AN INDIAN CRADLE SONS.

During thee low in thy cradle safe, Deep in the dusky wood! Sipp as a papers should.
For safe in year little birchen ness
Quiet will come and peace and ress.
If the little papers is good.

The soyote howls on the prairie cold, And the ewlet hoots in the tree, And the hig recen shines on the little As it slumbers poscefully. nd swing thee low and take the rest

Pather lies on the fragrant ground, fromming of hunt and fight. And the pine leaves rastle with mearaful

All through the solumn night; But the little papeous in his birches at is awinging low as he tukes his rest. Till the sun brings the morning light. Southern Workman

THE DERELICT.

BY CMARTER R. FEWIS. I was second mate of the American beig Ruby bound from Java to New York, and all had gone well with no for a fortnight, when accident brought about a ourious adventure. Just as night was closing down, with the brig sailing along on an even keel and the breaze steady. I swung myself upon the rail to get a look at what seemed to be a raft floating past us. I may have been preseasoless or a rope may have given way, but of a sudden I found myself in the water. The man at the wheel witmessed my mishap and gave the alarm and threw me the life preserver always ready for such an emergency, and I had no doubt of being picked up within ten minutes. I had selsed the float. when down thundered a black squall from out of the west, and next moment It was as dark as midnight and the sea all in a chop. I felt that it was all over with me then. The men would be lucky to bring the brig through the flerce equal! without thinking of me. Indeed, she had had 100 men on board instead of 19, they would not have dared to tower a boat. I get just one glimpse of the craft scale shot away into the darklife preserver under my arms. I was buffeled and knocked about in the most confusing manner, and had the squall lasted five minutes longer I should have been drowned on the surface. At passed away se suddenly so it came and ten minutes later the sea had calmed down, and I was floating with my head well out of the water I had gone overboard at about

e'clock in the evening. For the first three hours my hopes and fears made me alert, but by and by I felt a dull languer and was only half conscious of what was going on. An hour after mid-night I was suddenly aroused from what seemed to be a troubled dream. I was bumping against semething hard, and me by day and night, but I could set mo signal by day and from the first Lalant sahere. It took too segral minutes to shake myself tegether and make out that I was alongside the hull of a vessel. It was, and when I realised it I had scarce. were to do then lift up my hands and coine the low rall and draw myself inbeard. I had found a despitet brig. much of her bulmarks swopt away, and I know by the feels of her third she was waterlogged. I took one glance over her and no more, but dumped myself down on the deck and was asleep in five secsade. When I opened my eyes, the sun was an hour high, and a big albatross was poised directly above me and not see feet high. It did not take me long to master this details of the wreak. In the first place, the was leaded with Australian redwood and could not sinh beyond a certain point; next, she had been floating about for months and menths. There was some wreckage on her deaks, but matte and yards and beats and beems had gone clear off her se they full. She had settled down unher scupper holes were only a few inches above water, but owing to the buoyant earge she could not sink deeper. As a miler I made her out to be a Prench ereft, and later on I dispersed that the was the Marie of Brest. She were a small craft, earrying a new of ship instead of having a deckhouse for the men. The caboose or cook's galley bad gone overboard with the rest, but the decre of the cabin and the souttle to the forecastle were tightly closed. The brig had been wrecked aloft in squall or gale and had at the same time sprung a leak. Whether her crew had been there was no means of telling until I had made an investigation below.

to cat and drink . After a few misutes work I broke open the cabin doors and get into the pantry. There was wine in plenty, as might have been expected, and I soon came across some ment and bisenit in tine. I wanted water, but there was mone to be had, and so, taking what I could lay hands on, I want an deck and made a fair meal. When this had been concluded, I returned to the cabin for an overhaul. All the shorts and nautical instruments were there, nor had any of the spare clothing of captain or mates been taken away. found the logbook, and though I could not read French I made out the latitude and longitude last recorded. As near as I could figure it out the brig was then midway between Australia and the Cape, and the date was nearly seven menths old. She had drifted to every point of the compass, but must have drifted nearly 9,000 miles to the north to reach the spot where I found her. It was upon before I began an examination of the insurette to see how I should fare for provisions. I found flour, wines, table waters, preserves, boxes of biscuit, choice bacon, codfish and other articles in liberal quantity-enough to last one man for months. Forward of the cabin I found a storehouse, in which were several barrels of boof and pork, with four barrels of course dour, dried fish,

The first thing was to got something

coffee, toe and other articles of hed for the man. Porward of this ware to water cashs, a dozen or more, and it fall. When I came to examine the a. I found boots, oilskins, son'-

evew, to prove that they had not gone away in the boats. Indeed I was sure before I had half concluded my investigation that every man had periahed when the brig was wrecked. It was night before I had finished, and I tumbled into the captain's berth and never slept more soundly. You may think it queer that during the day I had scarcely glanced around the horizon and given no thought to resone, and that I went to bed with a contented mind, but sailors are prone to take luck as it comes, good or bad. I had made a miraculous escape and was fairly safe on the wreck, and there was nothing to worry over if not taken off for weeks. Interested as I

was in overhauling the stranger, I

would not have tossed up a penny to be

taken off by a passing vessel.

When morning came again I made a more thorough investigation of the cabin. In rear of the captain's stateroom I chanced upon a closet which had escaped me the day before, and here I made a great find. There was about \$1,000 in French gold and notes, \$1,-200 in English goldpieces and exactly \$7,000 in goldpieces just struck off at the Australian mints. The money was in two tin boxes, but whether it belonged to the ship, her captain or to other people I could not determine. It was a big fortune to a poor sailor, and I remember that I acted very foolishly over the find. I counted it over and over again, and when I at last realized that I was rich I rushed on deck, with,a wild hope of seeing a sail close at hand. But for the money I believe that the long days and nights which followed would have been rather contentful for me, isolated as the situation was. I had plenty to eat and drink, there was nothing to break my sleep, the wreck might drive where she would, but there was no danger of her going down. The discovery of the money was followed by a hope of resoue, and this again by worry and anxiety. I wanted to go ashore to enjoy my wealth. I feared that when resons did come I should be robbed. I conjured up a thousand senseless fears. and the upshot was anything but beneficial. I have spoken of the general sitnation in a careless way. As a matter of fact, being a navigator, I took observations regularly when the weather permitted and pricked of the drift of the wreck on the chart. On the average the weather was fine, but there were days and nights when gale and sea tumbled the waterlogged craft about until only a miler sould have lived through is. Instead of lifting her the waves ran ever her, and at such times the decks were two feet under water and the cabin was flooded. The sargo was affeat with the water in the hold, and as the wreck rolled and pitched the timbers rubbed together and produced noises which would have frightened landsmen

I kept an accurate reckening, and I had been on the wreck just 40 days when I caught eight of my first sail. No doubt ships had passed and repassed up from the south, and her course was such that she must see me. I had put the money into bags and the bags into bundles of clothing in view of a recone, and sharefore had nothing to do but waits. The stranger, which proved to be an English merchantman bound for India, but amaiderably off her course, was within four miles of me and had at a signal to gladden my heart when a big whole suddenly broke water close to the week. He was followed half a minute later by a second, which attackof him with great fury. The mometers put up a terrific battle, lashing and bit-ing each other and bicking up a sea like a gale of wind. They at first drew away from me, but after a few minutes made a circle which brought them back. What I had feared from the first came to pass after a quarter of an hour. Half blinded by pain and fury, or feeling it-self overmatched and desirous of getting away, one of the whales suddenly whirlen. He was fully 80 feet long, and he came like a moving mountain. I made cure of my hold as I my him coming, but he struck the wreck on her port side with such force that I, was shrown across the seek and into the see beyond. I heard the erash of planks and timbers, was tossed about by the waves, rabbed against the whale as he sounded and reached the surface to find the wreck a hull no leager. It was simply a beap of floating debrie. The strange ship drew neares, lowered a boat, and I was picked up as I clung to a plank. The money was gone, all else but the timbers which composed the cargo had disappeared, and my adventure, surprising as it had begun, had ended in a manner strange enough to entisty even the most imaginative novelist. Ewas carried to indie by the resoning thip, and I know that the French consulest Calcutta set inquiries on foot regarding the fate of the erew of the Marie. What they amounted to I never learned, but have always felt satisfied that all perished When their craft was dismasted. But for the fight between the whales I believe the brig could have been pumped out and sailed into port, but fortune is a jade who robe Jack Tar far oftener than

she smiles upon him. A Friendly Pointer.

Jinks-What! You don't mean to Miss de Pink?

Blinks-Yes, I do. Got engaged to her last night. This afternoon I am to bring her into town. She wants to go to au optician's, I- believe. New pair of glasses or something She is nearsighted, you know.

Jinks-I say, old fellow, just slip round to that optician's and bribe him not to give her any better glasses than she has. - London Tit Bits.

According to a reliable computation.

a single tree is able through its leaves to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men—as many as a dozen or a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in the source of \$6 hours is estimated at 100 gallons and a single square yard of leaf surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can desiderable number of men-as many as a compose about a gallon of carbonic acid

SINGE THE TROLLEY'S COME TO

ting out the loud hosannas and do the job up brown, at last we have a trolley a running

farmers stop their having and wonder at the sight, the way the cars go cooting is a revela-

tion quite.
r clanging and their buzzing all other they make an awful racket a running

old town doesn't seem the same. It's mighty bright and gay, every one can celebrate its resurrection

Twas buried many years ago, and buried good and deep, now it has awakened from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, And every hour of the day the cars run up and

every one is tickled now the troller's There's two new barns a-going up, excite-

ment everywhere, d a mild form of paresis seems to permente

The benefits to be derived have surely taken While real estate has risen to fifteen cents a and all the wimmin folks have bought a brand

new muchin gown,
For they're bound to cut a figure now the for they to bound to town.

trolley's come to town.

—Hardord Times.

AN EERIE EPISODE.

It was at a masquerade at Galinber at's studio in one of the old Roman palaces. There were music, the tripping sound of dancing feet, laughter and the unintelligible hum of conversation mingled in a gay medley.

Carson, an American, a new arrival in the city and a stranger to that colony of sculptors and painters, had been accidentally separated from the friend who brought him in the crowd shortly after his entrance to the ballroom.

He was wandering listlessly among the merry maskers, quite regardless of their gibes and laughter at his expense. Tired at length of his aimless peregrinations, he turned aside from the glaring lights and heat to the shade and

coolness of the balcony. The wide casements at the end of the room were open and gave an unobstructed view of the kaleidoscopie some with-in. A divan near the balustrade effered a place for repose, but it was not until he was seated that he was aware of the resence of a lady. She occupied the faither and of the divan and was parforms and palms with which the balcony was descrated. She moved slightly in her nest of tricolored cushions, and her fan fell with a slight clatter upon the stone floor.

Carson picked it up and gave it to er with a courteous bow. She thanked him, speaking in English, with just the slightest Italian accent. "I fear that I am intruding, signora,

"Net so. The balcony is free to all who came. There can be no intrusion."

She reached up her hand as she spoke that swayed between them. Then he saw that she was young and very fair to

Her face was decidedly English. She wore an indescribable swathing garment of soft texture that was gethered up closely about her neck and fell to her feet in long, clinging folds—strongly suggestive of a Bernhardt costume. Two beautifully shaped arms were bare to the shoulder, and the small hands that lay in her lap looked as though they had been modeled in wax.

She leaned back, resting her head upon the stuccoed pillar, her fan waving

languidly to and fro.

"Permit me," said the American, taking the dainty lace and ivory trifle from her hand and fanning her gently. She smiled a gracious assent, and then began talking.

It was so warm in the ballroom and one grew so tired dancing, she said.
Did the gentleman dance? Perhaps be
was not acquainted with many ladice
—a stranger in Rome? Was he an artist or a soulptor?

"Neither, signore. I am an attache. "From what country-Hagland?"

"America! Ah, that marvelous land!" She chatted on in an open, friendly manner antil a bevy of tired dancers in-vaded their retreat. Among them was

"Great heavens, Caronal Where have you been! I have looked sverywhere for you. Everybody is unmasking, and it is time for supper. We doubt you are starving. Come, I have secured a table, and you are to meet some charming women. What have you been doing here all alone? It was exceedingly stupid in

us to get separated."
"I have not been alone," replied Mr.
Carson. He glanced around, but the isdy was gone.

"A caprice, my dear hoy. I saw no lady. No, you sat there mooning, star-ing in a most sentimental manner at Moorish lantern hanging over there. Come along. They are waiting

They lingered long over their supper. There were merry, high pitched talking and much laughter, but Carson was not in a state of hilarity. His restless, bored glance wandered over the assembly, and once he started and turned sharply in his chair at the low voice of a woman who, with her escert, passed close be-

Tarro tried to rally him on his ab straction, but his brow contracted fref-fully, and he nervously fingered a spray of flowers that lay by his plate. He was not sorry when the ball was over and he found himself on the pavement ontside of the palace. A cab was waiting, but without

knowing why he declined to accompany his friend, saying he preferred to walk to his hotel. He sauntered along slowly, with bowed head, absently staring at the dim shadowe east by the waning moon. As he was passing across the Piazza de Farnese he heard a low voice

speaking: 'So we meet again!' He halted, She, his new acquaint ance, was beside him.

"Signora! You here at this hour and alone? Where are your friends?'
She smiled. "You will walk with me to the street below, will you not?"

'Certainly. But your friends-their arelessness is criminal." They walked through the square and down several streets almost in silence. Presently she stopped before the en-

trance of a house. 'Here, signor!" she said. Almost simultaneously she swayed forward and caught his arm, at the same time uttering a smothered cry. "You are hurt!" he exclaimed anx-

ously. "You have twisted your ankle on those wretched stones." "I fear so." She pressed her hand apon her bosom and looked into his eyes with mute appeal.

"You cannot walk." He stooped and gathered her up into his arms. "I will carry you. Which floor?" "The fourth," she replied, her face finshing as the light of the early day

fell upon it. A drowsy janitor answered his ring. He ascended the first flight of stairs without pausing, carrying her as a nurse might a child, happy at the delicious touch of her bare arms against his neck as she clasped him.

On the second flight ascent was not so easy. Her weight grew heavier, and the head that had now fallen on his shoulder pressed like a ball of iron, her arms were relaxing their clasp and lay against his neck with startling coldmess. She seemed to be letting herself go, and at each step grew heavier in

proportion.

He was no longer carrying a lissom maiden, but something burdensome and horrible—something that was bearing him down and suffocating him with a sensation as though his chest was On the third landing he felt her slip-

"Signora," he faltered. He sought to renew his hold, but the barden, now a dead weight, slid from

is arms, and she fell with a heavy thud to the floor. "What noise is this?" called a mas online voice in Italian.

Carson began a hasty explanation to the man, whose head protruded from a partially open door. The man came forward and bent over

"She does not belong here," he said. 'She is a stranger. She is pale as death. Unfasten her clothing. She must have fainted. Where is the janitor? The spol! He never is here when he is needed. Call him, signor, and send for physician." His hasty hand broke the mot of ribbon that confined her bedies. With a wild exclamation he instantly loosened his hold on her dress and started backward. The full throat and white bust were exposed. There were deep bluish purple bands around the throat and a gaping dagger wound, dark with coagulated blood, on the mowy bosom. Their ories aroused the janitor, who

hastened to call the police. Presently he seturned, panting up the stairs, accounaind by an officer. Carson drew aside panied by an omcer. Carrell the bright of day fall apen the body.
"Hely Virgin!" cried the policeman

so be saw the dead woman. "Can you identify her?" asked Car

'Yes." returned the man. "She is the woman who was found murdered on the Corso night before last. How came she here?"-M. M. Halm in Argo-

POPE LEO'S PLEA FOR A REPUBLIC.

The London Chronicle's Article on the Subject in Full.

REVELATION TO OUTER WORLD.

The Vations Could Make Peace Then That is Impossible Under a King-His Meliness' Appeal to the People... Italy, 19 is Contended, Under the Proposed Change Would Remain Unchangeable -The Nations Cited.

The following is the full text of the article published in the Chronicle from its Reme correspondent setting forth the Repe's plea for a restoration of temporal power. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that both the tone and matter of the cernce have created coniderable disboth here and on the Continent: "I intimated a few days ago that an important amplification of the Pope's Christmas allocution might—be expected implicitly. It appears in the form of an evidently inspired article in the new Civils Cuttelies, which I have just been

I am in a position to give from an animpeachable source the commentary, as well as the text, but I should first point out that this paper is the most powerful organ of the Vatican. It is edi-ted by a picked body of leading Italian Jesuits, and is so tightly overseen by the Vatican and even by the Pope in person that no such article as this can be treated

as anything short of official.
"The writer takes for his text a quotation from the Pope's own speech, 'When was it ever forbidden to a state to enter on the path of just reparation? He then proceeds to quote the comments of the Italian papers and draws the conclusion that supporters of the present Italian constitution are taken aback by the

Pope's language.
''The Pope, it is declared, wants peace, but no peace is possible, except by way of reparation, because an independent severeignty of some kind is essential to he freedom of the Holy See for the inter national government of the church.

"One point in this connection is that the writer goes out of his way in a note to deny that restitution of the states of the church as they were before 1870 is regarded as necessary.
"What, then, did the allocution mean?

The writer points out that it was in part eccasioned by the Rudini circulars of September and October, in which the prefects were ordered to watch and suppress clerical propaganda directed against free institutions and the national unity of Italy and pointed toward the extinction of the state. He goes on to protest against such description of the Papal polley or of the activity of Catholic

"It is here that the real purpose of the

article comes out. What, says this Vatican leader writer, is the contest between us? The thing which stands opposed to the independence of the spiritual chief of the Catholic world is not the unity of Italy, but the special concrete form in which it is at present maintained with results, he hastens to add, much more disastrous to the State than to the Holy

journal enables him to hint that the coexistence in Rome of the Vatican and the Italian monarchy is not possible; that one or the other must go.

"The writer then proceeds to develop his suggestion. He remarks that each of ums' to the other, and that each is right from its own point of view. The Vatican's demand is for effective independence in sovereignty, not merely nominal, but real. This demand, he urges, is 'non possumus,' indeed, for it cannot be waived without destroying the efficiency of the

Papacy as a spiritual power. The non possumus of the Government," he says, "is, on the contrary, a necessity which is merely the relative matter of opinion or political preconception. In other words, the conflict, which is necessary and unavoidable, is not with the unity and integrity of Italy, but with the particular mode and form of that unity and integrity which was devised and carried into effect mainly for the purpose of

crushing the spiritual power. "Is there any reason, he next asks. why this particular mode cannot undergo medification without destroying the substance. The supporters of the Government protest that all patriots are bound to

support it.
But nothing, says the monthpiece of the Vatican, could be more untrue. Lee XIII., he maintains, is a better Italian and better patriot than the little oligarchical ring who for their own ends are struggling to maintain the present disastrous state of things. It is not necessary at all. There are innumerable example to prove that national unity may exist in other forms, such as the national unity of strong Switzerland and of that most powerful American confederation. These are constitutions admirable and glorious, true unities of nation and state.

Though they are of another form and mode to that which is now imposed on Italy, it is quite true that in the same passage the writer mentions Germany. But those who infer that the change he suggests in Italy is a substitution of a cantonal republic for the centralized monarchy will certainly not be mistaken Are people, then, to be sunk in this quadruple abyse, fiscal, financial, econemic and moral, forever, merely for the

maintenance of a form? "The existing constitution was heralded ence upon a time, as the ne plus ultra of national prosperity and glery, yet it has produced nothing but weakness, misery and starvation. What can the masses of people think of a power which jeopardises for accidental, mutable, political formula the existence and hopes of Italy?

"To the people, therefore, the Pop appeals. The monarchy, his interpreter suggests, can be succeeded by a republic and the present centralized unity by federal enc.

"But though all this may be changed,
Italy will remain unchangeable. It will

be seen that this is a direct invitation to party in Italy which would be prepared to substitute a republic for the monarchy. The Vatican writer hardly troubles himself to sepel the accumulen that such pronouncement may be described as revolutionary. The concluding appeal may certainly be so described: Without the

aid of foreign beyonets, true Italy will find for itself its own way. It will not which it now lies prostrate, to true great-

"So ends the article. It is, as I have best reason to know, an intentional revelation to the outer world of the policy of the Vatican.

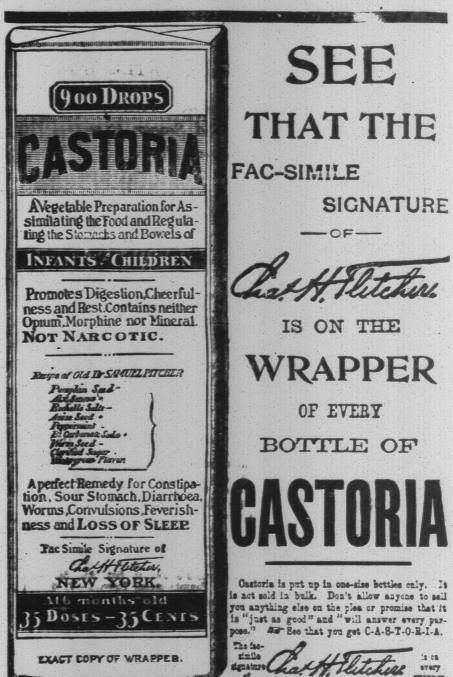
A FAILURE IN MISSOURI-

Sugar Beet Cannet be Grown to Profit in That State.

Canadians generally, and farmers in the Dominion in particular, will be inter-ested to know that the sugar beet is a failure in Missouri The first report of the experiments made by the State Agricul-tural Experiment Station expressed some doubt on the proposition. Further experiments, however, emphasize the fact. So far, the culture has not indicated that the sugar beet could be grown profitably. These experiments have been conducted for six years. During the last year the Federal Government assisted in the experiments, but the result is the same. The beets to be profitable for manufacture of sugar should contain at least 12 per cent. of sugar, authorities state. The average of the beets in Missouri falls far below this. The yield of topped beets should average 13 tons to the acre to be profitable to the grower. The price of lopped beets delivered at the factory is between \$3 and \$5 per ton, according to richness. The cost per acre of harvesting and delivering the beets to the factory is between \$30 and \$50. Seven tons of sopped beets per acre will cover the expenses of growing them and all over this yield is profit. Sugar beets are likely to succeed better in Missouri on open soil than close, heavy, clay soil. Between three hundred and four hundred samples, representing nearly every county Missouri, have been analyzed by the Experiment Station. The complete results of all the beets will be published in an Mustrated bulletin for free distribution. Dr. H. J. Waters, director of the Experiment Station, expects to continue the experiments next year, and hopes for better results. At present, however, he advises strongly against establishing sugar beet manufactories or the investment of money in their culture. Reports have been received from the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, which confirm the experiments here. Kansas sugar beet culture has not been a

Boston ('edantry. A baby boy in Boston has been christened and duly registered as Charles Henry Edward Menes Sida Andohohataugatenaflafy Alamakahawenetikinajutisisan Tsemanapitsotranjariyonakarohaza Chinka Chula Hamadoe Francis. If his mother ever goes out to the back porch on a cold morning to call him in to breakfast she will stand a good chance of being frostbitten before she gets that full name out. It might, however, be shortened to Alpha-

Portable Paper House. A business man of Portland, Oregon has invented a portable house that will undoubtedly find a ready market for camping expeditions, etc., as it weighs complete but 400 pounds, and is 9 by 12 feet in size. The material of which it is built is spruce, covered by heavy building paper. It goes together in section or



TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES IN THE

TOWN OF LINDSAY

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Lindsay, and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said Town, bearing date the 9th day of November, 1807, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and costs, I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall on WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1898, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred. All the undermentioned lots are Patented.

Street	Lot]	Part]	Acres	- PATTONIO	Cost of Advertisin	
Park Q, N George, E Logie and	W			A10.0 7	\$ 2 27	\$13.24
RRtm		SEpt	30 x 32	\$10 97 4 79	2 25	7 04
	ing 3	SWpt	46 x 32	16 07	2 40	18 47
Park S1 S Mary, E and W Lo			8	17 03	2 43	19 46
N Qu	een 34		1	9 74	2 25	11 99
Park Q Q E St Da	vid 1	E&W pts	4	29 23	2 73	31 96
Block BE W St F	Paul 4		1	11 01	2 27	13 26
Block G G E St F	aul 3			10 71	2 26	12 97 12 97
Block G G W St Patr	rick II		i	8 48	2 25	10 73
Sub-div pk 1 E Adelaide & W	13		1	8 48	2 25	10 73
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S Melbourn	e E 10	W pt	244 ft	1 66	2 25	3 91
N Rid		M br	1-10	3 75	2 25	6 90
S Russell		W pt	1	11 63	2 28	13 91
B Sim			1	12 12	2 30	14 42
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Sub-div Parks 8 & 9 W Adelaid		~ 0				
N K			1	9 74	1 26	11 90
Bloc	kL 1	N pt	1	18 43	2 47	30 96
Block	kU	Npt	15	. 4 80	2 25	7 05
				KNOT	T. HOW	
			KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer			
Lindsay, Nov. 16, 1807.				10	wn Treas	uner.

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