Monstone tregare, a slide f, "for this F longer a man, but a number a convict suc

leneed to the gatleys.
I had no difficulty in finding Madamo brechief to the string possession of Miss Sinchief to there. It struck me, however, that the grim old French has received my communication from her son with more pleasure

than pain.

The young English heiress stood in no need of friends; but in the midst of newly found relatives and arxious and affectionate cousins, who found "their dear Emily" suddenly so attractive, she turned to me, and begging of me to help her to bear prosperity as I had helped her to bear adversity, she made me her chosen friend and advisor.

She claimed the "Enphrosyne," and hung to in her own be wiful picture gatlery, amid the kindred whom she had not known. Next to it was that of a superb young soldier, the ill fated colonel in his youth, and not far off hung a pretty young simpering beauty, poor Miss Sinclair.

Emily had been on her own ground a year, the respected, honored, and rich young woman, with a name, a title, and an estate, before we saw the San Marcos again. Then in great state came the Princess and her som and daughter to London, and old Dr. Sebastinni, with more wrinkles about his eyes than ever and the Princess made an offer in due form for Emily's hand for the young Prince Cosare, and it was accepted in the form. I have an idea that her Majesty's mailbags had been freighted with missives all through this year of mourning, and that Frince Essare

On the day of her wedding Emily was presented with a share of the Man Marco rubles. "I would give you the tiara," said Madame Mere, "but that was not found. The rother contrived to hide that; and it has escaped

Knilly, however, refused to wear any orner ment but one. That was the bracelet which had led to her arrest to whose keeping was again entricted the portrait of Creare. And the titled relatives who were ready to give away Emphresyne, and to see her become a princess, were all declined, and an

American artist led her to the altar. It was not until years after that I found out that at the last moment of his free exist once Victor Gregory had made a tool of the and that the eard I carried to his mether had revented to her and to a choice set of asserts ates the whereabouts of the rissing them. I dare say that on that one fragment of the splendid equipment of jewels known as the san Marco rubies dir. Polenta, alias Victor (tregetre, is now living in virtuous onen and

At any rate, considering all things, though I am the favored friend of both the frincesses it San Marco, I shall never choose to quarter with my coat of arins a red thesis leather teareding bush

The Mystery of Joe Morgan.

Pr WALTER BESANT.

t was enterged. Ave years ago, to the young engement and little comance about it. We we saw, we conquered each other. Eleabor's parents made fewer objections thank foured, my fours being based upon the usual grounds. I was given to understand that the duration of the engagement depended outredy upon myself, and, as I was already peritously near 30, I hastoned to bring matore to a spoody termination. The remarkable binderance to the realization of my house arising out of circumstances entirely unlooked for and beyond my control, forms the authorit of this amore. It was not a pleasant experience, and yet it gives me i solt will delight in awolling on the dangers of the coon. There is nothing, strictly speaking, harrible about it. At the same time, when I write it down in cold blood, I am convicious of a tingling of the nerves and a tendency to look over the left shoulder. tendency to look over the lett snouther. This, I suppose, will never leave me. It is a distinction, I know perhaps a small one, the the Companionship of the Bath, or that of the order of St. Michael and St. George, or the queer Turkish decorations with which ald Crimean officers love to decorate them entries but still a distinction. It is not everybody, even now, who can tell of visit from the other world; and the constant empanionship of a ghost sooms to me-naturally inclined to exaggerate on such a author an adventure, perhaps, a little out

I had taken and furnished, in readings for my wedding, a small detached villa, some few miles out of London. It was a new house, with though I did not think of that no pos altho momorins of the past to greaten the agreeable thoughts; a protty little house, standing between a lawn on the front and a fee den boling, with statues on one side and library" built out on the other, There were the usual trees in the front alabaraum, a lilar, a larrestinue, a row of limes, enough to shade the house from the road and give the appearance of private such as every Londoner loves. But it was not a gloomy himse, It shood east and west, so that the drawing room, which run the whole depth of the house, was never without singhing when ever there might be any going. The view from the back was perfectly cheerful; beyond the garden lay green fields, and beyond these stretched a noble park studied with olms; a the north, separated by several houses and out of sight, therefore out of mind, was a cometers, belonging to a great town parish, nowly land out and, as yet, thinly populated. Had I noticed it at all I should have laughed at the idea of speciers in connection with so smile ing a gardon, Chosts, I might have said, growl about grim old church yards, whose fallings tombeforms are grown with moss, on the grass grows tall and rank, and the brame tites stretch along thorny arms across the paths, whose worn stones once preserved the names of the long forgotten dead. They love the old country Cod's acre, piled eight or ten from high with human mold, where every pinch of this contains what is left of a life conce titled with hopes and fours. But not a most cometery; not a formal place planted with reses, laid out in gravel walks, and bring around two perky little chapels, which stand face to face, turning up spiteful ness at each other and breathing a post-mortem doflance. Is there a boger ridden boy hying who would fear to pass a night in Finchly cometery, or dread to sit out a few dark hours alone in Nunnead!

I was mistaken. The truth is that the new ness of a cometery is no proof of its tranquishing. Comparatively are as are the visits of those, they may come from a cometery handseled only a week ago, a more upstart thing of yesterday, as well as from a prave yard whose long amais are dark with the secrets of a thousand unknown murders. In a never sate, and the only way to insure infamily from these generally unwelcome visonce thed with hopes and fours. But not i

iters is, perhaps, to live as far as possible from a churchyard of any kind. I have been particular in describing my house, because I wish it clearly understood that there was not, ather about the place or its neighborhood, any precisposition to ghosts. Nor was there about myself. I am not an imaginative many there are no posms, romaness, or novels with my name to them. I have no patience with people who can forget their own real troubles in reading of those which never happened; and, for the life of me, I cannot have any interest; the loves of anybody but myself. I am not, therefore, a man likely to be the prey of hallucinations. I am no pulling post

hallucinations. I am no puling pos-midling at a shadow, nor am I one of those proor specier smitten imbedies who turn a branch into a warning linger, and a snow drift into a sheeted wraith. This consideration r a my trilling experience the more

man of thirty, whose days are spent in busi-ness; a new suburban villa; a bright, aun-shiny country; neighbors all round one, and a new countery a hundred yards distance

To the bouse and to this man the Chost

It was in August, when the days begin to close : irly and it grows dark at 8. I was er dimier, trying to get sentime over my approaching happiness, and pictur-ing to myself Eleanor in the easy chair oppo-site me. It was a feeble attempt at experiencine the pleasures of imagination, because I could not picture any one at all. Then I took a book and opened it with a yawn. My back was to the window, which overlooked the garden behind the house. The light was lading, but as my eyes followed the lines mechanically, and my thoughts were elsewhere, that mattered little. Outside the house there was a stillness extraordinary no stirring of the leaves; no breath in the air; no voices from my own kitchen; no sounds from the houses on either side, which were locked up, their tenants being at the seaside; not even the distant bark of a dog, or the distant roll of a carriage, to show that there was another living person in the world heside myself. Then a curious feeling some over me; I suddenly realised the fact that life may go on in invisible, intangible forms I looked around with a shudder. I expected something. The room became, with out warning, distinctly darker, the air grew ill I felt cold dows upon my forehead. Homember that up to this moment there was no reason at all none whatever for alarm. Yit I became unaccountably afraid. I turned o the window for relief, and there there I

le was standing outside the window, a dark shadow, Genely outlined against the sky; lorless, and yet its drawning more like one, human i appoirance. And it had he he with phesphorie spiendor, showed me bollow cheeks, the that trembed as if with passion and a fromming forehead. When F noneath its linen folds, and then, with that singular movement remarked by all who have conversed and are familiar with ghosts a movement in which the shape neither glides nor walks, but changes place the spector stood within the room, facing me. I

saw it for the first times

It was standing outside the window. "So," he said, with an angry glance, "I I made no reply. What was there to say!

"I have found you at last, have It Now have you, what shall I do with you?" I could only look hopelessly. He pushed one arm outside the cerements which covered it a long, lean arm, marked with a tattoo representing a ship in full sail, surmounted by a skull and cross bones. He shook his fist excitedly in my face. I noticed that the air was not stirred by his movements. It was odd, too, that I recovered my conrage the

His gestures became more threatening. He repeated twenty times running the question with which he first accessed me: "Now I have found you, what shall I do with you!"
It seemed, indeed, as if he could say noth-

"Come," I cried at last, "this is fooling. What do you mean by coming to my house like a impolar and carrying on like a made maps heave off asking what you will do with me. If you are a ghost out of his senses, say so; if not, vary the monotony by saying something else. Can't you swear, man! Can't you relieve nature in the usual manners

He grouned and wring his hands, "I can't," he said. "It isn't allowed. I wish I could. What shall I do with your What shall I do with your "You have asked me that a hundred times

already. Bah! you are a ghost. Chosts can do nothing. I used to believe that they did not exist. Now I see that they do. But look I took the poker from the fireplace and passed it through him. Then I out him down-like a guardsman at Waterloo. Then I sliced

him in two like a soldier at an assault at arms. At each pass of the weapon he ducked, recoiled and cried aloud,

"See, you cannot resist. I do what I like with you. What can you do in return?"
He raised his hand and struck at my face. It was as if a cold wind blow upon my cheek, "Is that all?" I asked. Do that as often as

you like."
"You are not atrain of mer he asked, as

"You are not afraid of me?" he asked, as if such a thing as a man daring to stand up to a ghost was unheard of. "You are positively not afraid of me?"
"I certainly am not."
"The is not afraid of me! Man! I amecine from the churchyard. See my grave clothes, I am one from the tembe."
I could not repress a shudder. The old-shiver came across me. He saw it at once, and sprang at my throat. To my surprise, what was before as a breath of cold air became tangible. I felt his cold grasp with his long, bony ingers at my throat. His face, close to mine, was filled with an easer longing for revenges his lurid eyes placed in mine; his teeth glimmered in the twilight, it was but for a moment that I was afraid. Then I railied my spectral enemy in the face.

he'f looked the tangibility of his fingers weakened, the tightness of his grasp relaxed, and his look changed from one of triumph to that of hafflet rage. Then he fell back sullenty, and threw himself into my easy chair, claring round the room. g round the room.

"I never allow any one but myself," I said, "to occupy that chair. It is mine. Please

It was one next to mine. I begged him to take one on the other side of the freplace, which he did at once. Then I sat down and

I was alone, save an old woman, my tem-perary factorum, in the kitchen. The peo-ple in the houses round were now all away for their holidays. I had a ghost, presuma-bly a lunatic of a dangerous kind, under my roof. It was impossible to get rid of him, unless he chose to go. You cannot push, hick, or throw a ghost out of a window or door; you cannot lock him in one room while you go to sleep in another; you cannot shut yourself up in your bedroom and defy him; shove all, you never know what tricks he may be at. Thinking of these things, I became conscious of another access of terrordighter this time. My guest, however, per-ceived it, and in a twinking was on me again, with his skeleton fingers round my throat. I shook him off; that is, I regained my presence of mind, and he cowered back to his seat, where he sat, his head on his arm, and

sight never to be forgotten. Fray tell me what it means," I said. "It means that if you were afraid of me I would throttle you like a dog. It means that I am sitting here waiting for the moment when you will realize who and what I am; the injuries you have done me, the wickedness of your life, the loneliness of your position, and your presence with another world, Ha! ha! I see it coming! Your nerves wont stand me another quarter of an hour, and then I shall seize you by the windpipe, and squeeze, squeeze, squeeze the life blood out of

"You forget," I replied, "one thing. If I find my nerves giving way—which is not at all likely—I shall get quietly up and go into town. It is only half an hour by train. They don't admit ghosts into clubs," He made no reply to this. Presently he

You will have to go to bed soon. You cannot sit up all night." "How long can you stay here?"

"As long as I please. Ho! ho! ho! I can be with you, now I have found you, morning, noon and night. When you are quietly in Four bed, I shall be sitting by the bedside, waiting for a moment's weakness. When you are at your office in the city, I shall be at

your elbow, waiting to find you off your guard. At dinner I shall be behind you. You will not escape me. Sooner or later you will be afraid, and then I shall have you, althou you are a bold man, as I know of old." (This was curious, because I did not remember to have seen him before, and he had one of very remarkable faces which, once are never forgotten.) "I thought ! might catch you napping when I lit upon you here, all by yourself. Never mind! The time will come. I shall wait. I shall wait."

"Pray explain," I said blaudly. "You will wait until I am afraid?" am not ashamed to say that I was fright-

"Precisely. We ghosts cannot hurt people who are not afraid of us. Our power is only over the cowardly and superstitions—that is, over nearly all mankind. Once the man has the pluck to stand up to us we are power-

"Thank you," I replied. "After that I will take a pipe. Can I offer you one?"
He shook his head, 'A glass of brandy and water?"

He frowned. "Doubtless if will do you good to see me you please. Do you find it cold in that light dress? Shall I light a fire for you?"

"Would you like a blanket or a railway

"Can I do anything for you?" "No. Yes. Be afraid of me. Man! think of it: I am a specter! I am a spirit! I am a walker up and down the face of the earth. When the dogs see me they wall and ery. When men see me they drop upon their kners. These are coffin clothes! This arm is"-

"My good friend," I replied, "let us enjoy each other's society without mutual confessions. I grant all that you have said. It is very curious and interesting. Not, perhaps, quite so horrible as I might have expected, had I known you were coming, but still-By the way, you you hail from the comefory close hyp

"I do. Ah, villain and traitor! who put me theret I do; and as I was taking an evening invisible stroll, I happened to look in at your window, and saw the man I expected and most hoped to see. Ha! ha! I shall make the hot for that man! So I will, too," he added, weakly, after a paner.

I made no reply, but went on smoking as if he had been an ordinary visitor. His face, which was not without a certain rugged beauty, was stern and lowering. He looked sensionally with an expression of baffled rage which, now that I was accustomed to it, rather amused me. His features—those of a man under forty-were regular; his eyes were blue; his chin was strong and square; his month, which was weak, marred the gen-

"When I was in that country ship, trading between Rangoon and Calcutta-there, what's the use of raking up the old story?" "None," I replied, thinking that he cerfainly must be a lunatic ghost, and making a

mental note of the fact as one likely to throw great light on the spirit world. "None at all, see you like." "To think that you—you, of all men in the world—never mind!"

"Certainly not," I said. "I am sorry you will take nothing. It is nearly my bed-"When I saw you last, at Brighton, you were walking with her."

That was a little uncomfortable to hear, because I had been at Brighton a few months before, when Eleanor was staying there, "No use talking. What's the good of talk? Come to that, I might remind you what went on, you know, at Yokohama. Eh? What do you say to that?" "I have nothing to say to that,"

"Lord! Lord! some men will brazen out anything! And what about the Hong Kong business? Who promised what-tell me that -tf some one walked the plank, and something was thingumbobbed ch?" Here was a very serious question. I only

"Thingumbobed," he repeated. "Scut-tled, you villain! and the coolies sent to king-dom come? And after that to round upon a man! Why did I take to drink! Why did I go off at thirty-six with rum and water enough to float King Solomon's fleet! Why?

why why Can't say, Pm sure. Shall we say good "If you are going to bed, I will go with you. Man! now I've caught you, do you think I shall leave you?"

This was pleasant.
I shut the windows and went upstairs. He went with me. I undreased and got into bed. Once there, I shut my eyes resolutely and tried to go to sleep. That was impossible. Every ten minutes or so I feit obliged to open them. He was always standing by the bed-side, grave, stern, and resolute to do me a mischief, if he could—if I grew afraid.

"You are still here?" I mired, when the clothes and torture an unoffending man! What have I done to you, devil or lunatic, els struck 2-"Still here! I shall be always here!" Madagascar, villain of the deepest dye. Think of San Fran, pirate and crimp. Think of Liverpool docks and Polly. Joe Morgan—Joe Morgan, you were always as brazen a liar as ever stepped, but I did not think you would brazen it out to me."

I thought of my approaching marriage. It was awkward. A ghost forever at my bedside; a lunatic ghost thirsting for revenge, angry at some imaginary wrong. Could be I sat up and tried, "Come, my friend," I said, "let us make a

"No bargain."
"You shall come whenever you please to my smoking room, but not here. Man alive! be reasonable." "I am not a man alive," he replied. "I wish I was. And whose fault, I ask you, is

'Come, my dear fellow, I put it to you—is it reasonable to intrude into my bedroom and keep me awaket Do you think it looks like good form to take advantage of your-of my inability to turn a spirit out of the

"To you think," he rejoined, angrily, "do you think it was good form to treat me as you did? Was it reasonable to send me to the cemetery twenty years before my time? I shall stay here," he added, "so long as youstay here. I shall be with you day and night. You shall never cease to feel me with you. I will make sleep impossible, and I will trouble your business hours."

"Then," I interrupted, "you are the most malicious ghost that ever walked. I defy you. You may go to the devill" his long white clothes clinging to his limbs, a He shook his head sadly and continued that steady watch of his. Always his chia uponone hand, while the white sh" around him, and his face turned

> As I tossed in the bed, occasionally opening my eyes and seeing always that spectral figure before me, a strange horror grew up in my mind. It was not terror. I was per-suaded that he would do me no harm, but the sense of being watched, followed and haunted continually by this representul specter fell apon me. By some mysterious power he

"Ha!" ha!" he said The laugh was not a cheerful one: "Do you begin to realize it now? Do you feet what it will be like?" There was little sleep for me that night. When the day broke I dropped for half an hour into a heavy unconsciousness, awaking suddenly and with a horror upon me that at first I did not understand. Letween my eyes and the window, through which the morning sun was shining, stood a faint, almost an invisible shape. The smalight streamed through it, and it was as shadowless as Schemyl.

"I am here," it whispered.
I rose and dressed. It followed my movements. I saw the specter now only when it came into the sunlight. Then it was dimly risible, but only, I think, to myself. I breakfasted and went into the city. It came with me. It sat beside me in the train; it followed me through the streets; it was with me in my office; it came after me up to the

The thing grew maddening. If I forgot it for a moment, I heard a whisper in my ear-'I am here." If I managed to fix my attenion on the subject in hand, that accursed voice began to remind me that I was neither to sleep nor to work, nor to have any peace for the rest of my natural life. "What you have done, I shall do—and worse. I shall dog you—I shall haunt you—

I shall make remorse and despair do for you what you did to her and to me. I will revenge myself-and her." What had I done to him? How was I to

get rid of this accursed lunatle ghost? By what spell and charm could I lay him forever The full misery of the thing was yet to

The specter, in the afternoon, seemed to have left me. I even forgot its existence, and dired comfortably. At 8 F met my Eleanor, and persuaded her, not thinking of what might happen, to look at some new furniture in what was going to be our joint house. She came. Nothing happened until we went into the garden. As I led her up and down the walk, her hand in mine, she suddenly stopped with a cry.
"Alfred! who has been walking along the

sand"-there was an edging of red sand to gravel-"with bare feet?" I looked. There were footprints-great

gaunt footprints-parallel with my own. I enew at once what was going to happen, and "Nothing, Nellie; nobody, Who should walk in bare feet except a carpenter? Let us

"Alfred!" she cried, "see, they are falling still—the footprints—as we walk. Take me in-take me away!" It was pleasant! The accursed ghost was setting his long feet beside mine, keeping step, so that at every footfall of mine there

was a new footprint of his. I bore my girl half fainting into the house, What was it, Alfred! what was it? I am afraid, And see-see, Oh! Alfred-Alfred!" With a cry of fright she fell fainting into

my arms. Between us and the window stood-



With a cry of fright she fell fainting into revealed that awful figure in its long white grave clothes, pointing its long bony fingers

grave clothes, pointing its long bony fingers at me, but saying no word.

I took Eleanor home. I implored her to keep stlenee as to what she had seen. I soothed and pacified her. I assured her that it was fancy—that it was a trick of the imagination—that it was some schoolboy devitry—anything to keep her quiet. And thus I left her and returned, miscrable and maddened, to battle with this demon who had fastened himself upon me.

He was sitting in my chair, with his abominable head, as usual, on his hand.

"I allowed you to go away with the girl," he said, "because I do not wish to do her any harm. But she shall never marry you—remember that. Wretch!"—he rose from the chair and approached me with threatening gestures—"wretch! Was it not enough to interfere between me and her! You try to murder the happiness of another innocest girl! Can you ruthlessly"—

Zarmers, hat you should persecute me in this way?"
"He saks me what he has done! Think of

A thought struck me.

"You call me Joe Morgan. I am not Joe Morgan at all. I never heard of any Joe Morgan."

He laughed.

"If you are not Joe Morgan," he said, "I will eat my hat. I mean, of course"—
"Come, this is trifling. I say that you mistake me for some one else, What makes you

"What was he like when you left him!"

"Only Joe Morgan did not wear a beard."

"Had this devil of a Joe Morgan any

arm. I did him-I mean Joe. He did me."

I drew up my shirt and showed him my arms, white and free from any tattoo mark

"Well-I'm-no-I'm dashed. And you sin't Joe Morgan at all? Lord! Lord! what

secrets. Mate, you hold your tongue about

"I never thought much of ghosts," I said;

"Go on," he said, "go on; let me have it."

"Why couldn't you ask before you came

blundering into a house with your infernal

long white sheet! Why couldn't you put the

"Why, indeed?" he echoed. "Look here,

mate, I'm very sorry for this little mistake— I am, indeed. And frightening the young

lady and all. I am the darndest driveling

idiot of a ghost. What shall I do now to

"Do? What can you do, but go right

"Shall I," he said, "shall I appear to the

"Certainly not; on no account. You are

"Indeed, that is the only thing you can do.

"Well, then, I suppose I had better go."

Go at once, and have the goodness never to

He began to disappear. I seemed to breathe

more freely. Then the shape, which had al-

most disappeared, started into sight again

with a suddenness which brought back the

horror which first seized me.
"One word, sir," he said. "I am afraid I

haven't come well out of this affair. Now

s'pose-I only say s'pose-I can put you on to

a good thing. It may be a wreck lying in

pot of money; it may be coins, or may be

come and tell you, it might go some way to

getting into your good opinion again."
"No," I replied. "I want nothing, except

an assurance that I shall never see you

Well, sir, I feel that I can't go against your wishes. I promise. No malice, eh? When we meet again, which we may, there

I have often wondered who Mr. Joseph

done, and how he managed to offend my

now mays is Manufactured.

know the orthodox mode of preparing

Samoa, by young and of course pretty

girls, and the masticated stuff being

thrown into a bowl and mixed with water,

the woody particles are fished out with a wisp of the fiber vau (a malvaceous tree,

Paritium sp.), and the liquor is then carried round to each guest in order. Of

course, by the old school this mode of

preparation is thought very superior to

the Tongan innovation of pounding or

grating the root Certainly the ingre-

lients differ somewhat, and the dash of

human secretion in the orthodox mixture

possibly promotes digestion—an effect not

to be despised after a square meal of half

Even in the humblest menage the na-

tional bowl is not prepared without some

form and circumstance-elaborate tradi-

the bowl and rinsing the fiber, strict at-

tention to precedence in handing the cup

to the guests (a matter in which, when

Europeans were concerned, I was in other

islands sometimes consulted), and to other

points of etiquette, the transgression of

which is viewed with some severity

Thus it is derigueur to empty your cocoa-

nut cup at a single draught On my first

occasion of drinking I had neglected this

rule, for the cup was large, and the taste,

as I thought, nasty Accordingly, on re-turning the cup, which you do by sending it spinning along the floor to the master of ceremonies, the usual quiet clapping of hands and murmur of applause which should follow this was withheld. On dis-covering the cause of the silence I has-tened to explain that I had never tasted

the cup before, and thought it so good

that I could not resist prolonging the pleasure, but I saw that my solecism was too great to be easily excused.—Black-

Why Have a Seal on Deeds?

club, at New Haven, the venerable David

Dudley Field said "Another of the anom-

alies which should be eliminated from our

legal system is the distinction between

sealed and unsealed instruments. Can

anybody give a reason for this distinc-tion, except the historic one that seals

were used when most men were unable to

write? Now when most men do write,

why use the seal? Or if the seal is used,

why give it a significance and importance not given to the writing? I find in your revised statutes a provision that a deed

of real property must have a seal and two witnesses at the least. You cannot trans-

In a recent address before the Yale Kent

a dozen pounds of yam!

I suppose most people by this time

It is chewed, or ought to be, as in

statues; but if I should hear of it, and was to

or five fathom Turk's Islands way; it

be buried treasure; it may be only a

young lady to-night after she goes to bed? I

can easily do it, and then explain it all."

a fool you must have taken me for."

now I shall think still less of them."

"Much the same as you-sancti

think me Joe Morgan?"

"Because you are."

He was stupefied.

that Yokohama business.

question before you began?

make things square again!"

not to disturb her at all."

He sighed.

will be no malice, I hope."

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I don't know what you call dat in Anglish,

Some Wild Balsam of Tar I tink. He's good for de Cough, Cold, and dem ting.

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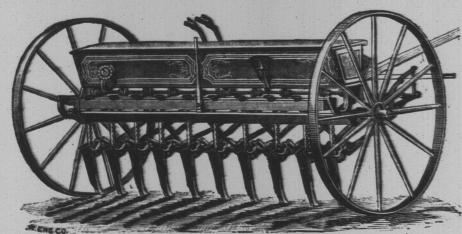
Parties intending to build should call and get

Frames, Sash, Doors, Mouldings,

Prices right and satisfaction guaranteed. tional motions of the hands in clearing

Corner Cambridge and Wellington Streets.

Noxon's new steel Hoosier Drill



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THE ONLY DRILL made in which the depth of the hoes can be instantly changed to suit THE ONLY DRILL made which will sow all kinds of grain even; can be changed from Drill-

THE UNLY DRILL made which will sow all kinds of grain even; can be changed from Drilling to Broadcasting in less than one minute's time.

When used with broad cast teeth it will do work equal to any cultivator.

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witnesses at the least. You cannot transfer to your neighbor a cabin for \$100 without these ceremonials; but you may transfer to him \$1,000,000 worth of railway stock by a simple signature, without seal or witness. Upon a sealed instrument you may bring suit within seventeen years; but if the seal is wanting you must sue within six years. Is it a reason why these anomalies should be retained in the valley of the Connecticut, because they come from the valley of the Thamest—Scientific American.

EUGENE FEE. LOCAL AGENT, LINDSAY P.O.