BY "THE DUCHESSOO"

a step toward her lover, but at this unhappy thought she shrank back, sinking into the chair from which she had risen. Her trembling hand stole into her bosom, where her talisman rested; if she showed him this

Beauregard dropped his hands, and, ris-ing, approached Valerie. Her head droop-ed, the burning color suffused her face. He laid his hand on the back of the chair, and bent down to her, speaking low and

"I asked you just now," he said, "to for-five me. I have no right to ask that—I ave done you a great wrong, it was mad-ess to seek you; I should have better nown my own weakness; and yet—Oh. when you unconsciously won my deared from me—then I might know, but now it is too late! You love me; ay, I knew it when I held you this minute in my arms and my lips clong to yours; but not as I love you. Oh! my darling—my life," lower the bright head drooped, the girl's face was hidden in her clasped hands, "if you had been true to yourself, true to the nohad been true to yourself, true to the no-bler nature you have never wholly crushed; if you had known how I loved you, Valerie, almost from the first, almost from the day I carried you through the rain in my arms! Your image was always with me on the battlefield, in he camp, by day, by night; waking, dreaming, you were with me still. I heard your voice; I felt the touch of your hand; your dear eyes looked into mine, and I grow to hope that those dreams might yet be reality. Your love for Louis Charteris was but a girl's love for a boy, I dared even to dream sometimes that I recess was not dream sometimes that I were even to dream sometimes that I perhaps sowed in your heart the seeds a deep and lasting love. It was happing the perhaps thought of a deep and lasting love. It was happeness to imagine that you sometimes thought of me, sometimes wished for my presence; and when at last I came home, oh! the bitter-bitter awakening! You met me—oh! no, I cannot speak of it!" He turned aside pressing his hand over his eyes. "It is my punishment that I love you with all my strength, ay, though I know that you would have sold yourself to Aston Lawford, and cast him aside for my sake in the very hour that made me owner of the broad lands of Abbot's Leigh."

Now Valerie sprang to her feet and faced him; her eyes met his with clear, fearless gaze; but her lips quivered, her whole form frembled with the passion of emotion that

"No!" she said; "you wrong me; you have wronged me from the beginning!"

"It was my woman's pride that forced me to seem all that I was not," she went on, not heeding him. "But I may speak now: I may tell you the truth, for I know now; I may tell you the truth, for I know that you love me; your own hips have told me! Stay! hear me out, and the her her head drooped, the crimson rose to her brow, her voice faltered; "if you can take me to your heart again —" she broke off abruptly, her hand stole into her breast once more, her voice sank lower, but she spoke passionately. "It was you who showed me clearly what I had only felt vaguely, that it was only a sister's love I gave to flowers for yours, it was not only because you had been kind to me—I did not know it then—but—but I knew afterward, and I kept those flowers; I have kept them ever sizes, and a few of them I kept apart—here always—day and night, on my heart!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you! I worshiped you! I worshiped you! I worshiped you! A hungles here is to shame was on her cheek; the means at the flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

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The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means are some level means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all!"

The flush of shame was on her cheek; the means and you loved me through all this can assured, making room for him on the time."

The flu more, her voice sank lower, but she spoke passionately. "It was you who taught me what love was, Max; it was you who showed me clearly what I had only felt vaguely, that it was only a sister's love I gave to Louis Charteris. When I rejected his flowers for yours, it was not only because you had been kind to me—I did not know it then—but—but I knew afterward, and I kept those flowers; I have kept them ever since, and a few of them I kept apart—here—always—day and night, on my heart!"

The flush of shame was on her check; the last words were scarcely whispered, for though she knew this man loved her now, she had not known it then.

she had not known it then.
She so loved him even then, so treasure

his gift, so wore it on her heart—always!
Beauregard had almost obeyed the impulse
to clasp her once more in his arms, but he
mastered it, setting his teeth. She might
have loved him, and yet given heed to am-

Valerie went on, not raising her eyes, her hands pressed on her bosom now.

"When you were away in Egypt, my heart was with you; you hoped that I sometimes thought of you. I thought of you always; you liked to imagine that I wished for your presence; I longed to see you again, as a woman can only long to see the man she loves. I treasured every line that was published about you, if only your name was mentioned. I did not know at first that I loved you; I did not think all this was disloyalty to Louis. It was one night, in Paris—that—" she stopped. "No—never mind," she added, hurriedly. "Go on!" said Beauregard, huskily, still mastering himself. "Go on—tell me all—all!"

Valerie sank into a chair, dropped her clasped hands on a table near; but after a moment's allence she went on, falteringly, with changing color, not once raising her

with changing color, not once raising her cyes:

"It was one night, when I saw in the evening papers that you had been made Colonel, and I was so happy—so proud! I—I had a picture of you, one I had bought, and I used to look at it often; and that night I went to my deak for it, and there was a letter of Louis' that I had forgotten to answer, and it seemed to startle me, for I had no thought for him, only for you, and I knew then that I loved you. Oh! the chame of it! for I was giving my love unsought. That was why I was so cold to you when you came back; it was my pride; I so feared you would read my secret! If I had been older, wiser, I could have trusted myself better; but I dared not be with you. Oh! the pain I gave you that night broke my heart!" She bowed her face down with a bitter sob. "I turn from you because you were poor!" She aprang to her feet again, pressing her hands to her temples. "No? I would have knelt at your feet and blessed you for one word of love. I would have begged my bread by your side, Max. I would not have accepted a kingdom from any hands but yours!" CHAPTER XLVIII.

One step; and Beauregard was at Valerie's side, grasping her hands in his.

"In my arms," he said, "you shall tell me the rest, Valerie," as she strove to free herself, "you must come to me!"

"Not yet," she said, under her breath.

"Max, let me go!—not yet!"

Beauregard released her, and drew back,

"You think," he said, bitterly, "that I doubt you still? I have deserved this? Ah! Tool, and blind that I was to believe you so faise!"

"No—no!" eried the girl, clasping her hands, "how could you believe me otherwise? I set myself to deceive you. I let even Louis believe that I broke my word to him for Aston Lawford's sake; I so feared the accusation that I loved your And it was to keep my secret that I led you to believe I was willing to marry Lawford for his money's sake. For your sake I refused Aston Lawford; ay, but not as you thought, Max—Heaven be my witness! When I



"In my arms!" he said sent back to him the answer that refused him, telling him I did not love him—that I sont back to that de and love him—that I could never be his wife—I did not know c ven that Gerald, your brother, was ill. I wrote that answer soon after Lawford's letter came. I kept it to show aunt Constance first, but when she did not return I sent it. It had left the house half an hour when she came home, and told me Gerald was dangerously ill; she was asking me what answer I had sent to Lawford, for they had told her of his letter to me, when your telegram came. I seemed to you base indeed; why should you not believe even this scathing shame of me? Why, I lentifurther countenance when I came here. I knew what aunt Constance wished, and yet I came; I was afraid to defy her in words, it was the old horror of being charged with the truth; and she might have spoken to you! Aht anything—any charged with the truth; and she might have spoken to you! Aht anything—anything but that, and then—then—I am keeping back nothing, Max, I am laying my heart bare to you—there was happiness, through all the cruel pain, in being with you; but oh! your own heart will speak for me, that I had no part or lot in the wretched scheme that brought me here! In this at least I can prove my truth; Aston Lawford wrote to me a few days ago, asking me again to be his wife. I tore his letter into fragments, and flung them on the floor—that was my answer to him. Then aunt Constance spoke to me plainly. I could win you if I chose, she said; I would not do that, and I would not marry Lawford. No matter in what words; she bade me choose between you and Lawford, or she would wash her hands of me. I told her I would wash her h wash her hands of me. I told her I would I wrote to uncle will, and said I was come ing back to him. I told aunt Constance to-day that I had made my choice. To-morrow I return to Welford. Max?" her voice faltered and broke now, "I have been wrong and foolish, but I was young and ignorant, and there was no one to guide and counsel me; but it was my love for you, not love of the world, that made me seem false and mercenary. I wronged you, but it was in wronging myself first. Can

you believe me, Max?"

leved me through all!"

"Loved you! I worshiped you! A hundred times I had been ready to fiing everything to the winds, and claim you; but always came the hideous thought that, if you loved me, it was not for myself alone; but now—now," he rose, and once more tooked the slight form in passionate embrace, "now," he said, his deep voice trembling, and he drew the golden head back on his breast, and looked down in the dark eyes, that sank beyeath the passion of his gase, "I know that my darling is mine—was mine always—my Fairy Queen—my own, only love!"

Lower he bent, and again their lips met. Dizzy with happiness, the girl clung to her lover; was it a dream that all the shadows were swept away, all the heart-break, all the bitter weeping, the endless pain—that Max held her to his heart, called her his own, kissed her lips, folded her life into his! Ah! she had dreamed of this, but on the dream there was always a shadow; she wept even while his lips pressed hers, but there was no shadow now; it was all glorious sunshine that dazzied by its brightness and made her senses reel.

And when Max spoke again—Heaven knows how long he could only hold the loved form to him, with the rapture those alone can know who have suffered as he had suffered, and kiss the dear face he had never hoped to pillow on his heart!—when he snoke again his voice at first sounded

had suffered, and kiss the dear face he had never hoped to pillow on his heart!—when he spoke again his voice at first sounded far away, like a voice in a dream; but it was a dream of wondrous light.

"I feel as if I could hold you here forever, my treasure, and never let you leave my arms. Ah! Heaven! to think how nearly I lost you? Yes! cling closer—closer to me dearest; but I could not have parted from you forever, Valerie; always my heart warred against the falsehood you forced upon me. I must have followed you—you knew I loved you, Valerie, before to-day!"

day!"
"Yes," she said, softly, "I knew, I tried to put the thought away; but that day, when you would not let Zoe leap the gully

added, softly:

"If I teld you that before to-day I had beld you in my arms and kissed you, as I do now," bending down, and touching his lips to her brow, "would you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she said, coloring deeply; "but—but, Max, when!"

"The day you sprained your ankle—you

"Max, they will say—the world will say—the worst of me—thet I have been successful; your sister will say so, too!"
"Let the world say what it will, dearest. know your heart, and you know mine. is not that enough?"
"If for you, Max, then for me. I did not

ave my Fairy Queen," said the soldier, miling. "After all, I was right when I aid you would admit me to the Fairy

o often of your saying that!"
"Dearest! Well, you shall hold high revel now under the Enchanted Oak in the Abbot's Glen, if to-morrow is moon-

"But I was going to Lord Morton's?" said Valerie, raising herself. "Faith!" returned Beauregard, coo

and drawing her into her old position.
"We must see about that. I don't feel inslined to spare you. Hist! here comes the siding party I wish they had lost their way; yet, thank Heaven that we both stayed at home, and both, I think, for the same reason—that it was suffering too great to part to be with each other so soon before parting; to wear the mask of indifference with breaking hearts. Am I right, Fairy

"Yes, Max!"

They heard the party ride up to the terrace-steps, talking and laughing. Beauregard rose, and held the girl to his heart, as if he could not let her go.

"It is so hard," he said, "to release you, but I must; once more, my own!" kissing her lipe tenderly; "but I shall see you again soon!"

spread about the lawn and the gardens she would rather have been alone, but sh was so happy now that there was no need to assume a brightness not felt.

Colonel Beauregard sought Mrs. Langley, who had retired to her boudoir, and when he knocked at the door, was sitting tapping her foot on the floor in a state of axirama parturhation.

"Colonel Beauregard!" she exclaimed, in great surprise as he entered; "you wish to see Elinor, perhaps?"
"No," said he, coolly. "I wish to see

It was wicked of him, but he could not resist teasing her.

"No?" he said; "well, excuses are sometimes made in these cases, are they not? and if Valerie went back to Welford?"

"And who told you," asked Mrs. Langisy, leaning back, "that Valerie was going back to Welford?"

"She told me herself?" returned Beauregard, playing with his moustache.

Mrs. Langley looked at him steadily for a moment before she spoke again; but he scrutiny was not very satisfactory.

"Valerie," she said, coldly, "is impetuous and capricious. She had taken into her head to go to Welford; but I don't know why she need have mentioned it to you?"

"I don't see why she need go!"
"Nor I; it was her own wish!"
"Wish! hardly. If a man jumped into "You talk in riddles," said Mrs. Langley, arning pale, yet with a flash of hope in

turning pale, yet with a finsh of hope in her heart.

"They are very readable riddles. You have done all you could, Mrs. Langley," he said, laying his hand on here, and speaking with a certain steraness underlying his gentleness of speech and manner, "he wrock a life that a nature too noble—fergive me—for you to understand saved from moral shipwreek, but could not save from the shipwreek of happiness. You tried to force Valerie, first into a hateful marriage with Aston Lawford; next into trying to win me, when I became a more valuable 'match;' and since she would do neither, you pronounced her a 'failure,' and practically gave her the choice of these two alternatives, or banishment from your care and favor. You were worldly who—very worldly wise, and yet you never discovered what a truer wisdom might have found out without any worldly knowledge—the mainspring of all Valerie's conduct."

Mrs. Langley had sat gaing stonily the speaker, too utterly taken aback to resent the accusation, which, put pake to me streely, looked very ugly indeed, and yet was so true; as he paused, and she did not speak, he added, with a half smile—in his heart he almost pitted the woman—"I suppose you know it now?"

"Colonel Beauregard, do you mean——"
"Tayean," he said—and what a light fished up into his dark eyes!—"that Valeries heart was since to me.

"Ah," he said, with a quick-drawn breath, "the mad happiness of that ridet and when you yielded to me, and gave me your dear hand. Fairy Queen, you almost conquered me then! I knew—I felt that your heart was mine, and yet that crael thought always sealed my lips, that were I atripped of wealth you would not listen to your heart. It is like trenson to you to speak of this, and yet I must make confession to ease my conscience," he added, with the old bright, tender smile.

"I have the most to confess, Max," said the girl, wistfully. "Indeed, you have nothing; you spared me what I deserved, or seemed to deserve!"

"Spared you because I loved you, and you but a stripling, cast alone on a brilliant world, a reigning beauty, an idol. Aht yours was a rare nature not to be spoiled, Valerie, and if I had known you better I should never have doubted you; but how little I knew of you after all!"

He sat down as he spoke, drawing her to his side, and as Valerie nestled to him, he added, softly:

"If I teld you that before to-day I had"

"If I teld you that before to-day I had went in the light was a did not know it then; and when she knew own to knew given to the task of hid ing her secret. She hid it from you, and she hid it from me until to-day. So, after all, you have given herself to me if I had asked her love—when I was only a younger son's allowance and a soldier's pay!"

Poor Mrs. Langley! it was a bitter pill to swallow, to find that she had so terribly binnedered; and to be told point-blank by Max Beauregard, although he spoke gently, that she was a worldly-minded matchmaker. But still, there was the consolation that Valerie would, after all, be the mistress of Abbot's Leigh. It was not her (Mrs. Langley's) success, but it was success triumph.

Lady Elinor could hardly be expected. to rejoice very much, but she dared not expected.

Ulness.

"Of course," Lady Elinor said to Angela, "there is no difficulty about falling in love with Max—I dare say Valerie did that; the question is, would she have unarried him nefore he became the head of his house!"

"So," wrote uncle Will to his niece, "you are not coming to Welford, after all, and you are going to marry Colonel Beauregard. I am very glad to hear that; he is a splendid fellow, and none the worse for being the owner of one of the finest properties in England. I am sure you will be happy; of course I shall be delighted to see him, and I have some new kinds of ferns to show him—but you mustn't ask me to give you away. Your aunt will do it much better, and it would distress me to take part in grand affairs like that!"

"I dare say he would not know what to do," said Beauregard, laughing, when Yalarie showed him this letter, a long one for uncle Will; "and those forns! He has never forgotten my supposed interest in ferns, and I know nothing about them. However, I shall be duly appreciative when the time comes!"

time comes!"

About writing to Louis, Valerie had at first hesitated, but finally decided to do so and explain everything. His answer, when it came, brought the tears to her eyes. Some bitterness of feeling he showed, as was only to be expected, but he was truly glad to find that she was not what she had made herself out to be. Beauregard had acted nobly throughout; no man better deserved the happiness he had gained. In time he (Louis) hoped he would be able to meet Valerie again; but it must not be until he could think to but pain that she was Max Beauregard's wife—and that could not be yet, for years to come. But Max smiled a little to himself when he read this; Louis would get over his trouble sooner than the young man supposed now.

"Well," Aston Lawford said, when he heard the announcement of Valerie's engagement, "the girl has got all she played.

nt, "the girl has got all she played

for. I wish her joy!"

"It is my opinion," observed his sister,
"that Max Beauregard loved her all along;
and very likely she was fond of him, only
she wouldn't have married him while he

was comparatively poor!"

"Just as well, then, she refused me. I don't want a wife who would flirt with another fellow!"

Of course "society" had various opinions: many declared that Beauregard was "infatuated," to strike his colors at last to a fellow had consolid suited another man girl who had so openly jilted another man for him; the men did not at all wonder at this "infatuation;" others said there was more in it than appeared, and hit the truth, or very near it; but everybody talked about the approaching marriage, and discussed it with as much interest as if it vitally con-

cerned their own happiness.

It took place in London, in November, and St. Peter's Eaton Square was brilliant with littering uniforms, on which the sun of "All Saints' summer" shone brightly; and surely loveller bride had never stood at the altar than the "Fairy Queen," in her "sheen of satin" and white flowers, but not a single jewel; and the scarlet and gold lace of the bridegroom's splendid uniform resque contrast to the cream-ic bride's robes. There is cer-



The wedding took place in London. inly this advantage in a military wedtainly this advantage in a military wedding, that the bridegroom, especially if a handsome man, is not put "out of court," as in ordinary cases. But Max Beauregard never thought of admiring eyes as he passed down the nave with his bride; nor did Valerie even hear the subdued murmur of admiration that greeted her, though she bore herself calmly; she saw nothing but a mist of color, knew nothing but that she was with Max Beauregard, and belonged to him

And when they were alone together in the carriage, and he took her hands in his and drew her toward him, she trembled, and flushed and paled in a breath.

"Fairy Queen!" he whispered, folding the slight form to his heart, and kissing the soft lips, "my Fairy Queen now, my worshipped wife!"

worshipped wife!"

"Oh, Max!" the sweet voice faltered, almost failed, "I am afraid—I feel as if I could never be worthy of your love!"

"Heart of mine!" he answered, with a tender smile, but a touch of the quizzical look she knew so well, "is not the fear too late? But, darling, it is a needless fear. Let me be as worthy of your love as you hope to be of mine, and all will be well. Have we not both the perfect love which easteth out fear?"

"Yes, Max; forgive me!"

"Yes, Max; forgive me!"
"I will forgive you, Fairy Queen—so!"
and once more he pressed his lips to hers,
with that kiss which seals the "noblest
troth," which feels the first kiss, and fore-

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