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CHRISTMAS AT THE PETERS FARM

Here's merry Christmas come again, 'nd all my children's home: Sam's in from New York city, 'nd Cornelia's come down from Rome; Amanda and her young uns, and my darter Susan's boys.

I got em at the village store for fifty cents in cash. 'Nd fifteen pecks o' winter wheat, a keg o' sour mash, Two loads o' hay, some butter, and a promise of eggs.

Which I don't thin my gransons was, because their city ways Has played old hob with Christmas as 'twas had in my young.

'Nd what is worse, they've brought me down some fancy sort of jugs— They called 'em Royal Woostershire—the handles looked like bugs:

MORE THAN WOMAN'S LOVE.

A little restaurant overlooking the San Antonio river. Two men, with chairs tilted back and feet against the projecting rail of the balcony, were smoking their evening cigarettes.

Both were young and of goodly presence. Western suns and winds had tanned their cheeks and burned in the red of youth to a rich tropic hue.

Superadded, to-night, to his native exuberance was some foreign element of jousness which seemed to master of spirit and muscles alike.

"Ned, I am too happy to smoke—I am the happiest man in all the border land. Nellie Herndon has promised to land. It's a secret yet, but I be my wife. It's a secret yet, but I be my wife.

shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose. I suppose the preachers would call that irreverent, but God will bear me witness there's no irreverence in my heart when I think of her."

At Harvey Armstrong's first words the color was washed out of Ned Foster's face as with a sponge, his very eyes seeming to pale.

As thought piled itself upon the weight, and Foster saw into shrouds: he beautiful fabric of a dream that had woven with this woman for his center, he forgot that Heaven held his mother, and lifted up his heart against it and his fellow-man.

Save for a certain barrenness of aspect, a suddenly arrested animation—watermarks of the receding wave—it was the same half-humorous, half-tender face as of old; the most lovable man's face in the world, as enthusiastic Harvey had declared over and over again.

This was in the summer of 1841. In the autumn of 1842, when President Houston ordered out General Somervell to the Rio Grande to organize troops and avenge the insulting raids of Vasquez and Woll, Ned Foster was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers.

As far as the eye can reach spreads this somber, unsmiling landscape, no birds wake the day with their carols, and no flowers have heart to bloom.

To this place, on the 26th of March, 1843, were brought the recaptured remnant of the unfortunate Mir expedition, that gallant band of three hundred men, the flower of western militia, who went forth to do battle for the honor of the young republic and were so treacherously dealt with by the followers of Santa Anna, to whom they surrendered as prisoners of war.

Feeling keenly the indignity of their treatment, and fearing worse at the hands of such perfidious foes, they overpowered the guard and escaped, to be retaken ten days later and returned to the same inclosure whence they had fled.

All this is history; but we have no written record of that interval between the escape and the recapture, when the little company wandered, lost and helpless, among the fastnesses of unfamiliar mountains; no record of those ten days and nights, when the sun rose and set but to mark another and darker experience in the calendar of human pain.

steps! On and on in the silence and gloom of the mighty contortions of nature, without food, without drink, tired in limb, weary and dazed in mind, their tongues purple and swollen with thirst, yet, seeing in fancy the flower-strewn prairies of their beloved Texas and the fond hearts beating a welcome there, still opening up new trials and pushing on with the courage and faith that made the martyrs of the Alamo and the heroes of San Jacinto.

A few, sorely weakened, gave up the struggle and dropped out of the ranks. Some became deranged and, wandering off, slipped down rocky ravines and were killed.

Water was not reached until sunset of the next day. By that time only four men were able to walk. Harvey, among many others, had fallen and been lifted and strapped across saddle horses, and thus brought into camp.

The hoary walls of the old masonry looked down in sinister strength as the thinned ranks filed in. Eight Mexicans were outside digging a trench. Ned exchanged a look with Harvey, his companion in irons, and whispered: "That means death." He was not wrong.

Every tenth man was to be killed; the decision was to be made by lottery. Into a jar were to be dropped one hundred and seventy beans—one hundred and fifty-three white and seventeen black.

Over all spread the d. sky canopy of the heavens. A Mexican soldier mounted a stool and held aloft the fatal pitcher. The roll was called.

As each hand was slowly lifted and poised for one single instant above the mouth of the jar, Life and Death must have met and made salute.

When he looked up Harvey was just raising his hand. Ned noticed how it trembled.

With a quick movement toward his friend, Foster made a sudden thrust and gesture, and—how it was no one could ever explain—but after the slight confusion and peremptory orders fell in line, Harvey was seen standing in his old place staring with bewildered gaze at a white object in his open palm, and Ned, erect and calm, with brow of more than mortally beauty, awaiting the signal of death.

friend, but was silenced at the point of a musket, and compelled to throw himself face downward with the rest, while the seventeen doomed men were led forth, bound together with cords, their eyes bandaged, and shot repeatedly until life was extinct.

Darkness fell like a great funeral pall as the last shots were fired and stars shed their holy candle-rays above the dead; the dishonored dead, lying in one great heap, body piled atop of body.

It was not until months had passed— months spent in irons in the Castle Perote, city of Mexico—that Harvey Armstrong was released and permitted to return home to his wife and child.

The word "zero" is from the Spanish, and means empty, hence nothing. It was first used for a thermometer in 1795 by a Prussian merchant named Fahrenheit. From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkable cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year.

A Remarkable Dog Story. An Odessa correspondent tells a remarkable story of a dog's sagacity. During the early hours of the morning of the 15th inst. the duvornik of a house in the Nyezhenkaia was awakened by the crash of window glass in the courtyard.

Seven murderers were arraigned in the New York Oyer and Terminer Court yesterday. It is reported that Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is dying at his residence in Turin.

Joseph Walton, the millionaire coal operator of Pittsburg, Pa., died yesterday from apoplexy.

The Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane, is dead.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands.

FOR TAXES IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

TOWN OF LINDSAY.

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said town bearing date of the 9th day of November, 1892, and to me directed commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and costs. I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall, on Tuesday the Fourteenth day of February, 1893, at the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred.

Table with columns: Lot, Part, Acres, Cost of Advertising and Commission, Total. Lists various lots like N King & W St David, S King & E St David, etc.

FRED KNOWLSON, Town Treasurer.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

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.

The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was \$67,476 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:-

Table with columns: 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.

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. CORNELL, Agent Royal Canadian Company

Lindsay, July 22, 1891

A. W. HETTGER

as removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gernsager 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.

Wool and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

A. W. HETTGER.

MILLINERY OPENING.

Ladies call and see my display of

Millinery and Trimming Effects,

For this Season's Wear.

I am in receipt of the very latest designs, which will be found in my carefully selected stock.

MISS O'BRIEN.