## The Canadian Post

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, MAY 14, 1886. TENNYSONS ODE.

Mang at the opening of the Indian and Colonia Welcome, welcomet with one voice

From Isle and Cape and Continent Produce of your field and flood, Mount and line and primal wood. Works of subtle brain and hand, And splendours of the morning land; Gifts from every British sene, Britans, hold your own!

The mother featured in the son, And may yours forever be That old strength and constancy, Which has made your fathers great In our ancient Island State: And where'er her flag may fly Glorying between sea and sky, Make the might of Britain known. Britons, hold your own!

Britain fought her sons of yore: Britain failed, and never more: Carcless of our growing kin. Shall we sin our fathers sint Men that in a narrower day-Unprophetic rulers they-Drove from out the mother's nest That young eagle of the west, To forage for herself alone, Britone, hold your own!

Sharers of our giorious past. Brothers, must we part at last Shall not we, through good and ill, Cleave to one another still? Britain's myriad voices call; Sons, be welded, each and all, Into one Imperial whole, One with Hritain, heart and soul, One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne, Britons, hold your own! And God guard all.

THE BELLE OF MULKAPORE A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

By the Author of "Fated Fairfax." "We must all follow when Fate puts from the shore," BYRON.

> (Continued from last week.) CHAPTER NEW

However, it was no concern of mine Maurice could no doubt be jealous, very jealous, but his jealousy would not affect

During these tete-a-te rides we became excellent friends, and my cousin's mind was wholly disabused of the passing impression it had received from the gate-top that moonlight evening. We talked of Gallow, the draining of the lower meadows, the new roof, the new cottages-

improvements that would absorb the best mart of Maurice's income for theinext three Nothing was done without my approval; not a gate put up nor a tres cut down. You know so much more about the place than I do. Maurice would say, humbly, as he confided his troubles and business cor-

respondence to my experienced ear. Gallow was heavily mortgaged, too, and in no way an unalloyed bequest. "You would not sell it, I supposet I profanely asked; 'It is not much good to you. You will never live there."

'Seil !! Never! What are you thinking of, Noral Sell Gallow, which has been in our family since the flood! Sell the banshee, that gambala on the rooff The whole contents of the burying-ground would rise at the mere thought. No, no! I am not such a Goth as you imagine. To begin with; I could not sell it; it is entailed property; and, to conclude, I have more family pride than you seem to imagine."

But you will never live there,' I again arged. 'You must hate the place. Your recollections of it cannot be very pleasant. By the way, I hope you attach no special importance to first impressions. Shall you ever forget the day you picked me out of

'No,' he returned, emphatically. 'What an object you were, to be sure? No one can ever accuse me of falling in love with you st first sight, can they?"

'No, I should think not!' 'Nor at any other,' I was about to add, but suddenly serveted my too ready tongue, and asked

'How many times did you come to Ga

low-three times, was it not? Yes: my first visit was made memorable by your practical jokes. My second was

devoted to hunting; and my third—a pause—my third was the luckiest vieit I ever paid in my life.

This speech was made with deliberate fatention; it was the first time Maurice had even distantly hinted at the old bond interest me.

nd even distantly histed at the old bond street us. "Your third visit to Gallew was altential hatched and detectable," I answered velemently, svoiding his eyes; "and we will sayer speek of it again, if you please." I gave no time for an answer purposety, and administering a sharp out of my whip to the much-named Covalier, was soon longisted of quote and Mrs. Vene, whose soonpany effectually enduded my more youthful reminiscences on the part of my companion.

ittle speech to Maurice; the langer I postpound it the more difficult I found it to
make the avowal.

Is was the height of the Mulkapare season, and, as we rolled honevert in the
open carriage those white monitt nights
from balls and dinner-parties I, sitting
with with my back to the horses, frigned
abstraction or fatigue, as I ganed over the
moon-floeded plain—was I thinking of
Major Pentival, do you think! No, indeed,
I was not; every corner, every crevice of
my mind had Maurice for its temant. In
truth, in my heart of hearts I had a glimmering that had nigh grown into a conviction that Maurice loved me. I had seen
the same symptoms in others, and in former instances I had been partly vend,
partly flattered and wholly indifferent.

I postponed—weakly and wickedly postponed—telling Maurice of my engageagement. Every night I said to myself, I
will certainly tell him to-moreow,' and
when to-morrow came it was still to-morrow, Full well I knew the difference between to the great change my news would
make.

'You ought to tail, you must tail, you

"You ought to teil, you must tell, you shall tell him," clamored conscience; but in the end I am truly schamed to confess that it was not conscience but Mrs. Vane that forced the truth from my reluctant

COLONEL REFFE'S LITTLE THA. 'What wicked extravagance.Noral Your new habit for a jungle ride! You are taking it quite into everyday use! I declare, it is well for you that you are going to marry a rick man." Such was Mrs. Vane's friendly expostulation as she and I awaited our horses one afternoon in the perch

ed our horses one afternoon in the perch.
'There's no one coming excepting Dicky and Ellen,' she added, reassuringly; 'do run and change it.'

I could not reasonably explain to her that Maurice had more than once informed me that nothing I possessed suited me quarter as well as my dark blue habit, and that I was wearing it to look my best in his eyes—I did not admit this to myself, much less told my companion. No; I mendaciously assured her that number two was really so shabby that it was scarcely dereally so shabby that it was scarcely de-cent, and would soon make a grand scare-

cent, and would soon make a grand scarecrow.'

'Shabby!' she echoed. 'I'll trouble you
for mine,' holding out a very threadbare
elbow and pointing to a large patch in the
skirt; but it's good enough for scrambling
around among the ruine.' Then, as if
atruck by a sudden thought, she turned
sharply round and said suspiciously:

'Captain Bereeford is not coming with
us, is he?'

'I believe he is; he said something about
it,' I answered, carelessly, without raising
my eyes, and continuing to draw a pattern
in the sand with my riding-cane with increasing real and finish.

'Now I understand why we have put on
our best hebit. Why did we not say so at
once? she demanded, sarcastically. 'And
what are you blushing about, eh? Take
care, Noral 'We sighed, we grieved, we
wept, never blushed before,' she quoted,
impressively.

'Who rever blushed before,' and what in-

Who never blushed before and who is blushing nowl inquired a well-known voice, and Maurice, who had ridden up unnoticed on the sandy avenue, joined us.
'Oh, Nors, of course!'

'Never mind, Nors, you need not be sake amed. Darwin declares a blush to be the most human of all emotions. Who ever saw a dog, a cat of a monkey blush? Your blushes claim that you belong to the most superior order of humanity. I am only sorry that I cannot keep you in counter- carried him or rather led him by his all-mach! and handkarchief to his home in a

'Nevertheless, I have seen you sequit yourself nobly,' observed Mrs. Vane, con-tescendingly. 'As, for instance-?' he inquired, with an ncredulous smile.

incredulous smile.

'As, for instance, at that dinner-party at the Dwyers, when conversation, from a loud buzz, suddenly subsided to a dead silence, and a certain young lady was heard saving, 'You are exactly my style, Captain Beresford; I adore the Artillery!'

'Come, Mrs. Vane, that is a very old and stale story. Your memory is too good. What about this ride to the city? We ought to make a start soon. Who is coming?

'Colonel Burieigh, Nora, Dicky Campbell, Ellen Fox, you and I, and Beyele Towers,' returned Mrs. Vane, counting on her fingers.

'Boyele Towers!' he echoed, in a tone of mased disapprobation.
'Yes; Colonel Keith said he might come

and you know it is his party; he is to drive down to the ruine and have tea swaiting us in some picturesque locality, and we can side home by moonlight.'

At this instant we were joined by uncle, Ellen and Dicky; and, just as we started, Boysie, on his long-suffering, skewbald Makratta came at a tearing pace into the

Our ride to the ruined city was absolute-

arly always my escort of late, thanks to About seven miles from Mulkspore, in the middle of a vast, undulating plain, are the remains of an audient, long-deserted the remains of an ancient, long-deserted city; the walls, now partly overgrown with mose and grass, cover an area of no less than five miles in circumference; the deep most is pasture for herds of spotten deer and black buck, and so is the whole interior, save where here and there ruins resembling mosques, tombs, barracks and aqueducts have not yet crumbled to the ground.

round, Colonel Keith had selected the interior of massive looking tower which commanded a fine view, but had to be scaled in a manner that would have taxed the energies of an ordinary goat. Nevertheless, our host was established when we arrived and gave us a loud and hearty welcome as we seemabled up.

we scrambled up.

It was a lovely afternoon; a little balmy breeze barely made itself felt, as we reclined in a variety of luxurious attitudes round

Mrs. Vane sat at the head, with Maurice Mrs. Vancont at the head, with Maurice on one side of her and uncle at the other; I came next to uncle, Dicky Campbell next to me. Maurice was favored with the immediate society of Boyele; and Colone; Meith, too stout to recline on one elbow, like the rest of the company, or to situalize fashion, had found a nice large flat stone, upon which he sat enthroned at the head of the faset.

ong, long sh

reise your patience.'
'Fas sure this old city must be a jolly place for chosts,' remarked Dicky, with

Never used that; who knows but you age here the glory of convention; us, said the little accordingly, terming according to lite draw our best lite draw and established attention. I want no converte; seeing is believing, and I have no time for a long winded tale. However, I'll just give you a few ideas for your imaginations to work upon if you

jour imaginations to work upon if you like.

'Ahem! stiention. Are you all ready? said Maurice, glancing around.

'Well,' resumed Colonel Keith, having lit a cheroot, what I am going to tell you is not fiction, but a fact,' looking at Mrs. Vane with an impressive nod. 'There is a house in Chestapore—a large, two-storled, slate-colored bungalaw—atanding in the middle of a mango-tope, and once most popular; but now empty and universally shuned. It is haunted by a very extraordinary thing—a man's head. This head is that of a native, and wears a large green turban, and is to be seen peeping through doorways, jumping about the floor, looking over your shoulder when you are shaving at the glass, and always disappearing and vanishing in a most surprising and unlooked-for manner. It has frightened nervous ladies by the score, and many strong, able-bodied men have seen and objected to it. Its mood is variable; only one thing about it is certain—its unfailing appearance after nightfall.'

'Ugh, how horrid!' ejaculated Boysie,ner-

eavance after nightfall.'
'Ugh, how horrid!' ejaculated Boysie,ner-'How are you feeling now, Mrs. Vanef' enquired Maurice, cheerfully. 'Don't you think you would be a very desirable temant for the slate-colored burgalow?

Not for the gold of Ophir,' she answered, with a shudder.

'I have heard of a somewhat similar story,' said nucle, sociably; 'the only difference was that my house was haunted by a hand—a small, white, woman's hand—that became a downright nuisance. It beckoned at doors, it tapped at windows, it leaned unexpectedly on your shoulders, and it swoke you by passing its icy-cold fingers across your face.'

'Don't! You are giving me a series of cold thrills!' cried Mrs. Vane; 'do change the subject, let us talk of something more cheerful. I do not know which was the worst, the head or the hand.'

'I think I would prefer a whole ghost, not piecemeal apparitions,' said Maurice; 'what do you say, Mr. Tuppence?—to Tuppence, who had thrust his vgly, intelligent head over his master's shoulder.

'Now, Captain Beresford, it's your turn; tell us some nice anecdote that will drive away these hideous recollections,' soid Mrs Vane; 'come we are not going to let you off. Commence.' "Not for the gold of Ophir," she answer

'Can't do it—my story machine is out of order. My turn will come some other time,' said Maurice. 'But you must,' we insisted. 'Come, go

'But you must,' we insisted. 'Come, go on—no excuses.'

'Well, I'll tell you a story Tuppence told me about a friend of his—about a very nice person—a little rough-haired terrier—and he begs me to impress upon you,' dragging Tuppence to the front and making him sit upon his haunches, 'that this is a true, true story,' glancing mischievously at Colonel Keith, 'not fiction, but fact. Attention! Mr. Tuppence's story, as translated and and brought down to human intelligence by his master: by his master:

by his master:

'Once upon a time a certain little dog called Jock was travelling to Bombay in the same carriage as his master, and at one of the intermediate stations, a day's roll from their destination, master and dog descended for refreshment; and, by some extraordinary misfortune the train went off with the master and left the dog behind. He has since confessed that he was inveigned from the platform by a long-legated refreshment more cat, with whom he wished

Thanks to his personal appearance, a railway peon took possession of him and carried him or rather led him by his all-useful red handkerchief to his home in a village two miles away, where Jock became the prey and the sport of a large, unmannerly family of young peons, and lived as best he could on rice and ghee, keeping himself entirely to himself, and repudiating the advances of various mangy village parishs with an all-withering and blighting acore.

ing scorn.
Every day at two o'clock (the hour when this train came in) did he travel down to the railway and await his master on the platform. You might set your watch by that little red dog; to the very second he was to be seen travelling along the dusty white road and arriving punctually to a

For months his trouble was unreward ed. Nearly a year elapsed, still he perse vered, through monsoon torrents, through

'At last one day—oh, joy—his master de-cended from the train. Simultaneous and scended from the train. Simultaneous and affecting was the recognition. Many were the exclamations of the man, the transports of the dog, who, needless to say, got into the first-class carriage with all speed and was borne away forever from the peon and his disconsolate family. The end.'

'Hurrah! well done! done, indeed, Mr. Tuppenge!'

And we all laughed and clapped and applicated; Tuppence making his acknowledgments by vociferous barking and running wild circles around the tablecloth.

'But, seriously, Maurice, that is not a true story?' I inquired, incredulously.

'As true as gospel. I myself have seen the dog coming down to the train, waiting for it, and going away bitterly disappointed from hour.

for it, and going away bitterly disappointed, poor brute.

'Well, Boysie, what do you think of that tale? inquired Colonel Keith. An approving nod was his only reply. 'By the way, young man, you are to be one of the most important people at Miss Gill's wedding next week. You are to be the page, I hase?'

Boysie again assented with a nod, as his

Boysic sgain assented with a nod, as his mouth was otherwise engaged.
'I hope they have ordered an extra large cake,' muttered Maurice.
'How do you like the notion, Boysic?' continued Colonel Keith.
'Oh, well enough,' he returned, with a would-be bashful simper. 'Twe been reading over the marriage service.'
'Indeed! A youth of an inquiring mind! Nothing like taking time by the forelock, ah?'

'I suppose you are thinking of getting married yourself, Boysief said Maurice, looking greatly diverted.
'No, I'm not,' retorted Boysie, peevishly; 'but I just wanted to see if I had anything

'You!' with contemptuous an azement.
'Well, I haven't,' he continued, complacestly; but, turning with sudden animation to Mrs. Vane and poking her with his stick, 'tell me, Mrs. Vane, what does M. or

with me; don't go breaking up the party, she whispered engarty.

'I'll not be a minute' with my answer—'not two seconds,' as unged by cariosity, I followed my pioneers. The interior of the building was decidedly glosmy, and the outer parties was evidently the night stable of some cattle, as straw and fodder were strewn about. Truly there was not much to be seen; we explored farther and found another building and a deep, black cavity (presumably a well), down which Boysie and Maurice flung numerous stemes for the childish pleasure of hearing them reach the bottom. At last there was nothing further to detain us, and we returned to the entrance and found, to our amanment, that all the others had departed; we were left behind.

'Oh, do hurry, and let us get home, Maurice,' I exclaimed impatiently, 'we shall be so late. Where are the horsest Why did

rice, I exclaimed impatiently, 'we shall be so late. Where are the horses? Why did they not bring them here? 'I'll go and look after them. I suppose those stupid syces are waiting above at the far entrance. You stay here, and I'll be back in ten minutes.' So saying, he started off at a run.

Boysic and I say on the saying and I'll say on the saying and I say on the say on the say on the say on the saying and I say on the saying a say on the saying and I say on the say on the say of the say of the saying and I say on the say of the s

ed off at a run.

Boysie and I sat on the steps, side by side, in the gathering darkness; no moon, not a star to be seen. Visions of snaks, horrible apprehensions of the head or the lilly-white hand floated through my excited brain.

'I say Noral Norr? said Boysie, suddenly shifting himself exceedingly close to me.

'This is rather creepy, is it not? A pause.

'I don't think I'll stay here any longer. I'll go and get my pony and be off; I'm not sure that I like this,' confidentially. 'I shall hook it!'

'You mustn't go—you sha'nt leave me,' I urged, endeavoring to detain him. Boysie's company was better than none. 'Stay with me, do, dear Boysie. Wait a little while,' entreatingly.

'Dear Boysie, indeed,' he snerred; 'because you are in a twitter about gheets. I'm rather in a funk myself; so good-bye. I'm off.' And off.' And, wrenching himself from my persuasive hand, he jumped

I'm rather in a funk myself; so good-bye.
I'm off.' And off.' And, wrenching himself from my persuasive hand, he jumped up, clattered down the steps, and vanished in the darkness. Here was a pretty situation in which to find myself—sitting alone on the threshold of the haunted mosque. If there were any ghosts I was offering them a rash temptation. I peered into the gathering gloom—nothing to be seen; not a sound to be heard but the bark of a fox, the hooting of owls, and the rumble of a country cart along the distant high road. But, stay! what was that? A moan, a groan! issuing from the mosque behind me. My heart beat so loudly, I could hear it most distinctly. Another hellow, agonizing moan! My hair felt as if it were actually standing on end. Oh, would Maurice never, never come! I endeavored to rise, but a firm, detaining hand laid heavily on my shoulders resisted the attempt. I made one more frantic effort, started to my feet, and more frantic effort, started to my reet, and fied down the steps like one possessed, and beheld, oh joy! a lantern twinkling towards me, and heard voices—oh, how welcome!—it was Maurice, the cyces and the horses. Breathlessly I stammered out my tale, and had barely concluded when a loud, rude laugh indicated Boysie—Boysie, who had played upon my fears, Boysie, who had groaned, Boysie, who had enjoyed the joke with intense glee and satisfaction. By the light of the lantern Maurice calmly survey-

ed my ghaetly face and trembling, demor alized appearance. alized appearance.

'Boysie, my friend, you are a first-class young ragamuffin, and I should heartily enjoy giving you a very sound thrashing, he said sternly. 'However, we will, post-pone it just for the present.' Then having assisted me to mount, and placed the reins in my still shaking hands, 'Here,' he added imperiously, 'get on the pony and come home; and don't stand grinning there.'

'I'm going home,' replied Boysie, mounting very deliberately; 'but I'm not such a fool as to go with you and Nora. Lord, what a fright I gave herf' cackling complacently. 'No, no! I'm not such an asse as to spoil sport. Two is company and three—'

spoil eport. Two is company and three—'
The last word was lost in a vicious lash
bestowed on the skewbald, and in another
second Boysie had galloped away into the
darkness, leaving us alone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HER NAME WAS LAURA. That youth Boysie wants wheeling into ine!' muttered Maurice angrily, as we stumbled and scrambled along the narrow footpath, steering by Tuppence, whose white body was our guiding star; 'it would afford me a melancholy pleasure to introduce him to a nice new cane.' Often half an hour's tedious progress we came out on the road, and the moon made her appearance almost simultaneously, so we were able to get forward at a brisk trot, which carried us over nearly three miles of our journey.
The silverfaced moon threw a broad, searching light on every object as we brought our horses once more to a walk, nearly opposite a dreary, deserted bungalow that stood a little way back from the

'That place always gives me a feeling of intense repulsion,' I remerked, with a little shiver; 'no one has ever lived in it since some one shot himself there.'
'You have herrors on the brain this evening, Nors. Who shot himself in that vileing habitation" said Maurice, looking

back.

'Oh! a Captain Somebody,' I answered vainely; 'they say he was jilted by some girl at home, and it preyed on his mind—of course he haunts the bungalow, I don't believe in people committing suicide because they are crossed in love, do you Maurice?'

'I do, for I knew a case of the kind,' he returned gravely.

'But not because of a girl?'

'Of course it was; what else?'

'Tell me all about it, do. Who was shef and did you know her? I inquired eagerly.

'I am glad to say I did not know her. I knew him; he was one of my greatest friends. I never like talking about it, but I don't mind telling you, if you care to listen and if you are sure that you have not had enough horrors already.' ad enough horrors already.'
'Tell me about him; I should like to hear.

'You can famey that things were not particularly pleasant for me. My friend, my
companion was gone, as far as I was concerned. He no longer cared a button for
any one in the world but Laura. I looked
upon him as suffering from some kind of
strange, acute mental derangment and
vowed to myself scores of times over, that
I would rather suffer my fate than fall in
love. At last I persuaded Mattland to come
out for a shooting expedition. We were to
be absent six weeks—no longer—and there
would be just time for an answer to an allimportant letter he had recently despatched—a letter of tender expostulation and reproach.

So we went off into the jingles, far away from the weekly post; and, at the end of six weeks we returned; and during those six weeks I believe Maitland had been actually counting the hours and reckoning the

weeks I believe Maitland had been actually counting the hours and reckoning the minutes. No wonder his shooting was outrageously bad.

'He galloped into the cantonments a whole day ahead of me, no longer able to restrain his impatience; and, as I jogged in quietly after him the next morning, I was beckoned into his bungalow by one of our married officers, with a face as long as my arm, and a paper in his hand.

[Continued next week. PILES! PILES! PILES!

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