ts of Advermg and Total.

28 66 18 76 patented 15 00 not pard 39 13 Patented 21 12 Patented

of the above parcels of , as above set out, toare sooner paid) at the of Victoria, at Eleven of February, 1892.

IAS MATCHETT, County Treasurer.

ber, 1891.

Lands.

SAY. ed by the Mayor of the

11, and to me directed and for the arrears of the said taxes and cost February, 1892 at the he Town of Lindsay, reof as may be suffi-

Cost of Adver- Total. tising and Commission. 1 52 10 49

D. KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer.

Scientific American Agency for

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found: el - 20c per Yard. - 30c ·· ·· - 30 to 50c .00 per pair.

NG, cotton; double for cotton.

NG, chine and will Price 5 cts.

EST NOTICE

Goods, also

GOODS, ETC,

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o give satisfac. , and will guar-

Lindsay.

Manager.

CE.

OTHER'S CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

kissed her with a soft good-night, Her boy, grown tall and strong; ed she, alone in dim twilight, across the years has gone. seet, patient face, dear mother heart,

athose past years—that nobler part

Aching its sad, lone way

Where little children play. and all the fire-lit, cosy room She filled with vanished joys, ound the hearth, in dark ning gloom, tered her one-time boys.

be Harry played with drum and fife, And led a mimic fray;

and Harold watched an engine puff And o'er the hearth-rug fly;
"Fil be a driver, sure enough,
Won't I, mamma," he'd cry. fell John was all was left to-night,

The others nobly died; me in the thickest of the fight, mione steel rails beside. how have the mother's cheeks there ran Ters born of chastened grief:

seet, patient face, dear mother-heart, Aching its sad, lone way mss to Christmas Eve's apart, Where little children play

the tears that bridge a sorrow's span,

The mid-day train was ploughing its way brough billows of drifting snow. The torm was increasing in violence, and the agine moved more slowly as it advanced. bstacles, and, with a shrill, triumphant side. histle, drew up at the little station of

One of the passengers who left the train this point was a noticeable figure, in nite of the huge ulster which completely aveloped him. He was unusually tall, nderect, and was young and handsomewugh the only features distinctly visible meath his large fur cap were a pair of flashno dark eyes, a shapely nose, and a darknown beard, which latter, as he left the ain, was rapidly changed to white by the

Finding no conveyance at the station, he pulled his cap well over his eyes, and started forward at a rapid rate. "Stranger," the station-master called afterhim, "you'd better wait, or you'll

But the tall man laughed gaily. "I have not far to go, and I know the way well ; no fear for me !"

And in another instant the driving snow had hidden him from sight. He could not sea yard before him, and yet he walked masquickly and as confidently as if it It was a sunny morning, five years ago

when he had last travelled this road, and ret not a day in all those years but he had thought of it as holy ground, because her tethal pressed it. And now the long separation was over for ever! It had been ahminuggle; but at last he had won his my and could give the girl he loved alm, and he was returning to claim his

In the wind blew and the snow drifted wim. The storm was almost like one with blizzards of the far West, from where he came, and would have blinded anyeres but his, on his way to her. It was long since her last letter reached

lim-that shy, sweet letter that lay, with mompanions, upon his throbbing heart. ad she did not even know that he was And now, for the first time, a lashed through his mind: Ought to have told her; would the surprise to great? But no, away with doubts, for he at her door.

He shakes himself free from his mantle of snew, and rings the bell, whose sharp, familiar jingling sets him trembling. I she he self should come! No, for he hears a slow unsteady footstep in the passageway, then the door is opened a

He does not know the woman. "Is Rose-Miss Rose Morris at home?" asks, nurriedly.

She looks at him more curiously. "Come in," she says, and shuts the door chind him before she speaks again. Then, There ain't no Miss Rose Morris now,"

exward: "not dead?" "No, married," said the woman, calmly.

eks, and she's gone away to Wye to live h his folks. "It can't be true! there must be some

There ain't no mistake about it," remed the woman, with a sniff of indignaon, "I'm Mrs. Green, an' I've lived with -an' I worked on her weddin' dress lyself, an' I made her weddin' cake. An' ow I'd like to know who you are, mister, why you'se so mighty interested in Miss se that was, an' her affairs?"

The question was like a dash of cold water I am friend of John Wentworth's. id she never speak of him?"

"Oh, you are?" said the old woman. Well then, you can tell your friend that ome folks haven't much opinion of a man will go so far away and expect a girl to ate all her best years waitin' for himknowin' whether he is comin' back Ver settin' his eyes on her again! You yearning. an tell your friend, Mister John Went-Imphantly. Then relenting a little, as saw the expression of his face, she ad-But Miss Rose gave him notice, she her one thought of prayer wasnote him the week before she was married, sent back his letters an' the things he a given her; there wasn't much to send,"

added sarcastically. put out his hand to stop her. It so cruel, so sudden, and he could room.

snowflakes, which came rushing in,

fore the words had left her lips he | Long after the doctor left him, John sat | He will probably die.

Out in the driving storm again, but helpess and half paralyzed by the sudden blasting of all his hopes. Whose was the fault? He had loved her and trusted her so completely. He had never dreamed of such an ending as this! Had the years seemed longer to her than they were to him, out there in the mines and in the wilderness, where he had toiled for her, and thought of her, both day and night. Her letters had never been frequent, and he had thought them shorter and shyer of late-but stillhe had never dreamed of such a blow as

The fury of the storm rose higher, and he neither saw nor heeded where he went. There was deep despair in his heart and brain, and he went blindly on, growing colder and more hopeless at every step.

At last he realized with a grim sense of humor, that he who had bravely faced the pitiless storms of the northwest-was lost in the snow in the little town where he was

"By and by I shall fall down exhausted," he thought, and perhaps die before I am found;" and then he wondered if Rose would ever know of his death, and whether she would care.

He was growing numb and drowsy; he tried for a moment to shake the feeling off, for he fancied he saw a light gleaming through the storm, but it was of no avail, the sensation of intense drowsiness was creeping over him again. He stumbled, struck something as he fell, groaned slightly, and then lay like a log, insensible.

Inside the little cottage it was warm and pleasant. A rosy little child was there playing with her doll, while the sad-eyed young mother sewed; and the grandfather, the village doctor, sat reading his weekly

There was silence for awhile, broken only by the low crooning of the child, by the corporate seal stat last it pushed its way through all and the sharp howling of the wind out-

have mercy upon all homeless wanderers in such a storm as this. Hark, what was that -did some one knock?" He sprang up and are you comming back? I am riting all went to the door, his daughter followed him. A gust of wind blew the door wide open and the snow came driving in. He held his hand over his eyes and peered out. What was the dark object lying prone before him, already partly covered with the

A tiny figure pushed passed him, and a sweet child's voice rose high above the storm. "Ganpa, ganpa, tum twick! 1 fink it's Santa Claus !"

When John Wentworth came to himself, kind faces were bending over him. He felt dazed and weak, and was conscious of a severe pain in his left arm, which lay powerless beside him. All his intense vitality seemed to be gone, and he lay still as in a

The doctor bent over him, "My poor boy, this was a rough welcome home to you, after all these years! Strange, strange;-why John Wentworth, I pulled you through the measles and the whoopingcough when you were a boy, and, thank God, we found you to-day before you had perished in the snow! But to think that you should fall and break your arm at my very door! We'll have it set presently, and then it will give you less pain. Frances will help me; you remember my daughter, little Frank, with whom you used to play, years ago, when you were both children?" John smiled faintly, as the fair, sweetfaced woman approached him, with the

linen bandages in her hands. The good old doctor worked and chatted over him, and through the dull consciousness of physical and mental pain he felt as if he were a child again under the doctor's

By and by, when the arm was set and he was comfortably settled in the large, easy chair, he heard a little voice outside the door, pleading for admission. "Mamma, mamma, dear, let Fay tum in; Fay wants

to see poor, hurted Santa Claus!" The doctor laughed. "It is our baby, John; she found you! It was her sharp, little eyes that spied 'poor Santa Claus,' half buried in the snow.

"Let her come in," said John. Little Fay approached on tiptoe.

"Santa Claus," said the sprite, "Fay so little, and a wrinkled face peers out at solly," and she reached up to kiss the dark,

Presently the storm abated, and the doctor sent to the station for John's traps, insisting that he should remain with them until the broken arm was well again.

That evening as John sat listlessly watching little Fay, half amused at her attempts to hang up her tiny stocking at the fireplace, he remembered that it was Christ-"My God!" he exclaimed, staggering mas Eve. And when France took the lit-

tle one away to bed, he also left the room. When he returned, he brought an armful She's been Mrs. George Peck these two of Indian beads and trinkets of all descriptions. They were things he had collected to bring back to Rose-but, now-

"Give them to Fay," he said; "they may amuse her for awhile." France remonstrated, but it was no

"I have no one else to give them to," these two years—ever since her mother | he answered, grimly, and all interest dying out of his face he resumed his seat

near the fire. As Frances was arranging the last little Christmas packages, there was a knock at the door, and a moment later her father entered the room with an open telegram in his hand. He was deeply agitated, though he tried to control himself and speak to his

daughter calmly. The color left her face, and she looked at him with an expression of absolute terror. "Father, what is it?" "There is nothing to fear, my poor, dear

child; the end has come. She took the telegram and read it. It or her at all—or whether he hasn't got a dropped from her trembling hands. The (she called it wig-warm) full of terror died out of her face, and in its wives out there, an' no notion of stead came a strange look of sorrowful

Her release had come; her husband orth, that Miss Rose was tired of waitin', was dead. The haunting fear, not for quite sudden she married a respectable herself, but for her child, was at an end. man, who teaches school in Wye, The burden she had borne so long in has enough to live on, an' didn't have silience was lifted. There could be no 30 to Dakota to get it!" she ended more threats, no further dread of horrors such as she had known. Suddenly, without warning, the end had come, and now

> "Oh, Christ, he, too, was once an innocent child! Forgive him his sins, as I forgive him, and save him in spite of all, as I would have saved him if I could." John Wentworth silently left the

After awhile the doctor came to him, and larged 36, keeper of a cigar store at 151 to do it we cured her.

After awhile the doctor came to him, and in a few words told his daughter's history.

King-street east, was found by his wife at do.Ls Nay, 0681—46-1927th,... The book," he said. "I will go back." An early marriage, a husband weak, dissitached the door, the cold blast laden pated and cruel. She had borne everything his white shirt covered with blood. Mcbravely, until little Fay was two years old; Mrs. Green's slumbering sense of, then one night, when he threatened the "It's a bad day," she said child, she left him. Her hie had been one ou come back an' have a cup of tea | of daily dread since thea, for he had threatened to steal the child away.

in the dim fire light, resting his head upon

his hand. And so no one escaped. Sick with the sudden misery of his own betrayed affection, he had come upon this tragedy. What a world of misery in Frances' life, the poor old father's words had revealed to him. No one was happy then but children, like little Fay. "God help her," he thought, "and keep her fair head from such a crown

The Christmas morning came in silently, bringing its gift of happiness and merry laughter to the light-hearted child. And, although they knew it not, it gave sweet promise of a fairer future, both to Frances and to John.

of sorrow.

Almost three years have passed since John Wentworth, full of hope, went back to his old home, only to find betrayal and bitter disappointment at his journey's end.

As soon as his broken arm had firmly said to her lover: knit, he had said farewell to the Doctor, and Frances, and Fay, from whom it was hard to part. The little child had won her way into his wounded heart, but even her caresses and the urgent entreaties of the old man could keep him there no longer, and John went back to his old hard, lonely life in the West.

But the Doctor's frequent letters, with loving messages in each from little Fay, were links that bound him more firmly to the East than he yet knew.

It was not until the expected letters failed to come that John began to realize how the old Doctor, with his beautiful sadeyed daughter and her lovely child had twined themselves about his heart. Even the bitter memory of his false love

seemed to fade away in the dread of this

newer and nearer loss. He wrote again,

and still there came no answer, until at last a letter came from little Fay. "Dear Sante Claws," she wrote, "Mama shose little gurls how to play the pianno. She does not sho me; we have a little House an we can not have a Pianno any more. My Dollie's arm is broke, just like you, dear At last the old man looked up-"God Sante Claws. I said to mama, when is Sante Claws comming back. She sed, I don't no, dear, I hope sume Day. When alone. Mama is out, and Bidget tells me

> Granpa is Ded. good-By, from "YOUR LITTLE FAY." He had begun the letter with a smile, but now the smile had faded and his face was

The good old Doctor dead, and Frances in

how to writhe Hard words. My Dear

sorrow, in poverty, perhaps, and working hard for bread for herself and her child. Why had she not written; why had he not guessed! A veil fell from his eyes, and he saw her before him, tall and graceful in her black gown. Her face was white and sad; little Fay was clinging to her, but the mother's eyes were turned to him. Slowly she held out her hands, and he sprang towards her with a glad cry! But the vision vanished, and John stood in his desolate room alone, with Fay's letter crushed within his hand.

Almost immediately he started for the It was again the night before Christmas when he reached the town where Frances lived. Three years ago he had traveled this same road in a blinding storm, with hope and happiness in his heart, only to be met by crushing disappointment at his ourney's end. How long ago it seemed! Then he had thought all happiness was at curity for the lowest rates.

an end, for, but now-This cottage must be the one they said she lived in. How small and poor it looks; surely it cannot be. He stops and hesitates, then, as the curtain is caught a little to one side he comes a step nearer

and looks into the room. Frances is there alone. She is filling Fay's stocking, and small as it is the toys affords absolute protection against continshe has are too few to fill it. A moment more and John is knocking | n old age, and is a good investment.

both her hands and looking down into the sweet, eager face as if to read its welcome over and over again. "It is very late to come," he said, "but my business could not be delayed. Santa

at the door, and then is holding her by

Claus has brought some trifles for little Fay," and out of his huge pockets came all manner of comical bundles.

The sudden tears welled up in her clear gray eyes, though she struggled bravely to geon Lake, which can be had cheap for "How good you are !" she said.

"Frances," he took her hands again, and you not trust me, why did you not tell me of charge and will be sold or exchanged by this before ?" Her hands trembled in his. us at a small commission, "I had no right to thrust my sorrow upon you," she murmured.

He smiled. "I have come back to win the right, if you will let me, to bear your sorrows with you, and to lighten them if I Boats large and well equipped and cheap can. And I beg you try and love me a rates of passage. little in return, for Fay's dear sake."

The tears still glistened in her eyes as dent Insurance Co. Capital \$1,000,000, she answered, "Not for Fay's sake only, Rates extraordinarily low and security unbut for my own! I dared not come to you urpassed. for sympathy and help-because-I loved

The Night Before Christmas.



Billy Brass-"The stocking game ain't large enough for me; I guess I'll spring something new on Santa Claus."

SUICIDE AT HAMILTON. A Hamilton Tobacconist Lodges a Bullet in His Stomach.

Kay had shot himself in the stomach with a revolver. A policeman asked McKay what he did it for. The man replied: "I made a fool of myself. Hurry up and send for a doctor if you want to save my life." Christmas Greeting from Mrs. Kendal.

I speak the same tongue, am warmed and cooled by the same sun and wind; but I have one slight disadvantage (some think advantage); I am an actress. Now, it is generally supposed that a creature who paints her face, and wears different gowns, cannot retain the same simplicity of thought as other women; but this is not the case. Never believe anything of the kind. In fact, believe nothing detrimental to others, especially at Christmas time.

No; remember "Stage masks may cover honest faces, And hearts beat true beneath a tinsel robe!"

Now, isn't that a pretty sentiment? Do you know Peg Woffington said that? She also said something else rather nice. She

"Oh tell me, tell me you love me. Only Never mind if it is true or not."

Now, you pretty, nice, bright, cunning, smart (you see I speak the language) woman, can you say this of all your friends on this Christmas day of 1891? Yes! you MADGE KENDAL

To My Pocket at Christmas, I would the year were longer-Give it of months a score-For then you would be stronger In point of golden store,

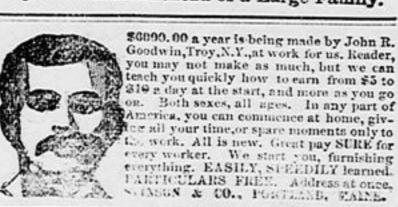
And at this gladsome season I'd not be filled with rue That utterly past reason Are the demands on you. The furs for little mother,

The nickel "bike" for brother, You must soon full disgorge. To these you're surely equal, And glad are you to spend Your stores-but oh, the sequel!

Can you its force forefend?

The toys for Anne and George,

Can you, O treasured pocket. Of stringency be free, When on my debit docket They place their gifts to me? -By the Financial Head of a Large Family.



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porated 1809, paid up capital abt. \$3,500,000 total assets \$50,376,064. The N B & M is the largest and strongest Co, in existence. We also represent other Fire Companies of high standing, and can give safest se-

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Rate 15 to 20 per cent lower than ordin-

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MONEY TO LOAN at a low rate of interest. "Frances," he took her hands again, and there was reproach in his voice, "Why did in the market can have it advertised free

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Represent the Norwich & London Acci-

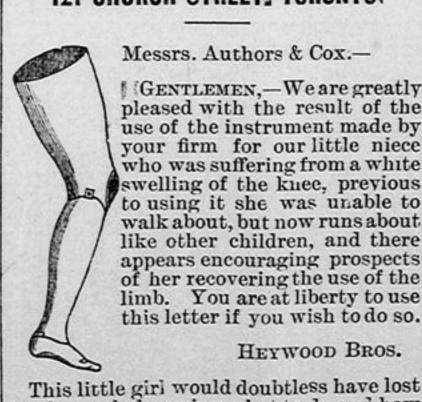
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thin Human Body. Spinal Disease, Hip Joint Disease Diseases of the Knee and Ankle, Knock Knee, Bow Legs, Club Feet, etc. Also

121 CHURCH STREET! TORONTO.



Crutches.

use of the instrument made by your firm for our little niece who was suffering from a white swelling of the knee, previous to using it she was unable to walk about, but now runs about like other children, and there appears encouraging prospects of her recovering the use of the limb. You are at liberty to use

HEYWOOD BROS. HAMILTON, Dec. 16.—A. B. McKay, her leg, only knowing what to do and how

> rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their We fornish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are carning from \$25 to \$56 per-reck and upwards, and more after a little experience. We are family you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to volar, bore. Full information FREE. THE UE OF COP., ACCUSEL, MAINE,

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CANADIAN

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 yalue.	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 colford, Conn., incorporated 1819, losses paid lected in heavy assessments over \$30.000 more than usual, and yet at the close of in 71 years' about \$65,000,000, assets over last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only \$1,403 with which to \$10,000,000, absolutely the strongest Ameri- pay \$26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.

Lindsay, July 22, 1891

S. CORNEIL, Agent Royal Canadian Company.

A. W. HETTGER.

W. HETTGER

The Confederation Life Association, of Has removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gemsjager east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of

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cash, or mortgage at a low rate of interest, Woois and other articles now Selling at Cost

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MILLINER. Y

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LATEST STYLES IN HATS AND BONNETS,

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GENTLEMEN,—We are greatly and invites the inspection of the ladies. Many of the new styles are pronounced very handsome, and are really moderate in price.

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Watchman

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