# HARDWARE!

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Fishing Tackle in great variety, Jointed Poles from 25 cents up.

Draining Tools, Shovels, Hoen, Forks, Lawn Rakes, and all kinds of Hardware at prices that cannot be beaten.

### BINDER TWINE

The best in the market. Farmers would do well to rarmers would do well to Observing the pause, Mr. Hunter pro-call and see sample and get due a bottle of wine from a drawer and filled a glass for the young fellow. With

## The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1887.

## FORCED APART

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor, "A Sailor's Sweetheart," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

nour from donnes neturn to up's nome the breath in him was gone and the body growing coid. He passe I away amid a deep stillness in the room; and Jenny herself, who was near him, knew not that he was dead, until a strangeness in the hold of his fingers made her shrick out.

Thus did it come about; and the mother and daughter wept in each other's arms while the doctor glide I noiselessly from the house, and Mex Mead tenderly closed the dead man's eyes, and veiled the marble silence of his face.

> CHAPTER XXV. IN THE CITY.

Now, it was just five months after Michael Strangfield had departed this life, which brings us into the sloppy, inglorious month of November, that there hing over London, close down to the streets, a yellow fog.

All about the moanment, and where a maze of streets meet, to pour their crowds toward London bridge, the fog was thickest. Here were many vehicles at a standstill, and voices belonging to invisible creatures went through the fog, with the clang of bells and stamping and slipping of iron-shod feet.

A hackney coachman, swathed in a mass of capes and looking, with the immense white shawl around his throat like an artichoke trimmed with sauce, suddenly brought horse be had been pulling and hauling at to a stand, and, slapping down his whip on the roof of the vehicle, leaned over and shouted hito the window:

"There's no movin' sg'in' it. You can git out or sit vere you are, but here I stops," And, saving this, he recovered his upright posture, and w.t. great deliberation folded his arms under his cape.

The individual thus addressed, protruding his head through the window of the carriage, took a despairing look at the blank scene around, filled with outlines which grew defined or vanished, as the folds of the fog circle for released them. "Whereabouts are we, coachman?" he

off I know Pd go ahead, and blow the od s!" replied the man.

But the gentleman inside was clearly too impatient to beliave sensibly; for catching al of a traveling bag, he jumped into the and the fithe for, and, giving some money not man, went stendily in the directies to which his nose happened to point; and luck being with him, he came to the

He asked a man the way to Cornhill. est raight on," was the reply. And after twenty, minutes of bumping and groping, and when he had measured some two hunhed yards, the fog lifted, the whole space and seems around cleared, and with a rush and a shout London went to work again.

I was a short walk to Cornhill. Looking carefully from side to side as he went, our friend arrived presently at a passage, on which, and other names, carefully in lievel by a pointing hand, was the scroll. very Hunter and Company, Second He mount of the gloomy staircase, reached a landing of four doors, on one

o. which he knocked. Defind a tall, long desk were several clerks writing by lamplight,

"I wish," said the gentleman, "to see the principal-the owner of the ship Elizabeth." At the sound of that name the whole of the clerks looked up like one man and stared

"Cort sinly," exclaimed one of them, jumpin ... "What name, if you please, sir!" "Ir Cuthbert Shaw."

The clerk passed into another office, and in a moment returned and requested Mr. Shaw to walk in. This was done by passing round the desk; and Cuthbert, followed by the eyes of all the clerks, entered a large office, where at a table sat two elderly gen-

One of them, a gray haired man with spectacles, immediately rose. Mr. Shaw, I think the name was?"

"Mr. Cuthbert Shaw."

"Pray take that chair, sir. My partner, Mr. Atkinson. My name is Hunter. He resumed his sent, looking inquisitively at the brown, though emaciated face of the

"It is possible, Mr. Hunter, that you may have already been apprised of the loss of your ship, the Elizabeth, off Cape Palmasi Yes, but only one week since, by the third mate of the vessel, who was rescued from a boat with four companions,"

"I was on b and the Edzabeth when she was wrecked, and am only just arrived in London.

"Cutaber" Shaw? I do not remember the name in the list of passengers," said Mr. Hunter. "I will refer—" and he was about to summon a clerk.

"You will not find my name in your list. I was rescued by the Edzabeth in the English channel last July, a day or two after she sailed from the Thames. I was on board an English trig of war called the Cleopatra. She engaged a French frigate and was sunk by her. Some of us got clear of the sinking hull by means of the boats, and on the following day the Elizabeta came across the bon' I was in and to is me on board.

"Permit me to continue my story and relate the object of my visit. My time is very short in London.

"All had gone prosperously with the Elizaboth until we were drawing near the latitude of the Guif of Guinea, when one Friday evening a furious gale set in from the west-

Is obliged us to run before it, and for & whole day we were driven helplessly, but on Saturday night the captain, not daring to run to the westward any longer, hove the ship to, in doing which she was struck by a sea that swept away the galley, stove in the bulwarks and carried some of the men overboard. At the same time we lost one of our

"Gentlemen, you will probably have received a full account of this disaster from the mate. It is enough if I tell you that, on the Monday morning, finding the ship leaking beyond our power to keep her affoat, the men took to the boats; but I was in feeble health, and, in the selfish rush, I was beaten down and left insensible, and for a quarter of an hour I lay; when, coming to, I found there was another man left on board-one of the Indian prince's attendants. I sprang up and hallooed after the boats, which were sailing rapidly away-the gale had broken on the previous afternoon, and the sea was comparatively smooth, if I take no account of the heavy swells, and then, perceiving that the ship was rapidly sinking, and the occupants of the boats either did not or would not heed me, I prepared myself for death-which, God knows, at that time had no terrors for me, for I had endured more than many hearts could have stood without breaking under."

kindly eyes and much sympathy he encouraged him to proceed.

"Gentlemen, while I stood awaiting the noment of death, which I conceived inevitable, the In lim, appearing to observe me for the first time, rushed up to me and, with, many wild gesticulations and unintelligible words, dragged me to the stern of the vessel, where, to my joy, I saw a small boat suspended. She hung by ropes at the head and stern, and I motioned to the Indian to slacken the left hand rope while I released the other, by which means we got the boat down upon the water without capsizing

"No sooner was she affeat, than the Indian sprang over the taffrail and swung himself into her; and dr ading that he might leave me to my fate, I followed him hastily, and cast the heat adrift from the ship, which twenty minutes after we had quitted her,

"From this point my story is a mere commenulae narrative of suffering, with one strange feature in it. Our boat was without sails. The other boats, having the advantage over as in size and sail, soon vanished upon the waterline,"

He glaneed at a timepiece, drank his wine, and continued, speaking quickly: "There was a small quantity of fresh water in a braker in the beat's bows, but no food of any kind. In the night, which was very calm, with bright stars, I fell asleen; and when I awoke, my mouth being parched, I went to the beaker, but found it empty. I kn w that the Indian had drank the water in the night while I slipt, and, in me rage ar Lugony, I could have murdered him; but the wretch fell on his knees and so piteously moaned to me in his native language, that my fury was sobered by the fear and despair in his face, and in my misery I sat down and wept. Observing my anguish, the Indian crawled over to me on his knees and kissed my feet, and then, pulling out a rackage from his breast, place i it in my hand and

with rew to the bows of the boat. Scarcely knowing what I did, I thrust the package into my pock t, and instantly forget it in the sufferings of thirst which termented me. However, some relief I obtained by sousing my shirt in the sea and wearing it against hay skin; and likewise I chewed a piece dilutier from the sole of my boot, which kept my month moist.

"Four days pass d, in sufferings I need not les ribe, and on the lifth day the Indian fell razy, and, leaning over the side of the out in a manner that wearly overset her, he drank the alt water greedily, as a sheep would, with his month upon it, which rought on a black vomit, and toward the morning holded. Not until the evening of the sixth day was I resented by a small cheener from Person' upo to Portsmouth slown by the gale that had wrecked the E izabeth many miles out of her cours, who, on sighting any boat, bore down and pick of That was on the 12th of September I was to! -- for I had lest a I reckoning of -and four days ago I arrived at Ports outh. So this brings mo to an end, gentlemon; and now will I state my motive in

a'ling upon you. He put his hand in his pretiet, and held it there while he spek . "You, of course, remember that an Indian river said das passenger in the Edgabeth!" "Certainiy '

"He was repeted on beard the ship to be ssess of of very valuable lowels," "We will give you the appeals ment in fig-

"I have explained to you that my fellow offerer in the boot was ene of the prince's attendants. The purce he placed in my ban is contained precious stones, which a jeweler in Portsmouth valued at £63,000," "He must have stolen them when the ship

was sinking," said Mr. Hunter, quickly. "No doubt, and by so doing saved them. Here they are, in the wrapper in which they were handed to me." Saying which, he placed the package on the table. Mr. Hunter took it up and

opened it, and his partner drew close to him; and when the gems lay exposed, his eyes glistened in the light of them. Splendid stones some of them were, truly; diamonds chiefly, with the lustrous red of rubies intermixed, and here and there the mild shimmer of a pearl. It was hard to tell whether the gems had been extracted from

settings or gathered loose as they were; but an ignorant eye might know their precious-"Well, Mr. Shaw," said Mr. Hunter, placing the open paper carefully on the table, with a gentle setting of it toward Euthbert, "these stones are unquestionably your property, and well may you hold them, in com-

pensation for the sufferings you have under-"Well, sir, it comes to this: If they wer not on that table they would be at the bottom of the sea."

"Quite so," from both partners. "Now, gentlemen, you cannot tell me that the prince is alive?"

"That is beyond our power, certainly." "Will you put yourselves in his place and receive the proposals I should make to him?"
"With pleasure; but, holding him dead, we

will consider your proposal in reference to his heirs? said Mr. Hunter. "That is as you please. Sixty-three thou-sand pounds is a jeweler's appraisement of those stones. He would have found me the

money. I ask ten thousand for restoring

"Plainly, Mr. Shaw, your Portsmouth jeweler taught you no lesson," said Mr. Hunter; and the other partner arched his eyebrows.

"Be open with me, gentlemen." "Why, sir, we consider your request a very "Then what I will ask you to do is this:

Give me a letter stating that you hold these stones for me; get them appraised at your convenience. I will write to you in the meanwhile, giving you my address, and you will then send me bank post bills to cover

the sum I ask." The letter was written, the number of stones specified, and within the space of twenty minutes Cuthbert had left the office. Both parties shook him cordially by the hand, and Mr. Hunter attended him, bareheaded, to the door.

> CHAPTER XXVL CUTHERE.

zed by the sun and thin in the fac

And it was a change to may nothing of his beauty, which, because of the ingrained expression of pensive thought, such as a man might wear to whose heart server languishes but will not die, was of a nobier and truer type than what it had been in the lighter

short while his face will be a mirror to reflect the violent compression of experience.

By the earnest, plaintive gaze of the eye, by the habitual fixity of the mouth, by the unsevere resolution of feature, Cuthbert explained to the shallowest sight the harshness of his order! of his ordeal, though its nature remained his

secret.

But to this distinctive expression which his face had taken—stamped there by lonely contemplation, by unutterable longings, by helpless chafing, by many fits, of mental agony, by hope fallen sick and spiritless, by many and trails of this such things which do really and truly of this life make a hell without participation of conscience, as there are sufferers to swear-was superadded, at this time, as he walked through busy thoroughfares, a painful anx-iety so acute as to fix upon his heart the shadow of physical torment.

With quick steps he pressed forward

glancing on his passage at every clock, until he had crossed Blackfriars bridge, and arrived at the famous hosteley which, in those days, was the starting point for the coaches to that part of the coast where

Greystone lay. Here was the coach drawn up, and passengers clambering to their places, and another five minutes of fog had lost the re-

turned hero a night.

There was room and to spare, happily; but no time for the hot drink which the rest of the travelers had stowed under their Vapor was still in the sky to darken it and

a leaden dullness on the massive city, but when the horses' heads were down and the wheels spinning the sky griw light and fold after fold of fog peeled off until the blue heaven floated clear, and then the tune of the wind grew merry. This coach was the "Rattler," and famous

for good runs. At every stage did it halt as punctually as trains at stations do now, and for a careless heart the passage was a glorious journey to make. November's yellow light upon the land, upon the hilltops a full toned coloring that kept distant the blue of the sky, between the ridges masses of shadow, the brown of loam and the dwelling of sunshine on green.

At eight of the evening the coach swung through the streets of a half-way city of the road, where some relinquished the roof for an inn fire and a bed. But Cuthbert kept his place, so that faithfully at the hour of twelve, by the deep voiced city clock, the coach arrived at that ancient place whence diverged the road to Greys:one, and here Cuthbert quitted the vehicle.

The suggestion of a bed seemed like a land lord's mocking of a restless spirit, yet to a bed in the Old Bell inn he betook himself. laying urgent commands upon the host that postchaise should be ready for him by six. Even an hour's sleep could do him no injury, and this he got, which relieved the veins of his head from the fullness of the blood poured into them by intense mental anxiety, and toned the heart into a softer beating, so that when he was aroused he was better prepared for the end of his journey.

The distance to Greystone was twenty-one miles, and this the post horses could run. with one halt for a bait. At nine o'clock the chaise wheels took the stones of the High street.

In Greystone at last! And as in the High street he stood, the smooth sea stretching its gray luster to the sky from under the front ing houses, and the keen wind whitening the roadways-unnoticed, for the cold, by the few persons abroad, who hurried past, hugging themselves in folds of friezo-a passionate fear came upon him and held him to the pavement.

For right in his sight, looking now through bare tendrils of creepers, was the shipwright's wooden house; and that it might be a desolate place for the want of his wife. and a tomb for the echoes of memory only to sound in, was a dread of the awful kind that | to September 1st) of 1887. repels the heart with horror from the determination of it

He took courage presently and went forward slowly, with his eyes fixed upon the house, until he was at the gate of it, and then he walked quietly to the door. He knocked and fell back a pace, that every window might be vissible to him; and while he stood, looking first here and then there, the door was openel, and a respectably dressel woman stood forth.

He could barely speak for the constriction in his throat, and in a quite faint voice asked if Mrs. Strangil ld was within, "Oh, dear no, sir. Mrs, Strangfield has been gone these three months," answered the

woman, looking at him with surprise. "Where!" "Why, to a house in Winston. Do not you know her husband be dead, and the

business sold to Mr. McAndrew!" "They were friends of mine, and I am just returned from a long journey." And in a wild, quick way, like a cry overleaping de-

cision, he said: "And what of her daughter:" "Mrs. Shaw: She lives along wi' her mother. Her husband be dead too, ye "She lives with her mother, and is well, I

hope?" he said, the flush brought to his face by the violence his question did him yielding to a deadly white.

"Quite well, I believe, sir. She's niver i' Greystone. They say she's known a deal o' sorrow, and there's some shame in it that keeps her i' hiding. Poor heart! A sweeter woman there is not; truly there is not." She looked at him hard as she said this, the gaze growing keener and keener, the eyebrows lifting to it, and something like an

expression of consternation coming into her "I am Mr. Shaw," he said, anticipating the question that was already parting her

lips.
"You!—an' she thinks ye dead!" the

With a toss of the hands he turned his head to look up the High street. "Is it known," he said, confronting her, "that I was impressed in error by a gang of sailors? What did my ther think? Do you

know him "Dr. Shaw, of the school house? Well by name, sir. Ye know, of course, that he be well, and is giving up teachin'? A man hath come from some city i' the north to buy the school from him-so I heerd but a week since," said the woman, so fascinated, not alone by the romance of Cuthbert's return, but by the beauty of his face, that she could

not lift her eyes from him.
"Is it known that I was impressed?" he "I cannot tell ye for sure, sir. Some talk there was, I think; but them as it went among were but little known to me. And before my husband bought this business we fived at the white house, away down by Callow bay, which kept me out o' gossip."

"Is Mr. Franklin alive? or, where can I nire a coach?" "Oh, Mr. Franklin is nicely, sir. Will ye not come in and sit down! And my gel shall fetch you a coach as quick as iver it'll

He thanked her for her offer and entered the little parlor, never before beheld by him and even unfamiliar to us, now that the quaint furniture of the Strangfields was and green stuff, amid which he used to slip his letters to his sweetheast after dark, ap-pointing meetings for the morrow. The walls around him had echoed to her voice. Her feet had trodden the ground on which he stood. Yonder was the scene of street and market place which her timid eyes had swept again and again that night when she waited for him to come and tell her father.

that she was his wife. Mrs. McAndrew returned with a tray of wine and biscuit, and pulled a chair to the table that he should sit.

"I'm all of a tremble with astonishment, sir, truly. 'Tis the wonderfullest thing that ye should be there looking at me, and your pretty wife thinking herself a widow, not five miles away. I've sent the gel for a carriage. Ye'll have patience for five minutes, sir; and if this wine's not to your relish, I can draw a proper head o' beer."

He seated himself, looking vacantly at the

woman under his lowering brow. "You cannot tell me that my wife knew that I was carried away to sea by a press gang?" he said presently.
"I can't own as iver I heard say she knew

it, sir. But I can tell you that some trouble came upon the sweetheart after ye were missing; her father was cruel, and that she were married he would not believe. That's what were said. Then afterward it were proved by Dr. Shaw she was your wife, sir.
And that broke her father's heart, they said.

One thing I reckon sure, howiver wrong be all else I say, your wife ran away from Freystone for the shame that evil thinking gossips put upon her; and her mother, as she now lives with, told me herself that her reason for sellin' the business was because Mistress Shaw had vowed niver to come to Greystone again, after she had kissed her father, lying dead on his bed for grief."

"May God forgive them all for wronging her! Poor little one! Could her father look

at her and doubt her! Oh, madam, the carriage is a long while coming. This delay is a heavy trial to me!" He went quickly from his chair to the

window, where he stood a while, tapping the

ground with his foot. "How did my father treat her, do you know!" he asked. "Why, sir, very honorably, I believe, from all reports. An old Mrs. Mead, whom some call 'mother,' was telling me a while back, that your father asked Mistress Shaw to go

and live with him, promising to pack the boys home and give up the trade if she'd come. But your lady had a proper spirit, and Mrs. Mead, who loves her, said: 'How should she stay with the old man as doubted her henor once? Though I'll own I answered her, that. all things considering, seeing your lady could not prove her marriage, as 'twas said, and that you were not by, it was not what you might call onraisonable for Dr. Shaw to "Not prove he: marriage!"

He drenn of his head and swung hims off to the wind w, exclaiming and r his breath:

"That was my fear, always". "Well, sir," continued Mrs. Me Andrew, "ve see, accordin' to Mrs. Mend, it were this: Ye had charge of the marriage paper, and the mistress could not remimber the name of the church in London. As how should she, if it were ne'er told her? Once in all my life was I in London, and dazel was I by the mise, to be sure-in some streets it was like a buli roaring-and though my cousin, who is a London man, showed me a score o' churches. and named 'em, too, clear in my hearing, not if you was to say here be a hundred pounds for thee, if ye'll gi' me the name o'-

But before she could make an end the hackney coach came rumbling to the gate. with the maid inside it. Thanking her for her civility and information, and learning from her that "onvbody i' Winston Il tell ve [To be continued]

Miscellaneous. NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the undersigned Barristers and elicitors practicing in the Town of Lindsay, agree to close our respective Offices in Lindsay at THREE O'CLOCK every day during the long vacation (July 1st

H. B. DEAN. N. A. MACMURCHY. STEPHENSON, DICKSON & CAMPBELL, JOHN MCSWEYN. J. C. GRACE, MCINTYRE & STEWART, MARTIN & HOPKINS, F. D. MOORE BARRON & SMITH, HUDSPETH & JACKSON, A. P. DEVLIN,

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Leave Bobenygeon 6.48 a. m. and 3.15 p. m Arrive Lindsny at 2.08 " 5.39 " Leave Lindsay at 21.30 a.m. and 5.65 p. m. Arrive Bobenygoon 2.65 p.m. ' 8.00 " Calling at Sturgeon Point each way. On Seturdays leave Lindsay at 5.20 p. (instead of 5.45 p.m.) on arrival of

Single tickets between Lindsay and lingle tickets between Lindsay and iturgeon Point.

quaint furniture of the Strangueids was gone and the simple old sea pieces.

He breathed quickly as he stood alone looking around him. This had been his darling's home. Through the window, into which Mr. McAndrew had let clarified glass, he saw the old bay tree and the shapbery late. June 3, 1807.—48-15.

John Dobson.

## VIVAT REGINA. 1887.

All loyal subjects to her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, should in this, the jubilee year of her prosperous and happy reign, celebrate the event by purchasing their

# CAMPING AND HOLIDAY SUPPLIES.

Of which they will find a full assortment at my store.

Canned Meats in Beef, Tongue, Ham, Chicken, Chipped

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The headquarters for to sell your Wool and buy your Woolens. Will pay highest market price in cash for any quantity of Wool delivered at Mill, and two cents per lb. more

## when traded, or will WILL MANUFACTURE PLAIN FULL CLOTH AT 30C. PER YARD,

Tweeds from 35 to 45 cents per vard. Yard wide Twill Flannel, and we furnish Cotton Warp, 25 cents per yard.

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Lindsoy, May 10th, 1887.-44-tf.

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April 13, 1887.-40-26.

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THE FARMERS OF CANADA hould seture this special manufacture from their seal dealers, who can obtain prices and any other afternation regulated by addressing the 12 WELLINGTON ST. WEST. TORONTO.

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We wish to inform the public that we have in connection with our implement business a first-class PLANING MILL, and we are prepared to do Planing and Matching, and the manufacturing of Mouldings of all descriptions. We are also prepared to furnish all kinds of

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Lindsay May 17th, 1887.—45.