

J. Skitch. J. SKITCH Merchant Tailor. Is still on the inside of the track for everything in the tailoring line. CALL AND SEE OUR MARKED DOWN PRICES FOR FALL STUFF.

English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Gents' Furnishings and Ladies' Mantle Goods, which will be sold at surprising figures. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE. Two doors west of the Singer sewing machine office, Kent-st.

J. SKITCH, The Great Artistic Tailor. Lindsay, Oct. 26, 1885-86. The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1886. LAZY PINK.

[Arkansas Traveler.] As a wagon drew near, a boy lastly climbed over the fence and opened the door. "Why don't you move faster, you lazy fellow!" said the man who drove the team. "Because I'm tired." "You are always tired." "Yes, I am; and I wish I could get rested."

"You'll never do it. You are too lazy to get anything. Come on here now and help me take out the horses." The man was (Clarkson Miller; the boy was his son, Pinkney, known throughout the neighborhood as Lazy Pink. Unlike other boys he had never been known to engage in any game that required activity, and his mother often declared that he positively refused to walk until he grew to be so old that he was ashamed of himself. Pink was not handsome. His head was red and his face was freckled, and worse than all else, he was bow-legged. He cared nothing for books. At school, if not interrupted, he would sit all day with his eyes half-closed, yet no one could accuse him of being sleepy, for at home he was always the last one to go to bed. When the horses had been fed, and when Mr. Miller and his son returned to the house, the old man asked: "What have you been doing to-day?" "Nothing."

"Brooks tells me that it's no use to send you to school." "Well, I reckon it ain't." "He says you won't study." "Reckon he's right."

"Oh, you struck it, did you? Oh, yes, you struck it. Do you know where you will land?" "No, I don't know. You'll land in the penitentiary." "I don't know, sir."

"What makes you so interested?" "Pink, wouldn't you like to become a lawyer?" "Well, I am. I want to put you at the trifling business I know of as I reckon it would suit you to be a lawyer. I'll go over and see Judge Blake to-morrow. He'll either make you study or chop wood all the time. Wouldn't you like to get up and make speeches?" "Ain't particular."

When Pink arrived at Judge Blake's office, he found that the good boy, Lige Berry, had been installed as a student. Lige did not appear to be pleased when he discovered that Pink was to be his classmate at school and every prediction that he would enter upon an honored career. "Pink, wouldn't you like to become a lawyer?" "Well, I am. I want to put you at the trifling business I know of as I reckon it would suit you to be a lawyer. I'll go over and see Judge Blake to-morrow. He'll either make you study or chop wood all the time. Wouldn't you like to get up and make speeches?"

"The man whom you speak of was black. He was the first one to send me into the market, took their side under his nose, and wanted their money back. He wouldn't give it, and they went for him. He was making a good fight when one of them drew a knife. I had a heavy blow in his head, and he fell on the ground out of the fellow's hand and made the peddler go up to the ladder and off the boat. He thanked me and went away talking Chinese, and, as I supposed, cursing the crowd."

"A little while after the affair came up and wanted to go ashore. I searched every one of them and found nothing. They hadn't been gone more than half an hour when the peddler came back. His eyes were black, and his nose and mouth bloody and swollen. He said: 'Police-man, dem lobbie stealah foh, five can to-morrow. You help gettie back and take dem man to station house.' I felt sorry for the poor devil, and told him we'd go and search the forenoon for his property. We looked around for five or ten minutes and were about to give it up as a bad job when he found them hidden away behind some old sail-cloth. He popped them in his basket, shook hands, and thanked me a dozen times, gave me a handful of good silver, and the went away. Do you know, an account of the looking he had got, I never dropped to his racket at all. It was a put-up job. He brought on board real cans of tomatoes; he took away tomato cans filled with opium paste. The sailors were with him, and made put the real ones in their chests, and had replaced them with the smuggled stuff. There must have been thirty-five pounds, which meant a clear profit of \$500."

The Family Detective. [Long Branch Ore. Chronicle.] The fashion of juggling round so many splendid dresses and valuable jewels have risen to a new species of servant—the family detective. There are three detectives now living in the same hotel, each engaged in the service of a woman of wealth and show. One is a man, one is a woman, and one is a child. He had a good business in New York, but he tells me that the wages offered him by his present employer was sufficient to warrant him abandoning it for the summer and looking after her and her possessions. He receives \$200 a month, and besides has his expenses paid. He always stays at the best hotels, for it is necessary that he should be close to his charge, and besides he would not permit himself to be treated as a menial. He follows her like a discreet shadow—granting that a shadow is to be discreet—hangs round a neighboring post when she airs herself on the piazza, and accompanies her to entertainments. It was at the big ball that I stumbled across him, in all the possible glory of perfect evening dress. He kept close to his lady, who was blazing with diamonds, but he never presumed to speak to her. A fine gem sparkled on his own chest. His lady had lent it to him, he explained, to complete his appearance. "He accompanied his employer to her apartments, and received into his care the \$50,000 worth of gems with which she had been dazling the company. He kept the jewels safe by wearing them in a leather belt round his waist, and they never leave his body except to go upon the parson's altar. He goes heavily armed always, seldom leaves the hotel day or night except upon journeys, and never allows himself to touch intoxicants. He has so far this summer been in the White mountains, at Richmond Springs, and Narragansett Pier. Early in August he was to go to Saratoga, and from there to Bar Harbor. Altogether his lot is not an unhappy one."

It is on the occasion of wheat-cutting—the nearest approach in Wales to the English "harvest home"—that the feudality of the modern Welsh peasant is manifested. Every person, male and female, of every age from the 8-year-old urchin to the octogenarian, who has during the past year received, or expects in the future to receive, any favor from the farmer, attends to the "Fetel Welsh," or "wheat reaping." It is no unusual thing to see on a farm of 100 to 150 acres as many as fifty, eighty, or even 100 persons congregated to do honor to the occasion by rendering volunteer aid in cutting, binding, and stacking the corn. Not only must the laborers, with their wives and children all attend, but the village blacksmith, carpenter, mason, cobbler, tailor, and shop-keeper are expected to be present, to make up the village schoolmaster, preacher and parson do not deem it derogatory to their dignity to take personal and active part in the work during at least a portion of the day. The day's work begins after breakfast, and the resources of the farm-wife are strained to the utmost preparing food and accommodation for the little army which will invade the home at midday. The dinner-hour having arrived and the house having overflowed, rough temporary tables and benches are raised in the close or farmyard, and a plentiful supply of broth and boiled mutton, with accompanying vegetables from the kitchen garden, is provided. Tea is generally partaken of on the field—a sort of overgrown private picnic. The work of the day is generally over by 5 or 6 o'clock, and a final visit is paid to the farm-house to partake of the immense plating of boiled mutton which invariably constitutes the harvest supper.

"A OFFSCOURING." (Continued from last week.) "John Kemmer," the boy replied. "Have you a father and mother?" was the next question. "Nobody, yer honor, but myself."

"Which would you prefer to do, Johnny," the gentleman next inquired, "go into business or go to school?" "Well, I would rather go to school, ten to one," said Johnny, "but there ain't any show for that."

"I shall want you to go home with me in an hour or two, and give my wife her diamonds, and see what she thinks of you." "All right," said Johnny, brushing away the tears. "Anything to do now, yer honor?" The following Sunday Johnny went to the mission school for the last time, and in such clothes that Miss Lee hardly knew him. The grateful boy told his teacher all that had happened, and concluded as follows: "I am going away to school to-morrow, and if I've got the learning stuff in me I can go to college; but Miss Lee, if it had not been for you and God, I should have been an offscouring all the days of my life."

"The whole force of conversation," some one says, "depends on how much you can take for granted." The good listener may contribute to that force by intelligent nodding. We once introduced a friend who was going to be a carman on an all-day journey. One of them was an inveterate talker; the other, also a good talker, could keep still when necessary. Meeting the latter a few months after, we inquired how they enjoyed the life. "I'm all right," he replied, "I'm all right," said the quiet man. "He was first talking when the train started, and never stopped until it pulled into Jersey City, encouraged by only intermittent nods and smiles from me. Parting as we left the car, the doctor remarked offensively: 'We had a good day, I don't know when I have enjoyed a conversation so much.'"

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J. Wetherup. THE GENUINE BELL ORGAN. Admitted by all competent and unprejudiced judges to be the BEST MADE IN CANADA. Having taken the highest honors and TWENTY-THREE FIRST PRIZES in October, 1885, against the keenest competition. A list of prizes can be seen at my office at Kent-st., Lindsay.

J. WETHERUP, General Agent for the County of Victoria. Geo. Douglas—Manilla. REMNANTS OF PRINTS, DRESS GOODS, LACES, ETC., VERY CHEAP, AT GEORGE DOUGLAS'S MANILLA, To clear out for Spring Goods. GEO. DOUGLAS. Manilla, Feb. 17, 1886-87.

A. Higginbotham. A FULL LINE OF SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, GOGGLES, ETC. TESTIMONIAL. LINDSAY POST OFFICE, Dec. 17, '85. B. F. Lawrence: 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, Sir, your obedient servant, B. F. LAWRENCE. A. Higginbotham, Esq. Dear Sir—The "Lawrence" 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—without magnifying, the print seems clear and easy read. Yours truly, TOBIAS MACTAVY.

"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.

PERRIN'S PURE STAR CORDIAL. Little Britain... H. Pogue Oakwood... R. P. Butler Cambridge... E. J. Lytle Farnham... J. E. Ellis Elm... J. C. Leary Bobsaygon... W. Ventross Freetown... Wm. Graham Dunford... Wm. Stacey Peterboro... John Nugent Redfield... J. D. Furrin Hampton... John Frank Ch. 3rd. Ill. ... R. N. Porter Marlborough... John Anderson ... Peter Barr Kilmount... Jas. Watson

CLOVER SEED! CLOVER SEED! AND TIMOTHY SEED. WANTED—ANY QUANTITY AT JAMES KEITH'S. Lindsay, Jan. 26th, 1886-77.

GREAT CLEARING SALE SUMMER GOODS AT DOBSON & SON. In order to make room for Fall Goods we will sell all Summer Goods AT COST for the balance of the season. We have just received a large stock of Flannels, Shirtings, Dress Goods, Velvets, Pushes, and Dress Trimmings of the Latest Design. GENTLEMEN! Do not fail to see the Nobby Tweeds, Worsted, Pantings, Underclothing and Hosiery, all New Goods. We keep the Latest Hats, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, and best quality. As we have made a specialty of this GROCERIES Fresh and as cheap as the cheapest. Best grades of DOBSON & CAMPBELL'S Roller Flour at A. DOBSON & SONS. Cannington, Sept. 2, 1885-86.