COPPERINE. PINEST IN THE LAND. ALONZO W. SPOONER.

Publisher's Notice.

GENTS FOR THE POST

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1886.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

(Continued from last week.)
It must be owned that the women nau had a good deal to do with it—they utterly spoiled him, for they allowed him to take almost any liberties that he chose, partly because he was so young, partly cause he was so actually beautiful in person, partly because he was the last of a very old and rich and eminently distinguished race.

Not a day passed, if he was not on duty, that as soon as he was free from work he did not go flying off to some feminine charmer, and he neither could nor would understand that "the fellows" objected to going to tea parties where Tommy was the central figure, to dinners where Tommy monopolized the whole of the my's audacious flirtations made him the bserved of all observers.

But, though Tommy did not become very popular in his regiment, he was popular enough in the town to satisfy any ordinary craving after the approval of the many. He became after the first few weeks, the intimate friend of all classes -he was "Tommy" from one end of Blankhampton to the other.

Beautiful Jim did his best, but his in fluence went a very short way, for his advice was anything but palatable to the last of the Earles, and it must indeed be a very strong and firm will which can fol-low the most excellent advice in the world if it is unpleasant, to the exclusion of all that makes life worth having, a much stronger will than Tommy was blessed with. In truth, all Tommy's strength of purpose went in an opposite direction that of serving his own ends and gratify

ing his own sense of pleasure. "Look here, you young beggar," said Jim one day to him, being moved thereto not by any desire to do Tommy good, but by an uncomfortable feeling that she would be grieved if she could see all that went on in Blankhampton society, "if you go on like this, what do you mean to come

Tommy looked up with his own una

"What on earth have I been doing to upset you now?" he demanded.
"Well, I saw you myself kiss no fewer than three women last night," Beautiful Jim growled. "The greater fools they to

let you."
"Like to have been there yourself, eh?" remarked Tommy, flippantly.

If Beautiful Jim felt half as contemptu

ous as he looked at that moment he must have attained to the very furthest limits of disdain, for his ugly face seemed petri-fied with unutterable disgust. "Lik: to have been there," he repeated. "Why, you young idiot, do you suppose

there's a single woman, married or maid, in the whole of Blankhampton, that would give you so much as a look if I took the trouble to be civil to her? Bless you, child, don't flatter yourself. Why, it's because these women think you're such a baby—such a pothing—such a non-danger. because these women think you're such a baby—such a nothing—such a non-dangerous scrap of humanity—that they let you make the young show of yourself that you do. But what I want to know is, what the devil do you mean to come to?" "Well, really, Jim," Tommy replied, with a certain "last of the Earles" haughtiness in his tone, "it seems to me you're troubling yourself in a very unnecessary way about my private affairs, and"—

way about my private affairs, and"—
But Beautiful Jim had broken into shouts of derisive laughter. "Tommy, Tommy, you'll be the death of me yet—you will, indeed," he said. "Your private affairs—why, bless me, child, the last joined sub hasn't got any private affairs except in 'applying' for leave. Private affairs, indeed! Well, it's too lovely, that

—simply too lovely,"

Tommy looked blandly blank. "I dare

Tommy looked blandly blank. "I dare say it's very funny, Jim," he said, easily, "but where's the joke?"

"The joke? In yourself, Tommy, my child, and you can't be expected to see it."

But, after that Jim gave up trying to keep the lad from making a fool of himself with the Blankhampton women, and gained nothing whatever by the attempt he had made, except to make Tommy firmly believe from that time forward that the senior subaltern was eaten alive with the senior subaltern was eaten alive with jealousy of him. And if he had only known that Beautiful Jim's whole heart known that Beautiful Jim's whole heart and mind was wrapped up in his own sister! If he had only known that to him, he—Temmy—was simply nothing but an impudent young cub whose only ciaim to intestit, or even notice, lay in the fact he was the brother of that insignificant and not-te-be-counted creature, Nancy Earle—well, it would have helped to take down the young gentleman's idea of his own greatness and his own importance marvelously.

Unfortunately, however, Jim had not,

during all those months, the games or a chance of furthering his position with Namey, for almost immediately after Tommy joined the regiment Mr. Barle was seized with a somewhat severe attack of bronchitis, and by the orders of his medical advisers was on the very first opportunity ordered off to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, there to stage until the very last east wind of our ungunial spring time should have taken its departure from his native shores.

It had been a bitter blow to him; but it was useless to fight against fate, and though he tried hard for foreign leave, he was, owing to various rumors of disturbance floating about the country at the time, unable to get it.

Just at first he was rather elated at the prospect of a change. There was a some thing jaunty and soldierly shout marching out, colors flying, band playing, and a dozen broken hearts behind them, and for a few hours Tommy went airly round announcing that they were off to Walmsbury next wock, with a "fresh fields and pastures new" air about him that was irresistibly funny to those of his brother officers who knew what manner of place Walmsbury really was.

But the elation of this young Alexander.

Walmsbury really was.
But the elation of this young Alexander But the elation of this young Alexander, longing for more worlds to conquer, did not last long. From "the fellows" he learned nothing; indeed, for any information he would have had from them he would have remained in the ignorance which is bliss, doubly so in this case, until he reached Walmsbury itself; but in Blankhampton it was different.

"Going to Walmsbury," cried one lady to whom he told his news with a very "girl I leave behind me" sort of air. "Oh, you poor dear boy, what a shame! Why,

you poor dear boy, what a shame! Why, you'll be buried alive in Walmsbury. There's nothing to do and nowhere to go, and not a soul in the place that you can possibly know. No society whatever."



"Oh! I don't know, Mrs. Fairlie," said Tommy, trying not to look as if his jaw was dropping perceptibly, yet with an uncomfortable sort of feeling that the lady, who was quite a small social celebrity in her way in Blankhampton, was right in what she said, "there must be plenty of most record record about" good people round about."

"My dear boy, none," returned Mrs. Fairlie, with an emphasis which killed the last remnant of jauntiness left in him. "Not a soul who will take the very smallest notice of you."

"Take the smallest notice of me!" choed Tommy, feeling as if an earthquake had suddenly rent the ground under their very feet

"Yes, of you! Everybody who is any-body in the neighborhood of Walmsbury," Mrs. Fairlie answered, with uncompromising straightforwardness, "is so horridly rich that they only count incomes by millions and daughters dots by hundreds of thousands. Old families like your own hey only regard as useful in having got together fine country places for them to buy; and as for any one of them ever asking you to dinner—why, they would almost as soon ask their sweep. Oh! my dear child, I assure you, in going to Walmsbury you'll find yourself in no bed of roses.

"But, Mrs. Fairlie," said Tommy, when he could get his breath so as to speak, have you ever been to Walmsbury!" "Never," returned the lady, promptly.
"Then how do you know all this?" he

quired, triumphantly. "From the unfortunate men who have been quartered there," she replied immediately, and Tommy was crushed forth-

But Mrs. Fairlie was only the first of many who condoled with him on the misfortune of being sent to a place so uncouth, so unattractive in every way as Walmsbury. Thus the young Alexander's thoughts and ideas underwent a complete revolution, and by the time half the week -the last week in Blankhampton-was over, his indignation and disgust at his fate had positively reached their furthest limits. And then when they got to the hated place, and he found himself in his own miserable, deserted quarters, he be-

came simply abject. When he saw the dirty, unattractive streets, the pokey little shops, the ill looking men and women, and the utter absence of any and every sort of rank and fashion, he fell into a settled misery of regret.

For the first time since he had joined

his regiment Tommy regretted sincerely that he had not, when he had the chance, made himself more popular with his brother officers than he had done. For he found Walmsbury no better that a prison, the very end of the earth, the abomination of desolation! Moreover, he was fairly thrown on his beam ends for lack of fem-

And, as the natural result of all this, it was not very long before Master Tommy Earle got into very unmistakable mischief, indeed.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TERRIBLE DREAM. It is not often that I wish my readers to follow me through a very close description of bricks and mortar, of stairways and rooms, of doorways and windows; but it is really necessary that they should know something of the plan upon which the messrooms and officers' quarters at

Walmsbury were arranged. It was not a barracks intended for the accommodation of a regiment, but only for a detachment of such regiment, but only for a detachment of such regiment as might be quartered at Blankhampton. On the left of the principal entrance gate stood the larger of two blocks of build-ings—this contained the guard room and cells, the men's rooms, and the married and sergeants' quarters; on the right was a second block, which contained on the ground floor the orderly room and office, the messrooms, and some other rooms used either for married officers' quarters or as quarters for stall officers, such as the doctor or paymaster, if one hap-pened to be needed. On the floor above were seven good sized rooms and a large kitchen used in common by all the effi-cers' servants on that story.

This kitchen overlooked the road, and

was of irregular shape, owing to the fact that the well of the staircase was taken out of it. On the side of it furthest from the entrance gate was an empty room, and on the other were the two rooms usually appropriated to the officer commanding the detachment, though, in this

case, Offun had not troubled to furnish both rooms, and had only brought a printion of his goods and chattels from hand-quarters. Thus the room on either side of the kitchen was empty, while on the other side of the corridor which cut that floor of the building in halves were the quarters occupied by the doctor—who professed to be on the upper story. Thus, tiful Jim, Tommy Earle and young Manners.

Thus Beautiful Jim's room was exactly opposite to the kitchen; and it happened that one lonely evening at the beginning of May, after he had stiert anihout title a price and the pleasure of dreaming about his sweet Nancy Earle, he was just beginning to think it was time to dress for meas, when Capt. Owen opened the door unceremoniously and walked in.

That something serious had happened to disturb Owen, Jim saw at once by the unusual cloud on his solemn, good phiz, which was to him the dearest in the whole regiment.

manded.

It was still chilly enough, in spite of the lovely spring weather, for all the officers to have their fires blazing half way up their chimneys, and Owen. with the usual freedom of barrack life, began te tell him what was the matter by possessing himself of the poker and vigorously smashing the big lumps of coal.

"What on earth is it?" Jim asked, his surjosity now thoroughly aroused: for

curiosity now thoroughly aroused; for Owen was a man of quite unusually equa-ble temper, and this display of mental dis-turbance betrayed that something greatly ont of the common had happened to ruffle

"That young ass, Tommy," Owen burst out in contemptuous disgust.
"What—has he been at it again?" Jim asked, not much surprised, except that Owen should think enough about Tommy to be annoyed by anything he might take it into his empty young head to do. "And what's he been after? Mischief, of course,"

with an amused laugh.

"Mischief! I believe you! The young fool—the idiot—the—just look here," holding out his hand. "Why, that's Tommy's flashiest ring— peats all Evelyn Gabrielle's rings to fits," Jim exclaimed. "Where in the world did you get it? Surely young Tommy hasn't been 'reduxed' so as to pay visits to his

avuncular relative?" "If that was all there wouldn't be much harm done," returned Owen. "No, it's much worse than that. You know that pert little barmaid at the Duck's Tail?"

"I went in there this afternoon to get the address of that horse dealer that Whittaker told me about, and I found my lady dusting her bottles and counters and so on with this blazing on her hand. Knew the ring in a minute, and, by Jove! I was down upon her like a terrier on a rat. 'Where did you get that ring?' I asked.

"'What's that to you? she said, with as much cheek as even Tommy himself could have shown. "'You get it out of Mr. Earle,' said I.

"'And what if I did?' she returned, "'A good deal,' said I; 'in fact, just this: You're a good many years older than Mr. Earle—ten at least—you're any-thing but a reputable woman, and, in fact, if you were as good as an angel out of heaven—which you are not—you're just about the last woman in the world that his family would ever receive if you bamboozled him into marrying you. I see you're wearing it on your engaged finger, and I suppose that means that you have inveigled him into promising to replace it by a plain one. But he will do nothing of the sort, and you will just hand that ring over at once to me. We don't allow

our young officers to go about marrying any one they like, particularly such a woman as you are.'

"'And if I don't?' she asked, insolently.

"'If you don't? Well, I happen to be Mr. Earle's commanding officer just now, and unless you at once give me that ring and your solemn promise to make no furand your solemn promise to make no fur-ther attempt to get him to marry you, I shall simply put him under arrest and keep him there until his father comes, and his father will very soon straighten him up, I promise you. Remember, he is not 19 yet—that he's an infant—a minor -and can't even make a legal marriage without his father's consent until he is one-and-twenty. He is absolutely de-pendent upon his father, too, for every farthing he has or ever will have; so just hand me over that ring, and I will settle the matter with him.' And the end of it all was," Owen wound up, "that she gave me the ring and her solemn pledge to have done with the young fool for good and all. Of course it was pretty nearly all bounce that I said, and would not have borne a moment's reflection if she

had been a better educated woman; but it has served its turn, and it seems to me that anything is justifiable to save a young fool from coming such a cropper "Yes, that's so," murmured Jim, turn-

ing the ring over, and thinking what she would say if she knew about it.

It was a valuable and very beautiful ring, the finest one of many possessed by the object of Owen's righteous indignation. In the center was a large sapp of great price, on which was engraved the crest and motto of the Earles. Surrounding this were diamonds of much beauty, which flashed and sparkled as the firelight fell upon them.

"Have you seen him?" Jim asked at last, looking up from the ring.
"No, I went into his room, but he has not come back from Blankhampton yet; he is due to-night, though," Owen an-swered. "I think if he makes any fuss about the matter I had better write to the colonel and tell him about it, and get him to send one of the other fellows here and let the young ass go back to the regiment. What do you think?"

"I think he'll get into the devil's own mischief wherever he is," Jim replied, his faith in Tommy having been shattered

"Perhaps; still there are plenty of ladies in Blankhampton to keep him out of harm's way, and if he were to go and get engaged to one of the Leslie girls, her father would soon choke him off; or, if he wouldn't be choked off, old Earle couldn't possibly object to anything in the engagement but his son's youth and general idiocy. Well, I suppose I must be off to dress; it only wants ten minutes to mess

dress; it only wants ten minutes to mess now"—then, without waiting for a reply, Owen went out, shutting the door with a bang, and leaving Beautiful Jim with Tommy Earle's ring still in his hand. They had a sort of guest night that evening, for in addition to the three officers of the Blankshire regiment and the doctor, who messed with them, they had a young fellow staying a mile or two away who was not of the millionaire type common to the Walmsbury neighborhood, common to the Walmsbury neighborhood, the officer in charge of the commissariat department, the clergyman who acted as chaplain and the Roman Catholic priest

of the district.

Thus it was quite a dinner party; and although Beautiful Jim looked once or twice across the table at Owen to see whether he had got over his annoyance, he very soon entered into a discussion on a more interesting subject than Tommy's delinquencies, with his neighbor, the priest, and speedily forgot all about the matter.

hisself came on to the scene same hours later, apparently attesty tires out with the short journey from Blankhampton, where he had been spending a two days leave. It struck him more than once that the lad looked very white and fagged, and he put it down to his having tried to established the spend in the old city.

"Any news from Blankhampton, Temany?" he inquired, sivilly.

"None in particular," returned Tommy, then got up and moved away as if he had heard enough on the subject of Blankhampton, and did not want to be questioned about it.

"Peor lad," said Beautiful Jim to himself, "his has evidently had an awakening to the real value of the charms and fascinations at the Duck's Tail. What a good-thing for him! Poor old Owen will find the business easier to manage than he dhampton.

He looked across the room at his friend, and found his thoughts running away to his little cousin, Nell Marchmont. Jim had never said a word, and Nell had never that said a word either—yet he knew that. Owen had spent the greater part of his leave in London, and guessed that he had tried his fate and that Nell had said no. Suspecting this, he had purposely spoken to her of Owen more than once, and she had flushed up a little at the mention of his name, and a certain dewy tenderness had come into her eyes, a tenderness so tinged with sorrow that Jim gleaned all the information that he wanted from it. Well, it was a pity, and Jim wished to the very bottom of his heart that it had been otherwise; but etill if Nell did not been otherwise; but still, if Nell did not

see it in that light it was no use his think-ing any more about it.

And by and by their guests went away and the four officers went off to their rooms, Owen going into Jim's for a last pipe instead of turning to the left toward his own. And for an hour or so they sat together smeking and chatting, and Jim told his friend his suspicions about Tommy's disenchantment, to his extreme satisfaction, it need hardly be said.

"And, by the bye, Owen, you left the young fool's ring with me. I'll give it to

you. Now, what the deuce can Leader have done with my keys? 'Pon my soul, Leader's infernal tidiness is the very curse of my existence. I don't know where he has put them."

"Never mind, old chap, you can give it to me to-morrow," answered Owen, who was getting tired. "Good-night, old

"Good-night, old chap," returned Jim, cheerily.

It is safe to say that he was not five minutes in throwing off his clothes and tumbling into bed, and in less than a minute after that he was sound as leep and dreaming-dreaming that he had committed some terrible misdemeanor, and that Owen—old Owen, his own especial chum—ended with, "Consider yourself under close arrest. Go to your room at once, and I will send for your sword." The dream was so real that he awoke

trembling from head to foot, to find the fire still blazing cheerfully, and the sound of footsteps going along the corridor out-

"Gad, what rot a fellow can dream," he said, and turning over fell asleep once

CHAPTER XV.

MURDER Not once again did Beautiful Jim stir or move during the rest of that night; but soon after 7 in the morning he was roused by Leader coming into the room-Leader, with a face like chalk and ashes, and hands shaking like aspen leaves in a gale of wind, who shook him up with less ceremony than he had ever done before during all the time he had

"Mr. Beresford-sir-for God's sake wake up!" the man panted. "The awfulest thing has happened, sir-for God's sake wake up!" "Eh-what?" muttered Jim, sleepily.

"Mr. Manners is on duty today."
"It's not duty, sir—it's murder!" cried
Leader, desperately, shaking him harder The ominous word was enough to rouse Beautiful Jim completely. "Hey—murder—oh, is that you, Leader? Why, has

anything happened?"

"Happened! Yes, sir. Mr.—Capt. Owen, that is,—is lying dead in his quarters this minute," the man gasped out as well as his chattering teeth and shaking lips

would let him speak. Jim sat bolt upright in his cot. "Capt. Owen dead! Good God! Leader, is it true, or are you mad, or am I dreaming? "True enough, sir," returned Leader, sadly. "Jones went to call him ten min-utes ago and found him—dead and still."

By this time Jim was out of his cot, and getting rapidly into the first clothes that came to hand, and in less than a minute from the time he realized the information which Leader had brought him he was across the corridor and in Owen's

But up to that moment he had scarcely believed that it was quite as Leader had said, that Owen was really dead. Still there was no mistaking the evidence of his own eyes, for poor Owen was lying just as they found him, half on the floor and helf on the cet his head at till clutch. and half on the cot, his hands still clutching the bed clothes, which were stained darkly and deeply by a great pool of blood which had oozed from a frightful gash at the back of his head.



"My God!" gasped Jim, staggering back. 'then it's true;" and then the doctor came hurrying in, as pale and scared looking as

the others, yet keeping his presence of mind admirably.

"Great heavens! what an awful thing," he exclaimed. "Here, Jim, help me to lift him over and see if anything can be done." Then, as they simultaneously touched him, he shook his head. "Ah! no, poor chap—it's no use—he's been dead for hours."

Ay, it was true enough; there could be no mistaking the ashen gray face, the parted lips, the blank stare of the dimmed eyes, even to the most inexperienced there in the room; and besides, as they had found him, so he remained when they hid him on the cot, with knees bent and hands stiffly elutehing at nothing. Oh! awful, awful sight!

"The best friend I ever had in my life," cried poor Jim Beresford, the big tears chasing one another down his cheeks.

He was so blinded by his grief that he

withing gallent man of honor.
"Who did it?" the lad asked, shaping the words with his lips rather than sp

swered the question.

"We don't know, sir. Some dastardly coward what struck from behind;" and then he dashed the tears away from his eyes, and turning from the cot began tidying up the room in a dased, mechanical sort of way, as if he hardly knew what

he was about.

"You'd better not touch anything until the police come," said the doctor, who had kept his senses about him better than most people would have done under the circumstances. They will be here in a few minutes now. Mr. Beresford, I should advice you to have the woom cleared. should advise you to have the room cleared and a guard mounted over the door. It is no use our stopping here now—we can do

cfficer commanding the detachment, Jim gave orders to have the room cleared, and having locked the door, set a double guard upon it. Then he went back to his room and dressed himself, being already in his undress uniform, by the time the police arrived from the town, half a mile

And although the entire barracks seemed to be paralyzed by the awful deed which had been committed in their midst, Beautiful Jim found himself with plenty of work on his hands. First he had to be with the police while they made a close examination of the room and of the dead man, together with the army surgeon and a civilian doctor, who had come up with them from the town.

"Ere's the thing that did it," said one of the men, suddenly stooping to pick something off the floor.

The others all pressed forward to see what it was, Beautiful Jim among them; the man held in his hand an iron dumb bell of about seven pounds weight, which Jim at once recognized as one of his own. "That's mine," he exclaimed, instantly.

The inspector of police looked up

The inspector of police looked up sharply.

"You'd better say nothing, sir; anything you say now is liable to be used in evidence against you."

"Against me!" repeated Beautiful Jim, staring at the man as if he were mad, or drunk, or both. "Why, you don't mean to say that you suspect me of murdering the best friend I have in the world?"

"Be quiet, old fellow," put in the doctor, soothingly. "Of course, the inspector does not suspect you, except as he suspects us all until he gets at the truth. He only warned you to say nothing that

He only warned you to say nothing that might lead to suspicions being thrown upon you. But, inspector, I suppose there would be no harm in my asking Mr. Beresford how the dumb bell came to be

"Not the least, sir." "I am sure there cannot be," said Jim, rather haughtily, "nor in anything I may say. I wish my conscience was as clear of everything as of having lifted a finger against that dear old chap. As to the dumb bells, that is simple enough. I lent mine to him weeks ago, for I've never been able to use them since I broke my collar bone last year. Capt. Owen's own are ten pounds weight, and he fancied they did him more harm than good, so he used mine for some time before we left

"I can answer for that," put in Jones, who had been admitted during the examination; "and there's the other by the door there. My master always had them stand there, close by where his bath was

There was no Coubt whatever that the dumb bell in the policeman's hand was the weapon with which the foul deed had been done, for it was dabbled with blood, to which a good many short dark hairs were

Then the inspector, after declaring that they could do nothing further at present, locked and sealed the door and went away, leaving the sentries still on guard in the And as I said, Beautiful Jim had enough

to do-send telegrams off to headquarters and to various members of Owen's family —to be interviewed by newspaper reporters and shoals of people who flocked from all parts to learn the details of the terrible event—to carry on the work of the entire detachment and make all manner of arrangements in connection with the inquest and funeral, the like of which had happily never fallen in his way be-fore. It was an awful time for them all; the men stood about the barrack yard in groups and the few women clustered round their doors and talked and talked it over until there was positively no light left in which they had not looked at it. The three officers, with such guests as had gathered about them, discussed the matter in the anteroom in much the same way-asking over and over again: "Who could have done it?" and "What motive could anybody have had to murder the dear old chap, who was everybody's friend, who had never been known to have an

enemy in the world?' "And he was hit from behind," Beautiful Jim wound up, bitterly, after the question had been repeated for about the fiftieth time. "That's the hardest rub of all, that old Owen, who was straightforwardness and honesty itself, should have been hit from behind. But it will all come out-mark my words, it will come home

yet to the hound who did it." "God, who is above us, grant it," said the chaplain, solemnly; "and rest assured, Mr. Beresford, that if he does not see fit to grant it in this world, the murderer will meet with his reward in the next. 'Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith

Beautiful Jim took off his cap and bared his curly head. "Amen," he said, solemnly, and one by one every man in the room followed his example, until the turn came to young Earle, who, with the slightest perceptible hesitation, took off his cap also, with a hand that shook so violently that he scarce could hold it. "Amen!" said he, in a voice that was hardly above a whisper—and then there was a moment's dead silence, one of those solemn pauses in life's journey when we seem able to hear the very hearts of those

about us beat. It was the doctor who broke the silence. "Tommy, my lad," he said, with rough kindness, "all this terrible affair has sent

your nerves to pieces. Did you have any breakfast this morning?"

Tommy shook his head, and, if possible, grew yet paler and more ghastly than be-"I couldn't touch it," he said.

"Well, I don't suppose any of us did," the doctor returned. "I know I feel my-self as if I should't be able to touch food self as if I should't be able to touch food for a month. But you're such a young-ster, you'll be giving way altogether if you don't eat something. Here, Simpson," addressing a man waiter who appeared at the door at that moment, "bring Mr. Earle a glass of strong brandy and water, cold, and get him a basin of good soup or beef tea as soon as possible."

The man departed, and in an incredibly short time appeared with the beef tea and brandy, whereon the doctor just stood over the lad and insisted on seeing him dispose of both.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Constants is so well adopted to children the command it as supersor to any prescription we to me." E. A. Ancezen, M. D., 211 Se. Oxford St., Brookiya, H. Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MUITAY Street, N. Y.

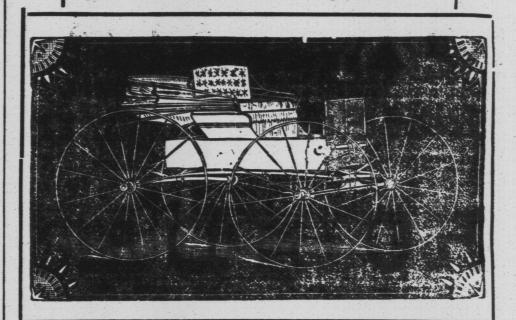
R. Kylie.

TOP BUGGIES

I have still a number of TOP BUG-GIES and PHETONS on hand, and will run them off CHAEP in order to make room for my Winter Work.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

All parties indebted to me are requested 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 showrooms and examine the stock.

RICH. KYLIE.

Lindsay, Oct. 15, 1888.-19.

Mrs. H. Silver.

\$1500.00 WORTH

FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS,

are to be sold by the 1st of January, in order to do this I have decided to sell them at

COST AND UNDER as I am going out of this line of Goods, so if you wish to purchase first-class goods at your own price now is your opportunity.

MILLINERY AND MANTLES. Also during the sale of Dress Goods I will give Bargains in Millinery and Mantles.

MRS. H. SILVER,

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY. Ingle & Ryley.

Lindsay, Dec. 5. - 26-4.

The practical way to make your house warm is to keep the cold out. To this end Frost Saskes are a great help.

We manufacture Sashes to fit any size or shape of window and guarantee close fit and perfect stop to draughts of of cold air. Send in your orders or call at the

Prices the lowest consistent with good work.

HNGLE & RYLEY,