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The Canadian Lust.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 30. 1888.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

(Continued from last week)

"I must," she said, when she found her-

self back in her room for the night, "I must do something—yet what?"

At last, however, she decided that it would be best to write to him—and—and say—well, to be accurate, she did not know exactly what. But she thought she would do it before she slept, or tried to sleep. So she got out her writing case and began to write-which was quiteeasy at first, for she got as far as "Blankhampton Deancry, July 5 .- My dear Mr. Beresford," without any difficulty whatever. But after that she came to a standstill and did not know what to say next. What could she say? She tried at least a dozen sentences, but, somehow, none of them either looked right or graceful, and she

At last, however, she completed a letter which she thought would do. It ran

"My DUAR MR. BERESFORD-I feel I must write you a line to say how sorry I am for the stupid mistake I made today.

If it was not that, by my thoughtlessness, I have involved Miss Adair in my folly, I should just go home by the earliest train to-morrow. But I can't go away and leave her to bear the brunt of my ntter foolishness; so I can only ask you to forgive me, and to try to forget that I ever said what I did. I am so sorry. I can't say more. Your very apologetic

NANCY EARLE." Miss Earle read this effusion over, and thought it would do as well as anything she would be able to concoct; then, woman like, she added a postscript; and, woman like, the postscript contained the whole salt and savor of the letter.

"P.S.—After all, it is pretty good proof that I didn't see much amiss with your looks.

N. E."

On reading this production over, Miss. Earle thought it would do very well, and was wonderfully comforted by the con-clusion. Then she went to bed, and after lying awake for a little time thinking it all over-and particularly over his looks and general air-she fell asleep and slept as young things do, until the morning sunshine was streaming through various chinks and crevices into the room. When she had read the letter again and

satisfied herself that it would do, she went down stairs, and cautiously opening the door which led into the close, slipped out of the house and went quickly along the road to where a post box was let into the wall only a few doors away; into this she popped her letter and fled back, feeling very guilty and scared, more as if she had been robbing the box instead of adding to its contents.

Fortunately not a soul saw her, and she was able to put her sailor hat, which she always were in the garden, in its customary place in the hall before any of the family came down to breakfast.

Meantime a postman had come along with a bag and had cleared the box, so that it was already one stage further on its way toward its final destination.

In due time it was sorted out from among its fellows and tossed on to the heap for the infantry barracks. And before it had waited very long the post corporal made his appearance, and after turning the heap over again, tumbled it into a bag and carried it off on another

So in time it fell into the hands of its owner—"J. Beresford, Esq., Infantry Barracks, Blankhampton"—and Deautiful

He read it with surprise—surprise so in-tense that several of the fellows who had been loitering about on the lookout for the post corporal noticed it.

"Halloo, old chap, that letter seems to be a sort of surprise to you," one laughed.
"Is it an offer? What's the bid for, Beau-

"Oh, get out," returned Jim, folding the letter up and replacing it in its en-

Velope. "Yes, get out, of course; but is it an

offer?" Parsons persisted.
"An offer? No! It's from my mother,"

returned Jim promptly and in a disgusted He made his escape to his own quarters in peace. But then, with the door safely locked, he pulled out the letter

again and read it once more. "After all," he read, smiling, "it is pretty good proof that I didn't see much

amiss with your looks." And then he folded the letter up again and put it safely away in the most secret recess of s dispatch drawer.
"That's a dear little woman," he said, as he turned the key of the door. "I shall look in on Saturday."

CHAPTER IV.

About 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the Deanery Tennis was in full swing.

The handsome dean, looking as good as he was high—and he was not a small man —stood chatting with a couple of parsons, and Lady Margaret, fresh and buxom, sat under a tree with Mrs. Trafford, who, by the by, was thinking of leaving Blank-hampton, and indeed had been thinking

of it for some time.

'Who is that girl standing near your daughter?" Mrs. Trafford asked.

"That is Miss Earle, an old friend of Aileen's," Lady Margaret replied.

"Ah, yes. Is she not very pretty?"

"Very pretty," said Lady Margaret;
"and a remarkably nice girl in every way.
By the bye, her young brother. Stuart, is

By the bye, her young brother, Stuart, is just gazetted to the Blankshire regiment."

From that they passed on to other topics of conversation, the Blankshire regiment among others, and presently two of its officers came from the house toward them. Beautiful Jim was one.

"Are you not going to play Mr. Beautiful Jim was one."

"Are you not going to play, Mr. Beres-ford?" Lady Margaret asked.

"Not today, Lady Margaret, thanks. I will look on and make myself useful," he

"Very well. Will you have some tea? or there is some cup on that table?"

"Many thanks. I will help myself to a cup presently," he said, and then some fresh arrivals came to take Lady Margaret's attention, and he was able to stroll away toward Nancy Earle's chair.

"Good afternoon, Miss Earle," he be-

gan. "Not playing today?"
"I do not often play," she answered,
turning a fine scarlet from chin to brow. "There seems no time for tennis in town -or, at least, I do not find that there is."
"Yes: and during the time when you can play tennis in town, there is always

such a rush of other things do do." "Yes, just so; and however much they bore you, you have to do them all the same," replied Miss Earle, keeping her attention well fixed on the tennis players. For a few minutes this highly uncomfortable and unsatisfactory state of stilted stiffness continued. Then Beautiful Jim played a bold stroke that they might get out of it, and at the same time into a less prominent position.

"Don't you think, Miss Earle," he said, in a semi-reflective tone, "that we should get a much more comprehensive view of

the play from the terrace?"
Miss Earle looked round at the terrace and admitted that it wouldn't be half bad up there. So they abandoned the chairs under the big tree and betook themselves to the terrace, whence they could com-mand a good view of the tennis courts, and consequently of players and play.

There were some basket work Hurling-

ham chairs on the terrace, and Miss Earle settled herself into one of them with a desperate kind of feeling that she would have to hear what Beautiful Jim should choose to say about the letter she had sent him, and that the sooner he began the sooner it would be over. After all, this Beautiful Jim was a gentleman, and had before shown himself to be a man of very delicate care for the feelings of others. So there was really but little to be afraid of; certainly he would say nothing disagreeable, and yet, as she settled herself in the Hurlingham, she could not help wishing devoutly that it was at that moment big enough to bury her.
But Beautiful Jim seemed in no hurry

to begin discussing the mistake of the previous Tuesday. He talked a good deal, far more than she did, but he did did he even seem to be thinking about it. ment and a good deal about his cousins and his five days in town, and he contrived, too, to tell her a good deal about truck and went off to sleep. I believe," himself; but he never in any way approached the subject of her letter or her had known he was dying we were all to difficult to say exactly how, Miss Earle have moved so much as a finger to help gathered that Beautiful Jim had not the him. Not, all the same, that he seemed the knowledge seemed to make her grow hot and cold all in an instant, and she shrunk into herself in something like horror that she had not sooner realized the delicacy and generosity of this man's

Jim Beresford himself seemed happy

"By that same token," he was saying, "I once did an all night deck passage myself. Faith, it was the most awful night I ever passed! Nothing I ever saw in the Soudan was a patch upon it. It was when I was a lad at Woolwich, and home for long leave, that my young brother and I and another fellow went off to Scotland for a trip. We hadn't much money, for my governor hadn't come into lla property then. So Neil and I had pretty much on the cheap. Cast you healthy appetites, and roughing it a bit didn't hurt us. But, of course, we spent more money than we ought, and arys I to Neil one morning"-at once die;; the true Irishman's way of teil: -"says I, 'We must just pot traps and be off, for we have !

to get ourselves a third class home by way of Glasgow and Pa "So home we started from Girs low by the steamer Lama-a fine big Leat she was. But the crew on board of her-I well remember there were about a hundred and fifty harvestmen-all likhcame on board at Greenock, ment of them rather drunk, and the row they mindewell, it was just something too awfui! It got very late and it got very cold. So we went down and tried the cabine, first one and then the other; but we couldn't stand them, couldn't at any price; so we left the ghastly crush of fighting men and crying sea sick women in the full enjoyment of them, and went upon deck again. where the cold was the worst and the air was pure enough not to insult our lungs. Ah! well I remember it, that it wasn't all as smooth as honey up on deck. For there were two Irish-Americans, awful fellows. on board. A big one and a little one, both very drunk, and both very quarrelsome. The big one was bragging about his bowie knife, and threatening to six-shoot any one who presumed to interfere with him; and after a good deal of this kind of swagger, up stepped a strapping young Irish harvester, just drunk enough to be valiant, and challenged him to fight at once. And a right down good drubbing he gave him—I never saw a fellow better handled in my life. 'Pon my word, 'twas so neat that the little Irish-American stepped out of the ring and set himself to hamper the

and the fight went gayly with two couples "And at last the big Irish-American got a good deal the worst of it, and the young harvester took the opportunity of slipping out of the ring altogether, and took up his place just behind us, where he stood quietly peering over my shoulder, laughing at the rage of his adversary, who was too drunk to know him again."

"And did he find him?" asked Miss.

young harvester by the two-to-one pro-cess. However, another harvester step-ped out of the ring to settle with him,

"And did he find him?" asked Miss Earle, with breathless interest. "Not he, he was as drunk as a lord. But by and by he started on again at another harvester, bowie knife, six shooter,
and all; and just as he was making for
him there stepped up a little American.

*Well," she said, as she dipped a strawberry into the little pile of success upon

who just caught him a scientific crack on his head, which knocked him over as senseless as a log, and that was an end



"But you don't mean to say that he was

"No, I don't suppose he was killed," re turned Beautiful Jim; "but we heard no more of him for that night. They just dragged him downstairs and shoved him under a bench, and he was no more trouble to anybody so far as any of us saw. And by that same token"—Beau-tiful Jim went on with keen enjoyment of the recollection-"that was one of the beautifulest cracks I ever saw—quite scientific; for it wasn't hard nor heavy—It was just neat, don't you know. And then there was the little Irish-American. He, after snarling and quarreling half the night, got kicked out of the cabin and same up on deck, where we, who couldn't stand the atmosphere downstairs, were trying in vain to get a little warmth and comfort by huddling together round the funnel. And it was cold—oh! how cold it was, with a strong hail storm beating on us, and the waves washing over the bows of the boat every minute! I don't believe any of us had ever been so miserable, forlorn, or thoroughly wretched in all our lives before. I know I have never felt quite like that since.

"Well, this little chap came up to the group, peering into every face as well as he could for the lurching of the vessel and the unsteadiness of his own standing. At last, however, he stopped opposite

" 'Come an' 'ave a drink,' he said. "Well, I didn't dare refuse, for I was only a youngster, and didn't see the force of letting him use his bowie knife or his six shooter for my benefit. So I looked up and said-'Have a drink-oh-erwhere is it to be got?'

"Steward has it,' he answered, with an uncertain kind of wink. 'Steward says I'm drunk-won't serve me. You go and get the whisky-(steward can't say you're drunk)-an' we'll drink it together.'

"I didn't dare refuse him, so I got up; but in trying to follow me the little American happened to fall foul of a Scotch woman with a very large family of children under her garments, like chickens under a hen's wings. Of course she went for him tooth and nail, and soundly belabored him, and I took the op-portunity of just slipping round the other side of the funnel and sitting down in the same place as I had been before. And then, when he had gathered himself up and apparently been all round the ship in pursuit of me, he came back, trying to peer into our faces so as to identify me again, and take me along for 'the drink.'
However, happily he was too drunk, or not mention that subject, nor, in fact, me, and the old Scotch lady stood my friend and warned him against getting He told her a good deal about the regi- too near to her; so, at last, he seemed to get sleepy all at once, and he just rolled himself under a hand barrow or a hand unfortunate slip. At last, it would be ill and frozen and miserable ourselves to very smallest intention of mentioning the in the smallest danger, for he slept seletter or her mistake at all. Somehow, renely on, and snored away as happily as

"However, when morning came and we found ourselves alongside of the quay, some of the ship's people came along and fished him out; and if you'll believe me, Miss Earle, he was so petrified he couldn't stand-couldn't move hand or foot." 'But alive?" she asked.

"Alive? Oh, yes. And they stuck him up with his back against the funnel to get melted; and presently I heard him say to himself, in a sleepy sort of tone: "'An' bedad, I've got an ah-ful crick in me neck.

"And how did you get on after?" "Oh, as fine as possible—and when we got to Dublin we found only first and second class in the train; but they took us second class, and said never a word, and we got home and thought no more about know? Well, it did not much matter, for it; but, by that same token, it was an we were young and strong, with awfully awful night, the worst I've spent in all my life.

It would not be easy to say how deeply ito interested Miss Earle was—so much so, in ginto fact, that she forgot all about the letter yarn and the unfortunate slip.

"That's a very fine story," she said, with a flattering air of appreciation, as she lay at ease in the big chair and idly watched the tennis players on the lawn before

"Ah! I little thought I should ever have the heart to make a story out of my misery," said he, with a laugh; "but. oh, Miss Earle, I'm afraid you're frightfully thirsty and hangry. I have kept you an unconscionable time listening to all my old yarns. Do come and have some ice or cup or something."

Miss Earle said at once that she should like a cup of tea, so they sauntered down to the tea table, and he ministered to her needs. So their pleasant chat came to an end. Others joined them as they ate their strawberries, and Miss Earle was peremptorily ordered to complete a set of tennis players, and in vain did she try to get out

"My dear, you must play," said the dean's beautiful daughter, with kind insistence. "I know you are sweet and good, and will give up for anybody; but I have made up this set for you, and am determined you shall not be done out

"Well, let me finish my tea," Nancy entreated; and Beautiful Jim thought, though he hardly knew why, that she would much rather have stayed where she was, and, of course, have talked to him.

However, she had to go, and Beautiful

Jim, left to himself, finished a very substantial repast and looked round for some one to talk to. Mrs. Trafford was still sitting where she had been when he entered the garden, but she was alone now, Lady Margaret having moved away to speak to other guests. He made his way

to her at once.
"Mrs. Trafford, wouldn't you like to have a turn round the garden?" he asked. "I would much rather have a cup of tea," she replied, laughing.

Jim gave her his arm at once, and very quickly settled her in a comfortable chair,

with some claret cup and a plate of strawberries. Then he pulled another chair near to it for himself, and prepared to have a good time and enjoy it.
"What is the news, Mrs. Trafford?" he her plate, "the corporation are going to take the terrace away from all these houses. I think that's the latest of all."

"Awful shame," murmused Beautiful Jim, to whom Blankhampton Deanery was merely a pleasant but passing oasis in life's desert, and not a permanent Mecca, as it was to the parish set.

"And the deep says if they do he'll lock

"And the dean says if they do he'll lock up the Deanery Close and make a private garden of that! But they know well enough that he will never have the heart to shut the children out just to spite the

"Well, it would be rough on the little beggers," said he. "No, I shouldn't think the dean would be the sort to do that." "Not he; it isn't in him, and the corporation people know it—and act upon it. Still it will be a great shame if they contrive to destroy the privacy of all these gardens, for nothing is so unpleasant as being overlooked in that way. Of course you know that Miss Antrobus is going to be married?" she said, with a quick change of tone

change of tone.

Beautiful Jim edged a step nearer.

"No; indeed I did not. And who is the

"An old admirer; a man who has been in love with her for years—for YEARS!" answered Mrs. Trafford, unconsciously slipping into Mrs. Hugh Antrobus' grand and inflated style of speaking. "I told Mrs. Antrobus that I hoped she would be very happy, for happiness in marriage is such an important consideration. And she said: 'Oh! dear year Mr. Mandarin shen an important consideration. And she said: 'Oh! de-ar, yes. Mr. Mandarin is quite the right husband for Polly. His de-vo-tion has been marvelous, and he has loaded her—simply loaded her—with valuable presents."

"Mandarin! What a queer name," said Beautiful Jim, who was deeply interested in the fortunes of the fair Polly. "I believe," said Mrs. Trafford, looking down demurely as she toyed with her fork and plate, "that Mr. Mandarin's-er -father and-er-mother were-er-not exactly of the same race."

"Yes," said Jim, eagerly
"His mother was a German Jewess who -well, went out in some capacity to Shanghai and-and married a rich merchant of some repute in that city; and— er--the fact is, Mr. Beresford, when you have seen him—as I have—I don't sup-pose you will be at all surprised at his bearing such a peculiar name; it suits him very well," Mrs. Trafford ended, putting down her cup with a very quiet and innocent air.

Beautiful Jim by that time was simply convulsed with laughter.
"Mrs. Trafford," he exclaimed, "you

don't mean that the fair Polly is going to marry a Chinaman! Good God! It's worse than marrying a nigger!"
"The late Mrs. Mandarin," Mrs. Trafford reminded him, "was a German Jew-

Heavens! What a combination. And what is the result like?" "He is certainly not much to look at." replied Mrs. Trafford, rather dryly. "However, he seems to be very rich, and Mrs. Antrobus is amply satisfied—amply. So I suppose it is all right."
"And the fair Polly?" Beautiful Jim

"She was not gushing about it." she answered; "but she smiled and thanked me very prettily when I wished her joy.' Nor was Beautiful Jim the only person to whom Mrs. Trafford imparted her information that afternoon. It happened that she was particularly well up in all the details of the affair-so far as Mrs. Antrobus was able to impart them-for only that afternoon she had had occa to go to her dressmaker's (that person, by the by, lived a little way past the River house); and as she owed Mrs. Antrobus three calls, and a great deal of oil flat-tery and such like attention as was dear to the little widow's patronizing soul, she to the little widow's patronizing soul, she determined, for a two fold, nay, a three fold reason, to call on that stout and friendly lady. First, because her way that day led her actually past the door; secondly, because the fact that she was due at the Deanery tennis party would enable her to cut her visit very short, indeed, if she wished to do so, and find Mrs Antrobus at home; and thirdly he Mrs. Antrobus at home; and thirdly, because the mere fact that she must so hurry away would in itself help to keep Mrs. Antrobus' effusive friendliness within reasonable bounds. A clever, far seeing little woman, Mrs. Trafford-a very clever

But, as it happened, she felt no desire whatever to cut her visit short, and so interested was she in the news at, and the general atmosphere of, the River house, that she almost forgot the Deanery party altogether. For when she inquired for Mrs. Antrobus the maid told her that she was at home, and invited her to enter, which she did. And as she followed her along the spacious hall-so much larger and handsomer than her own-she met Miss Baby, he youngest child of the house, now fast growing into a long legged, gawky girl, more like a hen as to gait than anything else, and giving no promise whatever in any way of blooming by and by into the beauty of her

"How do you do, dear?" said little Mrs. Trafford, graciously.
"Quite well, thank you," returned

Mrs. Trafford could not help thinking how very blank and childish the face was -for that long legged, gawky girl,

"I'm going upstairs with papa," said Baby, importantly—and, by the bye, she had quite caught her mother's inflated voice, which contrasted oddly with her little vacant face—"he is going into the strong room. He is going to get out the PLATE!

"Ah, you will like that," murmured Mrs. Trafford, passing on, and thinking that they had evidently some entertainment on for that night; wondering, too, a little how it was that she had not been asked to take part in it-for the family at the River house were in general exceedingly anxious to secure her presence at their dinner parties—far more so than she was to shed the rays of her patronage

But the little mystery was soon solved, for she had not found herself a chair before sne perceived from Mrs. Antrobus' manner that something of unusual im-

portance was in the air. That, of course, was so; for, with the Antrobuses, a visit to the strong room meant an occasion of the greatest importance. Indeed, as a strong room the receptacle for plate and valuables at the River house was all that could be desired. It was roomy and fireproof, and was con-cealed from curious and prying eyes by being secreted at the back of an ordinary cupboard. It would have held, and with room to spare, an ample supply of plate for a much larger family than could be accommodated in the River house; so that the Antrobuses set of entree dishes, with the extra forks and spoons, looked rather forlorn, reposing meekly in one

corner thereof. Of course, being of the same metal as Mrs. Herrick Brentham's tea and coffee service, they might very safely have remained in the excellent and commodious butler's pantry below; but what was the good of having a strong room if you did not use it, and what would have been the good of locking the door at all if you did not do so with fitting solemnity and im-

portance?

They say time levels all things. It is

had been used to be attended to the com-mony of setting out "The PLATE" by quite a train of admiring observers. Polly—To-To—Beby—a maid or two—and, on oc-casion, Mrs. Antrobus herself. Now, alast only Baby was there to remind him of the value which had once been set on the family entree dishes. For Polly was in the drawing room with her mother, listening to the praises of Mr. Mandarin, of Thei-ston house, Liverpool, and of—Shanghal.

CHAPTER V. AND OF SHANGHAT

It must be owned that the news of Polly Antrobus' engagement not only spread like wildfire throughout her native city of Blankhampton, but it also created a great

sensation wherever it penetrated. She was so pretty, so gentle and dreamy, and she had been so singularly unfortunate in her previous love affairs. Men had

gone for her, ay, and had gone desperately hard too—men of high degree, with everything to recommend them.

First, she had been engaged to the Honorable Eliot Cardella; but she had given him up that she might for at higher him up that she might fly at higher game in the form of his elder brother. But after all, Lord Cardella had not laid himself and his title at her feet, though he had eventually bestowed them upon a far

less worthy person.

Then there had been an unfortunate affair with one, D'Arcy was his name, if I mistake not, who did not happen to mention, when his regiment marched into Blankhampton, that his little wife had gone abroad for the winter. Of course it was very pleasant for a man deprived of his wife for the time to be philandering after one of the prettiest girls in the town; but it was a little unfortunate that Mrs. Antrobus announced the engagement in a semi-official manner, when re was all the time that insurmountable obstacle in the background.

And then there was Lord Charterhouse -the "Mr. Winks" of the Black Horsewho had gone for Polly, too—gone, ay, that was so; indeed, one over head and ears, past and beyond all sense and honor, and yet he had taken himself away from Blankhampton without a word of warning, and had married his cousin, Lady Nell

Temple, after all. Assuredly the love affairs of the de-lightful Polly had not so far been taken at that flood which leads to matrimonial fame and fortune, and from one cause or

another the good people of Blankhampton took a sort of proprietary interest therein; they wanted to see the end of Polly.

Was this indeed to be the end of all her dreams and hopes and wishes? Was this to be the end of her great expectations?

It was hard work hard. Three times It was hard, very hard. Three times she had deemed herself within an ace of being "my lady" for the rest of her life; three times had gay and gallant men of noble birth laid themselves down at her

feet and - apparently - worshiped her. And this was to be the end! She had borne with dignity and a certain suspicion of contempt the airs of her younger sister, To-To, who had married a well to do but briefless barrister of humble origin some time before, and she had made up her mind that when she should be Lady Charterhouse To-To's husband. Mr. Herrick Brentham, should have but little intercourse with her or hers. But, alas, alas! Lord Charterhouse had failed her, and had effectually cut off forever Mr. Herrick Brentham's chance of being on his visiting list-for the Lady Charterhouse of today would as soon have light of asking her husband's troopers

to dinner as of asking him. There had been a certain awkwardness in the minds of both Lord Charterhouse and the Antrobus family as to the best course to pursue when the noble bride and groom returned from their honeymoon to take up their quarters at the Golden Swan. More than once "Mr. Winks" had hinted to his wife that he was sick and tired of the service, and would be best pleased if he turned his back upon it. More than once he really thought he should send in his papers.

(Continued bext acek.)

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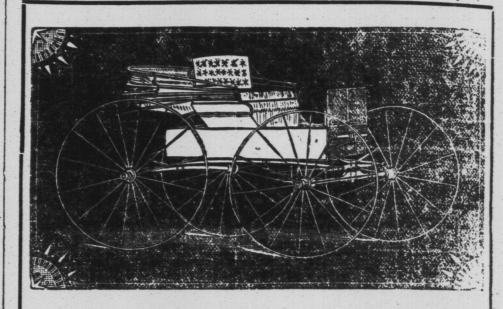
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CALL AND SEE THEM.

All parties indebted to me are re quested to pay up promptly this fall, I want money any must have it, as I cannot successfully conduct business without the necessary funds.



ADMIRED BY ALL

The magnificent display of carriages and buggies placed on exhibition by Mr. R. KYLIE attracted the attention of every person visiting the Central fair grounds, and the beautiful finish and neat and stylish appearance of the vehicles took the "cake" and the red tickets, too, receiving five first prizes out of six entries. Visitors were heard to say that the work was a credit to the town of Lindsay. Call at his show-rooms and examine the stock.

RICH. KYLIE.

Lindsay, Oct. 15, 1888.-19.

Graham & Lee

THE BEST EXHIBITION IN TOWN

===IS AT

GRAHAM & LEE'S

CHINA HALL.

We have Just to Hand some Lovely Lines of

ENAMELLED DINNER SETS. PORCELAIN DINNER SETS,

CHINA TEA SETS, FANCY CHAMBER SETS, with or without slop jars, CHINA FRUIT BOWLS,

and by far the FINEST LINES of CHINA CUPS and SAUCERS in Town.

HANGING LAMPS.

WE ARE SHOWING THE ONLY FIRST CLASS LOT OF Parlor, Library and Hall Lamps

in the county. Newest Designs. Latest and most perfect extensions in use. If you require a nice lamp, come to us and purchase one and we will hang it free of charge

in any house in town.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF Glassware, Preserve Dishes, Tea Sets,

WATER SETS and HALF GALLON JUGS-



We always have on hand extra value in Teas, Sugars, Syrups, Spices, Coffees, Flour, Feed and Provisions. Ge: ds delivered promptly. Orders solicited.

Lindsay, Sept., 16, 1888.—16. GRAHAM & LEE.