEED!

—AND—

TIMOTHY SEED.

WANTED—ANY QUANTITY

—AT—

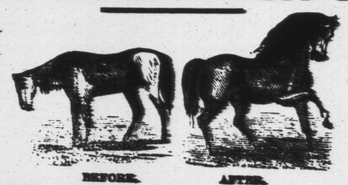
JAMES KEITH'S.

Lindsay, Jan. 26th, 1886.—77.

A. Higinbotham.

OLD ENGLISH CONDITION POWDER.

Recommended by Joseph Staples, Manvers; Geo. Wherry, Manvers; Dr. Fisher, Lindsay; Happy Jack, Lindsay.



Recommended by Wm. Braden, Lindsay; Wm. Handcock, Martpons; John Cairns, Manvers; Henry Gain, Lindsay.

TRIED AND TRIED—RAIN OR SHINE IT WON'T HURT ANY ANIMAL. Genuine, Reliable, Old English Condition Powder. No farmer can afford to be without it. Price 25c. & for $1.00

A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist, Lindsay.

Lindsay, Nov. 3rd, 1885.—65.

John Makins.

MILL MACHINERY.

JOHN MAKINS,

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY,

Iron Founder and Machinist,

MANUFACTURER OF

Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works.

Lindsay, Aug. 17th, 1883.—97.

McLennan & Co.

FRESH MINED COAL

STOVE, NUT AND EGG,

DELIVERED AT

LOWEST PRICES

—BY—

McLENNAN & COMPANY.

Lindsay, Oct. 1, 1885.—80