By WALTER BESANT.



heads when they hear of this night's

"What is it, Pant Laca balika." He shock his stupld head and laughed. How could Mathew have been such a fant as to trusk him?

Balika there's lace in it, and allk in it, and brandy in it. There's always them But there's more, Nan-there's mara a What mara, Panga

Paglaman, ha'll laugh when he hears the name the's helping in the job, and he don't know nothing about it; only Mathaw and me knows what that job is Mathew and me and one other " "Who is the other, Pant And what is

He shook his head and hurted is eafety in the powter pot-"Mathew Humble," he said,

masterful man." What is the job?" asked Nan, feeling enviously alowly awaken "It is a job," replied Dan, "which can't

he fold unto women." "Why, yo lubber," she sprang to her lest and shook her het in the strong Man's face, so that hastarted back, "Inbherand land lubber, you dare to call me a woman captain of the foretop. Now, let me hear what this job is that I am not to be bold but with it over __ t amts the gave nish of her discourse, which consisted of

"Mathew Humble did say"—the Strong Man began. But strong men are always like baldes in the hands of a

'Vast there, Dan," said Nan; "d'ye think I value your job nor want to know what it is a rope's end? But that you should refuse to tall it to me, you ship: mos that's what galls And after yester

forencon's salmagundip" This accusation of ingratitude out poor ban to the quick in the matter of sea pla, labacouse and salmagands (which is a mess of salt book ontone, potatoes, pepper, oil and vinegar, the whole fried to muke a toothsome compound, Kaller Nan was more than a mother to him.

Twenty years affeat," continued Nan, in deep disgust; "from boy to captain of the foretop, and from Cape Hora to the Nurrow seas and Copenhagen, and to be told by a land swab, who never so much as smolt blue water, that I'm a woman!" "(" course," said ban feebly, "I didn't really mean is

Didn't mean 189 Why there! What le it, then? he it phacy or murder?" He shook his head.

Took yo, Nan. It won't algority, not a button, telling you. I said to myself, at the beginning. 'Yan won't spott sport;' and the only a girl "

(thly a girl) Nan pricked up her same "As if I cared about girls," she said care

"Only a girly. It's Miss Drasy the "'s all You soo sho's been longing to rea away with Mathew and marry him, for months tonging she has, having took a fancy for Mathew, which is a strange thing come to think of it, and she so youngs this women are --- Ay, ay, Nan I know You see I always thought she was saving up for Ralph Embleton. But Mathew, he says that's nonsense Well she all this time longing to marry him, and her mother won't hear it no chance till now So it's fixed for to night. What a ran' lace, and brandy, and

Geneva, and a girt" "Oh woll; I don't care to on Dan if you like."

He then proceeded to explain that Mathew had arranged for a pony to be anddled in readiness; that the signal agreed upon between the girl and Mathew was a message from the castle carried by a certain boy named Cuddy, pretending to come from the fugleman, who was to be kept out of the way, employed at the Hermitage, where the stuff was bestowed; the hoy was to say that the fugleman was ill. On receiving this measure the girl would make an excuse to run up to the castle where she would mount the pony, and so ride off with Mathew and be married over the Border. To keep up appearances, he went on this soft headed giant it had been arranged that the young woman was to scream and struggle at first, and that Dan should lift her into the saddle, and, if necessary, hold her on Once across the Horder they would be married without so much as a jump over the broomstick.

'I'll get you some more beer, Dan," she

Nan slowly rose

She went indoors and poured about three fourths of a pint of gin into a tankerd which she filled up with strong ale, and brought out to her ledger with bonder eave

"Drink that, Dan," she said: "It's good old stingo-none of your small beer Drink it up; then you can put on your

tost and go about your work" He drank it off at a gulp, with every outward sign of satisfaction. Then he anddenly rected and caught at the door

"Go and put on your coat, Dan," she said, looking at him with a little anxiety said, looking at him with a little anxiety. He disappeared Nan heard one—two heavy fails, and nodded her head. Then she followed into the room and found the strong man lying upon the floor, on his back, with his mouth open and his eyes shut. She dragged a blanket over him, and went out again to sit on her stone with as much patience as a spider in October. She sat there all the morning as

gniet as if she was on watch. About 2:30 in the afternoon there came slowly down the street no other than Mathew Humble

himself.
"Where is Daniely" he asked.

Nan pointed to the door.
"He's within, last asleep. He came home late last night. I dare say he'll sleep on now, if you let hime alone, till evening. "Have you has he talked with you this marning?" Mathew's eyes were rest-

prolonged anxioty or much drink.
"Nay, what should be say to me, seeing that he came home in the middle of night as drink as a pigi Let him s. Master Mathew What do you want im had le there a runger

ald out her hand. "Til drink luck in the venture," she said, taking the shil-ling which he gave her for luck. "Thank your this is sure to bring you luck. You'll say so to morrow morning Re-mont or that you crossed old Nan's palm with a shilling. A hicky rin! Such a run as you never had before. A run that will surprise the people."

"It has said Mathew, pleased with

the purphecy "It shall surprise them." 'And how do you get on with Miss francy an she said nay the will and Ane won't sy, ay t know their tricks.
Yes, " fine girl, and spoiling, as one may
say, for a husband. Take care, Master
Mathew Retter men than you have lost

by shillyshally." Why, what would you have me do,

"Dof A man o' mettle shouldn't ask. Capture the prize; pipe all hands and alongside, then off with her; show a clean pair of heats; clap all sail."
"I believe. Nan." Mathew said, "that

you are a witch." "I believe," she replied, "that after your run you'll be sure fam. Go in and

The follow, roused rudely, sat up and rubbed his heavy eyes.
"You can't be drunk still, man," said

Mathew, "seeing it's half-past 9 in the "My head," said Dan, banging it with his great fiet, "is like the church hell before the service gooth ding-dong. And my tengue, it is as dry as a bone. Last

night last night where the devil was I "flat up, fool, and put on your coat, and come out. We have work to do." The fellow made no reply. He was stu-pidly wondering why his head was so

heavy and his lega like lead. "Come," Mathew repeated, "there is no time to lose. Up, man,"
They left the house and walked up the

When they were gone, Nan took the pipe out of her mouth, and considered the position of things with a cheerful smile. "As for Mathew," she said with a grin, "he will get sait eel for his supper. Sait

eel nothing short," She doubted for awhile whether to impart the plot to the fustemen. But she emembered that though he was no older than herself he would take the thing dif-Dan, not to speak of Mathew as well, could have only one termination. Had she been twenty years younger, she would not have heattated to engage the man herself, as she had led many a gallant boarding party against any odds. But her

Aghting days were ever What she at last resolved upon marked her as at once the bravest and the most sensible of women. But her resolution took time for the working out. She sat on her stone seat and smoked her pipe as nenal When any boys passed her door she shock her stick at them, and used her strange sea phrases, just as if nothing

It grows dark in the short November days soon after 4, which is the hour when folks who can afford the luxury of sandles light thom, sweep the hearth, and prepare the dish of cheerful tea. There was no tea for us that year, but small ale of our own browing or buttermilk. And ny mother sat in great sadness for the nost part, not knowing what would be the end, yet fearful of the worst, and being of feeble faith. Certainly, there

was little to give her cause for hope It was 6:80 or 7 that I heard footsteps ontside, and presently a knock at the door I saw, to my amazement, no other than old Nan. It was a cold and rainy evening, but she had on nothing more than her usual jacket and hat. A hard and tough old woman.

"Child," she said earnestly, "do you think that I would lead thee wrong, or tell thee a Mega

Why, no, Nan," "Then mark me, go not forth to night." Why should I go forth? It is past 6 clock, and already dark."

"If messengers should come Look! who is that? She stipped behind the door as a boy same running to the door. I recognized him for a lad, half gypsy, who was well known to all runners, and often took part in driving the ponies. A bare headed boy with thick coarse hair and bright black eyes, who was afterward sentenced to be hanged, but reprieved, I know not for what reason, and I forget now what he had done to bring upon him this sen-

"The fugleman says," he began at once, seemingly in breathless haste, "that he has failen down and is like to have broken his back. He wants to see you at once." "Oh," I orled, "what dreadful thing is this? Tell him I'll come at once Run, boy, run I will but put on a hat and"-The boy turned and ran clattering up

the road and across the bridge.
Then Nan came out from behind the

lains! It's true But I never had a doubt. to in doors, hinney. Stay at home. As for the fugleman, I'll warrant his back to be sound as my own Wait, wait, I say, till you see Mathew's face to-morrow. A

villain, indeed!" "But, Nan, what do you mean? My dear old fugleman a villain! What has he

to do with Mathew?" No, child, not he. There's only one villian in Warkworth, though many fools. The villian is Mathew Humble. The big-

hock. Never mind it. The viliainhe to run this rig upon a girli But old Nan knows a mast from a manger yet, and values not his anger a rope's end." Here she became incoherent, and one heard only an occasional phrase, such as "from the spritsall yard to the mizzentopsall halyards;" "a mealy mouthed swab;" "a fresh water, wishy washy, fair weather sailor;" "thinks to get athwart my hawse," and so forth. To all of which I listened in blank wonder. Thus having in this nautical manner collected her thoughtsstrange it is that a sailor can never mature his plans or resolve upon a plan of action without the use of strong words she begged me to lend her my cardinal, which was provided with a thick warm hood, of which we women of Northumberland stand in need for winter days and cold spring winds. She said that she could keep her own cloth jacket, because the work she should do that night was eald work, but she borrowed a woolen eranner which she tied over her head and round her neck, leaving her three cornered saller's hat in my keeping. Lastly, she berrowed and put on a pair of warm

larger than is commonly found among women. When all these arrangements were complete, she put on the cardinal and pulled the head over her head. "Now," she asked, "who am I?" Of course, having my clothes upon her, and being about the same height, with her face hidden beneath the hood, she seemed to be no other than myself. Then with a last reference to swahs, lubbers and land pirates, she once more bade me keep within doors all night, if I valued my life and my honor, and trudged away, telling me nothing but that a piratical craft should that night be laid on beam ends, that her own decks were cleared, her guns

double shotted, the surgeon in the cock-

leather gloves, remarking that all would

he found out if once they saw or felt her

hand. This, to be sure, was a great deal

pit, and the chaplain with him, and, in short, that she was ready for action. I saw no more of her that night, which I spent in great anxiety, wondering what this thing might mean. But in the morning, fearing some mischief, I walked up the street to the castle. The fugleman was in his room; he had sent me, he said, no message at all; nor had he fallen; nor had he broken his back The boy Cuddy, it ppeared, had been helping him and running about backward and forward all day. When the ponies were loaded he had returned to the hermitage to set all snug and tidy. When he came back to the eastle they were gone. But no breaking of backs and no sending of the boy. This

was strange indeed. "Then, fugleman," I said "Mathew Humble sent a lying message, meaning

What he designed I understood in two or three days. But for the time I could only think that he wished to open again the question of his suit. Yet, why had Nan borrowed my cardinal and my gloves? On the way back I looked into Nan's cottage. The door was open, but there

was no one in the house. I went home, little thinking what a ferently, and a light between him and narrow escape was mine. Had I known upon him angrily, "my estates in Georgia admiration of brave old Nan, and detestation of the greatest villain in England.

> CHAPTER X SAILOR NAN'S RIDE.

The night was cold and raw, with a northeast wind, which brought occasional showers of sleet. There was no moon The street, as the old woman walked up to the castle, was quite deserted, all the women and girls being seated at home about bright coal fires, knitting, sewing, and spinning, while all the men were at the ale house, telling stories or listening to them, an occupation of which the male sex is never wearied, especially when beer or rumbo, with tobacco, accompanies the

passing through the ruined gate, began to pick her way slowly among the stones and beaps of yubbish lying about in the castle yard. The light of the fire in the fugle man's chamber was her guide, and she knew very well that just beside the door of that room would be lurking Strong Dan, with intent to seize her by the waist and carry her off. Perhaps he designed to carry her in his arms all the way to the Border This thought pleased her very much. Dan was quite able to do it, and the distance is only thirty five miles or so. It pleased her to think of such a ride in the Strong Man's arms, and how tired he would be at the end.

Accordingly, when she drew near the door she went very slowly, and was not in the least surprised when, as she stood in the fire light, the man stepped from some hiding place at hand, caught her by the waist, and tossed her lightly over his shoulder, making no more account of her weight than if she had been a mere bag of

"Now, mistress," he said, "struggle and kick as much as you like. It don't

hurt me."
She cheerfully acceded to this request, and began so vigorous a drumming upon his ribs that, had they not been tougher than the hoops of the stoutest cask, they must have been broken, every one. As it was, he was surprised, and perhaps bruised a little, but not hurt. He had not thought that a young girl like myself had such power in her heels.

"Go on," he said: "you're a strong 'un. and I like you better for it. Rick away, but don't try screaming, because if you do I shall have to tie your pretty head in a bag. Master Mathew's orders, not my wish. Besides, what's the use of pretending, when there's nobody here but you and me, bless your pretty eyes! I know all about it, and here's a honor for you to be carried off, nothing less, by your own man. Why, there isn't another woman in Warkworth that he'd take so much trouble for Think upon that! Now, then, ss, another kick, or a dozen, if you like. Ah, you can kick, you can. You're a wife worth having. A happy man he'll be. Lord, it would take the breath out o' most, that last kick would. Why, I'll swear there not a woman in all Northumerland with such a kick as yours. Keep

thus,"
Thus talking, while she drummed with her heels, he slowly carried her through the dark gateway, picking his feet among

the stones.

Outside the eastle, beyond the great gate, another man was waiting for them, wrapped in a great clock. It was Mathew Humble. He had been drinking, and his

By LUCY H. HOOPER. the wise men in ancient days imagine that such appearances portended wars and con-flagrations and fearful disasters of all kindsf^{*} Harry smiled superior in all the conscious-

ness of masculine wisdom.
"Fortunately our favored land need fear no such portents, darling. We are secure from foreign fees, and for all domestic troubles the ballot box is our only weapon." "Do you remember the vision in 'Mar-

That indistinct the pageant proud A fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A wavering tinge of flame;
It flits, expands and shifts till loud
The awful summons came."

"Shall I continue the lines for you, Floronce, and try to exorcise those merry dancers, as the Laplanders call them, up yonder!-"Thy fatal summons I deny, And thy infernal lord defy"-

"Harry, dear Marry! Pray stop—you make me unhappy. You should not mock at anything so wonderful."
"Then I will not, dearest. But, Florence, let me try to interpret this lovely vision aright for you. I see in it only an emblem, a prediction of our future happiness. See,

over your future home in the north there bends that bright arch"____ "flut Philadelphia lies ever so far south

from here." "Do not interrupt the soot" ent young girl. Those white ... ring forms overhead are the northern spirits that have come to welcome you, southern born flower as you are, to their native clime. And overhead, dear, look how the stars shine through that soft flush that overspreads the whole heavens. So shall all the brightness heaven vouchsafes to our future life shine transfigured to fairer, intenser luster through the rosy radiance of our mutual love."

His voice had lost its jesting tone, and he spoke with grave and tender earnestness. And they stood together beneath that beautiful and wondrous glory of the skies, silent cause of the very fullness of their hearts, the very perfection of their happiness: For it is with feelings as with waters:

Florence's forebodings of her father's displeasure and opposition proved more correct than did the confident hopefulness of her lover. When Harry sought Mr. Hurst the morning after the ball to lay before him his proposals for Florence's hand, he was rereived at first with a coldness that speedily culminated in a most decided negative to his demand.

"There must be an end to this," said Mr. Hurst curtly and decidedly, "Florence and you must meet no more. I have other views for my daughter, Mr. Danvers, and I trust to your honor as a gentleman for total discontinuance of what will prove to be a fruitless pursuit."

The hot blood rushed to Harry Danvers' brow, "Mr. Hurst," he said, trying to restrain his eagerness and his indignation, "your daughter loves me. You must pardon me if I refuse to consider this dismissal

"My daughter will obey my commands, and they are, that you meet no more. Allow me to consider this interview as at an end, and to wish you a very good morning." And yet, Mr. Hurst, permit me, if you ness, "See, it has our initials at the back

"Sir!" interrupted Mr. Hurst, turning bring you another gift-a wedding ring." but had I known, I should have been and Virginia are both of vast extent, and I ence is my sole child and heiress, and do you think therefore that she is to be handed, like a copper or a picayune, to the first young beggar that chooses to ask for her?" out from his steely eyes and was written on ing figure, supported by Miss Clint's stronger every line of his countenance. There was

> erely remarked as he withdrew: "I have made no promise that I would not try to see Florence again, Mr. Hurst, and I graves give up their dead! refuse to make such a promise, "I am perfectly capable of taking care of my daughter, Mr. Danvers. Good morning.

That afternoon a pale, washed out looking, out lady like person approached Harry as he was strolling moodily beneath Florence's windows and striving to get a glimpse of her, for she had not been allowed to leave her room

"I am Miss Hurst's governess," whispered the stranger. "My name is Susan Clintshe may have spoken to you of me, Mr. Danrs. I have a note for you, sir," And she kiped a folded paper into his hand and harried away as though afraid of being obharry retreated to his room, and there tore

the precious missive eagerly open. It conined only these few lines: Papa is going to take meaway from Newort to-night. We are going to our Virginian me Gardenhurst. It is near Washington, and not far from Arlington, the Lees' place.

Do try to come there, Harry. I want to see you once more. "Once more! Oh, my darling, my darling, is there then no hope?" And Harry Danvers burst into a very passion of tears as he pressed the poor blotted little note to his lips. They were too weak, these two unhappy children to struggle successfully against fate. What ould Florence, poor fragile, timid child, do oppose the iron will of her father? while her lover equally lacked power to break her chain. Yet still young Danvers hoped, with the unreasoning, blind trustfulness of youth, that something would happen to aid them

and to unite them at last, Ten days later he stood waiting for the coming of his love, under the shade of some of the mighty trees which formed the chief glory of the estate of Gardenhurst. The house stood on a lofty height overlooking the windings of the Potomac and the distant roofs and spires of Washington. It was a massive and majestic looking mansion, a relic of the antiquated splendors of old colo-nial times, and bearing, it was said, in its interior many traces of the grandeur and greatness of the bygone generations of Hursts, in the shape of curious furniture, carved marbles, antique weapons, and family portraits. At the back of the house the ground sloped suddenly downward to the shores of a deep and sullen stream, whose waters, though shallow and brawling a few rods higher up, were just in that spot of great depth and treacherons quietude. Re-port said that a murder had once been comtted there, and that the body of the victim had been committed to the gloomy waters; but be that as it may, the spot bore an evil repute, and the negroes had christened this part of the stream Deadman's Pool. It was at this ominous place that Florence's second brief note, received by Harry when he reached Washington, had bidden him wait

She came at last, gliding hurriedly through the dim shadows of the gathering twilight, and followed by Miss Clint, who, however, remained at a discreet distance. It was not till Harry Danvers held his poor little lady love in his arms that he realized how terribly she was changed. There were dark shadows under the soft brown eyes that had been used to sparkle so merrily, the delicate wild rose tinge had faded from her cheek, and the slender form was even shadowy in its attenuation.



"I will promise one thing, Harry." will never marry anybody else. That I will swear to you if you wish: but oh! I cannot be so wicked as to run away."

"And if your father wishes to force you to marry, darling, what will you do then?" "Then I will call on you to come to my aid, and if that last help fail me"— "What then, Florence?"
"I can die!" And the white face was lifted

to the light with a strange look of intense determination in the large, dilated eyes,
"Hush, Florence, my dearest! Do not say such things!"

"Ah, no! We may never meet again, so talk to me, Harry, gently and kindly as you used to do. Nobody has ever really loved me except you since my poor mother died." reverent as worship, unselfish as mother love, filled the young man's soul. He ceased to urge his suit or to beg for a private marriage, and as he smoothed the soft tresses that shaded the brow that was buried in his breast, he whispered of love and hopefulness for the future, which last he was, poor fellow! for enough from feeling. He soothed her agitation and calmed her nervous excitement, and strove for a few brief moments to forget everything on earth save that they loved each other and that they were once more together.

recalled them from their absorption. "Miss Florence! Miss Florence! I see Dinah's signal. Your father has returned. We must go." "My father! Yes-I must-I must go!

A sharp, agitated whisper from Miss Clint

Oh, Harry, Harry "-She was weening with a violence that seemed to threaten injury to her delicate frame, but in the midst of her agitation she unclasped the chain from her neck and took off the filigree cross which she usually wore.

"Take it- keep it," she sobbed. "It was

my mother's." He pressed it to his lips, and then, from Drugs and Chemicals, Patent Medicines. the breass pocket of his coat, he produced a velves case from which he took a small diamond cross with a wreath of forget-me-nots in turquois twined around it. "Cross for cross," he said in a voice that trembled sadly through its assumed playful-

and the date. Keep it, darling, till I can He slipped it on the chain as he spoke drooping neck. Once more the warning call from the bank above them:

"Miss Florence-come, do come!"

One last embrace-one last long, lingering kiss, and they parted. Relieved against the The indomitable will of the old man looked still glowing west, he beheld the slight drooparm, and then they passed away into the gathering darkness and he saw his centle love no more.

No more, Harry Danvers-no more till the

PART II. "What changes, Harry, one sees everywhere. You must notice them particularly, for you have not been here for several years,

"Thirteen." The answer came curtly and and cold enough, though Col Danvers was usually courtesy itself to his old aunt, for whom he seemed to entertain a peculiar tenderness. Mrs. Westervilet was as lively and as fond of society as of old, though her still bright black eyes were surrounded with a

very network of wrinkles. Well, you have a lovely place here, and such a charming view of the sea! I thought you were going to Saratoga this summer. Emily preferred Newport, and the physicians prescribed sea air for the children. We did think of going to Long Branch, but failed to secure such rooms as we required; so hearing of this cottage to

let, I took it for the season." "And, Harry"- The old lady pushed back her rocking chair and half arose. nephew, who was pacing the piazza, paused, came to her and sat down beside her. What is it, aunt! Have you anything to

say to me!" Only to ask you, Harry, have you forgotten the last season that you were here?"

"And are you happy? Dear boy, remember that I have loved you always as though you were my own son, so forgive my ques tioning you. It is so long since we last "Five years, I think."

"And you have been married four. My dear boy"___ "A rather old 'boy,' I think, aunt." And the colonel passed his hand with a smile through the iron gray masses of his abundant

"Not so very old-thirty-five or six, I think. But you have not answered me,

"Dear aunt," he said kmeny, and the hand, "if you mean that I have forgotten the past, and my first love, my poor, ten the past, and my first love, my poor, ten the past, and my first love, my poor, ten the past, and my first love, my poor, ten the past, and my first love, my poor, ten the past, and my first love, my poor, ten the past, and my first love, my poor, ten the past, and the past, know how I have striven to trace her, and what conflicting stories I heard respecting her—now that she was married, next that she was dead, but never anything definite or "Her father was killed at Antietam, was

"Yes, and with him died my last hope of learning Florence's fate. I have never heard from her, nor looked upon her face since our first and last interview at Gardenhurst. Then I met Emily, years after all hope of finding Florence were ever. You know what she is, and what she has been to me-

my dear, noble, loving wife! Yes, I am happy, aunt, and yet?—
"What, Harry?"
"If I only knew the truth respecting Florence. Does she yet live—what was her fate? Poor, hapless, helpless child! Oh, if

"And you have no trace?"

Col. Danvers shook his head. "Over all such traces has swept the mighty ocean of the war. Death, and changes terrible as death, have passed over all persons and all things connected with that first fair love dream of my life. When my regiment was stationed in Virginia, towards the close of the war, I exhausted all means in my power to learn something concerning Florence, but in vain. Gardenhurst was a ruin, [To be continued.]

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J OB WOORK

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