#### DORCH.

Dorch. Poor, plain, little was no beauty, but how could a girl lay claim to good looks who had such an ungovernable mass of black such peculiarly piercing grey eyes And such a wide mouth?

And she had not even the redeeming quality of a fine figure.

For Dorch was decidedly undersized, her shoulders were high and square, and her feet large.

A born heroine of romance or story was this waif of a big city, the dweller in an out-of-the-way street of the old French part of the town, a street unpaved, wide and silent, for neither cart nor ed, wide and silent, for neither cart nor wagon would pass there, and the nearest electric car ran six blocks away.

A street which, starting out straight from a big, rambling woodyard, took a sudden twist and turned towards the river, where it was ended abruptly in a tumble-down wharf, whose rafters were said to be unsafe, and whose rotten looring tumbled and slanted more and more after each spring season of high

Schnider's wharf" had had its day of prosperity and usefulness, when long lines of coal barges from the river would come and moor against and around it, come and moor against and around it, crowding out temporarily the oyster goe-lettes and sand schooners, whose favor-ite haunt it used to be in days gone by. For had not old Jacques Schnider, a shrewd Alsatian, erected back of it, across the levee, the best lodging house for sailors and river men in all that part of town, where fine meals and good beds were to be had for a few sous?

So, Mr. Schnider, energetic, practical and hard-working, leased his wharf and rented his rooms, waxed rotund and rich with years, and then—one late autumn ovening, suddonly disappeaned.

with years, and then—one late autumn evening—suddenly disappeared.

Stories of various kinds ran rife that he had fallen into the river and been drowned, for the last time he had been seen Jacques was standing out on the edge of his wharf.

Then, again, it was said he had been murdered, for he had had a great quarrel with a big Kentucky coalheaver the day before his disappearance; or that he had committed suicide. But nobody believed that. And some said, finally, that he had run off to a distant city to be quits with his scolding, hard-drinking wife, and predictions were made that he yould soon turn up. But Jacques Schnider did not turn

up, nor was he seen again.

Dorch, then a toddling mite Dorch, then a todding mite scarce one year old, grew steadily and slowly, under hard and adverse circumstances, from year to year developing traits of shrewdness and intrepidity inherited from her dead father, until from the age of 12 she occupied a queer and company the agreet arabs manding position among the street arabs and poor trades folks in that deserted

and poor trades folks in that deserted quarter of the city.

Dorch's mother? Of course, it was gin and absinthe which made such a wreck of the once sturdy peasant woman, whom a few of the older dwellers among the shifting population of the quartier? remembered as having been large and quite handsome.

Doubtless it was not so reach temper.

Doubtless it was, not so much temper as the fiery spirits of alcohol coursing through her veins and mingling with her equally fiery meridinal blood which her rave and rant and ill-treat Dorch, until some neighbor would in-terfere with threats of the police, or, better still, until Pere Dorian, a pale faced, slender young priest, absorbed in the great work of Christianity, would come hurried up, and with vibrant voice say, while stroking the dark hair of the

weeping child:
"Yous serez damnee, Elosie Schnider "Thou shall fall into the dark and bottomless pit for thy cruelty to thine own fatherless child. Neither wilt thou have the absinthe thou wilt crave when

Shivering with fear and crooning out her terror in mouns and lamentations, Dorch's mother, suddenly sobered, would then crouch in a huddled mass on the floor, and it was the child's ministering hand and her encouragement which would finally bring back her besotted mother to a maudin regret and terrified repentance.

For some weeks Dorch's life, unguardand ill-cared for, would nevertheless be bright by comparison. But the dark days would come again, with a renewal of horrible scenes and cruel treatment, and Dorch grew older and more self-reliant and matured be-

yond her years.

It was one evening when Dorch was leading a marching band of street urchins—for she was ever a leader in all games and all enterprises—that a curious inspiration came to Dorch, which gave her unbounded influence throughout the neighborhood over her companions and over her besotted mother, who was now fast approaching the confines of the unknown.

of the unknown. Under Dorch's leadership that late fall evening a gathering of street urchins had marched and sung "All Coons Are Alike to Me" and other popular ditties until they found themselves grouped on the slanting and rickety old wharf. Schnider's wharf was the last piece of property belonging to Dorch, all the good heritage left by Jacques Schnider having been sacrificed, wasted and spent by

Eloise, her mother.

As is usual with young and old, of all nationalities and all classes, contention and disputes arose over some imagined grievance, and soon a tempest broke forth in the group of youngsters on the decaying wharf of old Jacques Schnider. "Allez yous en! Get off my wharf," ordered Dorch, menacingly, with hot wrath and a stamp of her foot.
"Yours?" sneered Gaston, a big bully

and a poltroon, as is usually the case.
"Your wharf? Well, I like that!
Tain't yourn no longer, and your dad's dead. Who gave it to you?"

"Who gave it to me? My father,"
answered Dorch, with a deep anger
flashing in her eyes. "And he is not
dead, you beast. I know where he is,
and I will call him right here this min-

Rushing to the edge of the crumbling platform, Dorch gave a wild, prolonged cry, a weird call, which the waters of the rushing river caught up and length-ened out, while the gurgling tide around the deep, sunken pillars murmured hoarse and exultant accompaniment. And as the notes died off in the silence of the darkening evening a tall, decrepit old figure rose up, none could tell from where, but it came forward, as if obey-

said:
"You called. What would you, child?" With screams of terror the children rushed tumbling over each other, down the levee, leaving Dorch in company with the tall phantom her weird invocation had evoked from out the dark-

ing Dorch's call, and, advancing slowly,

"Pere Dorian, I would rebuild the wharf and lease it out as a mooring for the fishing boats from Barataria and the sand schooners from over the lake. Where could I get the money?" queswomanhood some few days later, her eyes shining and her face set and determined, albeit her years were still ten-

der and few.

But experience and trouble had made her wise far beyond her brief summers

"A good plan, little Dorch, and a lever one," said Father Dorian, enouragingly. "How came you by it?" "I must take care of her, you know," id Dorch, nodding sagely. "I must and lease it?"
"Well, let me see," ruminated Pere

Dorian.

Let me think it over a little, Dorch. I will find a way to have your wharf mended so that the boats and goelettes will come back again to unload there if you will make me a promise and keep

So Dorch promised.

The money paid by the goelettes was to be kept by Pere Dorlan, and not given over to her mother to be wasted and squandered. She would attend school, get better clothes, and no longer spend her active young life in hard drudgery and in a useless struggle to save Eloise Schnider from the clutches of the demon, that civil habit which held her hard and fast, soul and body. "I will not leave her alone for long. No, no, never, Pere," declared Dorch, "and she will listen to me now, Pere; and she will get well with time."

"And how is that, Dorch?" queried Pere Dorian. Pere Dorian.

Dorch shook her head and laughed, but would not tell what was this new and wonderful power which she had learned to exercise over her besotted

But the neighborhood soon knew of how Dorch had called on her dead father, and how he had come from hiding under the wharf at her bidding, and how he would again come whenever she needed him.

ed him.

No one saw him in any of his old haunts, but everyone was sure Dorch could call him, and he would come.

"He was all grey, and had something in his arms," described one of the boys who had run away down Old Levee when the man rose up from the water.

"I am from the east. A painter, and I have come down here to make sketches of your winding river and your picturesque jumble of old streets and widebalconied houses, your bright skies and your picturesque people," explained a stranger some evenings later to Pere Derian, as they stood together on either side of the small wooden gate of the Presbytere garden, which was next to the Church of Our Lady, not far from Dorch's tumble-down wharf.

"See you anything worthy to be put in a picture in this poor part of the city?" asked the young priest, with a melancholy smile.

elancholy smile.
"Here on the outskirts of the town is a poor population, and where poverty dwells sorrow dwells, and little of beautiful or what would look well in a

picture."

"You are vastly mistaken," said the artist. "I sketched a scene last week which will make a striking picture."

"A group of your children of the streets, so different from those of our northern cities, were at play on yonder old broken wharf. There was a quarrel and a young girl ran out to the edge which overhangs the water and talked. which overhangs the water and talked. The setting sun streaming across the river struck full upon her, and hers was a beautiful face."

"Dorch?" exclaimed Pere Dorian in surprise. "Why, Dorch is plain and ugly; but the child has a grand nature for all that—sweet, and brave, and

"So her face tells," said the artist.

"She has sat to me twice, and you will see that on canvas hers is a wonderful personality. What power and vigor of mind and body lie hidden in the child."

"So I have thought," mused the priest; "great power and great goodness."

"We will stroll down to the river," said Pere Dorian, plucking a full blown tea rose and closing securely his little wooden gate behind him, for there were goats in the neighborhood who would surrely get in to nibble his mignonette and sweet align if they could.

There was excitement down by the water; people were running toward

were running toward Schnider's wharf; women were standing on the doorsteps curiously craning to discover the cause, and a turbulent group of boys and girls passed by, calling to the priest to hurry.

Running quickly forward, Pere Dorian and the artist gay a curious scene.

Running quickly forward, Fere Dorlan and the artist saw a curious scene. Standing on a swaying plank, protruding beyond the crumbling edge of the old wharf, stood a large woman, crazed with drink, wildly gesticulating, singing and breaking into terrible threats or insane laughter, threatening if approached to throw herself into the running waters

proached to throw hesself into the rushing waters.

And as she swung from side to side, keeping but a precarious footing on the swaying plank, she jeered in mad anger and pointed derisively at Dorch, who stood wringing her hands and entreating that she come back from over the deep current of the surging river, for the great depth of water around Schmider's wharf had always been its attraction for schooners, tramp ships and boats, and the eddies gurging under its strong supports were known to be fatal, even for practical swimmers, whirling in irresistible eddies and sweeping around the curve of the sank to join the strong current of the river channel but a few yards away. but a few yards away.

"Reviens, or reviens pere?" called Dorch, in anguished tones. A semi-circle had formed on the levee,

A semi-circle had formed on the levee, and Dorch alone stood on the wharf, pleading with outstretched hands to the poor dishevelled creature, tossing her arms in delirious glee, while the river grew black under the darkening shadows of coming night.

"Gome back, woman," shouted the voice of Pere Dorian.

But the only response was a peal of wild laughter and a scoffing gesture, as Bloise moved still further out, until the plank on which she stood slipped down to the surface of the rushing tide.

"Mere, if you return not back I will call father, and he will come," said the clear, resolute voice of Dorch.

A sudden silence settled over the woman and a hush of expectancy on the assembled group.

Standing here in the soft, waning twillight, poised on her marrow foothold shove the house of marrow foothold

Standing here in the soft, waning twilight, poised on her narrow foothold above the hoarsely murmuring waters, her gaze suddenly arrested, and her eyes fixed in a wide stare of anguished terror on some dread phantom of her imagination, Bioise Schuider stood for one long minute, motionless.

"A grand picture, she and the girl," murmured the artist to Pere Dorian, sketching in brief, bold strokes, the scene before him:

Tossing up her arm with a wail of despairing terror, the woman staggered and fell heavily into the swift-running

despairing terror, the woman staggered and fell heavily into the swift-running

and fell heavily into the switt-tuning current.

Echoing the cry, Dorch dashed forward and leaped in to her rescue.

A babel of cries and shouts arose, much hurrying and confusion, calls and kmentations, for all loved Dorch, while Pere Dorian pushed off in a small skiff and rode with frantic haste to where the turn of the eddy swept around the curve.

"There! There! See her, father!" called out the artist. called out the artist,
Exhausted, pale, and trembling, Pere
Dorian brought Dorch back to the river

Or what was it he brought and denosit-Or what was it he brought and deposited with such tender care on the rotten planks of the old deserted wharf?

"Said I not she would make a wonderful picture?" remarked the artist, gently turning her face to catch the outline and curve of the chin.

Pere Dorian gently smoothed her gown, and crossing her hands, placed in them the tea rose, now faded, which he had plucked, and had unconsciously fastened on his worn sutane.

fastened on his worn sutane.
"Yes, she will make a grand picture,"
said the artist.

of existence.

"A good plan, little Dorch, and a clever one," said Father Dorian, encouragingly. "How came you by it?" aid Dorch, nodding sagely. "I must do like father: I must make money, and I cannot leave her to go to work. It is still a good wharf, Pere, not half as bad as it looks. How could I repair and lease it?"

The Making of Fruit Sense.

Apples contain so much pectose that little labor or eare is involved in jelly-making. Peaches and pears, and even currants, when over-ripe, contain so little pectose that an experienced jelly-maker may easily fail. Jelly made from currants under-ripe and fresh from the bush will congeal before you can transfer it from the kettle to the tumbler.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## SLIPPERY BUSINESS. The Fictoria Warder

GATHERING BARK FROM A CERTAIN KIND OF ELM TREE.

The Practice of the Aforetime Few Has Now Come to Be a Big Business-The Quantities Required by Some of the

Slippery elm bark is widely used in medicine to-day. Long ago, when doctors thought water when drunk clear was certain death to a person with fever, eliments also as a control of sufficients. tors thought water when drunk clear was certain death to a person with fever, slippery elm came to the rescue of suffering thousands, and when it was put in water the patient was allowed to drink it. As the years went on and the doctors grew in wisdom, new uses were found for slippery elm bark. There are big factories in which this bark is pulverized and it is prescribed by physicians and sold by the druggists for various uses. Sometimes it is for a poultice for some inflamed and irritated place. Again, it may be used when there is internal irritation to soothe and allay the suffering. Its uses are legion, and for years the frugal people who live in rural districts of the east have had lucrative employment in gathering this bark. In later years the eastern supply has grown so short that the manufacturers have had to cast about for new forests, and have turned to the south for their supply. Accordingly last spring Allen Asher of Memphis received an inquiry from an eastern house wanting from 100,000 to 200,000 pounds of the bark. This was last April. Mr. Asher inserted an advertisement in the papers inquiring where and in what quantities the bark could be found here. There were hundreds of responses, and a thriving little industry has been established. Mr. Asher tells the story of the bark in this manner:

"To get slippery elm bark in large

quantities is a new industry in this section of the country. Heretofore the eastern manufacturers have been able to get all they desired from nearby points. Six or eight months ago we had an inquiry from a large manufacturer. points. Six or eight months ago we had an inquiry from a large manufacturer who is engaged in the business of manufacturing pure powdered licorice root. tobacco flavor, etc. He desired to know if we could get any slippery elm bark in this section of the country and the probable cost and quantity to be obtained, and at the same time stated that on account of its scarcity with them the price had advanced two cents a pound. account of its scarcity with them the price had advanced two cents a pound.

"After looking into the matter carefully I found there was any quantity of the bark to be had in this section. In Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Alabama I found by advertising that this best ways were plentiful, mostly on this bark was very plentiful, mostly on ridges contiguous to rivers, creeks, or bodies of water, and I immediately corresponded with several hundred persons responded with several hundred persons who had answered my advertisement telling them I wanted the bark in large quantities, and endeavored to secure all this bark I possibly could. The mill which wants it desires to get from 100,000 to 200,000 pounds annually. This, of course, is a large quantity of the bark, owing to the shape in which it is desired, and the fact that when dry it is not nearly so heavy as when stripped from the tree. A great many parties who wrote to me with a view to getting it out have, for one cause or another, failed to do so, while there are numbers of others getting the bark and shipping it regularly.

regularly.

"If the people would pay particular attention to gathering this bark for the market, it is so easily gathered and remarket, quires so little work that it would be quite rumunerative, especially as it can be gathered from the time the sap rises until the fall. It is not necessary to cut down or kill the trees. It is better to not cut them down nor kill them. If enough bark is left the parts stripped will be covered thicker and better in time. All that the mill requires is that the outside or rough part of the bark be taken off clean to the white part of the bark. Then, that the bark be thoroughly dried, and while drying protected from the weather. If it is left out in the weather so the rain and dews fall on it, it will mildew and become discolored. When protected from the weather ourres so little work that it would be ed. When protected from the weather and thoroughly dry it is almost perfectly white. After the rough part of the bark is taken off it can be stripped from the trees in any width and in pieces from three to twelve feet long, and then doubled over itself three to three and a half feet long before drying so that when dry it can be made into nice shipping bundles easy to handle in transit.

"I don't think the people realize how much could be made in this manner by men and children engaged in farming,

or do other field work, or at any spare time. The frugal eastern people have been gathering it for years to supply the ncreasing demand of manufacturers and druggists.

"We pay 3 1-2 cents a pound for the dry bark. So far the most of our supply has come from northern Alabama, Crittenden County, Ark., and along the line of the Illinois Central Railway as far deem as Granda Miss but we could of the linnois Central Ranway as far down as Grenada, Miss., but we could handle many times what we now get, and would be glad if greater numbers of people would become interested in this industry. Many might find it more profitable than cotton."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

mercial Appeal.

and it is really an extra duty, and can be performed when the crops are laid by or when the weather is too wet to plow

John Muir, the discoverer of the great
Muir glacier, writes of "The Alaska
Trip" in The August Century. Mr.
Muir says of the glacier that bears his
name:
"The number of

Muir says of the glacier that bears his name:

"The number of bergs given off varies somewhat with the weather and the tides. For twelve consecutive hours I counted the number discharged that were large enough to make themselves heard like thunder at a distance of a mile or two, and found the average rate to be one in five or six minutes. The thunder of the largest may be heard, under favorable circumstances, ten miles or more. When a large mass sinks from the upper fissured portion of the wall, there is first a keen, piercing crash, then a deep, deliberate, long-drawn-out, thundering roar, which slowly subsides into a comparatively low, far-reaching, into a comparatively low, far-reaching, muttering growl; then come a crowd of grating, clashing sounds from the agitated bergs that dance in the waves about the newcomer as if in welcome; and these again are followed by the about the newcomer as if in welcome; and these, again, are followed by the swash and roar of the berg waves as they reach the shore and break among the bowlders. But the largest and most beautiful of the bergs, instead of falling from the exposed weathered portion of the wall rise from the submerged portion with a still grander commotion, heaving aloft nearly to the top of the wall with awful roaring, tons of water streaming like hair from their sides, while they heave and plunge before they settle in poise and sail away as blue crystal islands, free at last after being held part of a slow-crawling glacier for centuries. And how wonderful it seems that ice formed from pressed snow on the mountains two or three hundred years ago should, after all its toil and travel in grinding down and fashioning the face of the landscape, still remain pure and fresh and lovely in color! When the sunshine is pouring and sifting in iris colors through the midst of all this pure and fresh and lovely in color! When the sunshine is pouring and sifting in iris colors through the midst of all this wilderness of angular crystal ice, and through the grand, flame-shaped jets and sheets of radiant spray ever rising from the blows of the falling bergs, the effect is indescribably glorious."

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ARS. THEXTOI

Toursuant to a judgment of the High Court of Justice made in the mitter of the Retate of William John Wright and in a cause of Ewert ve. Cameron the creditors of William John Wright of the Township of Eldon in the County of Victoria, Yeoman. deceased, who died is or about the month of Ogtober A.D. 1896, is cluding creditors having specified lieus on the whole estate of the said deceased or any individual interest or estate therein of the said deceased or any individual interest or estate therein of the first day of January A.D. 1898 to said by joos prepaid to Charles E Weeks, Esq., Woodville P.O. Ont, Soliditor for the defendant Cameron the administrator of the deceased, their Christian and surnames, adarence and description the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their claims, a statement of their claims, because of the individual to promptorily excluded from the beseft of the said Judgment: Every creditor holding any security is to profuce the same before me, a my chambers at the Court House in the Town of Lisday on Monabors at the Court House in the Town of Lisday on Monabors at the Court House in the Town of Lisday on Monabors at the Court House in the Town of Lisday on Monabors at the Court House in the Town of Lisday on Monabors at the Court House in the Town of Lisday on Monabors at the Court House in the Town of Lisday on Monabors.

Plaintiff's Solidior.

Master at Linday.

Dated this First day of Deceaser, A.D. 1897.—24-8.

Dated this First day of December, A.D. 1897.—24-8

DURSUANT TO A JUDGMENT of the High Court of Justice made in the matter of the Estate of Margaret Wright and in a cause of Ewers vs Cameron, the creditors of Margaret Wright, late of the township of Eidon, in the county of Victoria, widow, deceased, whe died in or about the month of April A.D., 1897, including creditors having specific liens on the whole estate of the said deceased or any undivided interest or estate therein of the parties entitled thereto, are on or before the First day of January A.D., 1898, to send by post premid to Charles E. Weeks, Esq., Woodville P.O., Ont., Solicitor for the defendant Cameron, the administrator of the deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claim, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof, they will be premptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Judgment. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me, at my Chambers at the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, on Monday, the Tenth day of January A.D., 1898, at 11 oblock in the forencon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

G. H. HOPKINS,

Plaintiff's Solicitor. Master at Lindsay.



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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, 1897, 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 G. H. HOPKINS,

Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated this First day of December, A.D.,

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WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1898, at the hour of 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 Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay.

All the undermentioned lots are Patented. Arrears Advertising Total Park Q, N George, E Logie and V \$13 24 77 04 18 47 19 46 11 99 31 96 13 28 12 97 10 73 10 73 Park S1S Mary, E and W Logie E&W pts 2 25 2 25 2 43 2 25 2 73 & N Durham 15 32 08 5 44 3 19 2 25 24 47 5 01 4 63 N Glenelg W 19 N Glenelg E 16 2 38 3 40 2 25 2 25 E Huron S Melbourne E 10 do 16 N Ridout 29 W pt 11 63 S Russell W 15 E Simcoe 7 12 12 12 12 12 12 5 74 5 74 9 73 2 03 6 02 9 96 11 29 14 42 14 42 7 99 7 99 11 98 'Sub-div Park B W Albert do C E Albert Park F E Lindsay Sub-div Park N 1 N Mary Park P 1 2 25 2 25 2 27 13 56 Sub-div Parks 8 & 9 W 9 74 18 43 2 25 2 47 2 25

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