# THAT HUSBAND OF MINE.

(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER XXI

The next day it rained. Lina rose early, and was practising some new music when I went down stairs. Mammy Brown had gooseberries to pick, and I found her a more congenial companion.

'It does take so long to rap and call 'em,' she said pathetically, glad of my offer to help. 'Miss Elsa, I've had a right bad dream about Miss Lina.' I doubt whether she ever gits married to that man, for my dreams is always a true sign. *Do* yo'?'

'What was it?'

'I dreamed that we were all going to the wedding. There seemed to be all the family here. The folk's that's dead, and the folks that wasn't right yet we none of us wondered how the dead got alive again. I'm sure I didn't, it seemed so natural. I thought your mother helped dress Lina, and a grander wedding dress I never see. Why, light seemed to come from it, it was so splendid, and the veil shone like silver. But Miss Lina's face was dead white under it. W-ll, there was a procession, two and two, to go to the house of the bridegroom, and as we came in sight of it, lighted from top to bottom, suddenly every light went out, and we couldn't none of us know where we were. However, we groped about till we found the house, and went in all in the dark. Inside there was a faint shining that came from neither sunlight, moonlight, nor another, every room was plain to be seen with all its furniture in that singular lack of natural light. Then suddenly we came upon the parlour, which was shinier than the other apartments, and there, stretch ed upon a bier, lay Mr. St. Olave, and he as tall as himself laying at his head and his feet. I thought the man moved and spoke, but for all that he was dead, and what do you think he said?'

'The ceremony must be put off. I don't think I shall be married to day.' Then a mist seemed to come over everything, and I could only hear Miss Lina sobbing as if her heart would break, and his mother trying to comfort her. Now, wasn't that a queer dream, anyway?'

'Yes, but you had probably been thinking about Mr. St. Olave, and then in college. It was not wonderful that you should dream about them.'

'Very true, but Miss Elsa, I tell you my dreams always mean something. How did she like the house?'

'It was a beautiful place. I think she liked it.'

'I thought so; why, he has been putting heaps of money. I always thought he was a queer man, but I must say he's done the handsome thing. But I was certain that Miss Lina looks sort-ways about it. I hope she likes him. I hope there isn't nobody else.'

Her eyes finished the sentence, and I felt and feared it likely to enlighten her, so I quickly left the spot to return no more.

I thought she took Lina's place when that young man's mind was satisfied by Lina's, and Mammy Brown expressed to Lina my way in my stead.

But, lo! He came every day.

Why, I didn't know Charlie came up with you? How well I remember when he came to Scarston that time, after you had been spending the winter in the city with your poor uncle, that I had not gone. I didn't take you long to catch a big hand. Did it?' and she laughed merrily. 'You weren't half sixteen then. Why, didn't you bring him?'

Business, my Ear. I had found Charlie as tired as a new puppy. He sat himself a chair at the call and at a loss to know how to get off. I wish he could, it would be so pleasant to go over the old place together.

Two sweet composed young things I met to say how easy life will go with one. And you back as if it had Miss Elsa. There isn't none of that worrisome about the eyes and forehead which people have if things don't go right.

But things don't always go right, Charlie and I have horrible nights sometimes, don't we? I suppose I shouldn't blame Charlie for my complexion the pockmark. And don't one sighs. I added, laughing at his quizzical astonishment, that we throw the blame at each other, or quarrel with the shovel and tongs. Oh, not to a only a little tiff now and then, or which I generally come off second best, and Charlie gets all the glory. But there's the last gong for tea, and I must go and find Lina.

She was sitting at the window, looking out upon the storm.

'I miss my boys so much,' she said.

'And I miss
Your Charlie.
Just a little.'

'Oh, then you are getting home sick' and a look of alarm chased the sadness from her face. 'Don't leave us before the time, Elsa. I should wither if my pearl and now.'

Astonished at the wildly beseeching look and tones, I began to soothe her with promises.

I confess I am terribly shaken this morning. I confess I don't know what to do,' she added, as, an image of nervousness and disquiet, she stood there looking out upon the dripping branches close to the window. It was one of those moments when the agony of the suffering heart makes one cool, to yield to whatever temptation promises relief. While the children were here I almost forgot it, but waking up this morning in the silence such a horror came over me as I never experienced before. I have not thing, and yet it is all the time but on me this future that I dread so.

'If you had only the courage to tell St. Olave. I'm sure he is just the man to pity and forgive you. I am certain he would release you at once.'

She did not speak, only stood there with looking out into the gray, wet garden.

'Come here are weeks, here are weeks, hereafter much. Occupation is the great panacea, even for heart-ache. Let's do something pretty and please me, or else I'll go into the kitchen and help Mammy Brown make the hard pies.' I threated laughingly. Mechanically she took up her scarlet work, and soon we were chatting of other things. After dinner I had occasion to go up stairs to find one of my letters, when, looking from the window facing the road, I saw at a distance the carriage of St. Olave. I knew his two beautiful grays. For a few seconds I stood debating whether I had better stay where I was and leave Lina alone with her fance, but I knew she would call for me, and also, that, being in the house, I should go down. If it had only been a pleasant day, by this time I should have been shawled and bonneted and half way up the road.

I ran down stairs.

'St. Olave is coming here,' I said. 'Now, Lina, is your opportunity. I will stay up stairs, and you shall tell him all. You'll never have a better chance.' She stared at me intelligence, and looked for a moment so wild and undecided, that I pitied her.

'I can't tell him to day. I haven't thought about it,' she said almost pantingly. 'Elsa, you must come down, you must. When you are gone for good and I am left to myself, then there will be time enough. Elsa, you must stay.'

'What could I do but stay? The carriage by this time had come to the door, and Mammy Brown appeared with a content face.

'Show him right in here,' said Lina, putting aside her wool, and smoothing down her face, and presently St. Olave was on the threshold, looking smilingly on upon us. My heart warmed to the man as he stood there, and I remembered the long period of his devotion, and felt how wholly he trusted and loved my sister. It seemed to me that such love was almost divine, and I felt a sudden doubt of Jack. I wondered if he would be willing to wait long years with only a feeble hope of some time realizing the happiness that might come far off day, he his. Undoubtedly St. Olave, whatever came would love my sister to the day of his death.

'It is very pleasant here,' he said coming forward and perhaps, fresh from the art splendor of his own home, where things were never out of place, the large room with its blooming bay-window, scattered papers, lounging chairs, and sunny carpet, did suggest a comparison possibly unfavorable to the more formal elegance of Oak Ridge.

Lina rolled a chair near the window I picked up and stole a few of the papers, and Lina spoke of the weather, all the time avoiding his eyes. St. Olave was slow of speech, probably because his ordinary talk was on business, and he did not go much into general society. He could not rattle off commonplaces with Jack's bewitching of manner, and round, ringing voice. 'Oh, dear me,' I thought, 'how Jack would talk and laugh, a child have seen a hundred things on his way here, in the papers, in books, to interest and instruct!' And here was this man, with perhaps the deeper intelligence, who though not dumb was certainly very quiet.

Occasionally the silence was broken by the stamping of the two grays.

'What beautiful horses you have Mr. St. Olave,' I said. 'I never saw a more perfect match.'

'You like them?' They are a pretty pair, pretty, I think, than the bays, though they travel better. I always drive them myself.'

'They are fast, then?'

'Oh, very.'

'That's what I like, a smooth road and good racers,' I said with enthusiasm.

'I should like to drive you and Miss Lina, that is, if she is not adverse to rapid travelling.'

'Oh, no,' Lina spoke up, the faster the better. I'm never afraid.'

'There is to be a new preacher at Lime Hill to-morrow,' said St. Olave after a short silence. 'If it clears off I should be pleased to drive you over there. Our own clergyman is ill, and I hear that Mr. ___ has a wonderful reputation.'

'I am not about to offer a Delphini to you,' he say part of the invitation, addressed to neither I and Mammy Brown, with a half amused, half serious glance, rested on us.

'My Lina is a Charlie and Jack, dear me, he and deep power!'

## CHAPTER XXII.

I had noticed some little confusion in St. Olave, but had given it no heed, now the clatter and the voice were music to hear. My heart throbbed with a sudden joy. I felt the blood pouring all over my cheeks, and in another moment, regardless of company, I was nestling in Charlie's arms.

But somebody stood just behind him, with eyes only for St. Olave, somebody pale and tall, and with his right arm in a sling. I cannot describe the expression that sat on Lina's face as she met Jack's eyes, and saw that he was injured. It was like a cry that painted itself on the imagination without being heard. St. Olave saw it. St. Olave perhaps felt it. For he started to his feet, and set back his chair.

'Why, Bob! you let us know you were coming, Charlie?' I asked, as soon as I could find breath to speak.

'That would have spoilt our little game, my dear. I wanted to surprise you. Jack here, you will notice, is invalided. He made a too intimate acquaintance with some machinery in the factory, and came very near having his arm torn off at the elbow. But I am pleased to report that the patient is doing well, and now that he is in the sunshine of Miss Lina's countenance, to say nothing of your own, he will do better.'

This awkward speech brought plenty of colour to Lina's pale face, and I saw St. Olave bite his lips and give a gasp or two. For Jack looked all the handsomer for his pallor, and Lina could not readily command her self-possession. I feared she would be obliged to leave the room.

But instead St. Olave rose, and after having graciously invite both gentlemen to visit him, took his leave. I noticed that his hand was almost ice cold as I shook it at parting, and nothing more was said about the drive.

Poor Lina! how could she help it if her face would brighten as soon as the horse's heels grew fainter in the distance?

Stunning corn cut, that of St. Olave's is he a good neighbour?' asked Charlie, making Jack take possession of the bright covered lounge.

'When did this accident happen?' I asked, anxious to give Lina time to compose herself.

'On Thursday,' said Charlie, 'and it's the greatest wonder that it didn't crush the life out of him.'

I caught Lina's eye. She was terribly pale. It was on Thursday that she had confessed to being haunted by a presentiment.

The first thing I knew of it,' continued Charlie, 'a paragraph in my own paper announced that he had been killed. I threw down everything, and rushed to the Harman boarding-house. There I saw the fellow, alive but not kicking, for the surgeon had just gone, and he was very ill. It proved to be only a flesh wound, no bones broken; and the consequence was, with the surgeon's advice, we started for Scarston last night, and here we are. All he wants is quiet and good nursing; and he looked roguishly over to Lina.

There is no denying that St. Olave's absence was a great relief. That rainy evening dawn out in my memory with distinct and peculiar blessedness. Mammy Brown brought in a basket of light wood, and made a charming hearthstone fire, and Charlie drew up Jack's lounge. The tea table was set in that glowing circle; and we ate and drank merrily while Lina laughed at Charlie's sage remarks, and grew grave every time she looked at Jack. The evening was devoted to music; Lina sang as charmingly as ever, and Mammy Brown brought in hot lemonade and sponge-cake.

Sunday came with a clear and cloudless sky. Mr. St. Olave drove up for us, pale and grave as usual, and Lina and I accompanied him, leaving Jack and Charlie at home. I chatted all the way, for neither St. Olave nor Lina seemed disposed to talk, St. Olave in particular being very constrained.

On our return St. Olave proposed to drive our two visitors to a charming waterfall; and I thought he looked somewhat relieved when Jack declined. Charlie went, however, at the proper time; and I give the after conversation as it occurred, word for word, first declaring that Charlie was quite a jealous ance of St. Olave's engagement with my sister.

'If you had told me, mind, just as it was,' he said to me on repeating the interview, 'I should not have put my foot in it as I did, therefore you are to blame.'

## CHAPTER XXIII.

They drove to the waterfall, and after that to several points of interest, finally through a winding path that brought them in sight of Oak Ridge.

'What a fine place!' said Charlie; 'splendid location! I shouldn't mind being the fellow that owned that homestead. Used to belong to old Judge Hillege, didn't it?'

'Yes, years ago, and was always considered a fine property. Suppose we turn in at the gate here; you see my horses know the way.'

'Then,' said Charlie, 'this is your property.'

'I call it home,' answered St. Olave. 'Stop with me a while. I should like to show you my pictures.'

'With pleasure,' said Charlie, and they sprang out at the door. St. Olave led the way into the house.

'I declare, you have a splendid place.' (Since then Charlie has had serious doubts with regard to Lina's judgment.) 'Now all you want is a pretty little wife to make it perfect.'

St. Olave smiled a very faint and transient smile, and the two sat down before some fruit and coffee which a servant brought in.

'Your friend came near having a serious accident,' said the host. 'He is a genial, good-looking fellow. I like his face amazingly.'

'Yes, Jack is one of the right sort,' said Charlie. 'Since he saved my life some eight years ago, when I fell overboard from a fishing smack, and could not swim a stroke, we have been fast friends. I hope we shall be something nearer some time,' and he gave one of his significant glances.

'It was St. Olave's quiet observation.

'Yes, my wife has always been scheming to get Jack well married. Women will do such things, you know. In confidence, that was her little game when she expected her sister Lina's, an uncommonly pretty girl.'

'Uncommonly,' said St. Olave, fingering his watch chain, then shifting his position.

'I thought the fellow acted queer,' said Charlie, speaking of it to me at the time he related the conversation.'

'So he fully intended to make a match of it. But, bless you, fate plays strange games sometimes, you know, though a curious accident Jack and Miss Lina met before she reached our house.'

'Oh, yes,' and St. Olave turned very pale, and pressed his lips together.

'And' and the obvious result followed; they fell in love with each other.'

'I see,' said St. Olave, breathing hard.

'Curious, wasn't it? For a while thought went on swimmingly. Jack frequented our house more than ever, came there every evening, in fact, up to a certain time, we all looked for an early wedding.'

'Then he, he, I suppose asked her hand in marriage?'

'Oh, yes! I'm quite sure of that. But all at once some difficulty came up. I don't know what it was.'

'On her part?' asked St. Olave steadily, though his very lips trembled.

'Yes, on her part. It may have been on the score of age, though she is a year or two younger than he, or perhaps the young fellow is not rich enough.'

St. Olave sat rigidly straight, and stared his trouble in the face. The sweetest dream of his life had been rudely broken. The image he saw of his despair was like that of a face reflected in a mirror that distorts every feature. His life, so far as it was to be any pleasure to him, was wrecked, he was going down in darkness.

'Pardon me for the question, you are sure she loves him?' said St. Olave, in a forced voice. 'I have always felt an unusual interest in the daughter of my early friend; that must be my apology for such close questioning.'

'Oh! I'm quite certain of that,' said Charlie. 'At least, my wife tells me so, and she ought to know. There's some obstacle in the way, I don't know what, and I sincerely hope it may be overcome for Jack's sake. He's a good fellow, and his heart is bound up in her. I don't think he ever loved anybody before. And he makes a very fair living, I'm and probable he will ever be rich, any more than I shall, for he hasn't the facility, and he began at the foot of the ladder; but then, why should one waste one's best years in the endeavour to make money which when it comes may be too late to give any real pleasure?'

'True, true!' groaned St. Olave; 'what is money without love!' and that was the only time that Charlie suspected anything.

'When I heard that,' said Charlie to me afterwards, 'I began to think that perhaps the old gentleman had something to do with it, after all. He looked so strangely white, and gathered himself up now and then, as if to bear up stove effectually. And then Charlie rose to go; and Mr St Olave also rose politely, and did not urge his guest to prolong his visit, but sent him home behind his coachman.

Charlie was more silent than usual in the evening; but Lina, relieved that St. Olave did not come (for she had anxiously looked for him), was her own happy, light-hearted self for a few hours. The two staid for three days; and I had almost made up my mind to return with Charlie, when a letter received from St. Olave altered our plans.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Lina came to me with it the morning before they started. She said nothing, but looked one moment radiant, the next rejected.

'Read it,' she said, resting herself at the window, resting her head on her hands. 'Alone, she added, as I saw she preparing to perise it to myself.

'My Dear Miss Angelia.—You will doubtless be surprised at the tenor of this epistle; but as my heavily oppressive heart relieves itself by the exercise, you must pardon my temerity. Ever since your engagement to Charlie, I felt yearning to take leave of you, and express my sincere wishes for your happiness. The sight of your sweet face would be a cordial to my sorrowful spirit. I am sorry to be obliged to leave my home so soon after your visit, but the state of my health will not admit of my remaining longer. I am changing, perhaps, for ever, the place of my abode, and I cannot go without seeing the sweet and beautiful woman to my side, who should have all the world before her where to choose.

'And this I do voluntarily of my own accord, while yet loving and trusting you as I could love and trust no other woman on earth. You must know that; you must have seen that I, in my silent blind fashion, have yet worshipped the beauty of God's handiwork in you, even while thought of resigning you. That this step is not taken without a struggle, that I seem to myself to be relinquishing all that has promised to make the sweetness and poetry of my life, I could call Heaven to witness. With many prayers for your happiness, and with a tender interest in all that makes your life of value to yourself and others, I now take leave of you, as a lover, subscribing myself,

'Ever your devoted friend,

'ST. OLAVE.'

'What do you think of it?' queried Lina, the tears in her eyes, while yet a smile broke brightly over her lovely face.

'I think, as I have thought on one or two occasions before, that he's the noblest fellow in the world,' I said.

'And don't you suppose he hoped.'

'What am I to do?' she asked hesitatingly.

'Hoped that you would not release him?' I asked.

She nodded.

'I don't believe he hoped anything. I believe he sees how it is, and he is great enough to sacrifice himself for your happiness.'

'Oh! do you think that?' It almost makes me love him,' she sighed. 'I should have married him. I should, indeed but now,' she drew a deep breath, 'oh, what it is to be free!'

'Yes, if one ever is,' was my reply.

My visit of two weeks lengthened to four. Lina revoked her decision, and consented to stay with me the remainder of the summer. Charlie wrote me, and long after his departure, that he had considered the hint which I had dropped some time before, on an occasion that I might remember, and had prepared a surprise for me in the shape of a pony phaeton; my acceptance of which, he begged to assure me, would greatly enhance his happiness, and he trusted, my own personal pleasure.

'A pony-phaeton!' I cried aghast. 'Lina, is the man crazy?' What can we do with a pony phaeton? we have no stable.'

'Board it out,' said Lina.

'What, the phaeton?'

'The horse, my dear, have a shed built for the carriage. But it was a queer present for Charlie to buy.'

'What do you suppose it cost?' I asked.

'Well, that depends. A horse worth anything is worth a hundred dollars, and a phaeton, unless it is second hand, twice that.'

'Three hundred dollars, at the least, then!' My dear Lina, we had that and a little over in the bank. Can Charlie have been so rash as to spend all that money? I must write to him immediately.'

'Stop, Elsa! I wouldn't write, particularly when the letter will not get there any sooner than we shall,' said Lina laughing. 'If the thing is bought, why, the best you can do is to enjoy it.'

'But I can't drive, and Charlie is never at home in the daytime. I shall worry myself to death over it.'

'Be sensible, my dear, and wait till you hear all about it. Never worry over what can't be helped.'

'Pretty advice for you to give,' I said meaningly.

She blushed and laughed.

'But that could be helped.'

'And so can this. I'll sell it as soon as I get home. If Charlie imagines I'm going to uphold him in any such extravagance, he's mistaken. A pony phaeton in our circumstances! Why the neighbors would laugh at us.'

CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.

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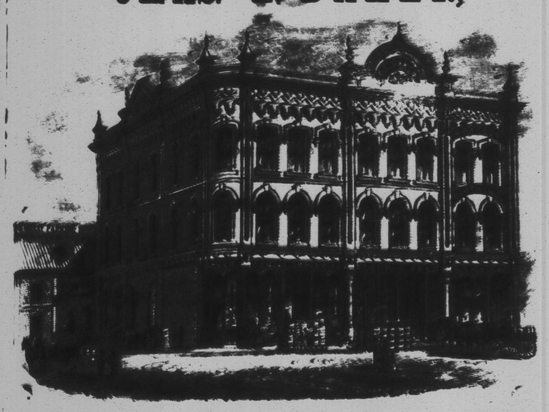

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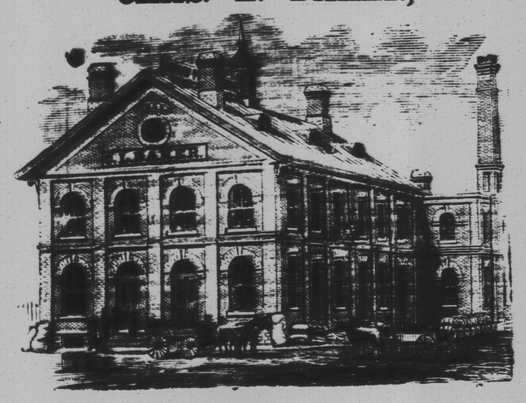

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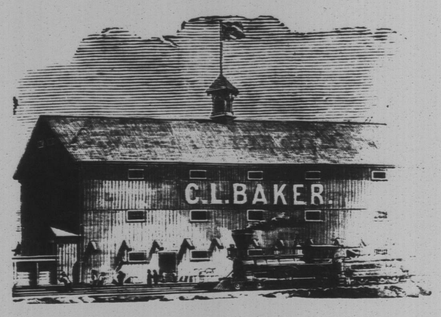


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| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ONLY $3 00 | FOR A PAIR OF MEN'S EXTRA KIP BOOTS. | | | |
| " 2 50 | do | do | do | COARSE BOOTS. |
| " 2 00 | do | do | | BOY'S KIP BOOTS, any size |
| " 1 25 | do | do | | WOMEN'S BALMORALS. |

A fresh supply at those prices and all other kinds in proportion. Every Novelty style or quality supplied.

The stock is one of the largest in the County and well selected.

L. MAGUIRE.

LINDSAY
Sash Door and Blind Factory.

The Subscriber would intimate to Builders, Carpenters and the public, that they has commenced operations at their factory

ON WELLINGTON STREET,

Opposite Dr Detlrassi's residence,
Where they will keep on hand and make to order on the shortest notice,

Circular and Square Sash and Frames, Doors and Frames, Window Blinds, Mouldings, Fancy Fence Pickets, Packing Cases and all kinds of Wood Turnings.

Contractors can be supplied with doors, Sash, Mouldings, &c. ready to set up.
Also, PLANING AND MATCHING on the shortest notice.
As our machinery is all new and of the very best description, and as we intend to keep none but first-class workmen, we feel confident that we can turn out as good work as any factory in the Province.

GEO. INGLE & CO.

DIRECT IMPORTATIONS.

RECEIVING THIS WEEK

a large assortment of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS!

Direct

FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

J. R. DUNDAS.

FIRST PRIZE!

The CARRIAGES, BUGGIES and Cutters shown by L. O'CONNOR swept all before them at Central Fair.

A PRIZE FOR EVERY RIG SHOWN.

FIRST PRIZE FOR TWO-SEATED PONY SLEIGH.
FIRST PRIZE FOR SWELL-SIDE CUTTER.
FIRST PRIZE FOR PIANO-BOX BUGGY.
SECOND PRIZE FOR OPEN CARRIAGE.

The above work is acknowledged by mechanics to be the best they ever saw. The open carriage which was not got up for exhibition, was shown against an unfinished covered carriage which will, when completed, be worth $600. L. O'Connor's work always took first prize wherever shown, even when he worked for others. Besides the above I exhibited an open drop-front buggy which received a first prize ticket, but as it did not class properly, the prize money was not awarded. If it was entered in the proper class it would have carried First.

Employ no foreman but superintend my work.

COFFINS of all descriptions cheap.

L. O'CONNOR.

1043

RELIABLE GOLD JEWELRY

J. P. JOHNSTON

Is now receiving Holiday Goods,

Gold and Silver Watches,
Ladies' Sets, &c.

Owing to the depression in business these goods have been bought extremely low, and are offered at a small profit.

School Books and Stationery.

Specialty—Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

J. P. JOHNSTON, Kent St.

AUCTION! AUCTION! AUCTION!

The only auction sale of the kind that ever was in Lindsay going on

EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2, AND EVENING AT 7,

Until all is sold out, consisting of China, Glass, Earthenware, Rockingham Ware, Cutlery, Silver-plated Ware, and Lamps. Sales will only last a few days.

☞ Remember the Stand. West side of William Street.

H. H. JANE, Auctioneer. PHILIP NICOLLE, Proprietor

Lindsay, Nov. 1st, 1877.—1060.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE IN OPS.

The owner of first-class land, being the east half of the East Half of Lot No. 12, in the 1st Concession of Ops, adjoining County Grove Hotel, four miles from Lindsay, one mile from Fenelon Station, School and Church Factory, 60 acres under good cultivation and 40 acres timber; comfortable new roughcast house, good well and well water, good stable; good orchard, grass and shade.

Apply on premises to DONALD FISHER, Proprietor.

IMPORTANT TO BUTTER WORKERS.

One good active agent wanted in every township to introduce the Victor Butter Worker. Sample Machine free to agents. Price, $6.00, $7.50 and $9.00 each. One million to be sold in the Dominion. Apply only with stamp to agent's circular, to the

VICTOR WRINGER CO.,
Brockville, Ont

J. R. PORTE

has just received a New Assortment of

Watches, Chains, Rings, Brooches

EAR RINGS, SETS, &c., CHEAP FOR THE HOLIDAY STAGE

J. R. PORTE.

JOHN DOBSON

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Begs to announce that his Fall and Complete

THE TEAS ESPECIALLY

have been selected with the greatest care, and can be recommended with being fresh, strong and pungent.

Whiskeys of the Finest Qualities

and of mature age, suitable for medicinal purposes.

IRISH AND SCOTCH DISTILLERS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hennessy's Fine Old Brandy. | | Vintage of 1865. |
| Martell's, do do | | Vintage of 1862. |
| Sazerac do do | | Vintage of 1858. |
| Jules Robin's do do | | Vintage of 1858. |
| Bass & Co's Ales. | | |

Tavern keepers supplied at Manufacturers' prices.

JOHN DOBSON.

EDMUND GREGORY

DRUGGIST

CHOICE DYE STUFFS OF ALL KINDS

LAMPS, CHIMNEYS AND BURNERS

Corner of Kent and William Sts., Lindsay.

KEITH'S AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.

FANNING MILLS. SEWING MACHINES.

The celebrated Honey Fanning Mill, which received the highest prize at the Provincial and ten other first prizes this fall, is still always on hand. The new Patent Bangor Harvester that will cut and lay in perfect order of every kind the farmer wishes to have cut, the lightest draught machine Oils always on hand.

Sole Agent in the County Victoria for the WHITE SEWING MACHINE.

Remember the place, South Side Kent street, next door east of the Post Office.

EUREKA!

The Best 5 cent Plug Smoking Tobacco in Canada, sold in Lindsay only by

JAMES DARBEY & CO.

Noted for giving

3 Pounds Good Tea for $1.00

SIGN OF THE RED FRONT.

South Side Kent Street, Lindsay.

JAS. DARBEY & CO.

A. W. HETTGER,

CLOTHING MADE AND CUT TO ORDER

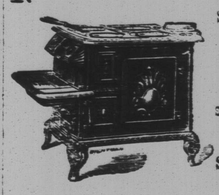
Clothing Cleaned, Repaired, or Dyed

SILK OR FELT HATS CLEANED

Agent for the MONTREAL DYE WORKS

Dyeing in all its branches.

NEW FIRM.



STEPHENSON
&
THOMPSON

Successors to Jno. Deyell, Late Stephenson & Deyell.

Have in stock a large variety of

STOVES and TINWARE

of every description.

Sole manufacturers of the

CELEBRATED STEPHENSON PATENT FURNACE

For dwellings and public buildings—the best and cheapest in use.

Special attention at this season paid to Pumps and Sinks.
Have Troughing, Roofing, and all Outside Work promptly attended to.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.