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## The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1888.

By J. T. M'KAY.

"Oh, come, Will," she coaxed. "Don't tease."
"Well, then, put out your finger and



"Aut out your finger and shut your eyes." "Truly, now? On your honor, Will?"
"Fair and square," Bren answered.

Kate closed her eyes tight, with a laughably deprecating face, and put out her dainty finger. Bren slipped the new ring over it quickly and called: "Time." She opened her eyes expecting to see her plain old ring. At the look of sur-prise that shot into her face when the diamond flashed the light in her eyes Bren laughed aloud. "Oh, Will!" she said, "how lovely! It's

so good of you. I'd rather have that than anothing."

And the flush of pleasure that over-

spread her cheek paid Bren a hundred times, he thought. He had an appointment to keep, and came away soon after. His appointment was with Traveler. Charley had asked him to go down to Coventry to look after a delinquent debtor, and he was to go round at 9 and talk it over, so as to take the early train. A freight train went through Ackenthale bridge that night, and Bren was detained. Grosenlok, the debtor, had removed, and Bren had trouble to find him. It was three days before he got back. In the meantime he had had a great deal of time upon his hands, and had been compelled to think of a great many things. One or two things he had had to think of a great deal more than he cared. He was glad to get back. It was morning when he arrived; he went up and made his report.

"You're tired out, Bren," Traveler said.

"Knock off today and take a rest. You

can square things up to-morrow."

No, no," Bren answered, "I ain't tired." He was glad to find the books all behind. He drove at them all day. In the evening he went over to Quincy street. He had told her where he was going; she was sorry, she had said; he wouldn't be at Mrs. Mackeron's on Friday. He knew he should be all right when he saw her; he didn't know what was the matter with him now. Well, he went round. There was some company at the house. The first thing he saw when he looked in was Kale sitting at the piano, where she had been playing. When she saw Bren standing at the door, a little flush came sud-denly into her cheek. She smiled, and turned her hand as it lay idly on the keys.

The light flashed back from her finger as it moved. Bren had not been thinking of it moved. Bren had not been thinking of the ring; only of Kate herself. When the jewel flashed in his eyes, it struck him back as if he had received a blow. He turned back into the hall and pretended to get something out of his coat. He had seen Kate flush with pleasure almost before she saw him; and a horrible thought went through him with the diamond's flash. He had stolen Kate's love. It struck him keen and hard. He went in and tried to en and hard. He went in and tried to be himself. Everywhere the jewel pursued him with its merciless gleam. When he talked to Kate, it put him out and made him stammer and flush. He was newous and out of sorts. He could not rid himself of that horrible, tormenting thought; the more he tried the more ing thought; the more he tried the more it came and came. He was glad to get away. He went home and took out that money from an inside pocket. He had kept it by itself. He had said it was sent to him; he would use it for no common purpose. He had given part in charity; the rest he would spend for Kate. He laid out what was left. There was just \$16. He folded it up, put it heek in the pocket. He took thread and needle and sawed it up. He would not have touched

a cent of it now for lower life. He went to bed and dreamed that an evil demon followed him day and night and stared at him horribly with one-wide, blasing the

Do what he might, he could not get that glittering jewel out of his head, er the tormenting idea his fancy had bound up with it. Kate had heen so gracious of late; he said he could name the day of the change—the day he had first had this cursed money to spend. Not that he blamed her, or thought of her once as mercenary. As soon would he have thought of meanness in angel of light! It was surely no blame that ahe liked pleasant things. And besides he had changed himself, he ought to know. But whenever and whatever, it came to the same thing. It was the money that the same thing. It was the money that had made the change. And Bren broke out into language that I am not going to

He could not keep away from Kate; and somehow her grace, her goodness, her favor to himself, while they charmed him, were the keenest possible pang. The flash of the brilliant seemed to burn and blind him. He said it was his morbid imagination that fancied something evil in the gleam of the cursed stone. Oh, if in the gleam of the cursed stone. Oh, if he only had the glittering bauble back! And he went, getting more nervous and troubled every day. Kate wore the ring constantly; naturally she thought it would please Bren. She must have been sadly perplexed by Bren's behavior. Naturally, too, Bren brooded over the thing until it acquired the power upon him of a until it acquired the power upon him of a magician's spell; and he came to hate and

fear it with a kind and degree of horror that I shall not make you understand.

Then Kate became cold as Bren grew strange and began to avoid her, while he could not keep away from the company where she was. Bern caught her once or twice recording him could be a strange and began to avoid her, while he could not keep away from the company where she was. twice regarding him covertly, with a wondering glance, as he sat apart un-easily, and tried to talk with this one and that. But the end came. One night it must have come to her dimly that Bren's strange conduct had something to do with the ring. She tried it. Watching him askance, she kept the stone turned so as to flash upon him wherever he moved.

Bren grew plainly more uneasy under her hand; moved about, shifted his chair, changed color and bit his lip, as he caught the gleam again and again. Presently Bren knew that the ring was gone.

Putting on his hat to come away, feeling wretched and almost desperate, Kate glided out and stood suddenly before him, erect and proud, an angry flush glowing in her face, her lips a little apart and her breath coming quick. She did not speak, but she put out her hand with a little white how. white box. Bren put up his hand irresolutely, half guessing what it was. The box slipped through his fingers, and opened as it fell. The diamond flashed in Bren's eyes, and the ring rolled round and lay on the floor at his feet. A sudden impulse of fury seized him. He lifted his foot and stamped upon the ring, ground it under his heel as if it had been a venomous thing that was stinging him to death. Then he turned away and rushed out into the night.

That moment his mind was made up. He did not see how he could make it; but he would if it killed him! He sat at his desk next day when Traveler came in.

"Bren," he said (he noticed how haggard Bren was and wondered, but said nothing), "Bren, we'll have to get another man. The business is growing, and I'm tied up more than I can be and do the outside work." outside work."

Bren turned round with an eager face. You want a fellow to sell?" "What will you pay?"

"I can get one for \$12." "Charley," Bren said, "will you give it to me? I'll do it for ten."

Traveler faced square round, sitting on a packing box in front of Bren's desk. "Hang it, Bren, you're crazy. Do you want to give up the books? What do you "No," Bren answered, "I can do both.

There are spells through the day when I can work at the books-I'll do the rest nights. I tell you, Charley, I've got to save money some way. If you won't let me have this, I'll have to get something else. I'm in a hard place, Charley," and Bren bent over the ledger, and Traveler thought he did not see it very plainly just then—"I'm in a hard place, and if you'll let me have this you'll help me more than you know."

"Well, well; have it your own way, Bren," Traveler answered, "you can try it if you like."

So Bren went to work. He made up a bed in a storage loft and gave up his lodging. Week in and out he did his double work, day after day, night after night. He ate the plainest fare. He wore his clothes till they were threadbare and thoroughly shabby, and patched them with his own hands. Only he laid by one suit against a day he hoped for. He was hardly out of the building day or night; he got up early and tramped out half a mile to keep up his health; then he was hard at work till it was high time and he was glad enough to get to bed. And, in a grim way, he was happy again. The pain about Kate was bitter enough, and ever present. But he was on the way back to the straight track. It was happi ness to look before and think of being clear to go ahead once more. And the satisfaction was none the less keen that the way was hard and long; he felt he was doing manly, honest work. Traveler saw it was doing him good, and let him alone. He did not go near Kate; he could not. He did not dare tell her the truth. He said that he had no right to go and let her think he was worthy of an honest girl's regard, when he knew he was not. Or, at least, not yet; when he was out of this, he trusted he would be then. He feared what might happen meanwhile, feared that more than anything now. He prayed God she might not

The summer heats came on. Bren grew thin and white, but he kept his health yet. But Traveler grew afraid. He came in one August day, hot and tired, and out of sorts. Something had fretted him. Bred was plodding away at his books, having an interval of a few minutes between soles. His note face fixed Traveles. tween sales. His pale face fired Traveler. "Curse it, Bren!" he broke out. "How long are you going to keep up this in-fernal grind? I say it's got to stop. I won't have it in my place, I swear I

won't." Bren looked up with a whiter face.
"Let me be, Charley," he answered,
doggedly. "I'm all right, I tell you. If
you let me alone, I'll be done with this

two weeks from Saturday night." And Traveler turned away and found fault with everything, stormed at the men, slammed things right and left; and finally came back and pulled Bren roughly off his stool, ordered him out of the place, and not to show his face again that day. Bren knew better than excite his friend's stormy temper; he went off and caught a boat bound up the river: landed and lay down under an oak river; landed and lay down under an oak on the river bank, and slept on the grass all the hot afternoon, like a tired child Traveler sat down at the desk when Bran was gone, and worked away till he had the books square to date, never speaking a word the whole afternoon, and no one daring to speak to him. Then he got up and closed the ledger and went home to

ad dry Bren got little op sinte ad dry Bren got little op sinte aked beld walls never to lee night

the baked brick walls never couled night or day. Under ordinary round become a burden, break double stint grow day by day a load bayer and harder to carry. Toward the last he staggered under it a good deal. But he bore up stontly. Often he would have to lie back and shut his eyes, for a blindness and directes that came swarming into his eyes and brain. But he would shake his head dear, like a half drowned diver, and go at it again, game as a terrier. It was not over wise of large, but he should be a the feet that the end was worth it all, worth anything, if he could hold out. And he felt that the end was worth it all, worth anything, if he could hold out. And he felt that the satisfaction of victory would be keen in proportion to the plack and patience spent. But those hot weeks told upon him, day by day, and steadily pulled him down. If it had not been for Sundays I do not believe he would have pulled through. I am afraid our young friend was not over regular that summer in his attendance upon public womship.

Well, the longest season comes soon enough to an end. The end of August was now within two days and nights. It was Saturday evening, the 29th. Bren was writing weakly at his desk, his face and hands thin and tired looking enough. Traveler came in and sat down by him; there was no one else in the place. He

Traveler came in and sat down by him; there was no one else in the place. He waited a little while; then he got up, took the pen out of Bren's hand, laid the blotter between the leaves and closed the

"Bren," he said quietly, "it's "two weeks from Saturday night." "I know it, Charley." Traveler counted out Bren's double pay and laid it on the desk.

"It's the last time, Bren."

"It's the last time, Bren."

Bren stood up at that, his thin face all finshed. "Shake hands on that," he says. "The last time. Charley; the last time while I live, so help me God!"

He took a roll of money from an inside pocket. He spread it out and added part of what lay on the desk. He ran quickly over the bills: \$188.08—principal and interest of the uncharged bill, for four months, at 7 per cent. per annum. He took up what was left and held it up to Traveler.

"Charley," he said, "I've been through the fire and come out scorched. There's all the money I own in the world—nine dollars and thirty cents."

He told him the whole story; he showed him the bill and the beleaves

him the bill and the balance account, and the lying entry on the cash. His cheek flushed hot as he pointed out the lying figures, and a bitter dimness came into his eyes. Traveler looked over shoulder, silent and stern. Bren drew his Traveler looked over Bren's hand furtively across his eyes and looked round at his friend with a deprecating

"Don't be hard on me, Charley. It was a — hard place. And it was me it hurt."
"Bren," he answered, his face and voice all grave, "I wouldn't have believed it of you. I'm sorry it has happened. But never mind now. It must have been a tight place. And you got your pay; you found it a rough road to travel. It ain't for me to judge you. I might have done worse in your place."

Bren paid the money over to Traveler. They arranged it between them. Monday morning he went down to Haffel-finger's, found old Gray and bought a small bill of goods for the store. "Gray," he said then, "five months ago you sold this bill of goods. I want you to look it

They were up stairs and there was no one by. The old man took the bill and looked at it and at Bren, putting up one hand to his head. He sat down and turned over his book of sales. He found the date: there was no sale entered to Traveler that day nor the next. He fumbled the leaves nervously; then he looked up with a frightened face. "And this was what you meant?" "That was what I meant."

"You said I shouldn't be hurt," he "You need not. But it has got to be paid, and this is how: Look here. Have



"But it has got to be paid, and this is how." the things I've ordered sent. Charge the items of this old bill on the new one. Add four shovels for interest. Enter the whole in your book and say nothing, and you'll never hear of it again."

Bren came out into the streets. He was hardly the shadow of himself. His clothes were worn and patched, and hung loose about him. He was poor and alone. He was happier that last summer morning than any king on throne. His heart was light as air. He tramped with a strong new life; he wanted to throw up his cap and hurrah. It was done. He was free; he was free! That was the thought of thoughts. All this while he had felt himself bound and walled in. He had not belonged to himself. He had been in jail, though nobody knew. He might go where he pleased; but unseen barriers went with him and shut him from honest folk. Something like this had been his feeling. And now it was as if the prison walls had suddenly rifted away, and the roof rolled off like a burning scroll. And all the free green earth was round about him once more, and the free blue cloud land wide as heaven over head. That one thought rang round and round in his brain—Free, free, free!

Now he could go to Kate. He longed and was afraid. He feared all imaginable things. What changes might not have happened in all this weary while? What could she have thought of his strange behavior? Well, he would hope for the best; he would be honest and straightforward. When she knew all, she would understand. She would not be hard upon him, he tried to feel sure. When he went round to Quincy street that night, the blinds of No. 79 were closed. The place

was "To Let." Mr. Arrow had gone into a silver mine speculation somewhere in the west. Kate had taken to teaching, somewhere in Vermont, they believed. That was all Bren could learn. Traveler sent him hame for three results. Bren could learn. Traveler sent him home for three weeks to recruit. He 2, came back in ten days and begged Charley to let him go to work. He was very quiet, and spit to brood a good deal if he dwas not kept busy. He had been a little wild at first. The blow, as Bren was, staggered him. He thought he had desawad hetter: it was grinding a fallow a attle too and. Firtue was its own reward, was it? And that was what a man not! I can't tell you all that he said. But, back of all, when the first intolerable sharpness had worn off somewhat, he can and selt the truth—that there is only off way, that truth that honer are best and incomparable every where and when. Better a thousand times, he honestly believed lose love, and life, and all, than have one's will and not be worthy! He knew it and said it to himself while he cursed his fate for very bitterness, and thought he should better be dead. And he did not get over the pain, though the rough edge were away. It went too deep. He settled into a quiet, reserved little fellow, whom everybody liked, and whom no one knew very well. Traveler gave him better pay by and by. He laid by a little for a rainy day and plodded on, cheerful, in a way, after a while, with a gentle way that surprised his with a gentle way that surprised his friends, and an instinctive shrinking from the veriest hadow of fraud with a kind of fear.

Bren is three years older when we meet him next. You would say he is five or six. Sitting one day at the same old desk, his pen between his teeth, his eyes looking out to the street, but seeing things that happened years ago, the postman comes in and lays a letter on the desk. The address is in a lady's hand which Bren does not know. He tears off BRAMMERLIN, Vt., Oct. 11.

FRIEND WILL-About two years ago there came to live near this an old man named Gray. He had been for many years in a hardware house in your city. His daughter married two years ago, and her husband brought the old gentleman here to live; he is a native of B. They are near neighbors of mine; the old gentle-man and I took a liking for each other. He has been quite ill for some time, though I am glad to say he is mending now. I was by him one night when he was wandering; in his delirium I heard him speak your name. He talked of you him speak your name. He talked of you a great deal. When he got sensible again I asked him about it. You must know what he told me. I think I understand now what puzzled me greatly once. You can't blame me for not seeing it then; I had no knowledge of the case, and you must know you acted very strangely. But I've thought it all over, and I can't say but that I may have seemed to you un just. And I came to the conclusion that it could do no harm, at least, and would be a satisfaction to myself, to write and say to you that I never meant you any unkindness. There are some things I cannot understand, but you and I were too good friends once for me not to wish to be still considered Your friend.

Bren took a railroad guide from a hook beside his desk and turned it over. Then he turned round and spoke to one of the

"Tell Mr. Traveler, when he comes in, that I'm going out of town and won't be back before Friday." He got down at Brammerlin station as the dusk was coming on. It was a pleasant little town. He easily found a person who could direct him.

"Arrow? Yes: teacher in Hillside institute. Up the hill, first road to the right—little gray house—name, Mrs. Minim." Bren saw a woman's figure coming down the hill alone in the dusk. He stood

across her path. She looked up sharply as she came near. "Kate." "Will "

They clasped hands, and each knew in moment that all was clear between them. They walked together in the twilight, till the moon came up and climbed the eastern sky. They went over it all. By and by they stopped before the little gray house. "I never cared for Brower, Will," Kate

was saying. "But you were so rude to him, and so—so jealous, Will, that you made me take his side. I was sorry then, but I couldn't help it, Will." "Never mind now, Kate. I know it was

my fault. I was a grouty fool. But it would have all come right if I had kept clear of that cursed bill. I was afraid of you after that, Kate." "But you did what you could to make it right; and you and I have paid for it dearly enough, haven't we? And you're

not going to be afraid of me any moreare you, Will?"

"No, Kate, dear; not again, please God!"
God keep thee, little Bren; and keep
thee true, and brave, and kind! And so

God keep us all! THE END.

The Clerk Met His Match. A lank, limpy, raw boned countryman one of those men who travel with an oil-cloth gripsack, and who wear rakish linen dusters and carpet slippers, leaned over the desk of an uptown hotel—at least, so the story runs—and informed the clerk that he'd like "tew hev a room for 'few days." The clerk happened to be talking horse just then, and he paid about as much attention to the countryman as he would to a tar baby. After waiting in open mouthed silence for a while, the stranger tapped the clerk on the arm to draw his attention. He got a supercilious nod for his pains, and the clerk continued to explain to his friends why he had put his salary on the animal that didn't win. Still, in silence and patience the poor yokel rested against the desk. Finally he blurted out a query as to whether or not the "heouse was goin' to put him Not the least notice from the up." who was now explaining his clerk, who was now explaining me reason for playing a horse for place when he ought to have bet on him to win. At last, seeing that the countryman was completely squelched, he jabbed the register in front of him, flung a pen at him in a way that spattered ink all over the distingue's linen duster and glared at the chopfallen visitor while he scrawled his name on the register. "Do you know," the yokel asked, when he had finished, "that you put me in mind of o'

Clay? 'Oh, you're very kind," the clerk re-"Oh, you're very kind, the clerk re-turned, graciously. "Of cource, you mean the great orator, Henry—Henry Clay?" "No," came the drawling response— "no, jest the common, ordinary clay—the kind they make slop jars out of. I'll take my key, please."—New York World.

The Strength of Fire Clay.

The strength of fire clay as building material can hardly be estimated. Recently a piece of beam filling, containing about three square feet, designed simply to be used as a ceiling, and not intended to carry the weight of the floor above, was placed on supports and loaded with a weight of 5,000 pounds, which it carried without any sign of giving. That was about 1,666 pounds to the square foot, and the strongest floors now made are only designed to carry about 300 pounds to the foot. I didn't see the use of making the test as the article in question. ing the test, as the article in question carried no weight but its own, but the architect made it, and the clay stood it. architect made it, and the clay stood it. Fire clay is now subjected to a heat of 2,000 degrees in baking, which is said to be a greater heat than is raised in the blast furnaces in which it is placed to reduce ore. The uses to which fire clay brick, tiling and tubing are being put in modern fireproof buildings are now almost innumerable, and the end is not yet.

—Globe-Democrat.

The inception of the traction engine on the common highways of the country. I am aware, must be gradual, at least until a confidence in them has been established. Like all established habits, especially one which antedates all known history of its use, like the drag system by some kind of an animal, that confidence can be greatly facilitated by the introduction of it (the traction motor).

The writer has had the experience in this employment of work with an eight horse power machine in Plymouth and Bristol counties in Massachusetts. The power of this machine was generated on the machine by steam, and notwithstanding the roads were sandy and heavy, some

ing the roads were sandy and heavy, some 200 miles were traveled in going from farm to farm, plowing, threshing grain and sawing wood, etc., and this without Like all innovations on established cur

toms, care is necessary, and soon the pleasure derived from the novelty of their use would overcome all obstructions, their multiplicity would gradually retire the horse, and the new system would be established for all purposes. This caution is put forth in case steam is generated for the propelling powers but when electric the propelling power, but when electric power is used, no such precaution is required, as the objection to the former is oftener made through the fear of the one in charge of the animal than from any real fright by said animal.—"W. G. C." in Boston Budget.

A Cemetery in France. I think Pere la Chaise a most dreadful place, and as compared with those beautiful American "cities of the dead," Allegheny cemetery, Greenwood, Mount Auburn, etc., simply ineligible to comparison?
A queer place approached by streets and ways lined with shops devoted solely and wholly to the sale of cheap mortuary decorations, of a dread and Indian like aspect. The principal avenue of the cemetery itself is broad, cobble stoned and edged at either hand by a trottoir not above two feet in width. These in turn, flanked by even rows, as close together as our houses, of the small mausoleums of the dead; tiny marble, or stone, or cemented structures, of perhaps four feet in height, with gothic roofs and iron doors, with or without glass panes, through which may be viewed a miscelland. laneous collection generally of vases, artificial wreaths and bouquets, photographs in stands, images, pictures, jet garlands, cups, dolls, toys, all covered with dust.—"Miss Marigold" in Pittsburg

igeon Messengers at Sea. The scheme suggested by the French Society Colombophile is a novel, indeed, an important one, and it seems rather strange, now we are told how much advantage is likely to result, that it was not thought of before. It consists in sending pigeon messengers from ship to ship, the same being on the broad seas and far apart, or near an enemy's country. and far apart, or near an enemy's country, and needing re-enforcement. A cote has been established aboard the dispatch boat St. Louis, the consort and constant at tendant upon the Couronne, line of battle ship and school of gunnery at Salius

At its recent departure from Toulon, whither it comes every three weeks to revictual, the St. Louis brought young pigeons, which quickly got accustomed to their floating cote, and to the noise of artillery fire, the St. Louis firing at least At distances small at first, but finally reaching 200 miles at sea, the pigeons were released with messages, of the St. Louis going to home cote on the Couronne, and those in the latter flying to the St. Louis. There have been few mishaps, and, strangest of all, the pigeons do not fear, so far as can be seen, the fire of the great guns, at times arriving when they are in full play, and in the midst of heavy clouds of smoke coming from the burning powder. The idea is to keep up constant intercourse between distant fleets which may be operating against an enemy that may appear in force at any moment and at any point.—Scientific American.

Grain and Produce. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID

WHEAT and OATS

The undersigned are prepared to pay the Highest Market Price for Wheat and Oats delivers at their mill Lindsey.

PATENT FLOUR-NEW PROCESS. Having introduced the new process for the manufacture of Flour they are now prepared to fill all orders for the patent article. CHOPPING is now being done at our mill and will continue to the patent.

SADLER, DUNDAS & Co. Lindsay, Oct 1st, 1884. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT.

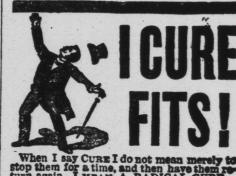
The undersigned are prepared to pay the HIGHEST CASH PRICE for WHEAT at the Beaverton Roller Milli.

Having introduced the latest improved Rol-ler System for the manufacture of FLOUR they are now prepared to fill all orders with the patent article.

to Chopping done at all times. To DOBSON & CAMPBELL N. B.-Baker's trade a specialty

Beaverton. July 7. 1887.-52-17 Miscellaneous.

THE OLD RELIABLE BRICK A YARD.—Established 1870—I have now on hand in my yard at Cannington a choice quantity of BRICE which I will sell at the yard or deliver at the Cannington station or Woodwille station. My brick for color and quality cannot be beaten. JUHN WAKELIN, Cannington, Dec. 3, 1887—74-1yr.



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 FITS, 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 treatise and a FREE BOTTLE Of my INFALLBLE REMEDY. Give Repressend Past Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. 2007. 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

J. G. Edwards.



G. EDWARDS

FARM AND STOCK SCALES

On wheels, platform extensions 6ft. x 24ft., wit drop lever, capacity 3,000 lbs. Farmers and stock raisers should call and see this scale for it is designed especially to meet your wants.

PRICE MODERATE My stock of BUILDERS' HARDWARE is complete in every particular. STEEL Cut Nails same price as iron. American shingle and lath nails same price as the Canadian pat-

The Cheapest and Best Place in town to buy Blacksmiths and Mechanics Tools of all kinds. Headquarters for Johnson's Ready-lixed Paints, Coach and Dry Colors, dephant and Tiger Lead, English pale soiled Oil, Turpentine, Varnishes, Etc.

Sign of the Anoll. Lindsay, Aug. 25, 1888.—12-tf.

J. G. EDWARDS,

Miscellaneous. FARMERS' ATTENTION.—For sale GOOD STUMP MACHINE, built by John Bruce, Prince Albert. Also 15 well-bred Leic-eater Ewes and 8 lambs; 10 young Cattle. J. LYTLE, Franklin P.O. Sept. 5, 1888.—13-8pd.

rsal the OR 25

PUBLIC FAIRS for the Sale, Barter and Exchange of

Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Pigs, and Articles of Agricultural Production er requirement WILL BE HELD IN THE

COUNTY OF VICTORIA

Coboconk, second Tuesday in July, September, October and November; A. H. Carl, steward. Kirkfield, second Wednesday in same months; Hector Campbell, steward.

Woodville, second Thursday in same months; James Stuart, steward. Oakwood, second Friday in same months; Philip S. Mark, steward. Kinmount, third Tuesday in same months. James Wilson, steward.

Bobcaygeon, third Wednesday in same months S. W. Crabtree, steward. Fencion Falis, third Thursdays in same months; Thomas Austin. steward. Omemee, third Friday in same months; Arthur

McQuade, steward. Lindsay, second and third Saturdays in same months; James Keith, steward.

No fees will be charged to sellers or purchasers of any animal or article brought upon the grounds for sale or exchange. Yard and scale accommodation will be provided free of charge.

T. MATCHETT. County Clerk. Lindsay, June 25, 1888.—3-17.



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B. LAURENCE'S SPECTACLES will outlast five common pairs and make up for loss of vision by positive comfert and the consolation that the wearer's eyes will improve by their use.

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April 19, 1888.—93 Imperial Baking Powder.

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GOOD SOUND FULL BARRELS

J. G. EDWARDS. Lindsay, Aug. 25, 1888.—12-tf.

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PATENT MEDICINES.

Toilet Soaps in great variety and at low prices to suit the times.

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Library, Table and Hand Lamps, Chimneys, etc. CORNER KENT and WILLIAM-STS.

LINDSAY. Lindsay, July 31st, 1888.—8. McLennan & Co.

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