R. s. PORTER, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

LINDSAY, ONT.

Lindsay, Oct. 29, 1884.-12. BRITTON.

of the firm of Britton Bros., Jewellers

Lindsay,) **ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LIGENSES** FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA

## The Canadian Post.

INDRAY PRIDAY, JAN. 2011-88

## COUNTESS NAKONA.

(Continued from last week.) CH PTER X.

"Money!" That one word roused the sinking spirit of the courier's wife. She recovered her courage; she found her voice. "Look at me, my lady, if you please," she said, with a len outbreak of audacity.

Lady Montbarry looked round for the third time. The fatal words passed Mrs. Ferrari's

"I come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow." Lady Montbarry's glittering black eyes rested with steady attention on the woman who had addressed her in those terms. Not the faintest expression of confusion or alarm, not even a momentary flutter of interest stirred the deadly stillness of her face. She reposed as quietly, she held the screen as. posedly as ever. The test had been tried, and had irretrievably, utterly failed.

There was another silence. Lady Montbarry considered with herself. The smile that came slowly and went away suddenlythe smile at once so sad and so cruel—showed itself on her thin lips. She lifted her screen, and pointed with it to a seat at the further end of the room. "Be so good as to take that

Helpless under her first bewildering sense of failure—not knowing what to say or what to do next-Mrs. Ferrari mechanically obeyed. Lady Montbarry, rising on the sofa for the first time, watched her with undisgrised scrutiny as she crossed the room—then such back into a reclining position once more. "No," she said to herself quietly, "the woman walks steadily: she is not intoxicated—the only other possibility is that she may be mad."
She had spoken loud enough to be heard.
Stung by the insult, Mrs. Ferrari instantly answered her: "I am no more drunk or mad

than you are!" "No?" said Lady Montbarry. "Then you are only insolent? The ignorant English, mind (I have observed) is apt to be insolent in the exercise of unrestrained English This is very noticeable to us foreigners ame you people in the streets. Of course I can't | tion?' he asked quietly. ent to you, in return. I hardly know what to say to you. My maid is imprudent in admitting you so easily to my room. I I wonder who you are! You mentione the name of a courier who left us very strangely. Was he married, by any chance? Are you his wife? And do you know where

Mrs. Ferrari's indignation burst its way through all restraints. She advanced to the sofa; she feared nothing, in the fervor and rage of her reply.
"I am his widow—and you know it, you

wicked woman! Ah! it was an evil hour when Miss Lockwood recommended my hus-

band to be his lordship's courier"— Before Mrs. Ferrari could add another word Lady Montharry sprung from the sofa with the stealthy suddenness of a cat—seized her by both soldiers—and shook her with the strength and frenzy of a mad woman. "You lief you lie! you lie!" She dropped her hold at the third repetition of the accusation and threw up her hands wildly with a gesture of despair. "Oh, Jesus Maria! is it possible?" despair. "Oh, Jesus Maria! is it possible?" she cried. "Can the courier have come to me through that woman?" She turned like lightning on Mrs. Ferrari, and stopped her as she was escaping from the room. "Stay here, you fool-stay here and answer me! If you you fool—stay nere and any are above you, ery out, as sure as the heavens are above you, ery out, hands. Sit I'll strangle you with my own hands. Sit down again-and fear nothing. Wretch! It is I who am frightened-frightened out of my senses. Confess that you lied when you used Miss Lockwood's name just now! No! I don't believe you on your oath! I will be-lieve nobody but Miss Lockwood herself. Where does she live? Tell me that, you nexious, stinging little insect—and you may go." Terrified as she was, Mrs. Ferrari hesitated. Lady Montbarry lifted her hands threateningly, with the long, lean, yellow-white fingers outspread and crooked at the

cips. Mrs. Ferrari shrunk at the sight of them, and gave the address. Lady Montbarry pointed contemptuously to the door—then chang d her mind. "No! not yet! you will tell Miss Lockwood what has happened, and she may refuse to see me. I will go there at once, and you shall go with me. As far as the house-not inside of it. Sit down again. I am going to ring for my maid. Turn your back to the door; your cowardly face is not fit to be seen!"

She rang the bell. The maid appeared. "My cloak and bonnet-instantly!" The maid produced the cloak and bonnet

from the bedroom. "A cab at the door-before I can count

The maid vanished. Lady Montbarry surveyed herself in the glass, and wheeled round again, with her cat like suddenness, to Mrs.

"I look more than half dead already, don't In she said, with a grim burst of irony. "Give me your arm."

She took Mrs. Ferrari's arm and left the room. "You have nothing to fear, so long as you obey," she whispered, on the way down "You leave me at Miss Loekwood's door and never see me again."

In the hall they were met by the landlady of the hotel. Lady Montbarry graciously presented her companion. "My good friend, Mrs. Ferrari; I am so glad to have seen her." The landlady accompanied them to the door.
The cab was waiting. "Get in first, good Mrs. Ferrari," said her ladyship, "and tell the man where to go."

They were driven away. Lady Mont-barry's variable humor changed again. With a low groan of misery, she threw herself back in the cab. Lost in her own dark thoughts, as careless of the woman whom she had bent to her iron will as if no such person at by her side, she preserved a sinister allence, until they reached the house where his Lockwood lodged. In an instant, she roused herself to action. She opened the door of the cab, and closed it again on Mrs. Ferrari before the driver could get off his

"Take that lady a mile further on her way home!" she said, as she paid the man his fare. The next instant she had knocked at the house ar. "Is Miss Lockwood at home?" "Yes, ma'am."

She stepped over the threshold; the door closed on her.

Mrs. Ferrari put her hand to her head, and tried to collect her thoughts. Could she take thinks.

Still silent. Late Monthagus facility. Lady Montbarry's mercy! She was still vainly endeavoring to decide on the course that she ought to follow, when a gentleman, stopping at Miss Lockwood's door, happened to look toward the cab window, and saw her. "Are you going to call on Miss Agass too?"

It was Henry Westwick. Mrs. Ferrari clasped her hands in gratifude as she recognized him. "Go in, sir!" she cried. "Go in, directly. That dreadful woman is with Miss Agnes.

Go and protect her!" "What woman?" Henry asked.

The answer literally struck him speechless. With amazement and indignation in his face, he looked at Mrs. Ferrari as she pronounced the hated name of "Lady Montbarry." "Pil see to it," was all he said. He knocked at the house door; and he, too, in his turn, was let

CHAPTER XI

"Lady Montbarry, miss." Agnes was writing a letter, when the servant astonished her by announcing the visitor's name. Her first impulse was to refuse to see the woman who had intruded on her. But Lady Montharry had taken care to fol-low close on the servants neels. Hetore Agnes could speak she had entered the room.

"I beg to apologize for my intrusion, Miss Lockwood. I have a question to ask you, in which I am very much interested. No one can answer me but yourself." In low, hesitating tones, with her glittering black eyes bent modestly on the ground, Lady Mont-Without answering Agnes pointed to a chair. She could do this, and, for the time,

she could do no more. All that she had read of the hidden and sinister life in the palace at Venice; all that she had heard of Montbarry's melancholy death and burial in a foreign land; all that she knew of the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance, rushed into her mind when the black robed figure confronted her, standing just inside the door. The strange conduct of Lady Montbarry added a new perplexity to the doubts and misgivings that troubled her. There stood the adventuress whose character had left its mark on society all over Europe-the Fury who had terrified Mrs. Ferrari at the hotel-inconceivably transformed into a timid, shrinking woman! Lady Montbarry had not once ventured to look at Agnes since she had made her way into the room. Advancing to take the chair that had been pointed out to her, she hesitated, put her hand on the rail to support herself, and still remained standing. "Please give me a moment to compose my-self," she said, faintly. Her head sunk on her bosom; she stood before Agnes like a con-

scious culprit before a merciless judge. The silence that followed was, literally, the silence of fear on both sides. In the midst of it the door was opened once more, and Henry Westwick appeared.

He looked at Lady Montbarry with a moment's steady attention, bowed to her with formal politeness and passed on in silence. At the sight of her husband's brother the sinking spirit of the woman sprung to life again. Her drooping figure became erect. Her eyes met Westwick's look, brightly deflant. She returned his bow with an icy smile of contempt.

Henry crossed the room to Agnes. "Is Lady Montbarry here by your invita-

"No." "Do you wish to see her?" "It is very painful to me to see her." He turned and looked at his sister-in-law. "Do you hear that?" he asked, coldly.

"I hear it," she answered, more coldly still. "Your visit is, to say the least of it, ill

"Your interference is, to say the least of it, out of place."

With that retort, Lady Montbarry approached Agnes. The presence of Henry Westwick seemed at once to relieve and embolden her. "Permit me to ask my question, Miss Lockwood," she said, with graceful resolution failed her before she could say more. She sunk trembling into the nearest chair, and, after a moment's struggle, composed herself again. "Did you permit Ferrari," she resumed, "to make sure of being chosen for our courier by using your name!" Agnes did not reply with her customary directness. Trifling as it was, the reference to Montbarry, proceeding from that woman, of

all others, confused and agitated her. "I have known Ferrari's wife for many years," she began. "And I take an interest"-Lady Montberry abruptly lifted her hands with a gesture of entreaty. "Ah, Miss Lock-wood, don't waste time by talking of his wife!

Answer my plain question plainly."

"Let me answer her," Henry whispered. "I will undertake to speak plainly enough." Agnes refused by a gesture. Lady Montbarry's interruption had roused her sense of

what was due to herself. She resumed her reply in plainer terms. "When Ferrari wrote to the late Lord Montbarry," she said, "he did certainly mention my name."

Even now, she had innocently failed to see the object which her visitor had in view. Lady Montbarry's impatience became ungovernable. She started to her feet and advanced to Agnes.

"Was it with your knowledge and permission that Ferrari used your name?" she asked. "The whole soul of my question is in that.
For God's sake, answer me—Yes or No?"

That one word struck Lady Montbarry as a blow might have struck her. The flerce life that had animated her face the instant before faded out of it suddenly and left her like a woman turned to stone. She stood, mechanically confronting Agnes with a stillness so rapt and perfect that not even the breath she drew was perceptible to the two persons who were looking at her.

Henry spoke to her roughly. "Rouse yourself," he said. "You have received your an-

Lady Montbarry paused on the instant ilently submissive as if she had heard a word of command. Henry drew Agnes away to the other end of the room and remonstrated

"You do wrong to call that person back," "No," Agnes whispered, "I have had time to remember.

"To remember what?" "To remember Ferrari's wife; Lady Montbarry may have heard something of the lost

"Lady Montbarry may have heard, but she won't tell," "It may be so, Henry, but for Emily's sake I must try." Henry yielded. "Your kindness is inexhaustible," he said,

with his admiration of her kindling in his eyes. "Always thinking of others; never of Meanwhile Lady Montbarry waited with a resignation that could endure any delay Agnes returned to her, leaving Henry by himself, "Pardon me for keeping you waiting," she said, in her gentle, courteous way, "You have spoken of Ferrari. I wish to speak of him, too."

Lady Montharry bent her head in silence.

Still silent, Lary Montbarry invited her by a wave of the land to go on. Henry approached attentioning watching his sister-in-law. Agues went on:

"No trace of Ferrari has been discovered in England," she said. "Have you any news of him? And will you tell me (if you have heard anything), in mercy to his wife?"

Lady Montbarry's thin lips suddenly relaxed into their sad and cruel smile.

"Why do you ask me about the lost courier!" she said. "You will know what has become of him, Miss Lockwood, when the time is ripe for it." Agnes started. "I don't understand you," she said. "How shall I know? Will some

one tell me!" "Some one will tell you." Henry could keep silence no longer. "Perhaps your ladyship may be the person," he interrupted, with ironical politeness.

She answered him with contemptuous ease: "You may be right, Mr. Westwick. One day or another I may be the person who tells Miss Lockwood what has become of Ferrari.

She stopped, with her eyes fixed on Agnes. "If what?" Henry asked. "If' Miss Lock wood forces me to it."

Agnes listened in astonishment, "Force you to it?" she repeated. "How can I do that? Do you mean to say my will is stronger than yours?"

"Do you mean to say that the candle doesn't burn the moth when the moth flies into it!" Lady Montbarry rejoined. 'Have you ever beard of such a thing as the fascination of terror? I am drawn to you by a fascination of terror. I have no right to visit you. I have no wish to visit you; you are my enemy. For the first time in my life, against my own will, I submit to my enemy. See! I am waiting because you told me to wait; and the fear of you (I swear it) creeps through me while I stand here. Oh, don't let me excite your curiceity or your pity! Follow the example of Mr. Westwick. Be hard and brutal and unforgiving, like him. Grant me my release; tell me to go.

The frank and simple nature of Agnes could discover but one intelligible meaning in this strange outbreak.

"You are mistaken in thinking me your enersy," she said. "The wrong you did me when you gave your hand to Lord Montbarry was not intentionally done. I forgave you my sufferings in his lifetime. I forgive you even more now that he has gone."

Henry heard her with mingled emotions of admiration and distress. "Say no more!" he exclaimed. "You are too good to her; she is not worthy of it," The interruption passed unheeded by Lady

Montbarry. The simple words in which Agnes had replied seemed to have absorbed the whole attention of this strangely changeable woman. As she listened, her face settled slowly into an expression of hard and tearless sorrow. There was a marked change in her voice when she spoke next. It expressed that last, worst resignation which has done with hope.

"You good, innocent creature," she said: what does your amiable forgiveness matter? What are your poor little wrongs in the reckoning for greater wrongs which is demanded of me? I am not trying to frighten you; I am only miserable about myself. Do you know what it is to have a firm presentim of calamity that is coming to you, and yet to hope that your own positive conviction will not prove true? When I first met you, be-fore my marriage, and first felt your influ-ence over me, I had that hope. It was a starveling sort of hope that lived a lingering life in me until today. You struck it dead when you answered my question about Fer-

"How have I destroyed your hopes?" Agnes asked. "What connection is there between my permitting Ferrari to use my name to Lord Montbarry and the strange and dreadful things you are saying to me now?"

"The time is near, Miss Lockwood, when you will discover that for yourself. In the meanwhile, you shall know what my fear of courtesy. "It is nothing to embarrass you. You is in the plainest words I can find. On When the Courier Ferrari applied to my late husband for employment, did you"— Her blighted your life—I am firmly persuaded of blighted your life-I am firmly persuaded of it-you were a ade the instrument of the retribution that my sins of many years had deserved. Oh, such things have happened before today. One person has before now been the means of innocently ripening the growth of evil in another. You have done that already-and you have more to de yet. You have still to bring me to the day of discovery, and to the unishment that is my doom. We shall meet again-here in England or there in Venice, where my husband died, and meet for the last time."

In spite of her better sense, in spite of her natural superiority to superstitions of all kinds, Agnes was impressed by the terrible earnestness with which those words were spoken. She turned pale as she looked at Henry. "Do you understand her?" she asked.

"Nothing is easier than to understand her, he replied, contemptuously; "she knows what has become of Ferrari, and she is confusing you in a cloud of nonsense because she daren't own the truth. Let her go!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Do you think she is mad?" Agnes asted.
"I think she is simply wicked. False, supertitious, inveterately cruel-but not mad. I believe her main motive in coming here was to enjoy the luxury of frightening you." "She has frightened me. I am ashamed to

Henry looked at her, hesitated for a moment, and seated himself on the sofa by her

"I am very anxious about you, Agnes;" he said. "But for the fortunate chance which led me to call here today-who knows what that vile woman might not have said or done, if she had found you alone? My dear, you are leading a sadly unprotected, solitary life. I don't like to think of it; I want to see it hanged-especially after what has happened today. No! no! it is useless to tell me that you have your old nurse. She is too old; she She looked at him. "I have received my sentence," she rejoined, and turned slowly to leave the room.

To Henry's astonishment, Agnes stopped

"Wait a moment, Lady Montbarry; I and took her hand. She made a feeble effort to withdraw it—and yielded. "Will the day never come," he pleaded, "when the privilege of protecting you may be mine? when you will be the pride and joy of my life, as long as my life lasts?" He pressed her hand gently. She made no reply. The color came and went on her face; her eyes were turned away from him. "Have I been so unhappy as to offend your" he asked. She answered that—she said, almost in a

whisper, "No." "Have I distressed you?" "You have made me think of the sad days that are gone." She said no more; she only tried to withdraw her hand from his for the second time. He still held it; he lifted it to

his lips.

"Can I never make you think of other days than those—of happier days to come? Or, if you must think of the time that is passed, can you not look back to the time when I fire loved you?"
Sharping as he put the question. "Spare me, Henry," she answered sadly. "Say no

me, Henry," she answered andly. "Say no moral"

The color rose again in her cheeks; her hand arembled in his. She looked lovely, with her eyes asst down and her bosom heaving gently. At that moment he would have given everything to had in the world to take



for Infants and Children.

"Casteria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

I. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

111 Sc. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Casteria cures Colle, Constitution Sour Stomach, Diagracea, Extile Worms, gives sleep, at gestion, Without injurious medication

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Land werelevery to by

John Makins

MILL MACHINERY. JOHN MAKINS.

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY, Iron Founder and Machinist.

MANUFACTURER OF Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill. Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Have a large assortment of deneral Patterns for the above description of works. Lindsay, Ang. 17th, 1882 -97

Laraine Machine Oil.

DARMERS, THRESHERS AND MILLMEN! FOR ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY USE

McColl's Celebrated Lardine Machine Oil It is without doubt the the best lubricator in the marke McCOLL BROS. & Co Toronto, sole manufacturers.

JOS, HEAD, Fenelon Falls. For Sale by - - - -THEXTON & Co., Lindsay. MCLENNAN & Co. EDWARDS & Co. Lindsay, May 12, 1886, -92.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands.

## TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS

COUNTY OF VICTORIA, Per Arrears of Taxes, to be held at the COURT HOUSE, LINDSAY, on

Wednesday, 15th February, 1888, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

|   | 7                                      | OWNSHI                             | P OF I                                  | BEXLEY                                       |  |   |  |
|---|--|------------------------------------|---|--|--|---|--|
| Part of Lot, or Street.   | Lot                                    | Con.                               | Acres.                                  | Arrears.                                     | Cost of Adver-<br>tising and<br>Commission.  | Tota  |  |
| West part<br>West part<br>West part   | 10<br>11<br>12<br>29<br>31             | Gull River<br>do<br>do<br>do<br>do | 50<br>60<br>50<br>63<br>65              | \$4 10<br>4 66<br>4 10<br>18 29<br>18 28     | \$1 70<br>1 72<br>1 70<br>2 06<br>2 06       | 6 38<br>5 80<br>20 34                               | patente<br>patente<br>patente                                  |
| South-east quarter<br>North-west quarter  | 33<br>10<br>10<br>12<br>8              | do<br>4<br>4<br>5<br>6             | 85<br>50<br>30<br>200<br>200            | 17 61<br>32 25<br>32 25<br>111 29<br>10 24   | 2 04<br>2 41<br>2 41<br>4 38<br>1 86         | 20 34<br>19 65<br>34 66<br>34 66<br>115 67<br>12 10 | patente<br>patente<br>patente<br>patente<br>patente            |
|   | VILL                                   | GE OF COL                          | BOCONK,                                 | IN BEXLE                                     | Y.   | The second  | patenge  |
| North of Albert-st.   | 12 .                                   |                                    | ŧ                                       | 3 16   | 1 68   | 4 84  | patente  |
|   | VII                                    | LAGE OF                            | BOB                                     | CAYGEO                                       | W.   |   |  |
| East of Helen-st.   | 3                                      |                                    | 1                                       | 7 83   | 1 80   | 9 63  | patente  |
|   | VILI                                   | LAGE OF                            | BRAC                                    | EBRIDG                                       | E.   |   |  |
| East of James-st<br>East of Market-st., North   | 74                                     |                                    | 1/5                                     | 6 14   | 175  | 7 89  | patente  |
| of Ontario-st., East of Monok townline do East of Church-st. West of Holditch-st, West of Hiram-st. North of McDonald-st. | New No.<br>19<br>21<br>10<br>19<br>104 | . 18                               | 1/10<br>1/5<br>1/5<br>1/5<br>1/5<br>1/5 | 6 71<br>3 77<br>1 25<br>3 79<br>3 63<br>4 12 | 1 77<br>1 69<br>1 63<br>1 69<br>1 69<br>1 70 | 8 48<br>5 46<br>2 88<br>5 48<br>5 32<br>5 82        | patente<br>patente<br>patente<br>patente<br>patente<br>patente |
| East of James-st.   | 4                                      |                                    | 1/6                                     | 4 36   | 1 71   | 6 07  | patente  |
|   | T                                      | PNSHIF                             | OF C                                    | ARDEN,                                       |  |   |  |
| East half<br>East half  | 25<br>8<br>7                           | 3 5 6                              | 200<br>100<br>89                        | 11 70<br>13 22<br>10 53                      | 1 89<br>1 93<br>1 86                         | 13 59<br>15 15<br>12 39                             | patente<br>patente<br>not patente                              |

21 94 24 09 | E 2 15 HIP OF

FOWNSHIP OF DIGRY. TOWNSHIP OF I not patente not patente not patente not patente not patente TOWNSHIP OF Centre part of North half TOWNSHIP OF BHILY.

East part, 13 chains 39 links frontage on Tp. boundary North part of West half West part North of Francis-st., East of Colborne-st. Feneign Falls, west TOWNSHIP OF LAXTON

South half
West half of west hal
North half
South half
West half
East half
West half

25 78 23 38 15 24 7 19 4 68 21 06 37 69 24 64 23 70 West quarter of North half 9 25 23 82 TOWNSHIP OF MCLEAN. patented
patented
patented
not patented
not patented not patented
not patented
not patented
not patented
not patented
patented
patented
not patented 10 70 not patented 9 74 not patented 13 44 not patented 14 24 not patented 12 12 not patented VILLAGE OF OMEMEE. Nerth of King street, West of Sturgeen street 22 89 TOWNSHIP OF OPS. East half of West|half North-east qr., (excepting 10 acres out of N. E. cor-ner, 10 chains by 10 ch'ns Datented TOWNSHIP OF RIDOUT 9 75 not patented 16 51 not patented 15 43 pot patented TOWNSHIP OF 8 18 not patented 16 62 not patented 18 47 act patented 9 50 not patented 26 94 not patented 32 35 not patented 16 64 patented 15 15 not patented patented fatented not patented not patented patented patented patented patented not patented 27 54 patented 12 61 not patented patented not patented not patented Patented Patented not patented South east quarter Latented N.E pt 60 North part of North haif acres patnid patented patented South half patented patented 23× 19 42 49 90 24 26 77 (VILLAGE OF COBOCONE, IN SOMERVILLE.) Cameron-st., corner of Fran-cis-st. 7 60 patented TOWNSHIP OF STEPHENSON ps ented Village lot, N. f., angle, pt. 15 parented not patented not patented not patente not palente pat-pte not patente palente patente not patente patented patente

Treasurer's Sale of Lands.

TOWNSHIP OF MACAULAY.

tising and

Part of Lot, or Street

Pt. bounded on the S. E. by Gev.roaddev'n onthe Wby Lot 25, on the N. by Lot 25, on the East by old Gov. rd

I, THOMAS MATCHETT, Treasurer of the County of Victoria, as directed by the warrant of the Warden of the said County of Victoria, dated the Tenth day of November, A.D. 1887, will proceed to sell each and every of the above rarcels of land for the arrears of taxes now due upon them respectively, as above set out, together with the costs, (unless said arrears of taxes and costs are sooner paid), at the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, in the said County of Victoria, at Meven o'cleck in the Prencon on Wednesday, the 15th day of February, A.D. 1888. THOMAS MATCHETT. COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE LINDSAY, 19th November, 1882

## First published in THE CANADIAN POST 71th November, 1887. - 70-3 mos Treasurer's Sale of Lands

FOR TAXES IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

Town of Lindsay, By virtue of a warrant under the hands of the Mayor and the Seal of To Wit: I the Corporation of the Town of Lindsay, bearing date the First day of November, 1887, commanding me to levy upon the lands mentioned in the following list, for arrears of taxes due thereon and costs as therein set forth, I hereby give notice that unless the said arrears and costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said lands, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to disoharge such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred, by public auction, at the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, on WEDNESDAY, THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A. D. 1888, at One o'clock, p.m.

ALL THE UNDERMENTIONED LOTS ARE PATENTED,

Cost of A ver-Acres. Total. Arrears. tising and \$1 72 1 64 1 76 1 76 1 76 2 17 1 92 1 88 1 95 1 79 1 79 1 79 1 79 1 72 1 72 1 72 3 19 8 28 8 28 24 84 11 70 14 70 12 96 15 52 9 34 9 34 9 34 10 18 N. King N. King W. St. Paul Block F F, W. St. Patrick Block I I, W. St. I Block H H, W. St. Peter N. pt. N. pt. N. pt. N. pt. 8. E. pt. 28 16 21 73 3 20 1 68 21 73 19 40 4 00 W. pt. 1 a.lr.7p

Town Treasurer's Office, Lindsay, 8th November, 1887.

First published in THE CANADIAN POST 11th November 887.—70-8mos.