

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The old year has passed, with its joys and its sorrows; The New Year has come, with its hope and its fears; And now on its threshold of a new dawn we stand, Dear friends, we would wish you a Happy New Year.

We ask not for honor, we ask not for treasure, These but a moment—they soon disappear; Through years we wish you and gold and whose future, Go, friends, could not bring you a Happy New Year.

We know not what comes may come now or hereafter, We know not what joy or what grief may be near; We know not what voice may be heard from our choir; When next we shall meet you a Happy New Year.

But we know that the words of our Father in Heaven Things needful to know, dwell in every heart; He will not withhold who a Father has given, And oh! may we send you a Happy New Year Amen.

## My Mother's Prayer.

As I wandered round the hospital, Many a dear familiar spot Brought to mind my mother's face, Scars I'd seen on her brow, Here, the deep, old-fashioned well, With its mosses and ivy, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell, To the heart that is true and true.

Just as when a child I ran, To the garden door, and out and in; Once a source of childish dread, Now a place of peace and calm, Lo! I saw my mother's hand.

Quick I drew it from the book, Covered it with a kiss so long; When, behold, I heard her say, "Strains of one familiar song, Often sung by dear mother, In the hour of my setting, At the dusk of evening, Near my cradle bed I'm sleeping, As of yore, by mother's side."

Hands are on my head so loving, As they were in childhood days; I, with weary tears, am trying To repeat the words she said: "Tis a prayer in language simple, As a mother's lips can frame: 'Father, Thou who art in heaven, Hallowed, ever, be Thy name.'"

Prayer is over to my pillow, With a "good-night" kiss I creep, Scarcely waking when I whisper, "Now I lay me down to sleep, Then my mother, or my blessing, Prays in earnest words, but mild: 'Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father, Bless, oh bless, my precious child!'"

Yet I am but only dreaming; Never till I see dear mother, Many years have passed since then, In the quiet grave, I lie, But her blessed angel spirit, Still hovers o'er my head, Calling me from earth to heaven, Even from my cradle bed.

## A Street Scene in Berlin.

The Sympathies of a Crowd aroused by a Gentleman's Actions.

A stylishly-dressed gentleman was walking on the Boulevard carrying a young child on his arm. He stopped in front of a large house. The child, which looked ill, was here set down and apostrophized in the following heartless fashion: "Go up the stairs yourself, I am not going to carry you," upon which the child began to cry, in tones of distress, "Dear papa, do! You know I can't walk like I was run over by the carriage." At these words a group of gentlemen gathered round, who uttered words of disapprobation. Yet the unfeeling parent seemed to pay no heed. "Nonsense," he exclaimed, "if you don't go up the stairs at once I will beat you black and blue." And suiting the action to the words he struck the child a blow on the head that laid it flat on the ground. The crowd became exasperated. "Is that your child?" cried one of the gentlemen. "What is that to you?" was the rude reply. "He is my father he is my father," moaned the child; "he killed my mother, and now he wants to kill me." The father clenched his fist and was about to repeat the blow, but was prevented by one of the bystanders, who said: "If you don't at once give up your shameful and brutal conduct, I will give you into custody." Stung into rage at these words, the father tore himself loose and searched his pockets for a weapon. "He is getting out of my knife—he is going to stab you—take care!" the child shrieked; "he stabs everybody that makes him angry." At these words the crowd fell back, only two men, however, the rest stood their ground shouting: "Fetch a policeman, arrest him!" "If I am to be arrested, I'll know the reason why," roared the father, and before anyone could prevent it, he plunged the knife full force into the body of the child. An inarticulate cry, and the words: "he has murdered me!" were the last sound uttered by the unhappy creature. All the crowd made a rush at the father, and were preparing to lynch him on the spot, when he quite coolly took up his child on his arm, raised his hat and said: "Gentlemen, this is a doll; I am a ventriloquist, and shall be happy to receive any contributions, however small." He afterwards walked away highly pleased with the proceeds of his little performance. —BERLINER TAGBLATT.

A private despatch from Valparaiso says cholera has increased at that port to an alarming extent, the number of cases daily reaching 130, of which 80 to 90 prove fatal.

Mr. John Hay Athol Macdonald C.B., the ex-Lord Advocate, is a many-sided man and has already made his mark in the Commons as a debater. He has a reputation, too, as a story-teller, yet what a man he made of a famous Scotch story in his speech on the second reading of the Crofters bill. He spoke of a "soldier no dead who had been taken prisoner in India and marched up country" etc. The soldier "now dead" was Mr. Macdonald's countryman Sir David Baird, a man of notoriously violent temper, who, as a regimental officer, was one of the prisoners taken by Hyder Ali in the unsuccessful attack on Seringapatam towards the close of last century. The Oriental despot chained his prisoners two and two, and flung them into the subterranean dungeons of the fortress. The news of this cruel incarceration, which it reached England, sent a thrill of horror through the land; but the sole comment on it made by Baird's stout mother was "God help the poor child that's chained up our Davy!" —London World.

A STRANGE CAREER.—There recently died in Beckham, Me., an Italian musician, F. A. D. Singh, whose life was out of the ordinary. He was when a boy apprenticed to an image peddler of Luca, and with him he wandered about with a load of images on his head. On reaching England he ran away from his master and enlisted in the English army and was sent to Canada. While the regiment was at Quebec the band played a selection, which was so well received that the bandmaster, who was the composition of the bandmaster. Young Singh recognized it as an old Italian melody. That evening at the barracks he watched the air, until he was interrupted by the bandmaster, who asked him where he heard that. The Italian was quite witted. "Hear the band play it," he said. The bandmaster was pleased and Singh was put into the band. He afterwards deserted and went to Maine, where, after earning a precarious living by soliciting and laboring, he at last got solemnly enlisted as a musician. He was born a Roman Catholic, became a Methodist and died a Swedenborgian. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### THE COUNTRY'S CROPS—BRIEF REPORT OF THE FAT STOCK SHOW.

The Farmers' Jersey Cow Eurotas and Her Descendants—How to Make a Cheap and Serviceable Ice House—Matters of General Interest.

Ice is regarded in many sections of the country as a necessity, and most farmers who have built ice houses and harvested and put their crops in the hands of a good profit in addition to affording a luxury. There are many plans for ice houses; the success of all these in large measure depends on ventilation at the top, drainage below and plenty of packing material all around the ice.



FIG. 1—ICE HOUSE.

The illustrations show an above ground ice house described and approved by Minnesota Farmer. The house is constructed of a single wall, boarded up on the inside. It may be built with double walls if preferred, but this will add somewhat to the cost. The filling and removing is done at the end, boards being slipped in to close the opening, a swinging door at the other end, if preferred. The building is left open at the gables, as shown, or horizontal slats may be used, being sure to leave space between sufficient for ventilation. Engraving No. 2 shows a cross section and the manner of packing the ice; a drain pipe is shown underneath.

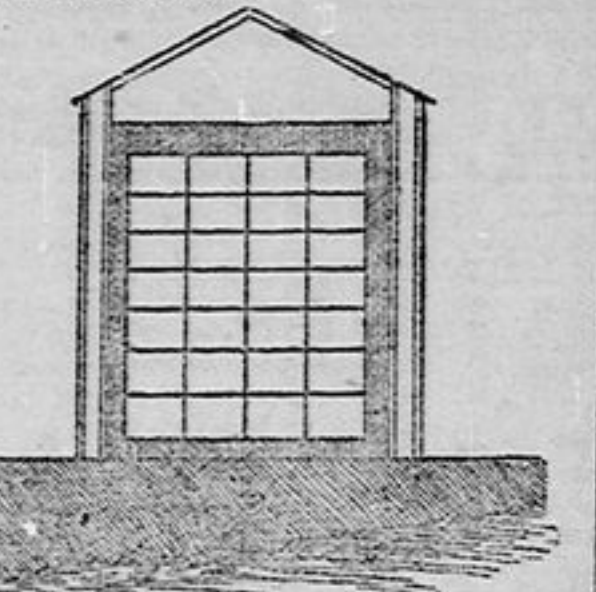


FIG. 2—SECTIONAL VIEW.

The walls may be of well matched, rough boards and the roof the same, well battened so as to shed rain. See that the drainage is good; if not naturally underdrained, put in tile or a stone drain. The small square in Fig. 3 represents the blocks of ice, which are best cut of uniform size. The small dots show packing material—saw dust, tan bark, finely cut straw, or some other non-conducting material. If cut straw is used the layer must be at least a couple of feet in thickness, and there should be a similar amount above and below the ice; it is safer to put still more on top, and be sure to weight it down well. Of course, if double walls are used, less of the packing material will be needed at the sides. Pack the ice blocks firmly together so that there will be no air spaces between. A solid mass of ice is what is wanted.

### Crops of the Country.

The quality of the corn crop is much lower than usual. The last estimate made by the department of agriculture placed the yield at 19.9 per acre, or about 1,434,000 bushels.

The final estimate for the potato crop is 131,000,000 bushels, against 165,000,000 bushels last year.

The apple crop, while small everywhere, is, according to Statistician Dodge, the largest in the eastern states, the average standing being Maine, New Hampshire, 63; Vermont, 63; Massachusetts, 71; Connecticut, 53, and New York, 70. The best crops are from New Jersey, southward to the Carolinas there is no return of over 45.

There appears to be no question but the cotton crop of the country is short of expectation and smaller than the year's requirements. Hence it is predicted that cotton growers will receive enhanced prices for their crop.

The American clover seed crop is short, but it is thought there will be enough for home consumption. From England come reports of an average crop.

The onion crop, it appears, is a short one all over the country.

### Death of the Famous Jersey Cow Eurotas.

The death of the famous Jersey cow Eurotas, at Mr. A. B. Darlington's farm at Darlington, N. J., recalls this wonderful cow's record as a butter producer, and the fabulous prices at which her descendants have been sold at public and private sales. Eurotas (2,555), calving Aug. 13, 1871, bred by R. M. Rice, Morrisania, N. Y., by Rector H. 1879, dam Europa (176). When two years old she became the property of Mr. Darlington, and has since been a prominent feature of Valley Farm, at Darlington. The fame of Eurotas came with the astonishing butter test that lasted through one year. She gave 778 pounds of butter in eleven months and six days and dropped a fine calf within the year. Her second bull calf, Pedro, sold for \$10,000; another bull calf, Michael Angelo, sold for the enormous price of \$12,500. To Eurotas and her descendants is due, in large measure, the popularity of the Jersey and the lively competition among breeders, which has resulted in the many fine specimens that today exist in this country, a necessary result of the various strains of Jersey blood, but that of other breeds.

### Making Apple Butter.

Apple butter is old fashioned, but it is also very palatable and very healthful. An excellent reason for calling it "apple butter" is that it is made of apples. In any farmhouse that boasts of a kettle large enough to cook the apples in, put on two or three young, strong arms to assist in stirring the mass. The recommended amount of the best possible products into which to transform apples that have become bruised or spotted, and which will not keep long in the natural state. To make old time apple butter, boil down sweet cider to a little less than half its volume. Pare and cut up the apples and place in a large brass or copper kettle and fill up with the boiled cider. Boil over a slow fire until the apples are thoroughly cooked. Skim the mass constantly with a wooden paddle or blade set at right angles to the end of a stick long enough for the one using it to stand back from the fire and with the blade long enough to reach the bottom of the kettle, thus keeping the contents motionless. The white. This constant motion is required, else the pulp would settle and burn to the bottom of the kettle.

Flavor with allspice, cinnamon and cloves to suit individual taste. When goodness and advantage is a few added to the apples improve the flavor for most tastes.

The lowest yield reported to the department of agriculture from the great corn states is from Kansas, where the estimate is only twelve bushels per acre.

Dakota reports a larger apple crop than the average.

Mr. C. J. Wetmore, secretary of the California board of state viticultural commissioners, reports the wine crop as a light one about 15,000,000, and the raisin crop at from 250,000 to 300,000 boxes.

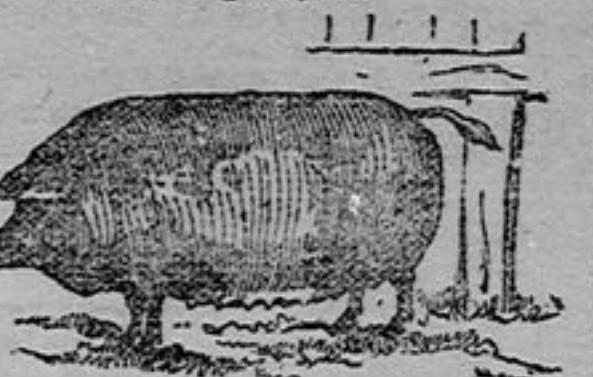
Truck farmers throughout southern Louisiana are making extensive preparations for the coming season. It is reported that 2,000 acres will be planted in strawberries, besides a large area in fruit trees and early vegetables of all kinds.

The cranberry crop is some 60,000 bushels less than that of last year.

## The Fat Stock Show.

The fat stock shows have increased in popularity with each year, and it is safe to say that the tenth annual exhibition recently held in Chicago, Ill., stands ahead of all the others that have preceded it. The different states were well represented and the show of stock was a large one, with the show of the exhibits quite up to the standard. Short-horns took the sweepstakes for the best single animal and several of the prizes in special classes. The Aberdeen Angus took the grand prize for the best herd shown. The exhibition of grades or crossbred animals was an interesting feature of the show.

The horse show held in connection with the fat stock show, although a recent feature, proved one of the finest exhibits of the kind ever made. This country's exhibits in the various draft classes were very fine and there were also some fine specimens of the American trotter—Cleveland bays, carriage and hack horses. The draft horses represented the Pennsylvania, English shire, French draft, Belgium, etc.



A TOWNWORTH BOW.

In the swine exhibit there were seventeen exhibitors with about 100 animals all told, including Poland-Chinas, Berks-shires, Victorias, Duroc-Jerseys, Essex, Suffolk, Yorkshires, Chester Whites, two Gothlands, one Tamworth, with various grades and crosses. The heaviest hog on exhibition was Sir Robert, a Tamworth, 5 years old, weighing 615 pounds. Thomas Bennett, Rossville, Ill., the weight of this animal was 600 pounds. The sheep exhibit was a fairly good one; a novelty was the Dorset horned. Doria were well represented. There was a very creditable show of swine. The poultry show was immense, and included every known breed.

The premium list is said to have reached this year \$17,000. Next year the word "fat" will be omitted from the name of the show, and the exhibition will include not only fat cattle, but breeding cattle as well.

### Cooking Food for Swine.

The perennial question, "Does it pay to cook food for swine?" was asked at the annual meeting of the National Swine Growers' association, at Chicago, members being asked to give their views on the pros and cons of the subject. A member from Indiana advocated cooking food, especially when Professor Stewart's plan is followed, said also being a mixture of clover hay or similar bulky substance with meal or shorts. This member steams the meal thoroughly and mixes with cut clover hay, making eleven to sixteen pounds of pork from a bushel of meal. He uses oats, bran, a little corn and clover hay in summer, to get the desired bulk. In winter he gives the feed warm, his idea being that fattening animals should never be cooled.

Professor Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment station, claims that he has data sufficient to warrant the statement that there is a positive loss in cooking food for fattening purposes. In addition to the loss by cooking, Professor Henry avers his hogs fed uncooked food do not consume so much, as a rule, in a given time as gain in weight comes from the excess of food digested above that required for maintenance, the extra amount consumed all goes to give increased weight. Hogs then given dry food consume it much more slowly than when wet. In noting slowly there is probably a much larger amount of saliva mixed with the food, which may go far in aiding more complete digestion.

### The Drive Well Patent Void.

The drive well patent, which has been a source of both loss and controversy to farmers in many sections of the country, and which has heretofore been sustained by the supreme court, has been declared void. This decision was based on the ground that the patent was an infringement on the case of Andrews, Green and others against George Hoser, brought to Washington by appeal from the United States circuit court for the southern district of Iowa. This court holds that the drive well patent is void, and that the drive well is a first time used at Cortland, N. Y., by others than Green, more than two years before the application for the patent was made, is fatal to the patent's validity.

### The American Way.

As a rule the American never wants to relax. He has an idea that it is his duty "to do with the harness on." Accordingly he keeps himself in the traces, he works day and night, his hours of recreation are reduced to a minimum, he doesn't even give himself sufficient time to eat his meals in such a way that his food can be the most easily digested, the tension of his nervous system is never relaxed. He has his wish, he does "with the harness on," but his death takes place at eight or ten years earlier than it would if he had known how to do his work without excitement, and to give himself the repose which advancing years require. It is true that there is much to be said for the "harness on" method, for it tends to which would be preferable, for, with excelsior life in a mental condition requiring the watchful care of his friends or the incarceration within the walls of a lunatic asylum.

I have said that this is the fault of the average American, not by any means implying that there are not many who are wise enough to act differently, and also many who, notwithstanding their sins against the laws of their being, manage to escape in this world, at least, the full punishment for their offenses. But I do mean to say that such cases are infinitely more common among us than among any other nation on the face of the earth, and that Americans, more than any other people, are so coasted, that either from force or education, that undue mental excitement is a necessary evil to their existence.—William A. Hammond in New York Mail and Express.

### Up in a Balloon.

Our ship goes softly on its way—higher and higher, the earth seems bigger and bigger, as the circular line makes with the fog below larger and larger. With two and a quarter tons' weight, still our bird moves rapidly upward—now miles, now two and a half. We sail far above the fields of yellow wheat, the dark green corn of Illinois. Rivers are mere white threads, and lakes are patches of silver in the sea of blue. The forest trees are bushes that look as if a small scythe might easily mow them down. The thin air and our rapid upward flight makes my head roar, as if with the sounds of many drums; I feel dizzy—like one about to faint away.

Now we are 15,000 feet high—nearly three miles. Our ship has not yet come to the extreme top of her flight. We are far above the clouds. Over the edges of the thick white vapor we gaze at the earth spread out below like a map, with green and gray and brown and yellow and blue thereon. From the discomfort of 90 degrees of heat in the shade when we left the earth we have come to the chilly comfort of 57—a drop of nearly 60 degrees in less than an hour. This is a quick turn—one that never comes to man or beast below. Yet up here, where we are sailing softly, the air is so dry that the cold affects us much less than would the same temperature on the earth's surface.—St. Nicholas.

### Familiar with It.

Lawyer (to court)—Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath?

Little boy—Yes, sir; it's something I say to use to tell a stovepipe with.—Boston Transcript.

### A Strange Story.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch contains an article headed "Facts About Fish." It was not supposed, from the story of anglers, that there were any facts about fish.—Norristown Herald.

### At a Gentle Hint.

When we've a minute free and thaw, Our comfort would be much increased If we could have a change of straw In horse care, once a month, at least.—Boston Courier.

## A Dull Time.

Mrs. De Hobson (the hostess)—Do you dance, Mr. Little? Mr. Little—Oh, dear, now, I can't dance. Mrs. De Hobson—Shall I present you to Miss Liberty? Mr. Little—Thanks, now, I never talk. Mrs. De Hobson—I am afraid you are finding it rather dull, but (happy thought) supper will be served shortly.—New York Star.

She Was Going to Rome. Mr. Blueblood (of Boston)—And so you are really going to Europe, Miss Liberty? Miss Liberty (of Chicago)—Yes, we sail next week. I carry you. You will visit Rome, of course? Oh, my, yes. Buffalo Bill, you know, expects to show there at the Coliseum.—Texas Sittings.

Trials of Life. Barber (to customer)—But you notice that gentleman who just went out? Customer—Yes. Barber—I've shaved him for over five years. Customer—You don't say so? Five years! Heaven, how he must have suffered!—The Epoch.

A Clear Case. "Young man," said the physician, impatiently, "your symptoms indicate early degeneration of the heart." "I presume they do, doctor," replied the youth, dejectedly. "I am engaged to a young woman who weighs 314 pounds.—Chicago Tribune.

A Just Judge. Irish Judge (to prisoner)—Have you anything to say by way of sentence should not be passed? Prisoner—No, your honor. Irish Judge—The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned for the rest of your natural life, with the usual commutation for good behavior.—New York Sun.

Two Views of Winter. Then it's hot for the muffer and seal skin cap. And toboggan slide and skate. And hot for a star and slip and fall. And a bruised and bleeding pate.—Chicago Mail.

More Important Business. H. H. H. (to the prince)—Albert, isn't it today that you lay the corner stone for the new cathedral? Prince—It was the day fixed, but I've had the ceremonies postponed. My friend, Mr. Sullivan, gives a slugging entertainment this afternoon.—The Epoch.

A Burst of Indignation. He—What do you think about this white horse and red-haired girl nonsense, Miss Redtop? She (with fire)—I think it has got to be a horse chestnut.—New York Sun.

Anticipating a Guest. Customer (to the restaurateur)—The last time I was here, waiter, I found a hair in my soup. Are you sure this is all right? Waiter (confidently)—Yes, sah; I don't look 'em all out.—The Epoch.

Metal and Medicine. The chief student knows that pills Are not distributable from retail. The rule of medicine is this—"Physician, heal thyself!"—Tid Bits.

## Entrance Examinations.

Lindsay High School. The following are the names of candidates admitted by the examiners, and number of marks obtained, 755 being the maximum:

Names.	Schools.	Marks.
Simpson, Myron.	Cobocouk.	541
Agnew, Wm.	Ops II.	524
Sheriff, Laura.	Dunston.	508
Keys, Maggie.	Reabro.	484
Dorgan, Nettie.	Emily 15.	470
Gray, Rita.	Reabro.	466
Downey, Michael.	Ops 4.	459
Graham, Harry.	Kimcount.	457
Farrell, Lida.	Ops 10.	455
Connolly, George.	Ops II.	454
Sylvester, Mable.	Lindsay.	447
O'Boyle, Austin.	Ops 4.	445
Palen, Albert.	Lindsay.	444
Brady, Katie.	Ops 1.	443
Weldon, Florence.	Lindsay.	442
Graham, O'Pary.	Ops 1.	435
Fee, Gussie.	Ops 1.	425
McCarthy, Bertie.	Ops 1.	421
Bessette, Mary.	Convent.	418
Smart, Lena.	Ops 1.	414
Abbott, Bella.	Verulam 3.	415
Fallis, E. M.	Bethany.	415
Irvine, Wellington.	Manvers 10.	415
Irvin, Emma.	Ops 5.	411
Watson, Annie.	Lindsay.	409
Gallon, Meta.	Ops 1.	405
Higinbotham, Gerty.	Ops 1.	402
Bate, Sylvia.	Ops 1.	401
Burke, Agnes.	Ops 1.	398
Cameron, Wm.	Lindsay.	398
Buck, Nellie.	Convent.	390
Maloney, Jennie.	Ops 2.	389
Read, James S.	Lindsay.	389
Rankin, Arthur.	Ops 1.	388
Hopkins, Lizzie.	Ops 1.	387
Duffus, Charles.	Ops 1.	386
McGregor, Walter.	Ops 1.	381
Dunson, David.	Ops 1.	380
Curtis, John.	Verulam 10.	379
Keith, John.	Lindsay.	379
Knight, Edith.	Ops 1.	378
Thompson, E.	Dunstable.	378

## Oakwood High School.

The following are the names of candidates who passed the entrance examination at the Oakwood high school, December, 1887. There were 84 candidates, and 38 passed:

332 Katie Greaves.	Palatine.
333 Ada Brown.	Palatine.
334 Belle White.	Woodville.
335 Albert White.	10, Mariposa.
336 Lillian A. Northcott.	Camron.
337 Anna Min.	Little Britain.
338 Mary McKee.	Woodville.
339 Kate Stoddard.	Woodville.
340 Maggie McLean.	Woodville.
341 Emma Holmes.	Palatine.
342 Maud Johnson.	Palatine.
343 Christina McPherson.	Woodville.
344 Amelia Rogers.	6, Mariposa.
345 Minnie Marshall.	Cambray.
346 John A. Min.	Kirkfield.
347 Barbara Dale.	6, Mariposa.
348 Ethel Johnston.	Cannington.
349 Bert Perry.	Kirkfield.
350 My Greene.	Fenelon Falls.
351 Seneca Bear.	Woodville.
352 Emma King.	15, Mariposa.
353 Samuel Byers.	Bracebridge.
354 John Campbell.	Lomeville.
355 Cephas Mark.	Little Britain.
356 William Greenway.	Little Britain.
357 Jessie Gorrell.	6, Mariposa.
358 Minnie May Reid.	2, Bexley.
359 Charles Edwards.	Fenelon Falls.
360 Duncan Campbell.	Kirkfield.
361 L. Easton Pogue.	Little Britain.
362 Annie McNabb.	Lalay.
363 Annie McNabb.	Camron.
364 Fannie L. Bodman.	Mariposa.
365 Arthur Keith.	Fenelon Falls.
366 Fred Mauder.	Camron.
367 John Davidson.	17, Mariposa.
368 Maud Sanford.	Fenelon Falls.

## Still at the Helm.—The "Old Man."

according to his own account, enters on his seventy-fourth year to-day, but those who claim to know him better say that he is really 76. We would not be surprised if the latter figure is the correct one. But still more surprising is the fact that Sir John is as young, indeed appears younger, than he was ten years ago. Within the last five years, so his doctors say, he has acquired a new constitution, and the restrictions enforced in the matter have been removed without injury. He attaches great store to a prophecy made by an old gypsy woman whose son he prosecuted in a horse case at Belleville some forty-five years ago. The old dame, pointing her finger in anger, said "John A., you shall live to see me die." "May the devil and you go hunting together for sixty years to come!"

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The best Place in the County to send your Wool.

J. W. WALLACE.

We have a Large Stock of all kinds of RUBBER GOODS Which we will Sell Cheap.

RUBBER GOODS

Which we will Sell Cheap.

AT THE

Lindsay Cheap Boot & Shoe House.

R. NEIL,

The One Price and Cheap Boot and Shoe Man.

DAILY HOUSE BLOCK.

Lindsay and Peterboro.

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