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ALONZO W. SPOONER.

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CRESSWELL

TI WAS done it brought only \$25. It
was of no use for her to sould the picture
dealer for his sharpness, and to endeavor
to move his pity by telling him the tale
of the German's poverty. The man of
art replied that it was not a known name;
that paintings sold in the American
market mainly by force of reputation;
that he had his own living to make, and
that she might take the money or leave it
first rate," said this rational monster, "I
can be more liberal with him. There are
so many landscapes! Every American
artist can make landscapes."

On this hint Ernst commenced a figure
picture. It was his forte; he had simply
tried a landscape because he had judged

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 1888.

CHANET

By J. W. DE FOREST.

that a woman of 88 is usually more fastidious about appearances, and even about realities, than a girl of 18. Enlightening meditations, perhaps some dangers avoided, perhaps some scandals innocently incurred, a habit of life which has become a governing motive, are the explanations of this singular phenomenon. Well, Janet Holcum, being 88 years of age, blushed and was troubled at the thought of being alone with this handsome man of 25, although he might be looked upon as little more than a ghost returned from beyond the grave. returned from beyond the grave. Presently her natural good sense, strengthened by a perfect uprightness of heart,

came to her support.
"Pshaw!" she thought, "I am old enough to be his aunt; besides. I am saving him from death. Let who will blame me. I am doing my duty."
Having had lunch that day, she had

proposed to go without dinner, and consequently she had slight provision for a meal. She might have run out to make purchases, but she was afraid to leave her Tartar to himself for the present, and, moreover, haste seemed to be more important than plenty. She lighted her gas stove, got her tea to drawing, and set out a store of graham crackers, butter and cheese. Then followed a moderate repast and a conversation which lasted well into the evening.

Drawn out by sympathy, the guest told his whole story. His name, he stated, was Ernst Rodolf Hartmann, and he was the youngest son of an official in the civil service of Prussia. Carried away by the liberal ideas so common among European students, he had attached himself, after leaving the University of Berlin, to a secret club of republicans, whose object was to substitute democracy for the Hohenzollerns. The club had been ferreted out by the police; Ernst and two or three other members had been condemned to a brief imprisonment; moreover, he had been disinherited and disowned by his father, a furious loyalist. Worst of all, a beautiful girl to whom he was betrothed had, during his confinement, been driven or conxed into a marriage with some old baron. This last sorrow, which he related with childlike candor and simplicity, made Janet Holcum blush to her ears, even while her heart throbbed with

When he rose to return to his room, he appeared to be at least temporarily reconciled to the struggle of life.

"I will dry it a leetle longer, if you will gif me a hand," he said. "I will go to sinting again."

"Oh! how can you talk of it so coolly!" she exclaimed with heartfelt solemnity and even with horror. "Don's you know that what you have done today is very wicked? Forgive me!" she added inwicked? Forgive me!" the added instantly, remembering how miserable he had been, and looking with pity at his wasted face. By the way, she talked very little of her Johnsonese to this man; for in the first place, she supposed that he, being a foreigner, might not understand it; and secondly, she had to be so earnest with him that only the simplest words seemed suitable. simplest words seemed suitable.

"What could I do?" he asked. "A gentleman may not pe a peggar. Pe-sides, I was not a bainter at home. Mein faders were to make of me a panker. Bainting was merely my fancy. I had no hope of success in it. What could I do? Will you promise to come to take

"I bromise-upon my honor." Remember, now-upon your honor!

He took her hand, and before she could guess what he meant to do, he kissed it. Notwithstanding the perfect simplicity of his manner, notwithstanding that the action was obviously a mere expression of civility and gratitude, Janet Holcum, who had never before had her hand kissed, blushed again until it seemed to her that her hair was turning scarlet. Without noticing her confusion, this ragged gentleman said sweetly "Good night," and bowed himself out of the

From this good night forward Janet was burdened and blessed with another labor of love. She had a suicide to reform; a soul without hope to fill with hope; a man without work to provide with work; a lover of lager to satisfy with black tea; a brand to snatch from all sorts of burnings. It was not only a heavy load to carry, but a delicate one to handle. Her orphan, as she soon began to call him, must not eat in her room for fear of Mrs. Grundy. She must content herself with letting him go to cheap restants for his dinner, and with occasion.

Sunday evening; she sometimes dropped into his den to look at his work and cheer him on with it; oftener still, she took a walk with him in the hall or an evening promenade in the streets.

she was proud of herself, and yet ashamed of herself. It struck her as almost indelicate that she should support a man, especially a young and handsome one. Moreover, her labor of love was a fearful expense, compared with her small income. She was soon obliged to draw on her savings bank deposit, and that had always been kept in a censumptive state by the needs of her girl cousin. At first she thought of getting up a subscription for her painter, or of interesting some rich school committeeman in his behalf; but very shortly she took such a fancy to him that she did not want any one else to earn a claim to his gratitude; and so she went on paying out her savings for his necessities. When winter arrived and fuel must be had, she bought lit for him, although he tried to do without. Next came an overcoat and a pair of mittens and some heavy underclothing, because she could not bear to see him walking the streets with a red nose and fingers. It was in vain for him to refuse; she absolutely forced him to take.

Meantime small profits from his brush.

Meantime small profits from his brush.
The picture which she had thought perfect really had but five or six days' work upon it, and needed a month month only \$25. It

picture. It was his forte; he had simply tried a landscape because he had judged that to be the favorite genre in America; he had known that he could not hope to excel in it. A beautiful group was soon sketched, representing a scene from King Philip's war, the interior of a cabin, lighted by its own flames, a beautiful girl in the grasp of Wampanoag warriors, a father and brother struggling manfully against her captors, and in the near background, faintly seen through the shat-tered door, a coming relief of Puritan riders. Janet Holcum, the patriotic New Englander, was delighted with what she thought already a perfect success, and wanted to sell the group as it was.

"No," judged Ernst. "I cannot avvord to waste virst impressions. This is the most divvicult bart of the bainting, though the quickest. But it will need a though the quickest. But it will need a long time to make it goot enough. It will need all winter," he concluded, with a piteously apologetical glance at Janet.

"Go on," she said, flushing with the noble heart beat of self sacrifice as she caught sight of this mute appeal. "This time I know you will triumph. We can live till it is done."

"Heaven pless you!" he replied, taking her hand and kissing it by force. "You are the noplest woman upon the earth."

The kiss and the praise brought a deeper blush than one often sees on such a pale, sallow face as that of Janet. For we must come now to a weighty secret; we must make an avowal which is almost tragic. Not content with dowering this poor stranger with her worldly wealth, Janet had already begun to give him the treas-nres which she had received direct from

heaven. All the love which lies hidden in the heart of a good and pure old maid, all the vast abyss of sensibility which exists in a feminine nature that has found no natural outlet, had in her case been stirred to the profoundest depths by the penniless, friendless, handsome, clever youth whom she had saved from death. Useless to struggle against the infatuation; it had commenced too insidiously, as mere humanity; then it had crept on too slyly, in the guise of mere charity. Oh, how cunning it had been! All at once there was a flaming transformation, and she found herself the victim of a first passion, as much in love as if she were a young girl. Resist? She tried in vain to do so.

Run away? She could not give up her po-sition, lest she should thereby fail to complete her cousin's education, and leave him to starve. Once more, self sacrifice; though all her life had been a self sacrifice, she must go on with it; she must love and suffer and be silent. And so the mischief proceeded at a terrible rate, for every day added to its magnitude. What made things worse was that Ernst was nobly conscious of his obligations, and profuse in thanks, in praises, in the most delicate and charming attentions. If he met her on the street he took his hat entirely off his comely head and saluted her as school ma'ams are not always saluted. If he walked with her he had the air of escorting a duchess. He would leave his beautiful labor at any moment to greet her return to the house with a smile or to run on her errands. His whole deportment toward her was a continual burning

She had never before known such a finished gentleman; more than that, she had never met a sweeter and finer nature. She comprehended at last that even his attempted suicide was a proof of his high self respect and sense of honor, inasmuch as it was an effort to escape from the degradation of living by incurring debts which he could not discharge. That stoical declaration, "If I could haf baid my room rent I would haf gone on another month," seemed to her now something like a patent of nobility. Unaware of her own grandeur of character, she worshiped his grandeur of character. Finally, she worshiped his genius, which had begun to show her the universe of glory that there is in art, and which was able to seize ideas scarcely perceptible to her unpracticed æsthetic vision, and place

them before her in the resurrection robes of drawing and color. Ah well! she was desperately in love with him, and she could not help admitting it to her accusing conscience, and could not put aside the scornful finger of her sense of womanly shame. But did he her sense of womanly sname. But did ne know it? As yet she was sufficiently herself to hope that he did not. Although she could not meet him without feeling a blush run through her whole face, although his praises and the touch of his hand made her tremble from head to foot, hand made her tremble from head to foot, she trusted that she was keeping her flery secret. And so she was: a young man does not easily suspect that a woman thirteen years his senior has a passion for him; and if Ernst noticed her tremors and changes of color, he imputed them to woman delicacy and Puritan shyness. While Janet, locked in her own room, was looking in the glass at her pale face, high looking in the glass at her pale face, high cheek bones, square jaws, straight mouth, and incipient wrinkles, while she was wishing with both tears and shame that wishing with both tears and shame that all that supportable plainness were beauty and youth, he, steadily at work, did not think of her at all, or only thought of her as his "goot vriend." His handsome countenance, now pink and white in color as well as classic in outline, was not shad-

in high fashion, who made \$0,000 a year and speat it all on himself and some poor relations. Too generous and soft hearted to save money, he wanted to study in the gallieries of Europe without ever having the first sparedollar for the voyage, and talked of launching into genre pictures or "high art" without ever being able to give up his pot beiling labor in it-kats. The result of this existence, soting upon this kindly spirit, was that while Stanley envied the chances of more famous artists, he honestly admired their productions.

ists, he honestly admired their productions.

Meeting Ernst at the Academy, he fell
into chance conversation with him, liked
his naive and badly pronounced but judiclous criticisms, went with him to his
lodgings and fell in love with "The Rescue." His fiorid face flushed crimson
with enthusiasm as he exclaimed: "By
Jovel you are on the road to fame. You
needn't have apologized for your room.
This picture furnishes it like a palace. I
wish I was a poor devil. I wish I could
live in this etyle and try to do something
good. But I can't. I must dress in a
certain way and go to certain parties and
live in a certain quarter. If I didn't I
should lose my run among certain people.
And then," he added, as he thought of his
mother and cunt, "then there would be
trouble."

Thenceforward Stanley came often to Ernst's room to watch the progress of "The Rescue" and to tell him that it was sure of success. It was not long, either, before he gave the young German another startling piece of information.

"That old girl downstairs is in love with your "he said."



"What old curl?" asked Ernst, staring with the calm innocence of a child. "I hope you are misdaken," replied the German, gravely and almost solemnly, as if he already perceived an awful duty be-

"I should think you might see it," grinned Stanley, "I saw it the first evening we called on her. It was plain enough today when she traveled up here to look at the picture. She can't come near you without coloring and shaking."

Ernst became still more solemn, and

was evidently in profound thought. You must be careful and not triffe with her young affections," Stanley continued, with a rather hard hearted smile, such as we accord to the heart troubles of old maids.

"I shall not dryvie with them," replied Ernst, with a seriousness which silenced the American. During Stanley's next visit Ernst said

to him: "I have peen seeing for myself, und I pelieve you are right."
"Right? Oh, about the shadow?"
"No. Apout Miss Chanet Holcum. I pelieve she is in love with me." "Well, what are you going to dot

laughed Stanley.
"I haf put one thing to do. If she wish to marry me, I must marry her. I owe her my life. I owe her this picture, which you say is goot. I has lived on her money. As a man of honor I must sacrifice myself to her; that is, if she wishes it. What else can I do?"

"Good Lord! don't be a fool," remonstrated Stanley. "You don't love her, of course. "I haf the very highest respect for her.

She is an atmirable woman." "Yes. I know. I suppose so. But this is carrying respect and gratitude a little too far. She is twelve or fifteen years older than you. You could not be happy with her. Come now! don't be hasty."

"I will not be hasty. It all debends on whether she lofes me a great teal. We

When Ernst, convinced that Janet "lofed him a great teal," felt himself bound to declare an affection for her and ask her to be his wife, the poor, lonely, hitherto unloved girl was fairly broken down by the revelation. She burst into tears, threw herself on her old, hard sofu. buried her face in the threadbare cushion. and sobbed out a spasm of mingled joy

'Oh! can this be true?" she finally burst forth, when she became conscious of his hand in hers. "Is it true?" she demanded, sitting up and looking eagerly at him. "If it isn't, take it back. Don't tell it me any more. It would kill meto find out it isn't true-oh, it would kill

"It is endirely drue, my tear Chanet," was the adorable falsehood of the chival rous German. "I owe all to you. My life will not pay the debt. But I do not insist upon marriage except when you wish it. You must chudge for yourself when it will be brudent."

At this moment Janet caught a view of herself in her mirror. Flushed with joy and love, she looked almost handsome, and it seemed to her for a moment that she was young and desirable. Drawn by Ernst's pitying embrace, she believed that it was the embrace of affection, and she et her head fall upon his shoulder with the words, "Oh, my darling!"

Henceforward they were engaged, though when they would be married neither of them could say, not even the old and wise (only half wise) Janet. With her, life was a delicious dream, forgetful her, life was a delicious dream, forgetful altogether of the hard past and careless often of the doubtful future. With him, life was a point of honor and of duty, an obedience to self respect and a rendering of obligations. His ways were naturally so caressing, and he was so conscientifically assistances in his attentions to her actions to the second conscientifically assistances in his attentions to her actions to the second conscientifically assistances. tiously assiduous in his attentions to her, that he thoroughly deceived even the suspiciousness of her humble and shy nature. In the main she believed entirely in his affection, amazing as the acquisition seemed to her and such that the second such that the secon quisition seemed to her, and much as she doubted her worthiness of it. It is quite possible that there was not at that time in New York a happier woman than this almost penniless old maid, betrothed to a young artist who was encumbered with debts, and who did not love her. Such are the joys of this world: half of them, at least, delusions; the other half transi-

At last "The Rescue" was seld. Stan-ar want with Ernst to the nicture deal:

"Only these is so name. If you would put your ease to it, Mr. Stanley?"
"Mine! I am only a portrait painter."
"Tes. But you are known. It would sell the nicture."

at aims.

"It's downright swindle, "said the generous American. "I couldn't do such a group to save my life. I won't take the credit of it."

genius.

It was agreed to; the picture went on the, market as the joint production of Stanley and Hartmann. The latter, perfectly satisfied, and indeed overjoyed, pocketed the \$500; the former, in spite of his private disclaimers, pocketed something considerable in the way of glory.

At Ernst's request Janet Holcum had kept a strict account of her expenses in his behalf; and although he had used sharp economy, the balance against him amounted to \$430. On reaching home, he went to her room, gave her a smile of childlike joy in response to her smile of anxiety, and tossed the sum of his earnings into her lap. Instead of halling his good fortune with gladness, she seemed to shrink from the money, laid it coldly on a table, rose to her feet with a pale face, and said in a strange voice, "Well—you are free."

"No, my tear Chanet," he replied. "I

am your elave."
"That is not what I want," she stammered, trembling visibly. "I cannot submit to any such understanding. Mr. Hartmann, it is my duty to tender you

Hartmann, it is my duty to tender you your liberty."

"My tarling Chanet, what does this mean?" asked Ernst, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to him.

"My self respect impels me to it," she said, beginning to cry. "I fear that you proposed to me out of a sense of obligation. The obligation is now canceled. It was weak in me to accept you. I must was weak in me to accept you. I must make amends for it. Indeed, indeed I must—you are free."

The gentlest caresses, the sweetest protestations answered her and overwhelmed

her fainting resolution. After a minute, and a very little minute it was, too, she could not help letting her head go on his shoulder and sobbing out: "Oh! can I believe you? You make me so perfectly happy that I must believe you. Oh, you are my life, my all. I worship you." For a week or more this sunshine of

confidence and joy shone through an un-clouded heart. She loved her man—her first man, remember—gathered lete in her maying—with a sort of double affection—the love of a betrothed and of a mother. And because he returned it, or rather because she believed that he did she felt that she owed him a life of gratitude; adoration, obedience, every sweet senadoration, obedience, every sweet sentiment and every good work. She was amazingly influenced by him; one might almost say, revolutionized. A teetotaler, believing that the wine recommended by Paul to Timothy was not intoxicating, and that all drinkers of ale and cider deserved the names of tipplers and guzzlers, she found nothing hateful now in the smell of lager. A hater of tobacco, she filled Ernst's pipe. An admirer of Johnsonian diction, she talked to him like a little child. There is no knowing whither this youth might not have ing whither this youth might not have

tiful and pathetic. It is not in the nature of things that a woman of 38, who is engaged to a hand-some man of 25, should remain always calmly sure of her conquest. An event was approaching which was destined to cast upon this happy heart a shadow of uneasiness. As Janet sat, one holiday afternoon, beside her Ernst, watching the growth of meaning and beauty under his encil, she said to him abruptly, "My little cousin will be here soon.

was laughable; from another, it was beau-

"So?" replied the painter without stopping his work. "I must get her a bresent; shall it pe a toll?" "A doll! She wouldn't thank you. She is 19 years old."

"So!" exclaimed Ernst, looking up in surprise. "Then she cannot pe fery little." "I have got her a situation in my school. She has finished her education

and must begin to earn her living." "That is goot," smiled the artist. "We will make one family."

"My darling, I wanted to tell you"— hesitated Janet. "We must say nothing about our engagement for the present That is, I would rather you would not, if it makes no difference to you." "Why?" asked the painter, stopping his

work and staring at her in surprise.

"Because," stammered and blushed this engaged old maid—"because I am ashamed. Not of you! Oh no, dearest. But she will think it so queer. And then it may never come to anything-we are so At least it may be a long time Well, until our way is a little more clear before us, I would rather the engagement should be kept a secret. You are not annoyed, are you. Ernst?"

"No," replied Ernst, calmly, not understanding too well, and not caring quite

"Well," continued the shy and fastidious Janet, "then it shall be so. We will be just good friends in the eyes of Nellie until-until it shall seem best to let her

On the morrow arrived Nellie Fisher, a plump, lively, laughing little blonde, with eyes of a deep turquois blue, hair of the lightest and flossiest flaxen, a face somewhat broad and nose somewhat short, beautiful in the German peasant style, but undeniably beautiful. Ernst, who was present at the meeting of the two cousins, glanced at the visitor so frequently and with an expression so full of mysterious meaning, that Janet's interest was aroused. At the first chance for an aside she said to him, "Well, what do you think of her?"

"She looks like the one in Chermany." he replied, lost in meditation, his eyes both tender and somber, his soul in other years and lands Janet turned pale.

Does the reader divine what she fore-

Well, it happened.

Ernst's heart was empty. Janet did not inhabit it; had not even entered into it. The unnamed girl whom he had loved in Prussia had by heroic efforts been so far expelled from it that he did not desire ever again to see her. But her former residence there had so molded her former residence there had so molded the abode that any one who resembled her could seize upon it, occupy it, and fill it. What now happened to the young man was apparently love at first sight, but was really no more than the transferring of an old love to a new object. A week after he first met Nellie Fisher the thought of her could fill him with delicious reveries, while the thought of his troth plight to Janet Holcum was sufficient to make him meditate once more upon suicide.

And the girl? He and she met every day, and two or three times a day. In spite of his conscientions efforts to control himself, there was in his manner to-(Cor tinued next week).

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Miscellaneous.

HORSES WANTED.—Parties having

sound horses to sell will find a ready purchaser by applying to the under-signed at the Central House, Lindsay, or at his house en hindsay-st. I buy all kinds of sound horses. W. WEESE. Lindsay, May 18, 1888.—97-tf. THE OLD RELIABLE BRICK A YARD.—Established 1870—I have now on hand in my yard at Cannington a choice quantity of BRICK which I will sell at the yard or deliver at the Cannington station or Woodville station. My brick for color and quality cannot be beaten. JOHN WAKELIN, Cannington. Dec. 8, 1887—74-1yr.

URHAM BULL FOR SALE. The Ops Agricultural Society effer their Bull by crivate sale. He was purchased from the celebrated herd of Wm. Rtdmond of Mill-

the celebrated herd of Wm. Rtdmond of Mill-brook. He was awarded 2nd prize for one year old bull at the Toronto industrial fair of 1887. He is really a fine animal and good color, is registered in the new herd book and will be on exhibition at the Lindsay Central Fair of 1883. For further particulars apply to JAS. FARRELL, pres. A. ROBERTSON, vice-pres.; Committee A. CUNNINGHAM, or to the secretary, JAMES KEITH, Lindsay. Sept. 17, 1888.—15-2. 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 Ca. of Manchester, on account of injuries received by us.

A. W. PARKIN
JOSEPH KILLABY.
SAMUEL BULLICK.
THOS. BAKER.
R. H. HOPKINS.
J. G. MATCHETT.
DOUGALL SINCLAIR Lindsay, Dec. 29, 1887.-81-tf.

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Commencing at the S. W. angle of said lot 18, thence north 16 degrees, west 59 chains, 40 links, thence north 74 degrees, east 5 chains, 5 links, thence south 16 degrees, east 69 chains, 40 links, thence south 74 degrees, east 69 chains, 5 links, more or less, to piace of beginning, containing 35 acres, more or less.

Also the northerly part of lot 17, in the 9th con, of said Township, as shown upon a plan of survey by Thomas. J. Dennehy, P. L.S., marked "A." of Record in the Department of Crown Lands, described as commencing on the limit between lots 16 and 17 at the distance of 24 chains, 7 links on a northerly course from the south-west angle of said lot 17, thence north 16 degrees, west along said limit 44 chains, 70 links, more or less, to the allowance for road in rear of said concession, thence north 74 degrees, east 29 chains, more or less, to the north-east angle of said lot 17, thence south 16 degrees, east 16 chains, more or less to the drowned land of Pigeon Creek, and thence south-westerly along the said drowned land to the place of beginning, containing 76 acres more or less.

Thirty acres are said to be cleared, and on the premises are said to be a log house.

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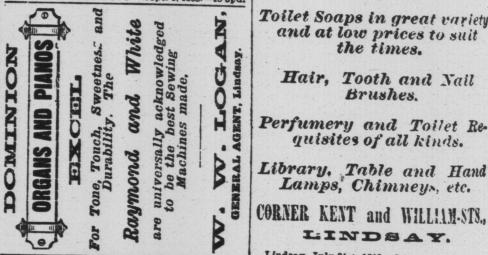
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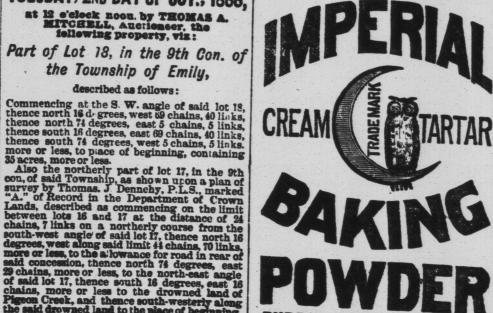




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