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## She Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY JULY 13, 1888. A CLOUDBURST.

A ROMANCE OF A COLORADO RANCHE.

Clem and I had been married just four years when I made up my mind to leave Clem. then he looked actually ashamed of him. My heart told me I was wrong, but me. I felt it. Luckily, the baby cried, I would not draw back. Two year before and I ran into the house. we were married, Clem went to Colorado, and all the time he was away wrote me loving letters full of his home in the new country, the glorious climate and scenery, and rocked the baby and listened to their talk in the other room, and once in a his struggles and his failures. I longed to while I would feel a sob rising in my be with him, the quiet village life grew throat. Afte an hour Clem came out to distasteful, home monotonous and each ask me to cook a nice dinner, for Mrs. day so like another that I hated to go to bed at night. I dreamed of moun'ains want her to see how pretty you are." and plains and, of course, of Clew. At | did not answer, and he went back with the last the time came when he thought best baby to show her. I cooked the best dinterest for me, and we were married one had, and it was love and old fashioned and August morning. I remember he was pale my face was red from the stove, but she and quiet, only a look in his dark eyes sat there cool, dainty and merry enough. that I shall never forget. When I was Clem could not see it, not being a womangetting ready to run away from him that but I could feel a touch of condescension looked haunted me. looked haunted me.

to my father's house, the trees and flowers had pretty gowns, and where I was light and the pretty eastern village. Before me hearted, too, and much better and the pretty eastern village. Before me this big hold woman. I thought all manwas a wide desert, dotted with low huts, ner of silly things, and Clem having gone so far apart I could not tell even if they home with her, I went to bed at dark and were inhabited, and close at hand was a pretended to be selvep when he came back. three-roomed log cabin. Not a tree, a visitor, and Clem was often at her ranch. bro k, a bit of green grass, only scorched plains with gay cardinal flowers, or miles of sunflowers quivering in the hot, dry air. The flat distance ended in rugged would like to meet a lady, Molly, and brown foothills, but Clem said I could see the Rockies on a clear day

I laid my pretty gowns aside, donned somber calicoes and a sun bonnet that our B.by had not been well for two weeks, hired girl at home had made me for a wed ding gift. I had laughed a little at it then town to see the doctor. We got up bright but now it was my greatest comfort. I took up the weary life of routine and labor that falls to the rancher's wife in this land bonnet hat, when Clem came in and said of sand and sunshine. I was not unhappy, for I had Clem. I put my wedding presents around the cabin, giving it a lived in look, but the furniture was very limitavail, for there was nothing to cook with.

fields harvesting with the wild, young horses that had brought me and my finery from the town fifty miles off, and I stayed slone. There was not even a dog to speak to though Clem had a collie with the sheep herder miles away. He couldn't under-stand why I should want a do to bring in I have agreed. It certainly will do the dirt and make me more work, so I never asked again, My hands grew rough and hard in the alkali water, and my face tanned with that deep brown peculiar to Colorado. I could under tan i what a little western girl had said to me in my eastern home when she cried a lustringly: "Why,

everybody is so white here!"

Still Glem loved me he thought me as pretty a ever, and our first winter was the happiest in my lite. The men was gone and we were all alone. We read aloud evenings, drove to the post office twenty miles away for our mail, and took long

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

dow that came between Clem and me was

dow that came between Clem and me was his indifference to my worries about baby. He would laugh at me and go about his work, while I carried the child all day scotting its fretting. That summer I was not storaged and manly, bronzed with ruddy health and life, but I was weakly and drooping, with haggardeges and holds cheeks. I saw it plain erough, and I had no ambition to alter my shabby gowns to fit me, nor to look neat. I grew statternly and careless. Was I to blame! I had to cook for two men, tend a sickly haby, and wash and iron. All day long the fierce sun beat down upon our little home, where the kitchen was like an oven and out befroom stiffing. I was on my feet from sun up to sun down, for somehow I never learned toget through with work, and leave the reason and music in the lightning flung its red glare and red government of city guests. There were gay parties and red government of city guests. There were gay parties and plonics where we were invited, but I was work, while I carried the child all day sorting its fretting. That summer I was not the horses, cut their harness at truck them with the whip. The had not have the king them with the whip. The said, as truck them with the whip. The had not set me took of the me on the horses, cut their harness and struck them with the whip. The had not set me took must the poor beasts a chance," he said, as they galloped across the sand. Then he difference between his picturesque from the series had not a set ruck them with the whip. Then he difference between his picturesque from the series had not understand the difference between his picturesque from the series and broad shoulders, and broad shoulders, and my old faded gowns on an exceedingly plain little person. Then I had no seaded or habit. I used to long then for the old heme days, the merry young folks, the pretty dresses and music. I magine, I had not seen a piano since I was manifer the wood and saw them. He stook there to dry my clokes I took my treat the whip. The had not seen as counting five the poo and our be from stifling. I was on my feet from sun up to sun down, for somehow I never learned to get through with work, it was always ahead of me.

Then Clem would say: "You are getting France."

cross, little woman, you seem so spiritless.

Are you sorry that you married me? Your life is no harder than any ranche.'s wife endures, it will only last a short time, then we can get better things and some one to we can get better things and some one to he!p you." That to me, when I had never complained. He gave all his love words and petting to baby now, and I used to wonder in dumb despair, why it was so. Was it that he had changed or I?

The third summer Mrs. France came.

She was the widow of a cattle king who owned all the land about us but our little homestead. She had been in Europe, but usually spent her summers at her ranch, ten miles from my home. I was washing that morning on the shady side of the house, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and a handsome woman with blue-black eyes, came dashing around the house on a fine theroughbred mare. I noticed her perfectly fitting habit, her exquisite gloves and hat, her beautiful face. Noneed to introduce herself; from Mrs. Bohm'sthe German widow's description-I knew my visitor was Mrs. France. "I thought I'd find somebody,"she said,

"where's Clem?" "He went over on the range to see after his sheep at daylight, I stammered.

"Are you his wife?" "Yes." I was posessed then with a mad i alousy of her, and I wondered if Clem knew her well. He had never said a word. Just then Clem came ga'loping up. "Corrigen said you were here," he said eagerly. "I sent my man on and came back. Are you well? Of course you are patient and enduring, satisfied to accept the picture of health."

She laughed merrily, showing her pretty teeth, while he lifted her off her horse, and there I stood with my hands in the suds like a scrub woman.

"Tois is my wife, Mrs. France," said

"I heard you were married, Clem." I

France would stay.
"Tidy up a little, Mollly,' he said, I

ing, oh, if I were only in my own home-When I saw my new home my heart I paused, was not the log cabin my went back with a great throb of anguish home?—my father's house, then, where I hearted, too, and much better bred t an

> Mrs. France after this was a frequent good day, and I barely answered thus. Clem used to say, "I should think you would like to meet a lady, Molly, and have some one to talk to." I'd answer, "I would," but the sarcasm was never understood by this masculine stupidity. kind of awkwardly :

"Mrs. France has sent for me.

"Well," I answered coolly.
"It's this way, dear," Clem went on ed, and all my cooking lessons were of no avail, for there was nothing to cook with. Clem and the man worked all day in the here before she expected them. I promised to come, and I am anxious to be on good terms with her."

"So I see."

He looked at me steadily, "I don't know, or I will not know what you mean.

I have agreed. It certainly will do the baby no good to go on a lifty mile ride because you think he is sick."

I stooped down and took off the baby's bonnet. "If he dies I shall blame you for it," and before he could stop me I ran out with the baby in my arms. He waited a moment, then saddled the horses, for our man had slready unnarnessed them and rode away.

them, and rode away. Late in the afternoon the baby began to scream as he never had before, and I cailed Olsen, our man, a geod-natured Swede, to help me. He held the child while I tried all the remedies I knew;

Another summer came, and with the soft June days Mrs. France and a number

The day before the fourth of July Mrs. France rode over and asked us to come to France rode over and asked us to come to a picnic she was going to give on the morrow. Clem said he would like to go and would try to persuade me, I noticed that he walked a long ways beside her horse, and that they were in deep conversation, for she stopped a long time looking toward the house. In the morning Clem had the horses harnessed to the wagon and was dressed in his best. When he came in to breakfast I remember

"Do dress up and go, Molly," he said when I handed him his coffee, "be your old, sweet self. Why do you try to be so

he was nervous and kept looking at me

bitter and unhappy?"

I choked then. I was near throwing myself into his arms and crying, "Oh, love me as you used to, pet me and kiss me. I am starving for love, my heart is breaking." But, suddenly, I remembered the day before how interested they were.

"You are so used to going without me "You are so used to going without me I may spoil your pleasure," I said coldly. He turned and lifted my chin, looking into my eyes. "It can't be possible that you are so silly as to be jealous of Mrs. France," he said slowly.

"There is no jealousy where there is no love." I cried hotly.

love," I cried hotly.
"Poor little slave," he said sadly. world to bring you to this." I was almost at his side then, telling him all my troubles, begging him to begin all over again and we might be happy, when he went on the state of the state rainy as well as plea-ant days. No girl raised as you were ought to marry a poor man. We have made a terrible mistake."

"Haven't I done your work well, as well as any farmer's daughter used to this life?" I cried in anger. "Can't you not eyen be fair and just?"

"You have done my work too well, he answered; "it was a useless sacrifice." He caught his sombrero from the nail. "Are you going with me?" "A dowdy in a faded gown and queer

hat? No. I keep where I belong. You might be ashamed of me as you were that day Mrs. France saw me washing." "Just put that silly ides out of your head," he said sternly, "I never could be the mean fellow you think me, and yet you may be right in disliking me. I fancy I never was a lovable man-in fact, I never was much used to womankind, having neither mother or sisters. Well, well-Olsen will look after you if I am not back to night. Good-by.

He went out quickly and jumped into the wagon. I watched him out of sight, was brushing the wet hair off my face. and went into the bedroom. I put on a stout dress and shoes, packed a few little things I cared for, and flung on my sun bonnet. I had told Olsen I was going bonnet. I had told Olsen I was going you too tight? Is this the end of your standard property of the property of night and started for her house. When I thought he could no longer see me I left the path and struck across the country to a trail that led to the public road some miles beyond Mrs. France's ranch. Clem often went by this trail nearly to sown when he was on horseback.

I kept steadily on, over level land, through cactus and rage bush, then further ahead I went over rolling ground, hill like mounds, and then descended into a valley—Dry Creek canyon. I did not stop to eat or drink; in fact, there was no few scorched willows along the sandy creek bed afforded no shelter at all. I noticed early in the afternoon wagon tracks where a team had come down to be and take up heart again. Oh, Clem, there are more tragedies in the homely every day life than will ever be written in books or understood by men!"

I saw his face droop, his mouth one of the property of the prope low banks in'o the creek's b.d. I saw that some one was ahead of me. There was, I knew, further on, an old abandoned ranch where emigrants often stopped I began to feel fear now. I remembered I was a women and alone, but I hoped they would have crossed the canyon and gone over the hills to this place. I kept thought, "Verily, the floodgates of heaven are open." Then, as the old tree rocked on, determined not to give up so soon.
Once when I looked back timorously frightened by the awful stillness of the canyon, I saw the heavens were dark and

Soon dull thun ler peals echoed from the hill and a sharp flash of lightning dazzled me for a moment, I knew one of those sudden and terrible thunderstorms peculiar to a moun ainous conn'ry was upon me. I believe half my unhappiness at the ranch was caused by the fact that I had to stay alone in thunder showers,

walks over the plains. He premised I cheek the spring and ride with him, then he would build aporth around the house, and my siete should be come out and with me.

In the spring the houses were needed for plowing, Clem was too bury to go to town for the lamber for the porth, and I work of the were too poor to entertain any one.

In the spring the houses were needed for plowing, Clem was too bury to go to town for the lamber for the porth, and I work of the were too poor to entertain any one.

In the spring the houses were needed for plowing, Clem was too bury to go to town for the lamber for the porth, and I work of the were too poor to entertain any one.

I never thought of complaining then.

I never thought of complaining then.

I never thought of complaining then.

I never the martest thitle wife in the world. I never one longed for the old easy days at home. If he said, "I've got the amartest thit wife in the world." I would work myself nearly to death for a weel-touth e seldon talked or petted me, he was too busy with his farm work.

That recond winter a baby came, and they young German widow who stayed with me six months said that it was the pretite the boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem, and and a mistake in taking this ranch, which was only fit for eatilet boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem, and and a mistake it in taking this ranch, which was only fit for eatilet boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem, and and a mistake it in taking this ranch, which was only fit for eatilet boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem, and and a mistake it is taking this ranch, which was only fit for eatilet boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem, and and a mistake it in taking this ranch, which was only fit for eatilet boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem had made a mistake it in taking this ranch, which was only fit for eatilet boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem had made a mistake it a taking this ranch, which was only fit for eatilet boy she eve now in great swift sheets, while the thunder reverberated over the far away hills and the lightning flung its red glare across our white faces.

mound that had been of the eastern shore, probably separated by such a flood, and thither we ran. On the island were a number cottonwoods, and one giant that must have penetrated to some hidden spring, for its feliage was green and letter was hard to write—nearly broke my bright. The ground about its roots had heart—told Olsen to look out for you been washed away, leaving some of them exposed, while the bank we climbed was could get away all right—came down to so spongy and yielding that a great mass of the sandy earth fell after us as we France and her crowd." He spoke in struggled up. The island was four or five feet higher than the creek bed, and we reached its shore just in time, for already there was a dirty stream, presage of the torrent, hissing over the dry, hot sand.

Clem pulled me up into the big tree, and just as he did ac a wave all of ten feet high leaped upon us. It soared straight up in the air, hurled timber trees. dead cows, a pail from some rancher's door, woman's hat and a chair. I thought

as things hurled by, had any one else been surprised, too, and would we go floating in ghastly gayety down the black river? Close behind this wave came a second one, and the two chased each other lt did not seem like sober, indifferent in diabolical merriment. They churned up the sand, dug great black hollows between each other, and went tumbling along, followed by a foaming stretch of water, too swift for waves in its pell mell hatte. As the water rose Clem diagonal is a least of the water rose Clem diagonal is a least of the water rose Clem diagonal is a least of the water rose Clem diagonal is a least of the water rose Clem diagonal is a least of the water rose Clem diagonal is a least of the water rose Clem diagonal is a least of the water rose clem diagonal is a As the water rose Clem dragged

Around us as far we as could see was a Around us as far we as could be wide world of dark waves, boiling rolling, happy. hurrying on. There was a strange fascination in it, too. I knew no swimmer could treacherous sand would drag him down like a giant armed octopus; yet there was such a swift motion of warer, such a rollicking, dancing glee, such a whirling of air and shore, that one wanted to join the procession and be hurried along, too. The waves were full of rotten tree trunks and debris of wooded hillside, showing the cloud had come down some mountain side miles away; and with the trees were homely household utensils and furniture, a calf, and a washtub that sailed jovially along until it struck a timber and suc sumbed. I had seen our waggon disappear on the crest of the first wave, but I was sure the horses were safe. Then I began to think of ourselves. The tree was swaying perilously, the water seeth-

ing about its roots.

"It is still rising?" I said to Clem,
who answered "Yes," quietly holding me tight all the while.

"Don't let me go!" I cried piteously; "at least let us die together. I became aware that he held me very close, and

martyrdom, I wonder? Poor Molly, your married life has been one long orture.

"It would not have been if you had loved me," I cried, and then I told him all my troubles that I had hoarded up and gloated over as a miser does his gold. I told him of the saddle he promised, the many other little acts of neglect, of things that go to make up the sum of a woman's happiness; his indifference to baby's sickness and my own woes. "I had no friend," I stammered; "no one to bid me

Clem crying—the great, strong man! I could not bear that. "Forgive me, I was wrong," I said. "I fancied all this. You did not mean it." But he only muttered,

"Blind! Blind!" and writhed in the torrent, Clem told me simply and honestly that he had not understood. He thought I was contented, and he was not used to the little aresses that come natural to other men; had no mother or sisters-dear, quiet, old Clem-to teach him. But he was bitterly sorry, and he thought from my ravings after baby died that I hated him and blamed him for the child's death. It was so good to hear him reproach himself and to have him kiss me in that passionate

I had to stay alone in thunder showers, and the terror they inspired then will never leave me. As the roar grew louder, the lightning more vivid, I began to I ng for human companionship. I prayed I might find a wagon and a woman in it, and I planned a story to tell the people that would explain my strange appearance. I ran faster all the time with the energy of despair.

The air grew close and murky, the sky overcast, the clouds low hanging, and a strange moaning wind swept down the canyon, rustling the scattered willows.

Hand to have him kiss me in that passionate grief that I was indifferent to the flood or future.

For a moment we were silent, and looking into his dear face, I mercifully did not see that coming wave, but I heard the louder roar echoing the far away thunder peal and coming with the crash of a gale in a pine forest, or the breaking of the surf on a rocky coast. There was one swift moment of agonized expectation when it washed over us, bending the tree to its level, but it went on and the tree did not follow. I remember Clem kissed me and said he thought the water was

given him long before we were married— were dry, and he built up a fire in the

an ocean wave, but rather a mad-dance.

It had no white crest or shining surface; it was black and oily like mud in waves, and came with tremendous velocity. Ahead of us, mid stream, was a little would pay you a little and you could go would pay you a little and you could go home—I would not trouble you any more -wrote this in a letter."

"Can I see it, Clem?" "It was carried off in my coat-probably on its way down the Platte nowdollars, the photograph of a man who ruined your life, and—and a dead baby's "Clem," I cried, "it is heaven now if

you love me and forgive me.' He jumped up and took me in his arms. "Muserable cowards that we were, Molly,

took you from the happiest home in the me further up the tree, both of us wet married, are we not? And no more ranches for me of my own. Somebody else can do the work ; it's beyond us two.

We don't want to be rich; we want to be While we stood there hand in hand like breast that awful current; that the two young lovers we heard a loud rattling and there came Olsen and Mrs. Bohm driving at full speed across the prairie Mrs. Bohm had come over to spend the day with me, and then Olsen knew I was of the best quality delivered to any part of the town. gone some other way. He borrowed her team and went to find me. He tracked my steps to the canyon and the double tracks across the mud to the ranch. Luckily he had missed the flood.

"My wife is going to Texas with me," said Clem proudly. The dear fellow had suffered, knowing Olsen knew how un-

happy we were.
"That is good," said Olsen in his slow
way, "for Mrs Bohm and me are agreed to get married and I could not go with

Later, Clem and Olsen rescued our wagon and hitched our horses ahead of Mrs. Bohm's team. We had quite a procession. Mrs. Bohm set with Olsen in the front seat, and Clem sitting behind with me insisted on wrapping a blanket about me and holding it too. He had given me back my treasures except the little worn shoe. He kept that "to remind him," he said, but he would not say any more. Men's feelings are buried deeper than women's, and I have learned to know that only in times of great trouble and danger are the depths of

Clem's nature roused into motion. The sunset flamed out red and golden behind the feothills, the sky was glowing with glorious color, the cloud bursts of Dry Creek canyon and of our lives were the sunlight.

Miscellaneous.

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HUNTSMAN (3696) was sired by Prince of Keir, (1795) by Baron of Keir, (34); by Major, 5233: by Campele. (119); etc.
HUNTSMAN'S dam, Fly of Raith (1282); by Donaid Dinnie. (1116) by Glancer (339) by Campele. (119); by Johnnie Cope. (416); by Justice. (119); by Johnnie Cope. (416); by Justice. (119); by Prince. (603); by Clyde. (155); etc.
HUNTSMAN'S grand dam, Bet of Raith, 3534); by Young Blaze, (920); by John Anderson my Joe. (460); by B; ron. (102); by Clydesdale Jock. (172); 'y Glancer II., (337); by Glancer I., (337); by Glancer I., (337); by Glancer I., (356); by Glancer, alias Thompson's Black Horse, (335).
HUNTSMAN (3696) was bred by Mr. David HUNTSMAN (3696) was sired by Prince of Keir, (1795) by Baron of Keir, (34); by Major, (528); by Campele. (119); etc.

HUNTSMAN'S dam, Fly of Raith (1282); by Donaid Dinnie. (1116) by Glancer (339) by Campele. (199; by Johnnie Cope. (416); by Justice. (120); by Prince, (633); by Clyde, (155); etc.

HUNTSMAN'S grand dam, Bet of Raith. (3534); by Young Blaze, (920); by John Anderson my Joe. (489); by Byron. (102); by Clydesdale Jock, (172); 'y Glancer II., (337); by Glancer II., (347); by Glancer II., (357); by Glancer, alias Thompson's Black Horse. (335).

HUNTSMAN (3696) was bred by Mr. David Graham of Little Raith, Kirkaldy, Fifeshire. Scotland, and is a handsome jet black, with white strip on face and white pasterns, is four year's old and weighs 1,900 pounds, and is in every particular the true and perfect model of the pure bred Clydesdale, majesty, symmetery, strength and action being so harmoniously blended. In conformation his head is proportionate to his size, wide between the eyes, prominent bone development, clean broad jowl, nostrils active and delicate and possessing a clear, full, intelligent eye, the prototype of good sense, gameness and beauty combined. His neck is long, arched, and carried well up.

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The subscriber has now on hard a large quantity of first-class brick, of good color sat strength, and is prepared to supply all orden large and small, at lowest prices. Brick will be delivered to purchaser at the yard or at Capnington station.

JOHN SACKVILLE

Cannington, Oct. 14th, 1887.-67-1y. NOTICE TO PAY UP.

All parties whose Accounts are now due are requested to call and pay their indebtedeness at oace and save costs. We need the money and cannot admit of any delay is

this matter. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO., Furniture Manufacturers

Lindsay, April 3rd, 1888 -91-CARD OF THANKS.

T. A. Middleton, Esq., agent Mutual Accident Insurance Co. of Manchester. SIR.-We desire to thank you for prompt payment of our claims by the Mutual Accident Insurance Co. of Manchester, on account d injuries received by us.

A. W. PARKIN JOSEPH KILLABY. SAMUEL BULLICE. THOS. BAKER. Lindsay, Dec. 29, 1887.- 81-tf.

McLennan & Co.

SPECIAL LOW PRICES

NAILS, LOCKS, OIL,

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