

of Adver-... Total... 58 28 66... 34 18 76... 24 15 60... 28 16 48... 83 39 13... 39 21 12... Victoria, as directed... dated the Tenth... of the above par... y, as above set out... is sooner paid) at... of Victoria, at the... of February, 1892... HAS MATCHETT, County Treasurer... ber, 1891... Lands... OSAY... ed by the Mayor of... called by the corporate... 1891, and to me direct... land for the arrears... as the said taxes and... of February, 1892 at... of the Town of Lindsay... hereof as may be su... red... Cost of Adver-... and Commission... 1 40... 1 52... 1 66... 1 68... 2 13... 1 43... 1 54... 1 68... 1 33... 1 51... 1 45... 1 45... 1 45... RED. KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer... Scientific American Agency for... TRADE MARKS... DESIGN PATENTS... COPYRIGHTS, etc... free Handbook write to... BROADWAY, New York... securing patents in America... out by us is brought before... given free of charge in the... ic American... of any scientific paper in the... illustrations, New York... about it. Weekly, \$3.00... this. Address MUNN & CO.,... New York... 1891... Mills... WANTED... tra when traded... S USUAL... bl is found:— Flannel - 20c per Yard... - 30c... - 30 to 50c... to \$3.00 per pair... WING... d for cotton; double... to cts for cotton... DING... machine and will... ne. Price 5 cts... g... ORTEST NOTICE... llen Goods; also... TTED GOODS, ETC... apest... nd on all lots of for... ay freight to mill (th... g wool should always... eral parcels by sam... s owners name be... ined to give satisfac... y trade, and will gu... rned out... Mills, Lindsay... LLACE... Manager.

THE ELDER'S SERMON.
elder told us yesterday we had not learned to live, we learned how blessed 'tis to pardon and forgive; dear, sweet, precious words he spoke like heavenly manna fell; perfect peace they brought our hearts no human words can tell. "How is he?" were the first words, referring, of course, to her uncle. Dr. Darling's face became graver. He relinquished the lady's hand, and answered, "Very ill. It seems to me that he can't live more than a day or two." "I should so like to see him," she began. The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid it's useless to ask that," he said, with a touch of sympathy in his voice. "I did hint at your wish, but I could do no good." He did not think it necessary to add that the ill-conditioned old man had ordered his niece and her children to be packed off as soon as possible. "Then I may as well go back to town. I shall have had my journey for nothing," said the widow, beginning to cry again quietly. "Don't, don't," said the doctor, patting the back of her hand. Let's change the subject. So these are your children, Mrs. Druce! Dear me! I can hardly believe it. Will you come and speak to me, my little man? The poor woman brightened up directly; if her tears came rather readily they were never long a-drying. She was proud of her offspring, and would have talked of them for an hour. After a few minutes the doctor rose to go. "Why shouldn't you visit your mother-in-law since you are here?" he suggested. "I know what you would say; but she may be inclined to let bygones be bygones. She lives all alone in a great, half empty house. If she were to ask you and the children to stay for a week or two, it would do you all a great deal of good. Good-bye." The kind hearted doctor said that his advice would be followed, and he rode straight into Blatherwick to prepare the old lady for her daughter-in-law's arrival. Hardly had the door of the manor-house closed upon Mrs. Druce and her family when a tall, dark-haired girl peeped out of the dining room, and then walked out into the great stone-paved hall. There she met a young man, as unlike herself as he could possibly be; for Mr. Walter Grigsby was small, light-haired, almost feminine in appearance. They were both connections of Mr. Dalton. Georgiana Hawkins, that was the girl's name, had lived at Manor Cross for the last 12 months, and Grigsby was her accepted lover. "Have you seen them, Georgie?" said the young man in a low voice. "No," said the girl with a shudder; "that is, I saw them as they got into the fly. A dowdy, ill-dressed, middle-aged woman, and a whole troop of ill-mannered, gawky children. What can they want here?" The young man smiled. "I fancy she wanted to see your uncle." (The word uncle was a courtesy title merely, the connection being in reality much more distant.) "The idea!" exclaimed Georgiana, her dark brows contracting as she spoke. "I suppose she really hoped to make him alter his will. But there's no chance of that, is there?" "I should think not! I would never allow such a thing—that is, I think I have influence enough to prevent such an act of injustice as that. She took her own way when she married that London attorney, and it is simply mean of her to try to sneak back into uncle's good graces now." The young gentleman said nothing, but he looked pleased, and shortly after left the room. No other visitors came to Manor Cross that day, except grooms who rode over to inquire politely for the squire. The Daltons were "new" people in the neighborhood (though they had been there for the last 20 years), and had not been altogether accepted by the county families. It was in the year 1857 that Simon Dalton, a retired soap manufacturer, had bought Manor Cross and the adjoining estate, with the intention of setting up as a country gentleman. His wife had been dead for many years; and his family then consisted of his two sons, both well advanced in life, and a little baby girl, the infant daughter of James, the younger of the two brothers, who had lately lost his wife. James Dalton was even then in consumption, and he died within six months of the family settling down at Manor Cross. The old man did not survive his son many years; and when he died his eldest son, Jonathan reigned in his stead, Jonathan had never married, and, especially since his niece's marriage, had lived a very lonely life. Twelve months ago, however, he had

sent for Georgiana Hawkins, who was a second or third cousin, to live with him, on the understanding that she would inherit the Manor Cross property. Her engagement with young Grigsby had been formed soon after this change in the young lady's fortune. Mr. Dalton had given a kind of grumbling assent to the match, but it was quite understood that there was to be no wedding until after the old man's death. Thanks to Mr. Darling's arguments, Mrs. Druce, Sr., consented to invite her daughter-in-law and the children for three or four weeks. Her husband, like her son, had been a solicitor, and she still lived in the large, old-fashioned house in Blatherwick in which the legal business had been carried on. There was room enough in it for any number of children. On the third day after this visit began, Mr. Jonathan Dalton died. At Dr. Darling's suggestion Mrs. Druce was invited to attend not only the funeral, but the scarcely less important ceremony that was to follow—the reading of the will. The widow would gladly have declined these invitations, but the doctor advised and finally persuaded her to accept them both. Old Mrs. Druce, "for the sake of the family," as she openly avowed, bade her daughter-in-law go to Miss Easy, the Blatherwick dressmaker, and get a new mourning bonnet and dress; so that, after all, the poor woman was able to present a respectable appearance on the occasion. After the funeral the late squire's lawyer, Mr. Pusey, his executors, Georgiana and her lover, with Mrs. Druce and her staunch friend, Dr. Darling, assembled in the library at the Manor house to learn what Mr. Dalton had done with his property; and, after a fitting silence had been obtained, Mr. Pusey took out the will and began to read it. Mrs. Druce, who expected nothing, was hardly listening to the lawyer's words. She looked very nice in her new black clothes. Her silky, fair hair shone like gold under her bonnet; the country air had brought a tinge of color to her smooth cheeks. "She would grow quite plump, I believe, if it were not her poverty, poor thing," said the doctor to himself with a sigh, as he glanced at her and thought how like Mrs. Druce was to the Ada Dalton whom he remembered. Suddenly he heard her name spoken by Mr. Pusey. The widow herself had heard it and started. Was she to have a thousand pounds after all? Georgiana and Walter Grigsby were listening with all their ears, a look of undisguised anxiety on their faces. Mrs. Druce was very pale; her heart was beating so that it hurt her. The dry, monotonous tones of the lawyer's voice went on: "And I bequeath to my niece, Ada Druce, who has married against my express command and desire, the sum of one shilling sterling." The insult might have been spared; but Jonathan Dalton could not foresee that Ada would come, a forlorn widow, to listen to the reading of the will. The poor woman trembled visibly, and burst into tears. The doctor rose, marched up to her, and gallantly led her out of the room. There was much that was pathetic, but there was also something a little comical in this incident—something which made people who remained in the library cover their lips with their fingers and look downward that they might not be seen to smile. Dr. Darling led Mrs. Druce into the little parlor where he had seen her eight days before. "Oh, Dr. Darling!" she cried "I am so ashamed of myself! What will they all think of me?" "Never mind that, Ada. It was natural that you be disappointed." "It's very hard to bear. He might have left me a thousand pounds, don't you think? It would have been a great thing for me and the poor children." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dainty Way to Furnish a Bedroom.
There is no prettier, fresher, or daintier way of furnishing a bedroom than to have the walls hung with the same chintz as the covering for the furniture and the curtains. With a little brass bedstead trimmed with a founce of the same chintz, a pink, blue, or white dressing-table and washstand, a couple of easy chairs and a lounge covered with the pretty cretonne, and a few other accessories, such as a tea-table, book-shelf, a few favorite photos and pictures and pretty rugs, you have a bedroom fit for a princess. There are some charming patterns shown this season in these lovely chintzes. Every color is represented. Tufts of yellow primroses on the lightest silver-gray grounds, garlands of wild roses on pale turquoise blue, bunches of forget-me-nots on a sort of yellowish cream-color, and natural-looking wood violets sprinkled over a background of a lighter shade of lilac—one and all they are lovely, and so are most difficult to choose from.

The Whale Didn't Know What He Missed.
A sperm whale forty feet long got over the bar at Ocean City during the high tide several nights ago and was left high and dry on the beach by the receding water. All night long his struggles could be heard by the crew of the life-saving station nearby. They sounded like the heavy beating of the surf. After the levitation was dead the residents in the neighborhood gathered and cut away the blubber. In cutting open the monster's stomach there was found a number of empty bottles and a five-gallon demijohn corked and sealed which contained excellent rye whiskey. It is supposed that the whale followed in the wake of the United States ship Despatch, which was wrecked more than a month ago, and swallowed the demijohn as it floated out of the wreck.—Globe-Democrat.

SQUINT THIS WAY, PLEASE!
LARDINE MACHINE OIL.
Farmers, Threshers and Mill Men generally should try the celebrated LARDINE MACHINE OIL. It does not Gum or Clog Machines, and wears equal to Castor Oil.
McCULLS - CYLINDER - OIL.
Guaranteed to be better and cheaper than Tallow. Try above Oils and you will use no others.
McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.
WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?
The latest Blue Book shows that after providing for all liabilities the surplus of the ROYAL CANADIAN for the protection of its policy holders at the close of last year was \$509,074, besides stock to the amount of another \$100,000 subscribed but not called up.
The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was \$67,176 composed entirely of the unassessed portion of premium notes which no policy holder ever expects to be called upon to pay.
The following table shows at a glance how the affairs of the London Mutual have been going during the last few years:—

Year.	Losses unpaid at close of each year.	Cash available for paying losses at close of each year.	Money Borrowed	Surplus reckoning premium notes at full face value.	Investments each year.
1885	\$6,047	\$63,963	None	\$101,816	None
1886	9,878	50,686	None	115,955	\$6,500
1887	12,455	22,701	\$20,000	97,268	8,000
1888	23,014	20,721	40,000	75,334	None
1889	20,436	13,911	40,000	74,068	9,028
1890	26,182	1,403	60,000	67,176	11,797

It should be borne in mind that during the last three years the London Mutual collected in heavy assessments over \$30,000 more than usual, and yet at the close of last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only \$1,403 with which to pay \$26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.
S. CORNEIL,
Agent Royal Canadian Company.
Lindsay, July 22, 1891

A. W. HETTGER
Has removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gernsjaeger east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of
Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroideries, silks and all kinds of Goods in that line.
Wools and other articles now Selling at Cost.
STAMPING DONE TO ORDER
DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed
A. W. HETTGER

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.
MISS O'BRIEN
has opened an assortment of the
LATEST STYLES IN HATS AND BONNETS, TRIMMING EFFECTS, ETC.
and invites the inspection of the ladies. Many of the new styles are pronounced very handsome, and are really moderate in price.
MISS O'BRIEN
Three Doors East of Benson House.

The Watchman
ONLY 50 CENTS PER ANNUM.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Lung Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

SONG LITTLE FORTUNES
Have been made for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jim. Ross, Toronto, Ont. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why don't you? Some earn over \$500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily getting from \$5 to \$10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. Send 25 cents to J. C. Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.

P. TULLY,
Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats.
Orders delivered to any part of the town
—5th door east of the market.

THE AETNA
Life Assurance Company.
ASSETS, - - - - \$35,993,002
SURPLUS, (by Canadian Standard) 7,600,000
INCOME, - - - - 5,796,322
DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA, - 3,000,000
POLICIES IN FORCE - 117,656,381
NEW POLICIES, 1890 - 21,206,702

ENDOWMENTS
The Government Reports for years past show that the AETNA LIFE has paid to living policy holders in CANADA a larger sum in settlement of MATURED ENDOWMENTS than that paid by Canadian and British Companies combined. No better evidence is required of the value and popularity of the AETNA ENDOWMENT Policies.
Cash Dividends paid Every year
JOHN D. MACMURCHY
General Agent.

AUTHORS & COX.
MANUFACTURERS OF—
Trusses, Artificial Limbs & Appliances for all deformities of the Human Body.
Spinal Disease, Hip Joint Disease
Diseases of the Knee and Ankle, Knock Knee, Bow Legs, Club Feet, etc. Also Crutches.
121 CHURCH STREET TORONTO.
Messrs. Authors & Cox.—

HEWWOOD BROS.
This little girl would doubtless have lost her leg, only knowing what to do and how to do it we cured her.
Nov. 1890-46-17.

Four Boys Suspected.
TORONTO, Jan. 6.—William Hickerson was admitted last month to the Toronto General Hospital, suffering from what was thought to be pleurisy. On close examination a fracture of a rib was discovered. He had been carousing with some companions and could not explain the circumstances of his injury. He died last night. Coroner Johnson will hold an inquest.

Took Paris Green.
TORONTO, Jan. 6.—Thomas Holland, a youth employed by Mr. Wood of Prospect Park, suicided yesterday by taking a quantity of paris green. After it was discovered that he had taken the poison a physician was summoned but too late to do any good, and the young fellow died in terrible agony. Deceased was weak minded.

A Good Irish Story.
A quarrel had taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied: "No, yer honor; but I would ask, was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?"—Spectator.