R. D. Thexton.

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R. D. THEXTON,

Lindsay, Feb. 14, 1889.—36.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 15 1889.

MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB

(Continued from last week.)

Did you hear one of these conversations?'

"Yes—one," answered the other with a nod. "I got riled at the way he cleared us out of our room; and once, when he shut the door and Gran' went off to get some gin, I sat down at the door and listened. He wanted her to give up some papers, and she wouldn't. She said she'd die first. But at last he got 'em, and took 'em away with him."

"Did you see them?" asked Madge, as the assertion of Gorby that Whyte had been murdered for certain papers flashed across her mind.

"Rather," said Sal; "I was looking through a hole in the door, an' she takes 'em from under her piller, an' 'e takes 'em to a table, where the candle was, an' looks at 'em—they were in a large blue envelope, with writing on it in red ink—then he puts 'em in his pocket, and she sings out: 'You'll lose 'em,' an' 'e says: 'No, I'll always have 'em with me, an' if 'e wants 'em 'e'll have to kill me fust afore he gits 'em.'"

"And you did not know who the man was to whom the papers were of such importance?"

"No, I didn't; they never said no names."

"And when was it Whyte got the papers?"

"About a week before he was murdered," said Sal after a moment's thought. "An' after that he never turned up again. She kept watching for him night an' day, an' 'cause he didn't come got mad at him. I hear her sayin', 'You think you've done with me, my gentleman, an' leaves me here to die, but I'll spoil your little game,' an' then she wrote that letter to Mr. Fitzgerald and I brought him to her, as you know."

"Yes, yes," said Madge, rather impatiently. "I heard all that at the trial, but what conversation passed between Mr. Fitzgerald and this woman? Did you hear it?"

"Bits of it," replied the other. "I didn't split in court, 'cause I thought the lawyer would be down on me for listening. The fust thing I heard Mr. Fitzgerald sayin' was, 'You're mad—it ain't true,' an' she ses, 'S'elp me God, it is; Whyte's got the proof,' an' then he sings out, 'My poor girl,' an' she ses, 'Will you marry her now?' and ses he, 'I will; I love her more than ever,' and then she makes a grab at him, and ses, 'Spile his game if you can,' and ses he, 'What's yer name?' an' she ses"——

"What?" asked Madge, breathlessly.

"Rosanna Moore!"

There was a sharp exclamation as Sal said the name, and turning around quickly Madge found Brian standing beside her, pale as death, with his eyes fixed on the woman, who had risen to her feet.

"Go on!" he said sharply.

"That's all I know," she replied in a sullen tone.

Brian gave a sigh of relief.

"You can go," he said, slowly; "I wish to speak with Miss Frettlby alone."

Sal looked at him for a moment, and then glanced at her mistress, who nodded to her as a sign that she might withdraw She picked up her book, and with another sharp inquiring look at Brian, turned and walked slowly into the house.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

After Sal had vanished into the house, Brian sank into a chair beside Madge, with a weary sigh. He was in riding dress, which became his stalwart figure well, and looked remarkably handsome—but ill and worried.

"What on earth were you asking that girl about?" he said abruptly, taking his hat off, and tossing it and his gloves on the floor.

Madge flushed crimson for a moment, and then taking Brian's two strong hands in her own, looked steadily into his frowning face.

"Why don't you trust me?" she asked in a quiet tone.

"But it is not necessary that I should," he answered moodily. "The secret that Rosanna Moore told me on her deathbed is nothing that would benefit you to know."

"Is it about me?" she persisted.

"It is, and it is not," he answered epigrammatically.

"I suppose that means that it is about a third person and concerns me," she said calmly, releasing his hands.

"Well, yes," impatiently striking his boot with his riding whip. "But it is nothing that can harm you as long as you do not know it, but God help you should any one tell it to you, for it would embitter your life."

"My life being so very sweet now," answered Madge, with a light sneer. "You are trying to put out a fire by pouring oil on it, and what you say only makes me more determined to lean what it is."

"Madge, I implore you not to persist in this foolish curiosity. I tell you candidly that I did learn something from Rosanna Moore, and it concerns you, but only indirectly through a third person. But it would do no good to reveal it, and would ruin both our lives."

She did not answer, but looked straight before her into the glowing sunshine.

Brian fell on his knees beside her, and stretched out his hands with an entreating gesture.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, sadly, "cannot you trust me? The love which has stood such a test as yours cannot fail like this. Let me bear the misery of knowing it alone, without blighting your young life with the knowledge of it. I would tell you if I could, but, God help me, I cannot—I cannot," and he buried his face in his hands.

Madge closed her mouth firmly, and touched his comely head with her cool, white fingers. There was a struggle going on in her breast between her feminine curiosity and her love for the man at her feet—the latter conquered, and she bowed her head over his.

"Brian," she whispered softly, "let it be as you wish. I will never again try to learn this secret, since you do not desire it."

He arose to his feet, and caught her in his strong arms, with a glad smile.

"My dearest!" he said, kissing her passionately, and then for a few moments neither of them spoke. "We will begin a new life," he said, at length. "We will put the sad past away from us, and only think of it as a dream."

"But the secret will still fret you," she murmured.

"It will wear away with time and with change of scene," he answered sadly.

"Change of scene!" she repeated in a startled tone. "Are you going away?"

"Yes; I have sold my station, and will leave Australia forever during the next three months."

"And where are you going?" asked the girl, rather bewildered.

"Anywhere," he said, a little bitterly. "I am going to follow the example of Cain, and be a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Alone?"

"That is what I have come to see you about," said Brian, looking steadily at her. "I have come to ask you if you will marry me at once, and we will leave Australia together."

She hesitated.

"I know it is asking a great deal," he said, hurriedly, "to leave your friends, your position, and"—with hesitation—"your father; but think of my life without you—think how lonely I shall be wandering round the world by myself; but you will not desert me now I have so much need of you—you will come with me and be my good angel in the future as you have been in the past?"

She put her hand on his arm, and looking at him with her clear, gray eyes, said—"Yes!"

"Thank God for that," said Brian, reverently, and there was again silence.

Then they sat down and talked about their plans, and built castles in the air, after the fashion of lovers.

"I wonder what papa will say?" observed Madge idly twisting her engagement ring round and round.

Brian frowned, and a dark look passed over his face.

"I suppose I must speak to him about it?" he said at length, reluctantly.

"Yes, of course!" she replied, lightly. "It is merely a formality; still, one that must be observed."

"And where is Mr. Frettlby?" asked Fitzgerald, rising.

"In the billiard room," she answered, as she followed his example. "No!" she continued, as she saw her father step on to the veranda. "Here he is."

Brian had not seen Mark Frettlby for some time, and was astonished at the change which had taken place in his appearance. Formerly, he had been as straight as an arrow, with a stern, fresh colored face; but now he had a slight stoop, and his face looked old and withered. His thick, black hair was streaked here and there with white, and the only thing unchanged about him were his eyes, which were as keen and bright as ever. Remembering how old his own face looked, and how altered Madge was, now seeing her father, he wondered if this sudden change was traceable to the same source, namely, the murder of Oliver Whyte. Mr. Frettlby's face looked sad and thoughtful as he came along, but, catching sight of his daughter, a smile of affection broke over it.

"My dear Fitzgerald," he said, holding out his hand; "this is indeed a surprise! When did you come over?"

"About half an hour ago," replied Brian, reluctantly taking the extended hand of the millionaire. "I came to see Madge, and have a talk with you."

"Ah! that's right," said the other, putting his arm round his daughter's waist. "So that's what has brought the roses to your face, young lady?" he went on, pinching her cheek playfully. "You will stay to dinner, of course, Fitzgerald?"

"Thank you, no!" answered Brian, hastily, "my dress"——

"Nonsense," interrupted Frettlby, hospitably; "we are not in Melbourne, and I am sure Madge will excuse your dress. You must stay."

"Yes, do," said Madge, in a beseeching tone, touching his hand lightly. "I don't see so much of you that I can let you off with half an hour's conversation."

Brian seemed to be making a violent effort.

"Very well," he said, in a low voice; "I will stay."

"And now," said Frettlby, in a brisk tone, as he sat down, "the important question of dinner being settled, what is it you want to see me about? Your station?"

"No!" answered Brian, leaning against the veranda post, while Madge slipped her hand through his arm, "I have sold it."

"Sold it!" echoed Frettlby, aghast. "What for?"

"I felt restless and wanted a change."

"Ah! a rolling stone," said the millionaire, shaking his head, "gathers no moss, you know."

"Stones don't roll of their own accord," replied Brian, in a gloomy tone. "They are impelled by a force over which they have no control."

"Oh, indeed!" said the millionaire, in a joking tone. "And may I ask what is your propelling force?"

Brian looked at the old man's face with such a steady gaze that the latter's eyes dropped after an uneasy attempt to return it.

"Well," he said impatiently, looking at the two tall young people standing before him, "what do you want to see me about?"

"Madge has agreed to marry me at once and I want your consent."

"Impossible!" said Frettlby, curtly.

"There is no such word as impossible," retorted Brian coolly, thinking of the famous remark in "Richelieu." "Why should you refuse? I am rich now."

"Pshaw!" said Frettlby, rising impatiently. "It's not money I'm thinking about—I've got enough for both of you; but I cannot live without Madge."

"Then come with us!" said the daughter, kissing him.

"Then come with us!"

Her lover, however, did not second the invitation, but stood moodily twisting his tawny mustache, and staring out into the garden in an absent sort of way.

"What do you say, Fitzgerald?" said Frettlby, who was eyeing him keenly.

"Oh, delighted, of course," answered Brian confusedly.

"In that case," returned the other, coolly, "I will tell you what we will do. I have bought a steam yacht, and she will be ready for sea about the end of January. You will marry my daughter at once, and go round New Zealand for your honeymoon. When you return, if I feel inclined, and you two turtle doves don't object, I will join you, and we will make a tour of the world."

"Oh, how delightful," cried Madge, clapping her hands. "I am so fond of the ocean, and a companion, of course," she added, with a merry glance at her lover.

Brian's face had brightened considerably, for he was a born sailor, and a pleasing yachting voyage in the blue waters of the Pacific, with Madge as his companion, was, to his mind, as near paradise as any mortal could get.

"And what is the name of the yacht?" he asked, with deep interest.

"Her name," repeated Mr. Frettlby, hastily. "Oh, a very ugly name, and which I intend to change. At present she is called the Rosanna."

"Rosanna!"

Brian and his betrothed both started at this, and the former stared curiously at the old man, wondering at the coincidence between the name of the yacht and that of the woman who died in the Melbourne slum.

Mr. Frettlby flushed a little when he saw Brian's eye fixed on him with an inquiring gaze, and arose with an embarrassed laugh.

"You are a pair of moonstruck lovers," he said gayly, taking an arm of each and leading them into the house; "but you forget dinner will soon be ready."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ACROSS THE WALNUTS AND THE WINE.

Mark Frettlby had an excellent cook, and his wines were irreproachable, so that Brian, in spite of his worries, was glad that he had accepted the invitation. The bright gleam of the silver, the glitter of glass and the perfume of flowers, all collected under the crimson glow of a pink globed lamp which hung from the ceiling, could not but give him a pleasurable sensation.

On one side of the dining room there were French windows opening onto the veranda, and beyond appeared the vivid green of the trees, and the dazzling colors of the flowers, somewhat tempered by the soft, hazy glow of the twilight. Brian had made himself as respectable as possible, under the odd circumstances of dining in his riding dress, and sat next to Madge, contentedly sipping his wine and listening to the pleasant chatter which was going on around him. Felix Rolleston was in great spirits, the more so as Mrs. Rolleston was at the further end of the table, hidden from his view by an epergne of fruit and flowers. Julia Featherweight sat near Mr. Frettlby, and chatted to him so persistently that he wished she would become possessed of a dumb devil. Dr. Chinston and Paterson were seated on the other side of the table, and the old colonist, whose name was Valpy, had the post of honor on Mr. Frettlby's right hand. The conversation had turned onto the subject, ever green and fascinating, of politics, and Mr. Rolleston thought it a good opportunity to air his views as to the government of the colony, and to show his wife that he meant to obey her wish and become a power in the political world.

"By Jove, you know," he said, with a wave of his hand, as though he were addressing the house; "the country is going to the dogs, and all that sort of thing. What we want is a man like Beaconsfield."

"Ah! but you can't pick up a man like that every day," said Frettlby, who was listening with an amused smile to Rolleston's disquisitions.

"Rather a good thing, too," observed Dr. Chinston, dryly. "Genius would become too common."

"Well, when I am elected," said Felix, who had his own views, which modesty forbade him to publish, on the subject of the coming colonial Disraeli, "I will probably form a party."

"To advocate what?" asked Paterson, curiously.

"Oh, well, you see," hesitated Felix, "I haven't drawn up a programme yet, so can't say at present."

"Yes, you can hardly give a performance without a programme," said the doctor, taking a sip of wine, and then everybody laughed.

"But you have never gone in for politics, Mr. Frettlby?" said Rolleston.

"Who?—I—no," said the host, rousing himself out of the brown study into which he had fallen. "I'm afraid I'm not sufficiently patriotic, and my business did not permit me."

"And now?"

"Now," echoed Mr. Frettlby, glancing at his daughter, "I am going to travel."

"The jolliest thing out," said Paterson, eagerly. "One never gets tired of seeing the queer things there are in the world."

"I've seen queer enough things in Melbourne in the early days," said the old colonist, with a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh!" cried Julia, putting her hands up to her ears, "don't tell me them, for I'm sure they're naughty."

"We weren't saints then," said Old Valpy, with a senile chuckle.

"Ah, then, we haven't changed much in that respect," retorted Frettlby, dryly.

"You talk of your theatres now," went on Valpy, with the garrulousness of old age; "why, you haven't got a dancer like Rosanna."

Brian started on hearing this name again, and he felt Madge's cold hand touch his.

"And who was Rosanna?" asked Felix, curiously, looking up.

"A dancer and burlesque actress," replied Valpy, vivaciously nodding his old head. "Such a beauty; we were all mad about her—such hair and eyes. You remember her, Frettlby?"

"Yes," answered the host, in a curiously dry voice.

As the conversation seemed to be getting too much of the after dinner style, Madge arose and all the other ladies followed her example. The ever polite Felix held the door open for them, and received a bright smile from his wife for what she considered his brilliant talk at the dinner table. Brian sat still and wondered why Frettlby changed color on hearing the name—he supposed that the millionaire had been mixed up with the actress and did not care about being reminded of his early indiscretions—and, after all, who does?

"She was light as a fairy," said Valpy, with a wicked chuckle.

"What became of her?" asked Brian, abruptly.

Mark Frettlby looked up suddenly as Fitzgerald asked this question.

"She went to England in 1858," said the aged one. "I'm not quite sure if it was July or August, but it was in 1858."

"You will excuse me, Valpy, but I hardly think that these reminiscences of a ballet dancer are amusing," said Frettlby, curtly, pouring himself out a glass of wine. "Let us drop the subject."

When a man expresses a wish at his own table it is hardly the proper thing for any one to go contrary to it, but Brian felt strongly inclined to pursue the conversation. Politeness, however, forbade him to make any further remark, and he consoled himself with the reflection that, after dinner, he would ask old Valpy about the ballet dancer whose name caused Mark Frettlby to exhibit such strong emotion. But, to his annoyance, when the gentlemen went into the drawing room, Frettlby took the old colonist off to his study, where he sat with him the whole evening talking over old times.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BRIAN RECEIVES A LETTER.

Notwithstanding the hospitable invitation of Mr. Frettlby, Brian refused to stay at Yabba Yalloch that night, but after saying good-by to Madge, mounted his horse and rode slowly in the moonlight. He felt very weary all, letting the reins lie on his horse's neck, he gave himself up unreservedly to his thoughts. Alas! Cupid certainly did not sit behind the horseman on this night; and Brian, to his surprise, found himself singing "Kitty of Coleraine," as he rode along in the silver moonlight. Why should he trouble himself about the crime of another? No! He had made a resolve, and intended to keep it; he would put this secret with which he had been intrusted behind his back, and would wander about the world with Madge and—her father. He felt a sudden chill come over him as he murmured the last words to himself—"her father."

"I'm a fool," he said, impatiently, as he gathered up the reins and spurred the horse into a canter. "It can make no difference to me as long as Madge remains ignorant; but to sit beside him, to eat with him, to have him always present like a skeleton at a feast—God help me!"

He urged his horse into a gallop, and as he thundered over the turf, with the fresh, cool night wind blowing keenly against his face, he felt a sense of relief, as though he were leaving some dark specter behind. On he galloped, with the blood throbbing in his young veins, over miles of plain, with the dark blue, star studded sky above, and the moon shining down on him. On—on—ever on, until his own homestead appears, and he sees the star like light shining brightly in the distance—a long avenue of tall trees, over whose wavering shadows his horse thundered, and then the wide grassy space in front of the house, with the clamorous barking of dogs. A groom roused by the clatter of hoofs up the avenue comes round the side of the house, and Brian leaps off his horse and flinging the reins to the man, walks into his own room. There he finds a lighted lamp, brandy and soda on the table and a packet of letters and newspapers. He flung his hat on the sofa and opened the window and door, so as to let in the cool breeze; then pouring himself out a glass of brandy and soda he turned up the lamp and prepared to read his letters. The first he took up was from a lady. "Always a she correspondent for me," says Isaac Disraeli, "provided she does not cross." Brian's correspondent did not cross, but notwithstanding this, after reading half a page of small talk and scandal, he flung the letter on the table with an impatient ejaculation. The other letters were principally business ones, but the last one proved to be from Calton, and Fitzgerald opened it with a sensation of pleasure. Calton was a capital letter writer, and his epistles had done much to cheer Fitzgerald in the dismal period which succeeded his acquittal of Whyte's murder, and when he was in danger of getting into a morbid state of mind. Brian, therefore, poured himself out some more brandy and soda, and, lying back in his chair, prepared to enjoy himself.

"My dear Fitzgerald," wrote Calton, in his peculiarly clear handwriting, which was such an exception to the usual crabbed hieroglyphics of his brethren of the bar, "while you are enjoying the cool breezes and delightful freshness of the country, here am I, with numerous other poor devils, cooped up in this hot and dusty city. How I wish I were with you in the land of Goshen, by the rolling waters of the Murray, where everything is bright, and green, and unsophisticated—the two latter terms are almost identical—instead of which my view is bounded by bricks and mortar, and the muddy waters of the Yarra have to do duty for your noble river. I suppose you still hold the secret which Rosanna Moore intrusted you with—ah! you see I know her name, and why?—simply because, with the natural curiosity of the human race, I have been trying to find out who murdered Oliver Whyte, and as The Argus very cleverly pointed out Rosanna Moore as likely to be at the bottom of the whole affair, I have been learning her past history. The secret of Whyte's death, and the reason for it, is known to you, but you refuse, even in the interests of justice, to reveal it—why, I don't know, but we all have our little faults, and from an amiable, though mistaken, sense of—shall I say duty?—you refuse to deliver up the man whose cowardly crime so nearly cost you your life!

"After your departure from Melbourne every one said, 'The hansom cab tragedy is at an end, and the murderer will never be discovered.' I ventured to disagree with the wiseacres who made such a remark, and asked myself, 'Who was this woman who died at Mother Guttersnipe's?' Receiving no satisfactory answer from myself, I determined to find out, and took steps accordingly. In the first place, I learned from Roger Moreland, who, if you remember, was a witness against you at the trial, that Whyte and Rosanna Moore had come out to Sidney in the John Elder about a year ago as Mr. and Mrs. Whyte. I need hardly say that they did not think it needful to go through the formality of marriage, as such a tie might have been found inconvenient on some future occasion. Moreland knew nothing about Rosanna Moore, and advised me to give up the search, as, coming from a city like London, it would be difficult to find any one who knew her there. Notwithstanding this, I telegraphed home to a friend of mine, who is a bit of an amateur detective: 'Find out the name and all about the woman who left England in the John Elder on the 21st day of August, 18—, as the wife of Oliver Whyte.' Mirabile dictu, he found out all about her, and knowing, as you do, what a maelstrom of humanity London is, you must admit my friend was clever. It appears, however, that the task I set him to do was easier than he expected, for the so called Mrs. Whyte was rather a notorious individual in her own way. She was a burlesque actress at the Frivolity theatre in London, and, being a very handsome woman, had been photographed innumerable times. Consequently when she very foolishly went with Whyte to choose a berth on board the boat, she was recognized by the clerk in the office as Rosanna Moore, better known as Musette of the Frivolity. Why she ran away with Whyte I cannot tell you. With reference to men understanding women, I refer you to Balzac's remark anent the same. Perhaps Musette got weary of St. John's Wood and champagne suppers, and longed for the purer air of her native land. Ah! you open your eyes at this latter statement—you are surprised—no, on second thoughts you are not; because she told you herself that she was a native of Sydney, and had gone home in 1858, after a triumphant career of acting in Melbourne. And why did she leave the applauding Melbourne public and the flesh pots of Egypt? You know this also. She ran away with a rich young squatter, with more money than morals, who happened to be in Melbourne at the time. She seems to have had a weakness for running away. But why she chose Whyte to go with this time puzzles me. He was not rich, not particularly good looking, had no position, and a bad temper. How do I know all these traits of Mr. Whyte's character, morally and socially? Easily enough; my omniscient friend found them all out. Mr. Oliver Whyte was the son of a London tailor, and his father, being well off, retired into private life, and ultimately went the way of all flesh. His son, finding himself with a capital income and a pretty taste for amusement, cut the shop of his late lamented parent, found out that his family had come over with the Conqueror—Glanville de Whyte helped to sew the Bayeux tapestry, I suppose—and graduated at the Frivolity theatre as a masher. In common with the other gilded youth of the day, he worshiped at the gas lit shrine of Musette, and the goddess, pleased with his incense, left her other admirers in the lurch, and ran away with fortunate Mr. Whyte. As far as this goes there is nothing to show why the murder was committed. Men do not perpetrate crimes for the sake of light o' loves like Musette, unless indeed some wretched youth embezzles money to buy his divinity jewelry. The career of Musette in London was simply that of a clever member of the demi-monde, and, so far as I can learn, no one was so much in

(Continued next week.)

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

It is a privilege every newspaper reserves to itself to criticise, adversely if needs be, for the public's benefit, anything in which the public is deeply interested.

It is the custom of H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of the renowned Kidney and Liver Cure, better known as "Warner's Safe Cure," to flood the country with medical pamphlets. The writer has taken the liberty to examine one of these marvellous little books, and finds food for criticism, but before indulging in it, will give our readers some quotations therefrom, from the highest medical authorities, which we believe worthy of consideration. Under the head of "No Distinctive Symptoms Apparent," we find:

First—More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption. —Thompson.

Second—Deaths from such diseases are increasing at the rate of 250 per cent a decade —Edwards.

Third—Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity.—Roberts.

Fourth—In the fatal cases—and most cases have hitherto been fatal—the symptoms of diseased kidneys will first appear in extremely different organs of the body as stated above.—Thompson.

Fifth—Only when the disease has reached its final and fatal stages may the usual symptoms of albumen and tube casts appear in the water, and will great pain rack the diseased organs.—Thompson.

Sixth—Bright's Disease, which usually has three stages of development, is a universal disease in England and America. —Roberts and Edwards.

Thompson is authority for saying that more adults are carried off in this country by kidney disease than any other malady except consumption. Under Warner's "Safe Cure" article on Consumption, we find a paragraph claiming to be a quotation from a publication issued by Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, which states that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. Dr. Herman Brehmer, an eminent German authority also says that Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, because of bad blood.

Medical science can no longer dispute the fact that the kidneys are the principal blood purifying organs of the human system, and if they are diseased and thus fail to expel the uric acid poison or the waste matter of the blood, as the blood passes through these two great organs, the "Safe Cure" claim is correct, and the reasoning of its proprietor holds good.

There is no doubt but that in too many instances the medical fraternity doctor for symptoms, instead of striking at the root of the disease, and that under this form of treatment many patients die.

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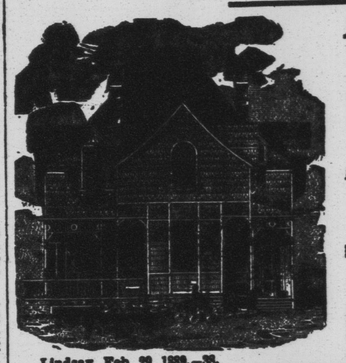
INGLE & RYLEY,

LINDSAY PLANING FACTORY.



Planing and Matching, Mouldings, Stairwork, Window Casing, Sashes, Doors, etc.,

Done to order on the shortest possible notice.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED WHEN DESIRED.

Let us hear from you, gentlemen.

INGLE & RYLEY.

Lindsay, Feb. 29, 1889.—38.

Laraine Machine Oil.

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen!

For all kinds of Machinery use

McColl's Celebrated Lardine Machine Oil

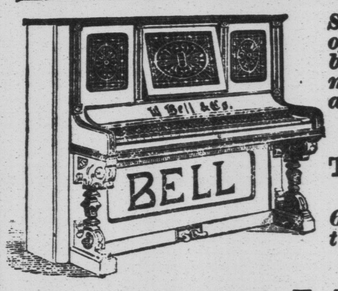
It is without doubt the Best Lubricator in the market. McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, sole manufacturers.

For sale by---Jos. Head, Fenelon Falls; R. D. Thexton, Lindsay; McLennan & Co., Lindsay.

Lindsay, May 12, 1886.—92.

J. Wetherup.

THE GENUINE BELL PIANOS AND ORGANS



Stand unrivaled for purity of tone, fine finish and durability. More Bell Instruments made in Canada than all the other makers put together.

THE NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE.

600 of them now in use in this county without a single complaint.

For Sale by J. WETHERUP.

Lindsay, Jan. 9, 1889.—31.

James Keith.

CLOVER SEED WANTED.

1000 BUSHELS ALSIKE,

1000 BUSHELS RED CLOVER

For which the highest market price will be paid.

JAMES KEITH,

WILLIAM-ST., LINDSAY.

Lindsay, Dec. 5, 1888.—26.

John Makins.

MILL MACHINERY.

JOHN MAKINS,

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY,

Iron Founder and Machinist,

MANUFACTURER OF

Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works.

Lindsay, Aug. 17th, 1888.

Grain and Produce.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT.

The undersigned are prepared to pay the

HIGHEST CASH PRICE for WHEAT

at their Beaverton and Woodville Roller Mills.

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

Chopping done at all times.

DOBSON & CAMPBELL,

BEAVERTON and WOODVILLE, N. B.—Baker's trade a specialty.

Jan. 15, 1888.—32-tf.

Marriage Licenses.

RICHARD BRANDON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Office, Cameron Street. Residence, corner King and Munro-sts., Cannington, Ont.—74-ly.

GEORGE DOUGLASS,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, MANILLA, ONT.

R. S. PORTER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, LINDSAY, ONT.

Lindsay, Oct. 29, 1884.—12.

J. BRITTON,

(of the firm of Britton Bros., Jewellers Lindsay.)

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

Miscellaneous.

HORSES WANTED.—Parties having sound horses to sell will find a ready purchaser by applying to the undersigned at the Central House, Lindsay, or at his house on Lindsay-st. I buy all kinds of sound horses. W. WEESE. Lindsay, May 18, 1888.—97-tf.

MEMORIAL CARDS.—It is customary after a death in a family to send to friends and relatives a memorial card giving name, age, date of death, and some appropriate Scripture text. These cards can be obtained at THE POST Printing Office with envelopes. Several beautiful styles. Prices reasonable. Call and see them.

J. Riggs.

HOUSE-KEEPERS

and all others should acquaint themselves with the virtues of

HOWARD'S COMPOUND SOAP,

The Great Labor Saver.

An invaluable compound for laundry and kitchen use, doing away with all scrubbing and allowing a large wash to be done in half the usual time with a small quantity of water. It removes all kinds of stains in clothing, carpets etc.; cleans soiled coat collars easily and quickly and a thousand other things. It is also a first-class toilet article. Family rights sold at $1 each. 50 lbs. can be made for 80c. Call and get sample.

J. RIGGS, Kent-st.

Lindsay, Jan. 24th, 1889.—33.