which is intended to rivet your attention to the fact that if New Goods of the newest styles and patterns and of first-class quality have anything to do with making s Fine and Attractive Stock we have that

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G79 SAVE THE QUEEN.

BRITTON BROTHERS.

fanders, July 6th. 59.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUG. 5, 1887.

JESS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD. Author of King Solomons Mines Shelfle

GEAPTER IL

here fill 'Com' Croft (Uncle Croft) comes back," and, without further ado, he jumped off his horse and, slipping the roins over its head as an indication to it to stand will, ad-Panced toward Besie with outstretched hand-As he did so the young kely plunged both her arms up to the chows in the bath, and it struck dohn, who was observing the whole seens, that she did this in order to avoid the necessity of shaking hands with her stalwart

"Morry my hands are wet," she said, giving him a cold little nod. "Let me introduce you, Mr. (with emphasis) Frank Muller-Capt. Niel, who has come to help my uncle with the place,"

John stretched out his hand and Muller "Captaint" he said, interrogatively; "a ship

captain, I suppose!" "No," said John, "a captain of the English "Oh, a rootbaatje (red jacket). Well, I

on't wonder at your taking to farming after the Zulu war." "I don't quite understand you," said John:

Father coldly. "Oh, no offense, captain, no offense, I only meant that you rootbaat je did not come very well out of the war. I was there with Piet Uys, and it was a sight, I can tell you. A Zulu had only to show himself at night and one would see your regiments skreek (stanspele) like a span of oxen when they wind a lion. And then they'd thresah, they did fire -anyhow, anywhere, but mostly at the clouds, there was no stopping them; and so, you see, I thought that you would like to turn your sword into a planch have, as the Bible says at ut no onease, I'm suce no offense," All this winde John And, being English to his backbone, and the Ching the reputation of his profession almost as dearly as his own honor, was to be with inwar! wrath, which Was all the Server openise he know that there was some troth in the He ris heads. He had the sensy however, to keep his temper cont-

ward v, at coy root. "I was not in the first wor, Mr. Mother," he shall not be then old siles Croft came rion in, and to conversation cropped. Mr. Fornk Muller storged to direct and factor into the off reason. This list of somed to be wenteredy slipped his memory. There he is clear at the core Bessle, smoking and dranking gin and water, and tasking with great voluminy in bog ish, sprakled with Borr Dutch terms that John Niel did not understand, and gazing at the young lady in a memor which down sopropow found unpresent. Of coreso it was nonthing of his, wel be had no interest in the matter, but for all that he found he remarks he looking Dutchman exceeding to disagreed by At last, indeed, he could could it no longer, and hole b'est out for a little walk with Jes, who, in

"You don't like that man?" she said to him, a- they slowly were down the slere in front

her abrupt way, offered to show him the

"I timk," replied Jess, slowly and with much emphasis, "that he is the most offine man that I ever saw, and the most curious," And then she relapsed into silence, only broken now and again by an occasional remark about the there wal trees

Half an hour aft, eward, when they arrived again at the top of the sions, Mr. Muller was just riding off down the avenue of blue guese. By the veranda stood a Hottentot named Jan's, who had been holding the Dytchinan's lease. He was a curious, wizened up little fellow, dressed in rags, and with hair like the worn tags of a black woolen carret. His and might have been anything between 25 and 60; it was impossible to form an opinion on the point. Just now, however, his ye low monkey feet was consulted with an expression of intense mangaity, and he was standing there in the sunshine cursing rapidly and beneath his breath in Dutch, and shaking his fist after the retreating Boer a very epitome of impotent, overmustering passion.

"What is he doing?" asked John. dess langued. "Juni jo does not like Frank Mulier any more than I do, but I don't know why. He will rever tell me."

CHAPTER IV.

RESSET IS ASKED IN MARRIAGE.

In due course John Niel got over his sprained ankle and the other injuries inflicted on him by the infuriated cock estrich (it is, by the way, a humiliating thing to be knocked out of time by a feathered fown), and set to work to learn the routine of farm life. He did not find this a disagreeable task, especially when he had so fair an instructives as Reste, who know all about it, to show him the way in which he should go. Naturally of an energetic and hard working temperament, he very soon got more or less into the swing of the thing, and at the end of six weeks began to talk quite learnedly of cattle and octave a week or so Bessie used to put him through a regular examination as to his progress; also the gave him leasons in Dutch and Zulu, both of which teneves are sooks to perfections as

of experience, and his starty English charac-ter, made a great impression on his mind. He had never met a man quite like him before.

Nor was the liking unreciprocated, for his host took a wonderful fancy to John Net. "You see, my dear," he explained to his nicce Bessie; "he's quiet, and he doesn't know much about farming, but he's willing to learn, and he's such a gentleman. Now, where one has Kanfire to deal with, as on spince like this, and the such a gentleman. Your mean you must have a gentleman. Your mean white will never get anything out of a Kaffir; that's why the Boers kill them and flog them, because they can't get anything out of them without. But you see Capt. Niel gets on well-enough with them. I think he'll do, my dear, I think he'll do," and Bessie quite agreed with him. And so it came to pass that after this six weeks' trial the bargain was finally

struck, and John paid over his £1,000 and took a third interest in Mooifontein. Now it is not possible, in a general way, for a youngish man like John Niel to live in the same house with a young and lovely woman like Bessie Croft without running more or less risk of entanglement. More especially is this so where the two people have little or no outside society or distraction to depert the attention from each other. Not that there was as yet, at any rate, the slightest hint of affection between them. Only they liked one another very much, and found it pleasant to be a good deal together. In short, they were walking along that easy, winding road that leads to the mountains

paths of love. It is a very broad road, like another road that runs elsewhere, and, also like this last, it has a wide gate. Sometimes, too, it leads to destruction. But for all that it is a most agreeable one to follow hand in hand, winding as it does through the pleasant meadows of companionship. The view is rather limited, it is true, and homelike—full of familiar things. There stand the kine, knee deep in the grass; there runs the water; and there grows the corn. Also one can stop f one likes. By and by it grows different, By and by when the travelers tread the heights of passion, precipices will yawn and torrents rush, lightning will fall and storms will blind; and who can know that they will attain at last to that far off peak, crowned with the glory of a perfect peace which men call happiness? There are those who say it never can be reached, and that the halo which rests upon its slopes is no earthly light, but rather, as it were, a promise of a beacon—a glow reflected whence we know not, and lying on this alien earth as the sun's light lies on the dead bosom of the moon. Some say, again, that they have climbed its topmost pinnacle and tasted of the fresh breath of beaven that sweeps around its heights-ay, and heard the quiring of immortal harps and the swanlike sigh of angels' wings; and then behold! a mist has fallen upon them, and they have wandered in it, and when it cleared they were on the mountain paths again, and the peak was far away. And a few there are who tell us that they live there always, listening to the voice of tiod; but these are old and worn with journeying men and women who have out-lived passions and ambitions and the fire

But John Niel was no chicken, nor very ikely to fall in love with the first protty face met. He had once, years ago, gone through that melancholy stage, and there, he thought, was an end of it. Another thing was that if Bessie attracted him, so did Jess in a different way. Before he had been a week in the house he had come to the conlusion that Jess was the strangest woman he had ever met, and in her own way one of the

most attractive. Her very impassiveness orld who does not like to learn a secret! To in Jess was a riddle of which he did not low the key. That she was clever and well formed he soon discovered from her rare oks: that she could sing like an angel be las know; but what was the mainspring of or min!-round what axis did it revolvehat was what puzzled him. Clearly enough was not like most women's, least of all like goy, healthy, plain sailing Bessie Socuri as did he become to futhom these mysteries be took every opportunity to associate

with her, and would even, when he had time. out with her on her sketching, or rather over painting, expelitions. On these or he would sometimes begin to talk, " was always about books, or England. s intellectual question. She never

Yet a soon became evident to John that

it & I has occuty, and missed him when he duot come. It never occurred to him what con it was to a girl of considerable intel-"ual attainments, and still greater inteldual capacities and aspirations, to be morn for the first time into the society of a ultivated and intelligent gentleman. John I was no empty headed, one sided individual. He had both read and thought, and ven written a little, and in him Jess found a and which, though of an inferior stamp, as more or less kindred to her own. Alwith he did not understand her, she underillim, and at last, had he but known it. bere rose a far off dawning light upon the all tht of her mind that thrilled and changed t as the first faint rays of morning thrill and hange the darkness of the night. What if he should learn to love this man, and teach im to love her? To most women such a thought involves more or less the idea of marriage, and that change of status which they generally consider so desirable, but Jess did not think much of that; what she did think of was the blessed possibility of being able to lay down her life, as it were, in the life of another-of finding at last somebody who understood her, and whom she could understand, who would cut the shackles that bound down the wings of her genius, so that she could rise and bear him with her as, in Bulwer Lytton's beautiful story, Zoe would have borne her lover. Here at last was a man who understood, who was something more than an animal, and who possessed the godlike gift of brains, the gift that had been more of a curse than a blessing to her, lifting her above the level of her sex and shutting her off as by iron doors from the understanding of those around her. Ab! if only this perfect love of which she had read so much would come to him and her, life

might perhaps grow worth the living. It is a curious thing, but in such matters most men never learn wisdom from experionce. A man of John Niel's age might have guessed that it is dangerous work playing with explosives, and that the quietest, most harmiess looking substances are sometimes the most explosive. He might have known that to set to work to cultivate the society of a woman with such telltale eyes as Jess' was to run the risk of catching the fire from them

And things went on pleasantly enough to all encounts in this draws if on the day the option of the day the special of the form is a set till draw time, the visits he tool his in and take was been added to the special of the pony to again, and by him was Benie, looking particularly attractive in a white day, while successful to capture again of Frank Muller's great black house, and that gentleman himself upon it, canturing up the areass of blue game.

"Hallo, Nim Bonie." he mid "here comes

your friend."
"Bother!" said Bee "Bother!" said Bessie, stamping her foot, and then, with a quick look, "Why do you call him my friend?"

"I imagine that he considers himself so, to judge from the number of times a week he comes to see you," he answered, with a shrug.
"At any rate, he isn't mine, so I am off shooting. Good-by. I hope that you will enjoy yourself."
"You are not kind," she said, in a low voice,

and turning her back on him. In another moment he was gone, and Frank Muller had arrived.

"How do you do, Miss Bessie?" he said, jumping from his horse with the rapidity of a man who had been accustomed to rough riding all his life. "Where is the 'rocibaatje'

"Capt. Niel is going out shooting," she said.

"Ah, so much the better for you and me, Miss Bessie! We can have a pleasant talk. Where is that black monkey, Jantje? Here, Jantje, take my horse, you ugly devil, and mind you look after him, or I'll cut the liver

Janje took the horse, with a forced grin of appreciation at the joke, and led him off

"I don't think that Janje likes you, Meinheer Muller," said Bessie, spitefully, "and I don't wonder at it if you talk to him like that. He told me the other day that he had known you for twenty years," and she looked at him inquiringly.

This casual remark produced a remarkable effect on the visitor, who turned color beneath his tanned skin. "He lies, the black hound," he said, "and

I'll put a bullet through him if he says it again! What should I know about him or he about me? Can I keep count of every miserable man monkey I meet?" and he mut-tered a string of Dutch oaths into his long

"Really, meinheer!" said Bessie. "Why do you call me 'meinheer?" he sked, turning so flercely on her that she started back a step. "I tell you I am not a Boer. I am an Englishman. My mother was English; and besides, thanks to Lord Carnar-von, we are all English now."

"I don't see why you should mind being thought a Boer," she said, coolly; "there are some very good people among the Boers, and, besides, you used to be a great 'patriot.'" "Used to he-yes; and so the trees used to bend to the north when the wind blew that

way, but now they bend to the south, for the wind has turned. By and by it may set to the north again-that is another matterthen we shall see." Bessie made no answer, beyond pursing up

her pretty mouth and slowly picking a leaf heats of love, and who now, girt about with from the vine that trailed overhead. nemories, stand face to face with the sphinx The big Dutchman tool off his bat and stroked his beard perplexedly. Evidently he was meditating something that he was afraid

to say. Twice he fixed his cold even on Bessle's fair face, and twice looked down again. The second time she took alarm nade as though to enter the house

"Wacht een beeche" (wait a bit), he ejaculated, breaking into Dutch in his agitation, and even catching hold of her white dress with his big hand. She drew the dress from him with a quick twist of her lithe form, and turned and faced

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a tone that could not be called encouraging; "you were going to say something." "Yes-ah, that is-I was going to say-

and he paused. Bessie stood with a polite look of expectation on her face, and waited. "I was going to say-that, in short, that I

want to marry you!"
"()h!" said Bessie, with a start. "Listen," he went on, hoarsely, his words gathering force as he proceeded, as is the way even with uncultured people when they speak from the heart. "Listen! I love you, Bessie; I have loved you for three years. Every time I have seen you I have loved you more. Don't say me nay-you don't know how I love you. I dream of you every night; sometimes I dream that I hear your dress rustling, and then you come and kiss me, and it is like

being in heaven." Here Bessie made a gesture of disgust. "There, I have offended you, but don't be angry with me. I am very rich, Bessie; there is the place here, and then I have four farms in Lydenburg and 10,000 morgen up in Waterberg, and 1,000 head of cattle, besides sheep and horses and money in the bank. You shall have everything your own way," he went on, seeing that the inventory of his goods did not appear to impress her—"every-thing—the house shall be English fashion; I will build a new sit-kame (sitting room), and it shall be furnished from Natal. There, I love you, I say. You won't say no, will

you?" and he caught her by the hand. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Muller," answered Bessie, snatching away her hand; "but-in short, I cannot marry you. No, it is no use, I cannot, indeed. There, please say no more, here comes my uncle. Forget all about it, Mr. Muller."

Her suitor looked up; there was old Silas Croft coming, sure enough, but he was some way off and walking slowly. "Do you mean it?" he said beneath

"Yes, yes, of course I mean it. Why do you force me to repeat it?"

"It is that d—d rooibaatje," he broke out.
"You used not to be like this before. Curse him, the white livered Englishman! I will be even with him yet; and I tell you what it



"YOU SHALL MARRY ME!" "FOU SHALL MARKY ME!"

like it or no. Look here, do you think I am the sort of man to play with? You go to Wakinestroum and ask what sort of a man Frunk Huller is. See, I want you—I must have you. I could not live if I thought that I should never get you for myself. And I tell you I will do it. I don't care if it costs my life; and your rectionalists, too. Fil do it if I have to stir up a revolt against the grecomment. Thereal swear it by God or by the series, 18% of Companies. And growing in a femiliar will positive be said there before series that the series of the series was very intertened; but she was a brave woman, and rose to the occasion.

"If you go on talking like that," she said,
"I shall call my uncle. I tall you that I will
not marry you, Frank Muller, and that nothing shall ever make me marry you. I am very sorry for you, but I have not encouraged
you, and I will never marry you never!

He stood for half a minute or so looking at her, and then burst into a savage laugh.

"I think that some day or other I shall find a way to make you," he said, and, turning,

went without another word. A couple of minutes later Bessie heard the sound of a horse galloping, and looking up saw her woods's powerful form vanishing down the visus of blue gums. Also she heard someboriy cryfng out as though in pain at the back of the house, and, more to relieve her mind than anything else, went to see what it was. By the stable door she found the Hottentot Jantje, twisting round and round and shricking and cursing, holding his hand to his side, from which the blood was

"What is it?" she asked. "Baas Frank!" he said-"Baas Frank hit

me with his whin!" "The brute!" said Bessie, the tears starting

into her eyes with anger. "Never mind, missie, never mind," said the Hottentot, his ugly face growing livid with fury, "it is only one more to me. I cut it on this stick"—and he held up a long, thick stick he carried, on which were several notches, starting from three deep ones at the top just below the knob. "Let him look out sharp—let him search the grass—let him creep round the bush-let him look as he will, one day he will find Jantje, and Jantje

will find him!" "Why did Frank Muller gallop away like that!" asked her uncle of Bessie when she got; back to the veranda

"We had some words," she answered, shortly, not seeing the use of explaining matters to the

"Ah, indeed, indeed. Well, be careful, my love. It's ill to quarrel with a man like Frank Muller. I've known him for many years, and he has a black heart when he is crossed. You see, my love, you can deal with a Boer and you can deal with an Englishman, but cross bred dogs are bad to handle. Take my advice and make it up with Frank Muller." All of which sage advice did not tend to

raise Bessie's spirits, which were already sufficiently low.

CHAPTER V.

DREAMS AND FOOLISHNESS. When John Niel left Bessie on the veranda at the approach of Frank Muller he had taken his gun, and, having whistled to the pointer dog Pontac, mounted his shooting pony and started out in quest of partridges. In the warm slopes of the hills round Wakkerstroom a large species of partridge is very abundant, especially in the patches of red grass in which they are sometimes clothed. It is a merry sound to hear these partridges calling from all directions just after day-break, and one to make the heart of every true sportsman rejoice exceedingly. On leav ling the house John proceeded up the side of the hill behind it—his pony picking its way carefully between the stones, and the dog Pontae ranging about 200 or 300 yards off, for in this sort of country it is necessary to have a dog with a wide range. Presently John saw him stop under a mimosa thorn and sud denly stiffen out as if he had been petrified, and made the best of his way toward him. Pontae stood still for a few seconds, and then slowly and deliberately veered his head! cound, as though it worked on a hinge, to see if his master were coming. John knew his ways. Three times would that remarkable old dog look round thus, and if the gun had not then arrived he would to a certainty run in and flush the birds. This was a rule that he never broke, for his patience had a fixed limit. On this occasion, however, John arrived before it was reached, and, jumping off his pony, cocked his gun and marched slowly up, full of happy expectation. On drew the dog, his eye cold and fixed, saliva dropping from his mouth, and his head and face, on which was frozen an extraordinary expression of instinctive ferocity, outstretched

to their utmost limit. He was right under the mimosa thorn now and up to his belly in warm, red grass. Where could the birds be: Whirr! and a great feathered shell seemed to have burst at his very feet. What a covey! twelve brace if there was a bird, and they had all been lying beak to beak in a space no bigger than a cartwheel. Up went John's gun and off too, a little sooner than it should have done. "Missed him clean! Now then for the left barrel." Same result. There, we will draw a veil over the profanity that ensued. A minute later and it was all over, and John

and Pontae were regarding each other with contempt and disgust. "It was all you, you brute," said John to Pontac. "I thought you were going to run

in, and you hurried me." "Ugh!" said Pontac to John, or, at least, he looked it. "Ugh! you disgusting bad shot." What is the good of pointing for you! It's enough to make a dog sick."

The covey-or rather the collection of old birds, for this kind of partridge sometimes "packs" just before the breeding season-had scattered all about the place, and it was not long before Pontae found some of them; and this time John got one bird-and a beautiful great partridge he was, too, with yellow legs -and missed another. Again Pontac pointed. and a brace rose. Bang! down goes one; bang! with the other barrel. Caught him, by Jove, just as he topped the stone. Hullo! Pontae is still on the point. Slip in two more cartridges. Oh, a leash this time! bang! bang! and down came a brace of them-two brace of partridge without moving a yard. Life has joys for all men, but it has, I verily believe, no joy to compare to the joy of the moderate shot and earnest sportsman when he has just killed haif a dozen driven par-

tridges without a miss, or ten rocketing

pheasants with eleven cartridges, or, better still, a couple of woodcock right and left. By this time he was right across the mount ain top and on the brink of the most remarkable chasm he had ever seen. The place was known as Lion's Kicof, or Leuw Kloof in Dutch, because three lions had once been benned up by a party of Boers and shotthere. The chasm or gorge was between a quarter and half a mile long, about 600 feet in width and 150 to 180 feet deep. About 100 paces from the near end of the gorge, some ninety or more feet in height, stood the most remarkable of these mighty piliars, to which the remains at Stonehenge are but toys. It was formed of seven huge bowlders, the largest, that at the bottom, about the size of a moderate cottage, and the smallest, that at the top, perhaps some eight or ten feet in diame These bowlders were rounded like a cricket ball-evidently through the action of waterand yet the hand of nature had contrived to ice them, each one smaller than that beneath, the one upon the other, and to keep them so. But this was not always the case. For instance, a very similar mass that had risen on the near side of the perfect pillar had fallen, all except the two bottom stones, and the bowlders that went to form it lay seattered about like monstrous petrified can-non balls. One of those had split in two, and mated on it John discovered none other than Jess Croft, apparently engaged in abstehing, Boking very small and far off at the bottom of that vast chases

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Miscellaneous.

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OHN MCSWEYN. J. C. GRACE. MCINTYRE & STEWART, MARTIN & HOPKINS, BARRON & SMITH, F. D. MOORE. HUDSPETH & JACKSON, A. P. DEVLIN, JAMES HEAP. Lindsay, June 22nd, 1887.-50-10.

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