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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 11. 1889.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

(Continued from last week) ose of Jim, as he paced first on the left of the gun carriage, and to point Jim out as "him as was took up for it, you know, but they couldn't prove naught again him." It was a painful hour, but Jim held his head up high and straight, and bore himself like the brave, soldierly

gentleman that he was. 'I'll never believe that he did it," cried a woman in the crowd at the grave side. "If he'd had a hand in sending the poor chap there, he could never have looked into the grave so sad and sorrowful as he did. No! I'll never believe it of him." "Well, he's not clear of it yet, and won't be until something more is found

And then the service came to an end, and the last volleys were fired over the open grave of one who had been a universal favorite among his fellows.

out about it," was the answer of her com-

So they turned away and left him to his quiet sleep forever, marching away with brisk and jaunty steps to that smooth and swinging air which has jarred so often on hearts harrowed by a great and irreparable loss: Love not-love not,

The thing you love may die.

CHAPTER XX.

As soon as beautifui Jim had a spare hour to himself he went down to the Duck's Tail and asked for the landlord, who came to him, looking a little fright-

to the point at once, "I want to bave tenminutes' private conversation with Miss Meeking. Have you any objection to it?" 'Not the least in the world, sir," returned Mr. Brown, civilly, "and, perhaps, Mr. Beresford, you won't be offended if I make so bold as to say I never was so pleased in my life as I was when the jury gave their verdiet -- never."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Brown. said Jim, and forthwith held out his hand to him. "And now, it you can let me see Miss Meeking for ten minutes, I shall be more than obliged."

"You shall, sir," said Mr. Brown and immediately harried away to carry dim s wish into effect. In the course of a minute or two the bar maid appeared, evidently in almost as

great a fright as she had been or the Is "Good day," said Jim, civilly-"er-do

Miss Meeking shut the door and ac vanced very slowly and unwillingly to-ward the fix place, keeping her terrified

eyes fixed on dimetae white.

Jim handed by a chair. "You had better sit down, had you not?" he said, in the same civil tener. "I shall not keep you long but you look ill. You had better sit down. Miss M ding sat down. Jim, on the

contrary, stood up with his back to the three there was a connect's silence.

"You are pertuge a little surprised at my wishing to see year. Jim began, "and I dare say you will be rore surprised still when you have heard what I have to say to your I wanted, however, to see you

about the collection of gave at the in quest the one relay."
"What about it? I told all I knew," "Excuse me," and aim, very politely, but you did nothing of the kind-you told very little and, as it happens you

know a great deal. Miss Meeking started up from her chair. but Jim motioned to her to sit down, motioned with a gesture as imperative that

she was compelled to obey.

"You did not tell the truth, Miss Meek-

ing," said he, severely, "and though it is possible you do not know it, they call false evidence by the ugly name of per-"And what did I say false?" She

framed the words with her pallid and trembling lips rather than spoke them. "You implied a great deal. You suppressed all that passed between you and Capt. Owen about a ring you were wearing at the time. You did not tell the jury that you had given your word to Capt. Owen that you would have nothing more to do with Mr. Earle, or that the self same night you broke your word, while it was ost yet in your mouth, and actually told Mr. Earle what sent him straight back to barracks in a blind passion,

"Sir," said she, rising and going toward him, "as there is a God in heaven above us I did not break my word at all. I told him-Tom, that is-that I'd have no more

te do with him, that I'd seem how sat against a marriage his scopie would be and how it would be the ruin of him. I told him his father would miver everiest it or receive me, and that we equilant to married without his father, for we couldn't live on nothing. And then Tom went into a fury—poor boy, he is that passionate—and asked for the ring. So I had to out and tell him that I'd given it to Capt. Owen and that he could get it from him. And with that he just cursed me and Capt. Owen, too, and went; and I never saw him again till I saw him at the inquest." quest."
"Is that true?" Jim asked, search

ingly.
"True as that God is above us," Rose Meeking answered, solemnly. "Mr. Beresford, I'd no idea of his going back and murdering him, and if I shielded him it was because I believed in my heart the poor lad was beside himself when he

"And supposing that suspicion had grown against me?" said Jim. "Would you have shielded him at the cost of my life?"

"No, Mr. Beresford, I would not. If you had not been cleared that day I should have given him the chance of getting away, and then I should have spoken out. It was that that made me so nervous and frightened before the jury. I was terrified lest I should clear one at the expense of the other." "But do you know that I am not clear?"

said Jim, gravely. "So long as this mystery remains I may be brought up again at any time and charged with my friend's

"I should speak for you in that case, Mr. Beresford," said the bar maid, with



"I should speak for you in that case, Mr. Beresford."

"Miss Meeking," said Jim, "I have done you a wrong. You're a better woman than I thought you."

The bar maid breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad you think so, Mr. Beresford. I've been nearly out of my mind the last few days, for it's one thing to have a handsome young fellow making love to you and it's quite another to have murder on your mind. I've never been mixed up in anything of the sort before, and it's what I've no liking for, I can tell you."

"Nor I," returned Jim, with sympathy. "Then, Mr. Beresford," said Miss Meeking, as he moved to the table where he had laid his hat and stick, "I suppose you are not going to tell on this poor lad?" "Miss Meeking," said Jim, promptly,

"so far as the poor lad is concerned, I

have neither feeling nor pity. I would willingly see him hanged to-morrow, for I think he richly deserves it. It is very well for you to excuse him by saying that he did not know what he was doing, that he was not himself when he did it, and for him to say he was in a blind passion and never meant it. On your part it's a mistake, but on his it's a lie. If I had suspected on the day of the inquest what I know now, nothing on earth, not even the considerations which will keep me ilbut now, and there induced me not to disclose the subject of that conversation between Capt. Owen and myself, which was a full account of his interview with you, and his annoyance at Mr. Earle's proceedings. As it happened, he left the ring with me and I have it now, so that I have but to speak the word to put the rope about the young scoundrel's neck. As I tell on, if it were only for him I would not Lesitate; on the contrary, I should do everything to help the law. But when I declined to speak, it was because I did not believe he could have had anything to do with the matter, and it was only last night that I discovered the truth. Yet, indough he persists that he was in what the caits a blind passion, and and know what he was about, even last night he cried to my face to make me believe that he thought me guilty of this herrible crime, and it was only by the menst chance that I happened to be able unmask him."

Then who do you spare him?" asked he bar maid, in a tone of genuine wonder. Because dere are others to think of. his fether is a very old man, infirm, and in bad health. Such a blow would be his kath. His people are all very good, and would be crushed forever by a shame so horrible; he has a sister who is an angel, who has always been taught to stand last of the name. It is for the sake of care anything about a latter from ne. these, and these alone, that I mean to keep silent, though I know that I ought tween his teeth.

o speak. "It's good of you," said the bar maid. admiringly, "for it will cost you a good deal, I've no doubt. I mafraid, Mr. Beresford, that you'll find a good many people who'll be ready and willing to throw it at you-the murder, I mean. But I hope you and the young lady will be happy. Oh! yes, I guessed at once. I hope she'll

never know it, poor thing, I'm ure.' "Miss Meeking," said Jim, you have my best wishes for the future. I will write to you by and by, when matters are a little more settled, and if I send you a little present in return for your straightforwardness to me this afternoon, I hope von won't refuse it."

'Indeed I won't, Mr. Beresford," she said, quickly. "And if ever there is anything I can do

for you, be sure I shall be ready to do it,"
Jim went on, and then he held out his hand, and she laid hers in it. "And I needn't say, need I, that I'm very sorry I misjudged you at hrst?"

'Not a word," said the bar maid, heart-And then they shook hands again, and they parted. Low relieved he was it would be hard to teil. Of course he knew that he ought, in strict justice, to go and tell the colonel everyching, and simply leave Tommy to his well deserved fate. But he had taken the vrong upon his own conscience for here or her and the old man who was to pressed this good old

For the old rian. out of much ca. was it not all for t was only a girl, the Earle who did not

count? Assuredly, yes. It was not many days before young Tommy Earle was ordered to return to eadquarters, and another came to take his place; also one of the senior subalterns came to relieve Beautiful Jim, who was to return to headquarters, and one Capt

And so soes as Jim found himself once more in Blankinsmpton, the cannot told him that he could have ten days leave at any time that he liked. Naturally enough, he replied that he would like to have it at once, for, in the course of his conversations with Tennay, he had elicited the fact that his father and sister had returned to England and were in truth at their town house at that very time.

Therefore, Beautiful Jim packed up his traps—or had them packed up, which amounts to the same thing—and took himself off to London town, there to see the lady of his love.

himself off to London town, there to see
the lady of his love.

The journey to London seemed to him a
terribly long one, although the train by
which he went was the fastest express in
the kingdom; but to Jim's impatient heart
it seemed to crawl, although when he
reached the terminus he found that they
were in to the minute, and that his watch
had neither gained nor lost. And then had neither gained nor lost. And then, being nearly 8 o'clock in the evening, he had to wait until morning before he could venture to show himself at the house of venture to show himself at the house of his divinity—he had to think of his dinner, after which, for the sake of killing time, he dressed himself and went out very late—and what he called "looked in" at the Savoy theatre. He had some sort of vain hope that she might be there—but she was not. He was lucky enough to get a stall, the only one vacant, and scanned the house narrowly; but alas! there was no such lovely saint's face and dove's eyes as hers, although there were lovely women in the audience by the dozen.

So he went back to his hotel and straight to bed, only because the sooner he got to sleep the nearer he would seem to morning and to her. And in the morning, ridiculously early, that is to say be-tween 11 and 12, he started off to Hans place, and was told that Miss Earle was at home. Better still, she was alone, and best of all, there was something in her face and manner as she rose to greet him which made Beautiful Jim forget all ceremony and take her in his arms. "Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, "my own darling"—

CHAPTER XXI.

"I LOVE YOU!"
It was some little time before either Nancy or Beautiful Jim could collect their senses enough to say a single word. Then Nancy made a remark which fairly took Nancy made a remark which fairly took
Jim's breath away, acting on him very
much like a pail of iced water might do
on a cold and frosty morning.

"Oh! you don't know. I've been nearly
mad," she cried; "nearly mad! They all
say you have done it, and then Stuart

"What did Stuart write?" he demanded

sternly.
She looked at him half frightened and with doubtful eyes.
"Ought I to tell you? It is all over now and proved to be a mistake."

"I insist upon knowing," he returned, In spite of the anger in his face, the sunshine broke out over the girl's lovely

countenance.

"Oh! my dear, don't put that word 'insist' between you and me," she said, gently. "It sounds ugly, and it looks uglier; but it feels the ugliest of all. There is no need of it, for I will tell you if you wish it, without any insisting."

Jim was penitent in a moment.

"Forgive me, my dearest," he said, be seechingly. "I have had a good deal to try me since I saw you last; and the worst.

try me since I saw you last; and the worst of it all was that I wasn't sure that you cared a button for me. It would all have been so easy if I'd only been sure of that!"

Nancy gave a great sigh, not entirely s doleful one, for a distinct thrill of satisfaction ran through it.

"And I was just the same. As soon as I heard the awful news that suspicion had fallen on you-you of all men in the world .- I sat down and wrote to tell you that I for one did not and never would believe it. And I"-"You wrote to me? I never had the

letter," he broke in, impatiently. Because I never sent it," she answered quickly. "I-I-remembered that I wasn't sure whether you cared about me or not, and the letter I had written was rather affectionate, and it seemed hypocritical to write a stilted one; and sides. I couldn't think of anything to say in such a one, or what reason to give for writing at all. And then Stuart wrote, and—and he seemed so prejudiced against you, said everybody believed you had done it, and that so far as be could see there could be no doubt at all about it. and that he was very sorry I'd ever met you, and all that sort of things you blow. But still it wasn't that which have me not write, for I didn't believe a veril of

"God bless you for that, my said poor Jim, passionatery. me just what it was that kept y letter from me?"

"Well, Stuart said-of c say it was only gossip that a about in the regiment at 1 added, apologetically; 'L ! very well known among to though you and poor tage. (always been great friends, the lately cut you out with a consins of whom you were that it. and that it was undoubtedly this i at the bottom of it all; and I the aside because he is the boy, the heir, the you were fond of her that you walk at "The young hound!" mutic red Jim be-

The girl tried to withdraw herself from the clasp of his jealous arms.

"Jim!" she exclaimed. Forgive me, dearest," he said, softening instantly. "I forgot for the moment that young Tommy was your brotacr-we don't call him 'Stuart' in the regiment, you know," he ended, with a sad smilebut by the unromantic name of Tommy; and it is rather a blow to me to find that softly. he of all the fellows has been the one to.

blacken me, and to you." "I dare say it was only what he heard. she answered, still clinging to the old habit of shielding her boy, though all her love and sympathy were with Jim.

Jim shook his head. 'No, my darling, Tommy knew when he wrote that to you that I was absolutely innocent, and I'm afraid he trumped up all the story about my little cousin out of his own head and to suit his own ends." "But why? How could he know? Then there is a cousin?" she cried.

"Yes. I have two cousins, great friends of mine, and poor dear Owen was utterly gone on one of them," he answered. "I should have been enchanted if she had taken him, but she didn't, or rather I believo she didn't, for Owen never said a word to me or I to him about it. As for her, I've never seen her since the week I was in London before I met you." "But how could Stuart know?" she per-

sisted. Beautiful Jim's face turned like a stone. "He knew that I had no hand in it—that I was absolutely innocent," he replied. "Don't ask me any more, darling. The subject is too painful to me, for you know old Owen was the best friend I ever had in all my life."

For some minutes Nancy stood looking at him, her sweet dove's eyes filled with a light such as he had never seen shining in their clear depths before.

"I believe," she haid, slowly, "that you know who summitted that mardes."

Beautiful Jim saturated his searching gase with one as steady and as type, his he hept allent.

Apparently Nancy took it as an answer, for she made no attempt to press the question—for a question it was, though not put in the form of one—further; instead, she put another, and one much more difficult for Jim to answer.

"Does Stuart know also?"

The words rang out clear and sharp, as such words might fall from the lips of an accusing angel.

such words might fall from the lips of an accusing angel.

Jim said nothing, and she repeated the question imperiously. Then he spoke.

"Nancy, my dear, if you love me and trust me, ask me no more about this miserable affair," he said imploringly. "If I keep silence when I know, will not you, who trusted me when appearances were dead against me, trust me still?"

"It is not that I do not trust you implicitly, utterly, absolutely," she said, gently; "but if you know anything and are shielding a guilty person, let me beg of you, for your own sake, for mine, to hide nothing. Jim, my dear, do you realize that you are not safe yourself so long as this crime remains unpunished? At any moment matters might take a fresh turn against you and you might behanged."

Jim shook his head and smiled at her fears.

fears.

"No; I could always speak."

"And you would?" eagerly.

"In that case—yes."

"Then let me beg and pray of you to speak now," she cried, earnestly. "Jim, believe me, it can do no good to shield the guilty. It is kind of you—but in such a case silence, even from the kindest motives, becomes a crime. Jim, dear, it is the first thing I have asked of you."

The sadness in Beautiful Jim's honest eyes turned to distress.

"My dear," he said, "you don't know how hard it is for me to refuse you anything. If I had done it myself I would go and give myself up at once; but as it

go and give myself up at once; but as it is, if I speak the blow will fall the heaviest upon those who are perfectly innocent, who do not even guess that such a shadow has or ever could come near

"They would probably be the first to say, 'Let justice be done!' " she cried.

Jim looked at her keenly. He saw that she had no suspicion of the truth; that it never entered her mind that it might be over her that this black and shameful shadow hung! He knew that she had been from her cradle taught to look upon honor as before all; that the traditions of her house contained many and many an example of fair and gracious women who had bidden the men they loved go forth to battle, and, cost them what it might, had never flinched in the hour of parting; who, even though the one life dearest of all on the earth to them had been laid down, had yet, heart broken as they were, gloried in their own fortitude. He saw that she was of the same race, this girl he

loved so dearly.

"Supposing that such a test came to yourself?" he asked. "If it was my own brother I would de-

liver him up to justice!" she cried proudly.
"And your father?" "My father! Ah! I might hesitate for him," she admitted, "though, mind, he would not hesitate himself."

"That decides me," said Jim, heaving a great sigh of relief. "This man has a—a parent too, who is old and without reproach. That is why I have stained my-self with a crime, Nancy; for a crime it is, though I hope it will not go hard with me being committed through hereafter,

The girl was conquered. "Jim, you have a better heart than I. You are more merciful by far. I will take back my request, but only on one condi-"Which is?" he asked.

"That if personal danger from this silence should ever threaten you, you will speak out." "I promise you that." "And you are sure it is safe?"-anxi-

"From the worst-yes! I shall be severely blamed, and probably severely pun-ished, if it ever comes to light that I have hidden my knowledge, when my allegiance to the queen commands me to speak; but there will always be sympathy for me, I think.'

"And you actually have the proofs? There is no mistake about that?" she per-"I hold the proof myself," he answered;

"and shall do so as long as I live, or until the truth comes to light." She professed herself satisfied-gently said that she would have been better pleased if no such mystery had been hang-

ing over him; nor could he in any way "You will see my father when he comes in?" she asked. "He is at his club now,

but he will be in to lunch." "Oh! yes. I would like to see him and get it all settled as quickly as possible," Jim answered, with alacrity. Poor fellow, the prospect of seeing her father was a much more congenial topic of conversation than the details of poor Owen's cruel murder and the likelihood of his bringing the murderer-young Tommy, be it remembered-to justice.

"I don't think he can object to me," he said, cheerfully. "My family and income are all right, and my colonel will give me a good character if he needs it. I'm glad, my darling, and more than ever now, that I always went in for a good character. It's a tie sometimes, when you can't do things that you see other fellows doing, and be apparently none the worse for; but going straight pays in the long run. Nothing like it. Not, all the same, that I ever calculated on any end at all. I don't want to blow my own trumpet in the least, but I've gone straight simply because I hate everything that's crooked.'

"And I love you," said Nancy Earle, CHAPTER XXII.

A REASONABLE OBJECTION. It was not more than half an hour after this that Mr. Earle returned from his club, and entered the little room where his daughter and Beautiful Jim were sit-

And who his daughter's visitor was, Mr. Earle had not the very smallest idea, until she introduced bim by name. "And Mr. Beresford has waited to see you, dear father," she said; "he wants to

ask you something, so I will leave you s few minutes before lunch. This implied that her father was to invite the visitor to join them at that meal, a hint that was not lost upon him. "Well, Mr. Beresford," he said, as the door closed behind Nancy's retiring form, "you wanted to ask me something"

He settled himself with his back to the fire with the air of a man who was accustomed to be asked favors and had no objection to granting them in a pompous sort of way. Evidently he had no sus-picion of the nature of Jim's request, and indeed his daughter had given him so little trouble in that way that it was hardly likely that he should know just what was coming, as he would undoubtedly have done had he been an aristocratic old lady instead of being an aristocratic old gentle-

"You wanted to ask me something?" he

"Yes, sh. I did," said Jim. "It is the year consent to my engagement to year langhter."

lecking as he felt, simply thunder struct.

"Yes, sir, I met her frequently during the time she was staying at the Deanery at Blankhampton, and I should have come up to see you about it then, only I felt it was a little hurried—a little premature. Besides; I was not by any means sure that Miss Earle would be inclined to listen to me—and I intended to be in town during the autumn, and thought I might see more of her then. I was in town, but

during the autumn, and thought I might see more of her then. I was in town, but you and she were abroad, sir, and I could not get foreign leave, so I had simply no choice but to await your return."

"And you have spoken to my daughter?" the old man asked, stiffly.

"This morning, sir," Beautiful Jim replied

"Mr. Beresford," said Mr. Earle, speaking in the most formal tones possible, "I
am very sensible of the compliment you
have paid my daughter in wishing to
marry her, but in her name and my own I
must decline the honor."



"I must decline the honor,"

"But, sir," said Jim, aghast, "what reason have you for this? My family is irreproachable—I am the eldest son, or rather the head of my house. My income is between three and four thousand a year, and I don't owe a farthing in the world, not even a tailor's bill."

Mr. Earle waved his hand impatiently

and yet with a lofty air. "It is not a question of family, or yet of income," he said.

"Then, sir, what is it?" Jim cried, in infinite distress. "Not my character, I hope, for as to that my commanding officer will speak for me, and I have been eight years in his regiment, so he ought "Mr. Beresford," said the old man,

gravely, "it is very painful for me to have to speak with greater plainness; will it not be best for us to consider the conversation at an end and your proposal de-

"I would rather hear your reasons for declining it plainly, sir," said Jim, with admirable coolness. "Is that so?" asked Mr. Earle.

"Yes, sir," returned Jim, "that is so."
"Then I must speak out," said the old man, with a sort of groan. He hated everything unpleasant, and made a rule shirking all disagreeables whenever sible. "Well, Mr. Beresford, I must tell you frankly that if you had come to me last autumn and asked for my daughter, I should, i my daughter had been willing, have considered yourself, your family and your income a perfectly desirable and suitable match for her; but since that time a great deal has happened You, for instance, have been arrested since then on a suspicion of murder." Jim fairly staggered back as the words

passed the old man's lips. 'Mr. Earle," he said, hoarsely, "you don't-you surely can't believe that 1 committed that foul crime?" "If I believed it," Mr. Earle answered, "I should have asked you to go out of my

house some minutes ago. Yet there is the fact-you were arrested on suspicion, and a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown is returned. Do you not see that until the case is set at rest one way or the other, you are not, and never can be, free from suspicion? At any time it is liable to rise up against you, not a mere suspicion, but a hideous danger which may overwhelm you! Do you think, Mr. Beresford, that I could or would let my young daughter go head-long into such a danger as that? No, sir, a thousand times, no; and let me tell you that although I may have antiquated ideas of love and honor, I think you show your wish to love and honor her very poorly indeed by even dreaming-dreaming of subjecting her to even a remote

chance of such a misfortune." Beautiful Jim looked as he felt, more staggered than ever; and, worst of all, he felt that from his point of view the old man was right.

"You are right, sir," he said. "Iknowing my own innocence-forgot that all the world did not know it also. Do you mind telling me one thing-suppose that this mystery is ever cleared up, and Miss Earle is still willing to be my wife, will you give your consent then?"

"Certainly I will," the old man replied. "And you will not forbid me to see her?" Jim pleaded.

"I will not forbid you, Mr. Beresford. No, on the contrary, I will show you willingly that I trust you as an honorable gentleman, by simply asking you not to attempt to marry her without my permission, and not to compromise her by being seen about with her. If she likes to correspond with you, well and good. If you care to come here now and again, when you are in town, I will not prevent it or forbid it. I dare say, under the circumstances, this is a somewhat unusual wav of proceeding; but I have always given my daughter the most absolute trust and she is worthy of it in every way. I be-

lieve you to be innocent and I believe you to be honorable, for I see you had not thought of the danger to which such a marriage would expose her-so I will trust you also." "Mr. Earle," said Jim, holding out his

hand, "this has been an awful blow to me-one I never expected. But you have spoken to me fairly and well, and I thank you. You may depend that I will never betray your trust. Miss Earle shall be as safe from any persuasions of mine as if I were a Malay Indian and could not speak a word of English."

'It may all work out smooth enough,' the old man said, kindly.

But Jim shook his head. "I have very little hope of it, sir," he answered, sadly. "I have very little hope of it; but I thank you all the same for the consolation." After a moment of silence Mr. Earle

"My daughter must be told," he said, uneasily. "She is so sensible, so clear headed, that I feel sure she will see perfectly the advisability of the objection, or rather stumbling block, which I have been compelled to raise. But it will be a sad Continued on 7th page. CASTORIA

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