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The Canadian Post

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1887.

JESS. By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of King Solomons Mines Share CHAPTER SEVEL

Tantage also. I should advise you to come. Bessie hesitated. She hated and mistrusted the man, as she had good reason to do, and feared to trust herself alone with him.

While she hesitated the two Boers under

whose watch and ward Muller had placed her uncle came and stood between him and her, cutting her off from him. Muller turned and walked a few paces—ten of so—to the right, and in desperation she followed him. He halted behind a bushy orange tree of some eight years' growth. Overtaking him, she stood silent waiting for him to begin. They were quite close to the others, but the roaring of the flames of the burning house was still sufficiently loud to have drowned a much more audible conversation than theirs,

"What is it you have to say to me?" she said at length, pressing her hand against her heart to still its beating. Her woman's instinct told her what was coming and she was trying to nerve herself to meet it. Miss Bessie, he said slowly, "it is this. For

Jears I have loved you and wanted to marry you. I again ask you to be my wife."
"Mr. Frank Muller," she answered, her

"Think," he said, "I love you as women are not often loved. You are always in my mind by day and by night, too. Everything I do, every step I go up the ladder, I have said and say to myself, 'I am doing it for Bessie Croft, whom I mean to marry.' Things have changed in this country. The rebellion has been successful. It was I who gave the casting vote for it that I might win you. I am now a great man find shall one day be a greater. You will be great with me. Think

what you say."
"I have thought, and I will not marry you. You dare to come and ask me to marry you over the ashes of my home, out of which you have dragged me and my poor old uncle! I hate you, I tell you, and I will not marry you! I had rather marry a Kaffir than marry you, Frank Muller, however great you may



"I WOU'DD RATHER MARRY A RAFFIR THAN MARRY YOU, FRANK MULLER He smiled. "Is if because of the Englishman Niel that you will not marry met He is dead. It is useless to cling to a dead man,"

"Dead of alive, I love him with all my heart; and if he is dead, it is at the hands of Four people, and his blood rises up between "His Blood has sunk down into the sand,

He is dead, and I am glad that he is dead.
Once more, is that your last word?

"Very good. Then I tell you that you shall

"Or your uncle, the old man you love so "What do you mean? the said, in a choked

between me and my desiret Never. If you will not marry me, Silas Croft shall be pus upon his trial for attempted murder and for treason within an hour from this. Within an hour and a half he shall be condemned to die, and to-morrow at dawn he shall die, by Warrantunder my hand. I am commande here, with power of life and death, and I tell Jon that he shall certainly die-and his blood will be on your head."

Bessie grasped at the tree for support.
"You dare not," she said; "you dare not
murder an innocent old man."

"Dare not!" he answered; "you must understand me very ill, Bessie Croft, when you talk of what I dare not do for you. There is nothing," he added, with a thrill of his rich voice, "that I dare not do to gain you. Listen: promise to marry me to-morrow morning. I will get a clorgyman here from Wakkerstroom, and your uncle shall go free as air, though he is a traitor to the land, and though he has tried to shoot a burgher after the declaration of peace. Refuse, and he diese Choose now."

"Very: good, very good, Bessie; as you will.
But now one more thing. You shall not any
that I have not warned you. If you pennet
in this your uncle shall die, but you shall not
escape me. You will not marry met Well,
even in this country, where I can do most
things, I cannot force you to do that. But I
can force you to be my wife in all but the
name without marriage; and this assumes name without marriage; and this, when you uncle is stiff in- his bloody grave, I will do. You shall have one more chance after the trial, and one only. If you refuse he shall die, and then, after his death, I shall take you away by force, and in a week's time you will be glad enough to marry me to cover up your shame, my upstiv!

shame, my pretty!"

"You are a devil, Frank Huller, a wicked devil; but I will not be frightened into dishonor by you. I had rather kill myself. I trust to God to help me. I will have nothing to do with you;" and she put her hands before her free and burst into tags. fore her face and burst into tears.

"You look lovely when you weep," he said, with a laugh; "to-morrow I shall be able to kies away your tears. As you will. Here, you!" he shouted to some men, who could be seen watching the progress of the dying fire,

Some of the men obeyed, and he proceeded to give instructions in the same terms that he had given to the other two men who were watching old Silas, ordering Bessie to be instantly incarcerated in the corresponding little room on the other side of the wagon house, and kept strictly from all commi with the outside world, adding, however, these words:

"Bid the burghers assemble in the wagon house for the trial of the Englishman, Silas Croft, for treason against the state and attempted murder of one of the burghers of the state in the execution of the commands of

The two men advanced and seized Bessie by both arms. Then, faint and overpowered, she was led through the little plantation, over a gap in the garden wall, down past the scorched syringa trees that lined the roadway that ran along the hillside at the back of the still burning house, till they reached the wagon house with the two little rooms which served respectively as a store and harness room. She was then thrust into the store room, which was half full of loose potatoes and mealies in sacks, and the door locked

There was no window to this room, and the only light in it was such as found its way through the chinks of the door and an air hole in the masonry of the back wall. She sank on a half omptied sack of mealies and tried to reflect. Her first idea was of escape, but she soon realized that that was a practical impossibility. The stout, yellow wood door was locked upon her, and a sentry stood before it. She rose and looked through the air hole in the rear wall, but there another sentry was posted. Then she turned her atention to the side wall that divided the room from the wagon kouse. It was built of fourteen inch green brickwork, and had cracked from the shrinkage of the bricks, so that she could hear anything that went on in the wagon house, and even see anybody who might be moving about in it. But it was far too strong for her to hope to be able to break through, and even if she did, it would be useless, for there were armed men there also. Besides how could she run away and leave her old uncle to his fate?

CHAPTER XXIX

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Half an hour passed in silence, which was only broken by the footsteps of the sentries as they tramped, or rather loitered, up and down, or by the occasional fall of some calspirit rising to the occasion, "I thank you for cined masonry from the walls of the burnedyour offer, and the only answer that I can out house. What between the smell of sr above, and of the red hot embers of the house in front, the little room where Bessie was shut up was almost unbearable, and she felt as though she should faint there upon the sacks. Through one of the cracks in the wagon house wall there blew a little draught, and by this crack Bessie placed herself, leaning her head against the wall so as to get the full benefit of the air and command a view of the place. Presently, several of the Roers came into the wagon house and proceeded to pull some of the carts and timber out of it, leaving one buck wagon, however, placed along the wall on the side opposite to the crack through which she was looking. Then they pulled the Scotch cart over to her side, laughing about something among themselves as they did so, and arranged it with its back turned toward the wagon, supporting the shafts upon a wagon jack. Next, out of the further corner of the place, they extracted an old saw bench and set it at the top of the open space. Then Bessie understood what they were doing; they were arranging a court, and the saw bench was the judge's chair. So Frank Muller

meant to carry out his threat! Shortly after this all the Boers, except those who were keeping guard, filed into the place and began to clamber on the buck wagon, seating themselves with much rough joking in a double row upon the broad side rails. Next appeared Hans Coetzee, his head bound up in a bloody handkerchief. He was pale and shaky, but Bessie could see that he was but little the worse for his wound. Then came Frank Muller himself, looking white and very terrible, and as he came the men stopped their joking and laughing. Indeed, it was curious to observe how strong was his ascendency over them. As a rule, the weak part of Roer organization is that it is practially impossible to get one Boer to pay deference to or obey another; but this was cerfainly not the case where Frank Muller was

Muller advanced without hesitation to the eaw bench at the top of the space, and sat down on it, placing his rife between his knees. After this there was a pause, and next minute Bessie saw her old uncle conducted in by two armed Boers, who halted in the middle of the space, about three paces from the saw bench, and stood one on either side of their prisoner. At the same time Hans Coetzee climbed up into the Scotch cart, and Muller drew a note book and a pencil from his pocket.

"Silence!" he said. "We are assembled here to try the Englishman, Silas Croft, by court martial. The charges against him are that by word and deed, notably by continuing to fly the English flag after the country had been surrendered to the republic, he has traitorously rebelled against the government of the country. Further, that he has attempted to murder a burgher of the republic by shooting at him with a loaded rifle. If these charges are proved against him he will be liable to death, by martial law. Prisoner Croft, what do you answer to the charms Croft, what do you answer to the charges

against you?"

The old man, who seemed very quiet and composed, looked at his judge and then re-

"I am an English subject. I only defended my house after you had murdered one of my servants. I deny your jurisdiction over me, and I refuse to plead."

Frank Muller made some notes in his pocket book, and then said, "I overrule the prison-er's objection as to the jurisdiction of the court. As to the charma, we will now take

ore objection as to the jurisdiction of the court. As to the charges, we will now take evidence. Of the first charge no evidence is needed, for we all saw the fing flying. As to the second, Hans Cookes, the annulted burgher, will now give evidence. Hans Cookes, do you swear in the name of God and the regulity to exact the next, the second the next, the second the regulity to exact the next, the second the next, the second the next, the second the next, the second the next the second the next the second the next the second the next the n

"I was entering the house of the prisoner to arrest him, in electionee to your wondripfull commands, when the prisoner lifted a gum and fired at me. The bullet from the gum and fired at me. struck use on the ear, cutting it and patting me to much pain and loss of blood. That is the evidence Fluve to give."

"That's right, that is not a fir," of the men on the wagon. "Prisoner, have you any qu the witness?" said Muller.

"I have no questions" to sale; I deny you jurisdiction," said the old man with spirit. "The prisoner declines to question the witness, and again pleads to the jurisdiction, a plea which I have overruled. Gentlemen, do you desire to hear any further evidence

"Do you then find the prisoner guilty of the charges laid against him?" "Yes, yes," from the wagon.
Muller made a further note in his book and

then went on: guilty of high treason and attempted murder, the only matter that remains is the question of the punishment required to be meted out by the law to such wicked and horrible offenses. Every man will give his verdict, hav-ing duly considered if there is any way by which, in accordance with the holy dictates of his conscience, and with the natural promptings to pity in his heart, he can extend merey to the prisoner. As commandant and president of the court the first vote lies with me; and I must tell you, gentleme that I feel the responsibility a very hearty one in the sight of God and my country; and I must also warn you not to be influenced or overruled by my decision, who am, like you,

"Hear, hear," said the voices on the wagon, as he paused to note the effect of his address. "Gentlemen and burghers of the state, my natural promptings in this case are toward pity. The prisoner is an old man, who has lived many years among us like a brother. Indeed, he is a 'voortrekker,' and, though an Englishman, one of the fathers of the land. Can we condemn such a one to a bloody grave, more especially as he has a niece de pendent upon him?"

only a man, liable to err and be led away."

"No, no," they cried, in answer to this skill-ful touch upon the better strings in their na-

"Gentlemen, those sentiments do you honor. My own heart cried but now 'No, no; what ever his sins have been, let the old man go free.' But then came reflection. True, the prisoner is old; but should not age have aught him wisdom? Is that which is not to be forgiven to youth to be forgiven to the ripe experience of many years? May a man murder and be a traitor because he is old?" "No, certainly not!" cried the chorus on the

"Then there is the second point. He was a voortrekker' and a father of the land. Should ie not therefore have known better than to etray it into the hands of the cruel, godless English? For, gentlemen, though that charge not laid against him, we must remember, as throwing a light upon his general character, that the prisoner was one af those vile men who betrayed the land to Shepstone. Is it not a most cruel and unnatural thing that a father should sell his own child into slavery?-that a father of the land should barter away its freedom? Therefore on this point, too, does justice temper mercy."

"That is so," said the chorus with particu-lar enthusiasm, most of them having themselves been instrumental in bringing the annexation about.

"Then one more thing: this man has a iece, and it is the care of all good men to see that the young should not be left destitute and friendless, lest they should grow up bad and become enemies to the well being for the farm will go to the girl by law; and, indeed, she will be well rid of so desperate and godless an old man.

"And now, having set my reason toward. one side and the other before you, and having warned you fully to act each man according to his conscience, I give my vote. It is"and in the midst of the most intense silence he paused and looked at old Silas, who never even quailed-"It is death."

There was a little hum of conversation, and poor Bessie, surveying the scene through the crack in the store room wall, groaned in hitterness and despair of heart.

Then Hans Coetzee spoke. It cut his bosom in two, he said, to have to say a word against one to whom he had for many years been as a brother. But, then, what was he to do? The man had plotted evil against their land. the dear land that the dear Lord had given them, and which they and their fathers had on various occasions watered, and were still continuing to water, with their blood. What could be a fitting punishment for so black hearted a traitor, and how would it be possible to insure the better behavior of other d-d Englishmen, unless they inflicted that punishment? There could, alas! he but one answer—though personally speaking, he ut-tered it with many tears, and that answer

After this there were no more speeches, but each man voted according to his age, upon his name being called by the president. At first there was a little hesitation, for some among them were fond of old Silas, and loath to destroy him. But Frank Muller had played his game very well, and, nothwith-standing his appeals to their independence of judgment, they knew full surely what would happen to him who gave his vote against the president. So they swallowed their better feelings with all the ease for which such wallowing is noted, and one by one uttered

When they had all done Frank Muller ad-

"Prisoner, you have heard the judgme ngainst you. I need not now recapitule your crimes. You have had a fair and open trial by court martial, such as our law directs. Have you anything to say why sentence of eath should not be passed upon you in accordance with the judgment?"

Old Blas lected up with flashing eyes, and

shook back his fringe of white hair like a

lion at bay. "I have nothing to say. If you will do murder, do it, black hearted villain that you are! I might point to my gray hairs, to my are: I might point to my gray hairs, to my murdered servant, to my home that took me ten years to build, destroyed by you! I might tell you how I have been a good citisen and lived peaceably and neighborly in the land for more than twenty years ay, and done kindness after kindness to many of you who are going to murder me in cold blood! But I will not. Shoot me if you will, and may my death lie heavy on your heads. This morning I would have said that my This morning I would have had any that country would avenge me; I cannot say that now, for England has deserted us and I have no country. Therefore I leave the vengeance in the hands of God, who never fails to avenge, though sometimes he waits for long to do it. I am not afraid of you. Shoot me now if you like. I have lost my hone, my home and my country; why should I not less my life also?

Frank Kuller fixed his cold eyes upon the old man's quivering face and smiled a dreadful smile of triumph.

"Prisoner, it is now my duty, in the number of God and the republic, to sintence you to be shot to-morrow at dewn, and may the Almighty forgive you your wickedness, and have many upon your seal."

"Let the prisoner be removed, and let' ann ride full speed to the empty house on the letter of the Buckhaman with the m

part satisfy its, one sure the nate of was investoom; and living back with him the degrees. In will find withing there, that the princess may be offered lightninistration. Also let be much east to dig the princess's grave in the burief place at the back of the back."

The guards laid their hands upon the old man's shoulders, and he turned and went with thout a word. Besie watched him-ough her crack in the wall, till the go, through her crack in the wall, the the dear old head with its frings of white hairs and the bent frame were no longer visible, and then; at last, her faculties, benumbed and exhausted by the horzors she was passing through, gave out, and she fell forward in a

faint there upon the sacks.

Meanwhile Muller was writing the death warrant on a sheet of his pocket book. At the foot he left a space for his own signature, but he did not sign it for reasons of his own. What he did do was to pass it round to be countersigned by all who had formed the court in this mock trial, his object being to implicate every man there present in the judicial murder by the direct and incontrovertible evidence of his sign manual. Now, Boers are simple pastoral folk, but they are not quite so simple as not to see through a move like this, and thereon followed a very instructive little seene. They had, to a man, been willing enough to give their verdict for the old man's execution, but they were by no means ready to record it in black and white. As soon as ever they understood the object of their feared and respected commandants general desire manifested itself to make themselves respectively and collectively scarce. Suddenly they found that they had business outside, and something like a general attempt at a bolt ensued. Several of them had already tumbled off their extemporized jury box, and, headed by the redoubtable Hans, were approaching the entrance to the wagon house, when Frank Muller perceived their design and roared out in a voice of thunder:

"Stop! Not a man leaves this place till the warrant is signed." Instantly the men halted and began to look

nnocent and converse. "Hans Coetzee, come here and sign," said Muller again, whereupon that unfortunate advanced with as good a grace as he could muster, murmuring to himself curses, not loud but deep, upon the head of "that devil of a man, Frank Muller."

However, there was no help for it, so, with a sickly smile, he put his name to the fatal document in big, shaky letters. Then Muller called another man, who instantly tried to get out of it on the ground that his education had been neglected and that he could not write, an excuse that availed him little, for Frank Muller quietly wrote his name for him, leaving a space for his mark. After that there was no more trouble, and in five minutes the entire back of the warrant was covered with the scrawling signatures of the various members of the court.

One by one the men went, till at last Muller was left alone, seated there on the saw bench, his head sunk upon his breast, holding the warrant in one hand, while with the other he stroked his golden beard. Presently he stopped stroking his beard and sat for some minutes perfectly still, so still that he might have been carved in stone. By this time the afternoon sun had got behind the hill and the deep wagon house was full of shadow that seemed to gather round him and invest him with a somber, mysterious grandeur. He looked like a king of evil, for evil has her princes as well as good, and stamps them with her imperial seal of power, and crowns them with a diadem of her own; among these Frank Muller was surely great. A little smile of triumph played upon his beautiful, cruel face, a little light danced within his cold eyes and ran down the yellow beard. At that moment he might

Presently he awoke from his reverie. have her!" he said to himself; "I have her in s vise! She cannot escape me; she cannot let the old man die! Those curs have served my purpose well; they are as easy to play on as a fiddle, and I am a good player. Yes, and now we are getting to the end of the

CHAPTER XXX

"WE MUST PART, JOHN." Jess and her companion stood in awed si-lence and gazed at the blackening and distorted corpses of the thunderblasted Boers. Then they went past them to the tree which grew some ten paces or more on the other side of the place of destruction. There was some little difficulty in getting the horses past the corpses, but at last they came with a wheel and a snort of suspicion, and were tied up to the tree by John. Meanwhile Jess took some of the hard boiled eggs out of the basket and vanished. She sat herself on a slab of flat stone out of the glare of the sun, and ate her breakfast of hard issiled eggs, reflecting meanwhile on the position in which she found herself. For her heart was very sore and heavy, and she could find it in her to wish that she was, lying somewhere beneath those rushing waters. She had calculated on death, and now she was not dead, and she and her shame and her trouble might yet live for many a year. She was like one who in her sleep had seemed to sour on angel's wings out into the airy depths, and then awakened with a start to find that she had tumbled from her bed. All the heroic scale, all the more than earthly depth of passion, all the spiritualized desires that had sprung into being beneath the shadow of the approaching end, had come down to the common level of an undesirable attachment, along which she must now drag her weary feet for many a year. Nor was that all. She had been false to Bessie, and more, she had broken Bessie's lover's troth. She had tempted him and he had fallen, and now he was as bad as she. Death would have justified all this; she would never have done it had she thought she was going to live; but now death had cheated her, as he has a way of doing with people to whom his

presence is more or less desirable, and left her o cope with the spirit she had invoked when his sword was quivering over her. What would be the end of it, supposing they escaped? What could be the end except misery? It should go no further, far as it had gone, that she swore; no, not if it broke her heart and his, too. - The conditions were altered again, and the memory of those dreadful and wonderful hours when they two swung upon the raging river and exchanged their undying troth, with the grave for their

altar, must be a memory and nothing more. She rose and walked back to the spot where she had left John an hour before. He was employed when she reached him in saddling ap the second of the two grays with the saddles and bridles that he had removed from the carcasses of the horses which the lightping had destroyed.

"Hullo, Jess, you look quite smart. Have you dried your clothes?" he said. "I have after a fashion. Yes," sine answered.

He looked at her. "Why, dearest, you have been crying. Come, things are black mough, but it is no use crying. At any rate, we have got off with our lives so far." "John," said Jess, sharply, "there must be no more of that. Things have changed. We were dead last night; now we have come to life again. Besides," she added, with a ghost of a laugh, "perhaps you will see Bessie to-

morrow. I should think we ought to have got to the end of our misfortunes." John's face feil, as the recollection of the impossible and most tragic position in which they were placed, physically and morally, swept into his mind.

The mind, what is to be

you thinking about? From to-day we are and you with me. It is your own fault; yo should have let me die. Ch, John, John, she wailed out. "why did you not let me die! Why did we not both die! We should have been happy now, or—asleep. We must part, John, we must part; and what shall I do without you? what shall I do?"

Her distress was very poignant, and its not trust himself to answer her.

"Would it not be best to make a clean breast of it to Bessie?" he said at last. "I should feel a blackguard for the rest of my life, but upon my word I have a mind to do it."

"No, no!" she cried passionately, "I will not have you do it! You shall swear to me that you will never breathe a word to Bes will not have her happiness destroyed. We have sinned, we must suffer; not Bessie, who is innocent and only takes her right. I promised my dear mother to look after Bessie and protect her, and I will not be the one to betray her—never! never! You must marry her and I must go away. There is no other way out

John looked at her, not knowing what to say or do. A sharp pang of despair went through him as he watched the passionate, pale face and the great eyes dim with tears. How was he to part from her? He put out his arms to take her in them, but she pushed him away almost fiercely.

"Have you no honor?" she cried. "Is it not all hard enough to bear without your tempting me! I tell you it is all done with. Finish saddling that horse and let us start. The somer we get off the somer it will be over, unless the Boers catch us again and shoot us, which for my own part I devoutly hope they may. You must make up your mind to remember that I am nothing but your sister in law. If you will not remember it, then I shall ride away and leave you to go your way and I will go mine."

John said no more. Her determination was as crushing as the cruel necessity that dictated it. What was more, his own reason and sense of honor approved of it, whatever his passion might prompt to the contrary, As he turned wearily to finish saddling the horse he almost regretted with Jess that they had not both been drowned and got it over. Of course the only saddles that they had were those belonging to the dead Boers, which was very awxward for a lady. Luckily for herself, however, Jess could, from

constant practice, ride almost as well as though she had been trained to the ring, and was even capable of balancing herself without a pommel on a man's saddle, having often and often ridden round the farm in So soon as the horses were ready Continued next week.

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Saurs and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill, Steum Engines and Steam Pumps.

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



placed before the farmers and horse-owners of this vicinity. It has proved itself to be one of the most honest preparations of its kind in use, and at the some time one of the GREATEST REGOD PURIFIERS in the country.

It is perfectly harmless, in fact Rain of Shine it wont hurt any animal, and has been used with grand success by such reliable mea as Joseph Staples, John Cairns, Geo. Wherry, Geo. Skuce, Happy Jack, Heary Gain, Jack Dunadhra and themsands of others.

L. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist, Lindsay.