MACHINE OILS

Manufactures, Post Hope

Publisher's Notice. GENTS FOR THE POST.

R. J. GRAND W. F. RFIGHTE, P. M. W. B. CAYANA

The Canadian Lost. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUG 3. 198

The Treasure of Franchard.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Continued from last week)

we rise early in the morning, do wef it appears to me that we have all the vices of a The boy got to his feet and made a grave

salutation "And how is our patient?" asked Desprez, It appeared the patient was about the

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed

that he hardly knew. "You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your conscious-

Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?" 'Yes," said the boy "And why do you like it?" continued the doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic

method.) Why do you like it?" "It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie; "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I

Dr. Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely, for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incom-

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie. "Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the doctor.

"No! but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread." "And so I suppose," said the doctor, with

a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to him at length." "Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez. "Would her" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God

would have known." "Eh?" snarled the doctor. "I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do

not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Dr. Deprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand? "No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the doctor. "Look there at the sky-behind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and flery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top-I do not say it would be any the less beautiful, but would you like it as

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie. "Neither do I like you," returned the doctor, roughly. "I hate all old people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for awhile, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the doctor with an air of candid in

quiry.
"But are not you a very curious gentle-

The doctor threw away his stick, bounded

The doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried.

"What a morning, wint an hour for a theorist of 42! No," he continued, apostrophising heaven, "I did not know that such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and new! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lovers' meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasus. The dajury, hewever, is not grave." He enaght the hoy looking at him in obvious wonder,

with gravity; "I am still so you

my morning," thought he. "I shall by mirryous all day, and have a febricule when I dignet. Let us compose massif. And so be dissinfered his preciousations by asystems of the will which he had long practiced, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the sir, testing it critically as a combineour tastes a vintage, and prolonged the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counter the little decim of alcounter the little decimal gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movem of the birds round the church tower—ma of the birds round the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somermults in fancy, and heating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat; and at last, in complete abstraction. throat; and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The dector had but one air—"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre;" even with that he was on terms of mere politoness; and his musical exploits were always re-served for moments when he was alone and

mtirely happy.

He was recalled to the earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of the note; and then, after he had waited some little and received no answer: "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.
"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie "Oh, come!" cried the doctor. "Possibly

you are a performer yourself? "I sing better than that," replied the boy. The doctor eyed him for some woonds in stupefaction. He was sware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a fourish of his arms. "I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him." "Then you like me?" snapped Dr. Despres,

with unusual eagerness.

"I do not know," answered Jean Marie.
The doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured—that you are no human being. No boy"-shaking his stick at him-"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—'I am not a human being—I have no pretension to be a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being.' And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!"

And with that the doctor made off along the street in some emotion, and the bey stood, mentally gaping, where he left him.

CHAPTER IIL

THE ADOPTION. Mme. Desprez, who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agree-able type of her sex; exceedingly wholesome to look upon, a stout brune, with cool smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of a person over whom adversity es like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctions, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperturbably gook natured, but had no idea of self sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Dr. Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and

perhaps vainly imitated. Mme: Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which she had infected the doctor; everything was in its place; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Aline, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Dr. Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's con-

The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe melon, a fish from the river in a memorable Bearnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The doctor drank half a bottle plus one glass, the wife half a bottle minus the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Cote Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for madame, for the doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my

cherished one," observed the doctor—"this coffee is adorable—a very fortunate circumstance on the whole-Anastasie, I beseech you, go without that poison for today, only one day, and you will feel the benefit, I

pledge my reputation."
"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beantiful," replied the doctor. "I think of it more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what; Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious vexations; they demand to be feet, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egotists, like you and me, should avoid effspring like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she, and she law "Now, that is like you—to take credit for the thing you could not help."

"My dear," returned the doctor, sole we might have adopted."
"Never!" cried madame. "Never, doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much

"Precisely," replied the dector. "We dothe had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because between Be belong at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a false presentable of decrees

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my mind?"
"Truly," replied the doctor, with a shrug,
"you have your finger on the hitch. He will be strikingly antipathetic to my heautiful Anastasic. She will never understand him; he will never understand her. You married the animal side of my nature, dear; and it is on the spiritual side that I find my finity for Jean-Marie. So much so, that, to be perfectly for Jean-Marie. So much so, that, to be perfectly form. feetly frank, I stand in some awe of him my-self. You will easily perceive that I am amounting a calamity for you. Do not," he broke out in tones of real solicitude, "do not give way to tears after a meal, As You will certainly give yourself a faise di-

Anastasic controlled hesself, "You know how willing I am to hustor you," site said, "in all reasonable matters. But on this

"My dear love," interrupted the doctor, eager to prevent a refusal, "who wished to leave Paris! Who made me give up cards, and the opera, and the boulevard, and my social relations, and all that was my life before I knew you! Heve I been faithful! Have I been obedient? Have I not berne my doom with cheerfulness? In all honesty, Anastasie, have I not a right to a stipula-tion on my side? I have, and you know it. stipulate my son." Anastasie was aware of defeat; she struck

her colors instantly. "You will break my heart," she sighed. "Not in the least," mid he. "You will feel a trifling inconvenience for a month, just as I did when I was first brought to this vile hamlet; then your admirable sense and temper will prevail, and I see you already as content as ever, and making

your husband the happiest of men " "You know I can refuse you nothing," she said, with a last flicker of resistance; "nothing that will make you truly happier. But will this? Are you sure, my husband? Last night, you say, you found him! He may be the worst of humbugs."

"I think not," replied the doctor. "But do not suppose me so unwary as to adopt him out of hand. I am, I flatter myself, a finished man of the world; I have had all possibilities in view; my plan is contrived to meet them all. I take the lad as stable boy. If he pilfer, if he gramble, if he desire to change, I shall see I was mistaken; I shall recognize him for no son of mine, and send

"You will never do so when the time comes," said his wife; "I know your good

sigh; the doctor smiled as he took it and carried it to his lips; he had gained his point with greater ease than he had dared to hope; the efficacy of his trusty argument, his Excalibur, the hint of a return to Paris. Six months in the capital, for a man of the doctor's anteredents and relations, implied no less a calamity than total ruin. Anastasie had saved the remainder of his fortune by keeping him strictly in the country. The very name of Paris put her in a blue fear; and she would have allowed her husband to keep a menagerie in the back garden, let alone adopting a stable boy, rather than per-

mit the question of return to be discussed. About 4 of the afternoon the mountebani rendered up his ghost; he had never been conscious since his seizure. Dr. Despres was present at his last passage, and declared the farce over. Then he took Jean-Marie by the shoulder, and led him out into the inn garden, where there was a convenient bench beside the river. Here he sat him down and made the boy place himself on his left.
"Jean-Marie," he said very gravely, "this

world is exceedingly vast, and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortuna it is full of eager, shouldering people moving on, and there are very few bakers' shops for so many enters. Your master is dead; you are not fit to gain a living by yourself; you do not wish to steal? No. Your situation, then, is undesirable; it is, for the moment, then, is undesirable; it is, for the moment, critical. On the other hand, you behold in me a man not old, though elderly, still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intelligence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs; keeping a good table; a man, neither as friend nor host, to be despised. I offer you your food and clothes, and to teach you lessons in the avening which and to teach you lessons in the evening, which will be infinitely more to the purpose for a lad of your stamp than those of all the priests in Europe. I propose no wages, but if ever you take a thought to leave me the door shall be open, and I will give you 100 france to start the would make I. to start the world upon. In return, I have an old horse and chaise, which you would very speedily learn to clean and keep in order. Do not hurry yourself to answer, and take it or leave it as you judge aright. Only remember this, that I am no sentimentalist or charitable person, but a man who lives rigorously to himself; and that if I make the proposal it is for my own ends—it is because I perceive clearly an advantage to myself. And now reflect."

"I shall be very glad. I do not see what else I can do. I thank you, sir, most kindly, and I will try to be useful," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the doctor, warmly, ris-ing at the same time and wiping his brow, for he had suffered agonies while the thing hung in the wind. A refusal, after the seem at noon, would have placed him in a ridiculous light before Amastasie. "How hot and neavy is the evening, to be sure! I have

aiways had a fancy to be a fish in su Jean-Marie, here in the Loing beside Gretz. I should lie under a water kily and listen to the bells, which must sound most delicately down below. That would be a life-do you not think so, too!"
"Yes," mid Jee Marie.

"Thank God, you have imagination?" eried the doctor, embracing the boy with his usual effusive warmth, though it was a proceeding that seemed to disconcert the sufferer almost as much as if he had been an English school

as much as if he had been on English choose boy of the same age. "And now " be desired in the late you to my wife."

Mime Despress set in the damage rooms on the the floor had been retently significant one the tile floor had been retently significant one the tile floor had been retently significant one the tile floor had been retently significant in the tile floor had been retently significant in the tile floor had been retently significant in the tile floor had been retently significant the manner of the tile floor had been retently significant in the manner of the tile floor had been retently significant in the manner of the tile floor had been retently significant in the tile floor had been

narrowly; it will save you fee a model. A special dispersion of the facility in the conserved that he embraced the boy three times in the

that he embraced the boy three times in the source of the evening, and managed generally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the frue womanly heroism in little affairs. Not only did she refrain from the cheap revenge of exposing the doctor's errors to himself, but she did her best to remove their ill effect on Jean-Marie. When Despres went out for his last breath of air before retiring for the night, she came over to the how's side and night, she came over to the boy's side and took his hand.

"You must not be surprised nor frightened by my husband's manners," she said. "He is the kindest-of men, but so clever that he is sometimes difficult to understand. You will grow used to him, and then you will love him, for that nobedy can help. As for me, you may be sure, I shall try to make you happy, and will not bother you at all. I think we should be excellent friends, you and I I am not clever, but I am very good natured. Will you give me a kiss!"

He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in complemence; but she had warmed to her own words, and tenderness followed. The doctor, entering, found them enlaced: he concluded that his wife was in fault: and he was tend her had not began to the fault. fault; and he was just beginning, in an awful voice, "Anastasie," when she looked to at him, smiling, with an upraised finger; and he held his peace, wondering, while she led the boy to his attic.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDUCATION OF A PHILOSOPHER. The installation of the adopted stable boy was thus happily effected, and the wheels of life continued to run smoothly in the doctor's house. Jean-Marie did his horse and

carriage daty in the morning; sometimes helped in the housework; sometimes walked abroad with the doctor, to drink wisdom from the fountain head; and was introduced at night to the sciences and the dead tongues. He retained his singular placidity of mind and manner; he was rarely in fault; but he made only a very partial progress in his studies, and remained much of a stranger in the family. The doctor was a pattern of regularity.

All forenoon he worked on his great book, the "Comparative Pharmacopæia, or Historical Dictionary of all Medicines," which as yet consisted principally of slips of paper and pins. When finished, it was to fill many personable volumes and to combine anti quarian interest with professional utility. But the doctor was studious of literary graces and the picturesque; an anecdote, a touch of manners, a moral qualification, or a sounding epithet was sure to be preferred before a copceia" in verse! The article "Mummia," for instance, was already complete, though the remainder of the work had not progressed beyond the letter A. It was exceedingly copious and entertaining, written with quaintness and color, exact, erudite, a literary article; but it would hardly have afforded guidance to a practicing physician of today. The feminine good sense of his wife had led her to point this out with uncompromising sincerity; for the dictionary was duly read aloud to her, betwirt sleep and waking, as it proceeded toward an infinitely distant completion; and the doctor was a little sors on the subject of mummies, and some-

times resented an allusion with asperity. After the midday meal and a proper period of digestion he walked, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie; for madame would have preferred any hardship

rather than walk. She was, as I have said, a very busy person, continually occupied about material comforts and ready to drop asleep over a novel the instant she was disengaged. This was the less objectionable, as she never shored or grew distempered in complexion when she slept. On the contrary, she looked the very picture of luxurious and appetizing ease, and woke without a start to the perfect possession of her faculties. I am afraid she was greatly an animal, but she was a very nice animal to have about. In this way she had little to do with Jean-Marie; but the sympathy which had been established between them on the first night remained unbroken. They held occasional conversations, mostly on household matters. To the extreme disapent of the doctor, they occasion pointment of the doctor, they occasionally salited off together to that temple of debasing superstition, the village church. Madame and he, both in their Sunday's best, drove twice a month to Fontainebleau and returned laden with purchases, and, in short, although the doctor still continued to regard them as irreconcilably antipathetic, their re-lation was as intimate, friendly and confi-

dential as their natures suffered I fear, however, that in her heart of hearts, madame kindly despised and pitied the boy. She had no admiration for his class of virsne had no admiration for his class of vir-tues; she liked a smart, polite, forward, roguish sort of boy, cap in hand, light of foot, meeting the eye; she liked volubility, charm, a little vice—the promise of a second Da, Desprez. And it was her indefeasible belief that Jean-Marie was dull. "Poor dear boy," she had mid-once the belief that Jean-Marie was dull. "Poor dear boy," she had said once, "how sad it is that he should be so stupid!" She had never repeated that remark, for the doctor had raged like a wild bull, denouncing the brutal bluntness of her mind, bemoaning his own fate to be so unequally mated with an ass, and, what touched Anastasie more nearly, menacing the table china by the fury of his gesticulations. But she adhered silently to her opinion; and when Jean-Marie was sitting, stolid, blank, but not unhappy, over his unfinished tasks, she would smatch her opportunity in the doctor's absence, go over to him, put her arms about his neck, lay her cheek to his, and communicate her sympathy with his and communicate her sympathy with his distress. "Do not mind," she would my; "I, too, am not at all clever, and I can asse you that it makes no difference in life."

The dester's view was naturally different.
That gentlemn never wearied of the sound of his own voice, which was, to my the truth, agreeable enough to hear. He now had a

GAT, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1888.

net and himse in the beautiff, bow or high the light process of the ligh winter their stock. If the imp

the market proves to be a calet ably improved, that is, if they are not toroughly the tariff to food their barley to their cattle. If they are permitted to sell their barley and replace it with free Amercan com, they will be able, if not to make If, on the other hand, they are not permitted to buy free American corn they must face the alternative of hasping their stock by feeding their larley, which means that they must either draw on their capital for the means of carrying on their business for the year, or, in the absence of capital, leaving their debts unpaid; or, if this is impossible, as it is in sevenity-five cases out of a hundred, they must sell their barley to pay their bills, and their cattle because they cannot fred them. Every animal sold by an Outagie farmer before it; is in proper madicin for, the market his less us the feeding, and diminution of the appreciate capital invested in farming in the seventry. In particular, if the fine herds of milch cows upon which the cheese and beef productions of Outario depend have to be broken up, the prosperity of the appreciates of the province will not, improbably, be permanently injured. The seven and a half cents duty on corn, which is equivalent to fifteen or twenty per cent, on the value, is quite enough to turn the scale. If it is continued the stock must be satisficed; if R is removed, the farmers may be able to keep their animals without lose. The remedy for the distress caused by the drought is so simple, and will cost so little, that there should be no hestration on the part of the government. Sir John Masdonald now has it within his power, by the simple passage of an erderin-council, to prevent a serious injury befalling the farming industry of Outario, and it is not necessary for him to interfere with a single vested interest in doing so. Inaction will leave him to a very large degree responsible for the distress which will inevitably fell upon the fermer. mitted to buy free American corn they

THE TRENT VALLEY CANAL.

piece of science; a little more, and he would Laidiaw drew forth opinions that, if cor cuit to persuade any government to go on with the work. But Mr. Laidlaw's esti. mate of the cost and other opinionswhich are reproduced in another column -are so wide of the mark that his letter can do little injury to the scheme.

Mr. Laidlaw cannot understand how water could be obtained for the canal. Oa this point, however, doubts have been set at rest by the engineers, Mr. Stark reporting that all doubte regarding the supply of water had vanished, and Mr. Rubidge, who cannot be said to have been at all partial to the canal, reporting that the scheme is practicable.

As to the startling estimate Mr. Laidlaw

As to the startifug estimate Mr. Laidlaw makes of the coat of the construction of the canal, the improbability or impossibility of his figures being anything like near what the actual cost would be deprives them of the effect they would otherwise have. Mr. Rubidge's estimate of the cost of the canal, when supplemented by Mr. Page's figures, was less than \$19,000,000 Mr. Rubidge calculated on buthling locks such as those already built, and therefore Mr. Laidlaw's reference to those locks does not frighten. Besides, it has not been shown that locks as coult her these already built are necessary, and the expenditure may be brought below Mr. Rubidge's estimate—that is, below \$10,000,000 instead of the \$50,000,000 or \$70,000,000 that Mr. Laidlaw talks about.

We believe that other calculations given by Mr. Laidlaw are erroneous, and that they will be shown to be incorrect before the commission. As a well-wisher of his country, and of this district, no doubt that gentlemen would be pleased to find that he has made a mistake.

Another Ex-Briest Comes to Grief. [From the Meatreal Star.]
The Rev. George Fraderick Wilfred Ellis

was for five years rector of the parish of Wetheringsett in Suffolk. The living, which is worth \$4,000 a year, had been presented to him by his father-in-law, and the presentation had been approved by the Bishop of Norwick, The Rev. G. F.W. Ellis had been received by the gentry of the neighborhood. He had directed the charities of the parish, superintended its schools, married lovers, bast zed children! and buried the dead. Yet it was at last discovered that he was nothing more than and buried the dead. Yet it was at last discovered that he was nothing more than an impudent adventures. Enquiry proved that he was the illegitimate child of a woman who afterwards marrid a dealer in rabbit skine. He was educated in the village school, and was apprenticed to a tailor. The boy was ambitious and clever. He became in course of time a teacher in a Roman Carbolic school. He joined the Church of England, and after a while passed himself of as a clergy man. He officiated as such in different parts of England. He wound himself in the guid graces of the pairon of the rectorable of Wetheringsets. He represented himself to be a converted priest of the Church of Rome. He knew that Catholic priests are admitted into orders in the Church of Raglepd without any ceremos—of re-ordination. In order to satisfy the Bi-hop of Neswish he preduced certificates of ordination bearing the seal and signature of the Roman Catholic Bashap of Saliced. They were in proper form, but on examination in order the seal and signature of the Roman Catholic Bashap of Saliced. They were in proper form, but on examination is a proper form, but on examination is a proper form. But they were in proper form, but on examination is a proper form, but on examination is a proper form of the language in the form of the language of language of the language of lan

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personal Burgery, Alar on dailhing to be an
array for the supersonal at Euresta Humboldt
Co., Cal. N. BULLLOCK, Public Administrator
of Humboldt County, California, Euresta, California, July & 1888a-7 4. QTRAYED SHEEP-From the pre

DORTRAIT PAINTING.

A iss Lillie Brown, Artist, provings, etc. Mrs. Brown is graduate of the bast academic is Nov York Oral of the bast academic is Nov York Oralers left at her residence. Albertot, weather the G. T. R. Smith will sective groups attachine, Lindsey, April 8, 1868.—30.

CANNINGTON

BRICKYARD. The subscriber has now on hand a large quantity of first claim triple, of good color and strength, said is prepared to suighly all orders, large and small, at lowest prices. Brick will be delivered to purchaser at the yard or at Cha-

JOHN SACKVILLE

COPELAND REHILL

JOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to R. S. O. 1887, Chapter 116, Sec. 35, the crediture and others having chains against the estate of Copeland Rebill. late of the tawn of Lindsay, in the county of Victoria, black-smith, deseased, who died on ar about the 31st Max, 1888, are hereby requested to send in to Meess. Martin & Hopkins of the town of Lindsay, solicitors for William C. Anderson, the executes of the last will and testament of Copeland Rebill, deceased, a statement of their names and addresses, the full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, on or before.

THE 16th DAY OF AUGUST, 1888. Mr. Geo. Laidlaw's Letter,
[Peterbore Review, July, 21]

When the Globe wished to get an opin, fon adverse to the completion of the Trent

Valley canal it apparently knew where to look for it. Its exquiries to Mr. George

MARTIN & HOPKINS, Soliciture for maces



When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

I have made the disease of PITS, EPILEPSY OF

FALLING SICKNESS A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatment of my live a treatme Dr. H. G. ROOT. 37 Yonge St., Teronto, Ont.

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