BARGAINS

2

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Please call or send for Prices. SIGN OF THE ARVIL

She Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DRC. 2, 1887.

KOBES' DINNER.

"Come here. Listen. Two growhers for

Larlwig took the groschens, thrust them deep into his porket, and passed his hand under his mose as much as to say good! Go to Frederick Schultz, in the Rue Plat d'Etam, and to Professor Haun, at the Cigogne beleft on you understand."

lading bent down his head suddenly. Tell them Mr. Fritz Kobus invites them to damer at a precisely." Yes, Mr Kobus."

Stop go to the Rabbi David also, and say Part I expect him at the clock for coffee, Now,

Ladwig descended the stairs like a shot. Kobus saw him, an instant after, flying over the road, he was gone. The butler, Katel, was still standing there.

Lat n Knick I want you to go to the pared at ones. Select the best fish and Any aing especially choice you will buy, without regard to price; it is emential and, that it must be the best. I will set the table and select the wine; you take the kitchen outirely. But hurry, for I am certain Professor Speek and all the other town gonf-mete are already there, snapping up the choice

After the departure of Katel, Frits entered to inspect his vanit and choose some old botties of wine for the fete. He descended with the candle in his hand, the bunch of keys in his porket and the basket on his arm. Low It was a very dry old cave, and the walls, covered with saltpeter, shone like erystal the cave of the Kobusee 150 years before where the grandfather, Nicholas, had come for the first time with the Marko-

At the first turn, and as he was about to enter the second cave -the cave of the bothe stopped to snuff the candle, which to did with his fingers, having forgotten the smuffers and after having put his foot on the southing he advanced with a bent back under a little vanifed cave out in the fork At the end of the entrance he opened second door, shut by an enormous lock all covered with dust, straightened his her again and joyously cried: "Ah! ah! through all the high gray vault. At the mue time a black cat chitching the wall spring to the window, its green eyes gleaming, and saved itself by springing across the Rue Coin Brule. This cave, the best of Hunebourg, was partly cut in the rock and for the rest was constructed of enormous pieces of stones. It was not very large, having only twenty feet of depth to fifteen in by a latture and shut by a door, also of letter; the whole length was shelved, and on the shelves were the bottles, arranged in

They had been there all these years from So to 1840. The light of three windows in the lattice sparkled against the bottles in an agreeable and picturesque fashion. Kobus wallow with compartments intended to hold a bottle each. He set the backet on the ground and head the camble high. The sight of all there and wones, some in blue seals, the others in cases of lead, softened him and he

. If their wisdom and perception put these good wines if they could come back, I am sure they would be contented to me to low ag their example, and would that worthy to succeed them in the world. the would be satisfied! Those three asthorn I have filled, and, I say it myself. has semment. I have always taken the is to go to the vineyard myself and areat little v pricessers in the face of the tube And for the care of the vault 1 a more saving of myself than I and these wines here, although anger than the others, are not of r quality; they will age and reor predecessors. It is thus that the ed o'd traditions are maintained and deprotonly as good but better things in miles Yes, if the old Nicholas Kobus, the a miliather of Franz Sepel, and my own father, could come back and taste these wines they would be satisfied with their son. They would say he has the same wisdom and the same verties as ourselves. Unhappily they cannot return; it is done! done! I must replace them all in all. It is sad all the same; they were so predent and such good fivers. To think they can't even taste a glass of their own wine and yet rejoice in seeing the Lord and His angels! Well! well we are all the

same; we all come to the same end, soons or later, and while we are here we are wise if we profit by the good things set before us." After these melancholy reflections Kobus busied himself in choosing the wines which they would drink. On the old labels he rent "Markobrunner of 1706, Affecthal of 1894;" "Johannisherg of the Capuchiar," mid he, then straightening up, and chattery tongue, he lifted a bettle coursed with the straightening tongue, and put it in the bettle

but not above." Then, passing west during business of the large in his probes, and took the way to the first cave. As he want along he completed the busines with a south of old run which he found apart from the olding interaction between two pitters of the venity, then he went up the states waiting for a minute to leak the dame. On coming against the venity of the headfile business maining online and fining the first he adopted in the entry on the all of the histology and opining offers are the bestiest Our this cocurion, Katel, I expect you to corpus yourself, that you shall make a dinner. But, a dinner!"

"Root contented, sir," answered the old quisiniers, "you will not be any loss satisfied with me on this occurion than you have been

ith me on this occasion than you have been m any other for the last twenty years."

on any other for the last twenty years."

"I believe it—but, then, one can do well, very well, and incomparably well."

"I will do all in my power," said the old man, "and you can all more."

Kobus, then, seeing on the table wood hems, a superior pike rounded in the tub, dainty trout, for frying, and a superb pate de fois gras thought all would pass off well.

"Very well," he said, "very well, indeed; "tint will do, ha! ha! ha! we shall laugh institute?"

Instead of going to his ordinary dining

hasket before a high door, gut a key in the lock and opened it. It was "The Galle Hall of the Kobuses," No one dired there but in the Kohnee." No one direct there but in windows of the sorm the closed; her could see in the half sharing ancient furniture— yellow homes, a great chinney of white marks—long walls with great frame cov-

rectiviti white media.

Filletinst opened diswintows and draw middle curtain. The halling its cit, on the curtain was distributed and a light of the curtain.

You could see at a glance that good eating had descended there from father to son.

He then took off the covers of the portraits; one was the portrait of Nicholas Kobus, coun-wlor of Frederick William in the year of our

Louis XIV perules and a chestaut coat with large sleeves turned over to the elbows; the bosom, tine lace: his figure was large, erect and dignified. Another pertunit represented Franz Sepel Kobus—ensign in the regiment of dragoons of Leiningen—with sky blue uniform, a surtout of silver, a white warf on the left shoulder, powdered hair and chapeau set on the car. He appeared to be about 20 years of uge, and as fresh as a bouquet of coluntine. The third portrait represented. Zuchariah Kohus—a justice of the peacs—in a black robe. He held in his hand a snuff hox and wore a peruke with a rat cue,

These three portraits, of the same size, were large and solid paintings. One could see that the Kobuses had always had sufficient money to pay artists properly to send their physiognomies down to posterity.

Fritz had features in common with them all—that is to say, blue eyes, a broad flat nose, a round chin, broken with a dimple, a nose, a round chin, broken with a dimple, a wide mouth, and a satisfied expression. On the right side against the wall was the portrait of a woman, Kobus' grandmother-fresh, laughing, her half opened mouth showing as beautiful white teeth as one could imagine; her hair raised on a cushion, and her form enveloped in a velvet robe of sky blue, bordered with rose. In this picture Kobus' grandfather took the greatest pride, and, after seeing it, it was unaccountable that the grandson had such little inclination to marry. All these portraits, framed in heavy gold moldings, produced a great effect

On the door there was a relief represent love carried away in a car by three doves. In ander a stairway he opened the door of a sword, all the furniture—the doors of the armories, the old linen closets in resewood, the buffet with large sculptured panels, the oval table with twisted legs, and even the oak floor, alternately inlaid with yellow and black-all announced the good style in which the Kobuses had lived for 150 years.

Fritz now pushed the table on its rollers to the centre of the hall, then opened the double doors of the high armories. In one was the table linen, heautiful as it was possible to de-aire, with an infinity of glister. In the other the dishes and plates of magnificent Saxony, flowered, molded and gilded; piles of plates, services of all sorts, sugar bowls, and above all, the silver. Kobus chose a beautiful damsek coth and extended it carefully on the table, passing his hand over it to efface the creases and making at the corners great knots to prevent it sweeping the floor. He did this slowly and with love. After that he took a pile of plates and placed them on a chimney piece; then more deep plates and other plates. He made a plateau of crystal glasses, edged with great diamond cuts. In these glasses the red wine reflected, turning the color ruby and the rellow wine to topaz. Then he disposed the knives and forks with plates regularly around the table, one opposite the other; he put the napkins beside them in boats and bishop's bonnets; he placed them and bishop's bonnets; ne places the sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, to judge of the symmetry. In this occupation his great good form had an air of receiving inexpressible satisfaction; his lips were tightly closed, and his eyebrows knit together. "It is right at last." he said, in a deep voice; "the grand Frederick Schuitz at the side of the windows, his back to the light; the Professor Christian Haan facing him; Joseph on this side and myself on that side; that will do! that will do! When the door opens I will advance; I will know where each one shall sit; I will make a sign to Katel to approach and attend; it is very good! Then the glames to the right, they are for the Bordeaux, to commence with; at the middle there is the Rudesheim, and after that the Johannisberg de Capuchine. All these come in their order and have their own time; the oil caster on the chimney, the salt and pepper on the table—nothing shall be forgotten, I flatter myself. Ah, the wine! It must be getting too warm. We will refresh it with a bath under the pump, except the Bordeaux, which should not be drank cold. And now for my part, I must wash and shave and put on my maroon redingote. So it goes, Kobus Ah! ah! ah! what a feast it will be! And outdoors there is a superbsun. Not a minute

Fritz went out; in passing the kitchen he saw Katel warming the Bordeaux and refreshing the other wines. He was ready and entered the room singing very low. Tra

erevices of the mansion, and the grand frenzel of the Bouf Rouge entered to uncover the service; for the old cook, Katel, could not be in the kitchen and dining room at the same

The half hour sounded from the clock of St. Landolphe and the guests arrived together.

There is nothing more agreeable in this world below than to sit down with three or four friends before a well served table, spread four friends before a well seven unic, speaks in the antique dusing rooms of one's encusive, there to gravely attach your napkin beneath your chin, plungs your spoon into a good crayfish soup and pass your guests their plates. It makes one happy to commence such a disner, with the windows open and includes the commence of the commen

then straightening up, and, cheeting is tengue, he lifted a bettle covered with due and put it in the besines.

"I know that wine," said he, and he took one morems to reflect on the Charlestanes.

Hunebourg, who, in 1702, arrived of the Charlestanes.

Hunebourg, who in 1702, arrived of the Charlestanes.

Pillage. His prantithing them, the property of the country o

pected; and when Carraman, my on his shoulders, laughs very low, dreamin of Pather Blockoff—now many than the year dead, and whom he had forgotten—whi some tailed of the class, others of music and all together—stopping every new and then to break into great hundred hughter— it is then that every little thing becomes a source of happiness, and paradise, the true paradise, returns again to earth.

Very well! That was precisely the state of things in the house of Fritz Kobus about twilight.

At this moment the old David Siehel entered, and one might easily imagine the cries of enthusiasm he received:

"Ha, David! There is David—he has come! Good!"

The old rabbi cast serdonic glances on the

The old rabbi cast surfonic glances on the tarts cut in different suppos, or the Brahes pates, on the emptied bettles, and, comprehensive the sease of revolvy the sete had suffered the language understile have the language understile have the language understile have suffered to minutation or and I would have suffered an hour. There's you chair, old fellow; sit down. What a shault that you can't taste this pate; it is called the "Ses," said the grand Padentil, "but it is hum; he dare not taste it. Heaven made all these good things—these hams, this venison,

these good things—these hame, this venison,

"And indigestion, also," said David, laughing a little maliciously. "How many times did your father, Johann Schultz, repeat to me that same thing! It is a pleasantry of the family which passes from father to son, like the pointed peruke and the velvet breeches with two buckles. All that does not prevent me from saying that if your father had less love for these same sauces, this ham, and this venison, he would be as well and strong as I. But, as for you other 'hhande,' you won't listen to anything, and sometimes the one and sometimes the other of you are taken like rate in a trap because

"Ah! Do you see!" cried Kobus. "The old 'peche Israel' pretends to be afraid of indigestion, whereas it is really the law of Moses which prevents him from eating with us."
"Hold your tongue," interrupted David,
peaking through his nose. "I give that resson for those who cannot understa son for those who cannot understand better reasons. Let that suffice for you. It is a good enough reason for a sergeant of the Land-wehr who is brave enough to let a peasant run away with his boots. There is as much danger in indigestion as there is in an Alsa-tian pitchfork."

Then a great burst of laughter arose on all sides, and the grand Frederick, lifting his "David, I'll pay you back again!" and made

Then the old rabbi laughed, and with good beart, with all the others. The grand frenzel of the Bouf Rouge now entered to clear the table, coming from the kitchen with a waiterful of glasses, Katel fol-lowing with another waiterful of coffee and

The old rabbt sat himself down betweer Joseph and Kobus; Frederick Schultz tool from his pocket a great pipe of Ulm, and Fritz went to hunt in the armory for a box

open for a minute, and a little, fresh, young voice came through it from the kitchen: "Ha, Katel, good morning. Mon Dieu! but you are having a splendid dinner; all the village is talking about it."
"Chit!" said the old servant.

And the door shut. All ears listened at the table. The grea

preceptor, Haan, said: "My! what a presty voice. Did you hear it! Ha! ha! One of Kohus' dependents, do you see?"
"Katel! Katel!" called the astor The kitchen door opened, and Katel an

"Have you forgotten anything sir?"
"No," said Frits, "but who is there?"
"The little Suml, sir, the daughter of your farmer, you know, at Meisenthal; she has brought some eggs and fresh butter." "Ah! so it is the little Suzel?" said Fritz Well, well, tell her to come in; it has been

months since I have seen her." Katal returned to the kitchen. "Suzel, monsieur wants you to go in."
"Ah, mon Dieu! Katel, I am not dressed. "Suzel! Suzel!" cried Kobus, "come in." Then a little girl, perhaps of 16 or 17 years fresh as a bunch of daisies, with blue eyes and a little nose with delicate nostrils, lips graciously rounded, and dressed in a skirt of white and sack of blue, stood upon the door

ill, with her head bent bashfully down. All looked at her with admiration, and Ko bus seemed astonished. "You have grown very much, Suzel," h said at last. "Come in, and don't be afraid

we are not going to eat you."

"Ah, I well know that," she said, "butbut-I am not dressed."

"Not dressed!" cried Haan, "are not pretty girls always dressed and prettily dressed?"

Then Frits, turning round and shrugging his shoulder, said:
"An infant, Haan! a veritable infant!

Then to the bunch of daisies: "Suzel, you must take coffee with us. Katel, bring a cur for the little one."

"Oh, M. Kobus, I dare not; never!"

"Esh! bah! hurry, Katel," and the old ser vant returned with a cup.

Surel, red to her ears, sat down between Kobus and the old rabbi, at the right of the Fritz spoke: "Well, Suzel, what are you doing at the farm? Is Father Christel well?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur. Dieu merci, he is al ways well," said the little one. "He told me to give you his respects, and my mother did, "Ah, that is good; it gives me p You had a deal of snow last winter?"

"Yes, monsiour; two feet around the far: "Then the sowing was well covered."
"Yes, M. Kobus, all covered."
"That's well. But drink, Susel; perha

The old rabbi regarded her for a moment with an air tender and fraternal, then sugared her coffee himself, saying as hedid so: "There! you are a good little girl; yes, a good little girl, Sund. Taste a drop of the wine;

it will give you courage "Ob, thank you, M. David," said the low voice; and the old rabbi was content

Notes and the old rabbi was centent.

Kobus watched the little one—so sweet, as gentle, so timid, and, as he beind, recent arrived away to the open country—to the old form. The was the perfume from the weeds—the breath of springline; and in he low price he hard the notes of the helt trilling true the hard was the littling.

To, E. Esten, all dem, And Advertised to proceed that the process of the process

"Hell, your hist picker, my their child, I am lingue to have seen you. Go to Katel, who waits for you; he will put a pute in your bushet and a bottle of good wine for Pather

A

ERWE

BARCAIN

B

It was long after midnight when Frita-Ko-bug guests are and took their departure. The great preceptor; Haan, and the grand Frederick Schultz marched before, Joseph following after them, and after him David Sichel—all joily fellows together. Andso ended Fritz Kobus' last bachelor

In the morning about 9 o'clock he was sit-ting on the side of the bed with a melancholy air, pulling on his boots and moralizing:
"We drank too much last night," he said, subbing his neck methodically just behind his Br. Then raising his voice he cried:

The old servant appeared at the door and seeing that his young master's eyes looked very red and his hair resembled a mouse's

"Ha! ha! ha! You have a headache, M. Kohur will sunhave teat"

"Ne, I will have breakfast; bring it."

Katel quilty returned to the kitchen, laughing a little to himself.

It took Kohus about half at hour to finish his took. He could nearest to his hands or move his lags; however, he decanded to the breakfast room. And also well, haishing with a glass of Forstandare, which gave him spength. tiething up from the table he crossed over

to the window and looked out into the "It must be the smoking that makes things spin around in this way. I shall have to give up that pipe. Katel!"

"I am going out to get a little fresh air."
"When will you return, monsieur?"
"About midday, as usual, I think; but if I

m not back at I o'clock set the table away," nd, making no other answer, he went out. Katel watched him as he left; then, taking up a napkin, folded it thoughtfully, with the remark: "Something wrong with the social

Once outside the house Kohus took the Rue Hildebrand. The fresh morning air revived nim, he had forgotten fils head and was veritably happy.

Looking down the street to the valley he said to himself: "If I were down there I would only be three miles from my farm at Meisenthal. I will go. I will talk with the old Christal of my business; and I can then see how the harvest looks and Suzel"—

He paused and looked down in the valley. As he looked a flock of white pigeons flew high over the hill, directing their way to the forest of elms. Fritz followed their flight even until they disappeared in the depths of the forest, then turned his steps resolutely and longingly toward Meisenthal. There was little Suzel.—The Caterer.

A writer in a Belgian contemporary traces the decline of the French language on the continent. Flemish is driving French out of the University of Antwerp and the Academy of Ghent, from the Belgian mint and postoffice, from the legislature and the tribunals. French has ceased to be the official language of the German foreign office: but it is not so well known that even technical terms of French derivation have been arbitrarily substituted in the postal and telegraphic ervices by words of purely German manufacture—the result of an organized movement to effect the same result in all departments of life. German is gradually conquering French in Alsace-Lorraine. Russia no longer speaks French even at court. Greece, following the German example, is pulifying itself from the French element—once exceedingly strong—with the utmost energy; and in Turin, instead of seeing in the shops, as formerly: "Si parla Italiano," one reads an exceptional: "On parle Francais."-Chicago Tribune.

A Ludicrous Incident. "I was in New York recently," said a railroad agent, who looks after the immigration business of a trunk line, "and while at Castle Garden saw a very ludicrous incident. Hanging on the wall there was a map of the United States containing on the margin the advertisement of a firm of land and immigration agents. Printed on the map, over the location of several western cities, was a red flag, designed to draw attention to the various points at which the firm's branch offices were located. Chicago was thus marked, and so was Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul and Denver. While I was standing map, and immediately became greatly excited. there an Englishman came up, looked at the

"'Ere's a go,' he exclaimed, pulling out his railroad ticket. 'Hi'm booked for Homa'a, and on the map theer Hi see hit is a Hanarchist town. Hi'll never go to a Hanarchist piace. Hi'll go back to Hingland first, so theer! Cawn't I change me booking,

y'know? "And that wild Englishman took on at a great rate, and rushed around asking everybody he saw if the 'Hanarchists' had compl possession of Omaha, and if it was safe for a traveler to set foot in the town, and if he would have to pass through Chicago to get to Omaha, and if there wasn't some way in which he could have his 'booking' change and so on. When at last he was calmed sufficiently to tell the officers the cause of his excitement, it was learned that he had taken the red flags on the map to mean that the cities so marked were in the power of the Anarchists. Wasn't it funny?" - Chicago

Blankets of the Pacific Coast. It is a fact not generally known that the blankets manufactured on the Pacific coast are greatly superior to any blankets in the world. They seem to have reached the acme of combined warmth and lightness, and are far away better than any others. One reason for this is the excellent quality of the wool, that used for blankets in California being better than the wool used for a like purp me in the east. But the great reason for the superiority of the Pacific slope article is the care exercised in its manufacture. A high tandard of excellence was set when the busistandard of excellence was set when the business first began, and the mills have kept it up ever since. The prices are high, a pair of blankets sometimes selling for \$50, \$60 and even \$100, though, of course, these prices only apply to famey articles. Oregon is now making blankets fully equal to those made in California, and the demand is rapidly increase. ing, as the people of the country at here are beginning its recognize the fact that these blambers are the bias in the world.—

S S. Ritchie.

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