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The Cheapest Place to Buy—

Stoves, Pipes, Stove Boards, Fire Shovels, Lanterns, Granitware, Oil Cans, Pumps, Sinks, Tinware, Galvanized and Tin Pails, Stove Polish, Stove Pipe Varnish, Nails, Tar Paper, Glass, Paints, Oils, Rope, Scoop Shovels, best Coal Oil, Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, Scissors, Etc.

Boxall & Matthie

Heating, Plumbing and Ventilating Engineers, LINDSAY.

Thanks

We thank our customers for the very generous patronage to us this holiday season. We gratefully acknowledge many acts of forbearance on the part of our customers during "The Rush," and we assure them their kindness is appreciated.

If any were neglected we trust they will overlook it. It was simply impossible to give everybody the attention we were certainly desirous of giving.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year Yours truly,

G. W. BEALL

Watch Repairing as usual—promptly, correctly, reasonable in price.

CLOTHING

TO FIT ALL POCKETBOOKS AND ALL MEN

J. J. RICH

THE NOBBY TAILOR, Little Britain, has a complete assortment of up-to-date improved and Canadian TWEEDS, OVERCOATINGS, Etc.

See them before ordering elsewhere. Prices right. Fit and finish guaranteed.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS: EPPS'S COCOA

Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa, and distinguished everywhere for its delicacy of flavor, superior quality, and highly nutritive properties. Sold in quarter-pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

A Dressmaker's Duties

Are Such as to Cause Backache

A Toronto Dressmaker has Found a Positive Cure and Gladly Tells About It.



Those who follow the arduous occupation of dressmaking or sewing have troubles of their own. Running sewing machines all day long, bending over work that requires the greatest care, these are the things that have made many a woman exclaim, "every time I take a stitch with my needle it seems as though I am piercing my own back." But those who suffer from backache, headache, pain in the side or any derangement of the kidneys will be glad to know that there is a remedy that never fails even in the worst cases. It is Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. P. Coyle, the well-known dressmaker, 224 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont., gave the following statement of her experience with it: "For some time I suffered a good deal from weak back, a tired feeling, and pains and aches in various parts of my body. Since I have used Doan's Kidney Pills the pains have left me, my back has got stronger, and the kidney troubles have been corrected. That tired, dull, drowsy feeling that used to come on me has now gone, and I am happy to say I have not felt so well in years as at present." Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lame or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, mist before the eyes, loss of memory, rheumatism, gravel and urinary troubles of young or old. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Her Last Appearance STORY

Adapted from the French.

Mme. de Miramoy had been a very pretty woman. More than that, she had been an actress of the first rank—the artist, in fact, who had been the petted idol of the Parisian public. But Mme. de Miramoy had married a baron and had been left a penniless widow, and she had made the further mistake of growing old, and the public—which is a philosopher after its fashion, giving only a pher after it receives—forgot her. So the great artist of a former day was slowly dying of loneliness and ennui, struggling alone with all the strength of an embittered little old woman, against poverty, in a small room on the sixth floor of a dark and cheerless house, among memories that made her age seem only the greater.

Sometimes it happened that, absorbed in these sad memories of her former greatness, she forgot to pay her rent. At such times it seemed to her that she could never drag her life to her miseries, and, if she had not had a great horror of ridicule—for she was beginning to know life—she would have set the world talking of her death. Her concierge, a pitiless Cerberus in steel spectacles, with a black cap and blue apron, added to her misery, for they were like two enemies who watch each other ceaselessly and seek only to annoy each other.

Even sleep deserted her; but at last on one of those wakeful nights, the old actress jumped quickly up, found pen and paper, and wrote a letter. Then she crept back into bed and slept like a tired child.

A few days later a gentleman of a certain age, but of the most elegant appearance, presented himself at her house—at a very early hour, it must be confessed—and inquired of the vicious Cerberus: "Mme. de Miramoy, if you please?" The concierge eyed him from head to foot, threw him a short "sixth floor, third door to the left," and as the gentleman passed in, concluded: "The idea! At seven o'clock in the morning! Well, the old cat won't be cutting up her didoes long here. I can tell you."

"Poor little Honorine," thought the visitor, as he ascended the narrow stairway where his elbows touched the wall and banister, and the close atmosphere of an ill-ventilated house assailed his nostrils. At last he reached the sixth landing, which was lighted by a very small and high window cut through the thick wall, and covered with an iron grating that was utterly useless, for no one could have climbed the wall to get in, or have passed out through a narrow opening. The gentleman knocked gently, almost apologetically at the door to the left.

"Who is there?" demanded a tremulous voice. "It is I, madame—M. Delisle." "Heavens! M. Delisle himself! Wait a moment, wait a moment." The visitor waited, amused by the sound of a pair of old shoes pattering over the bare floor, coming and going in every direction, of objects being moved about, of a window being opened, of a shrill voice that kept repeating: "Good Heavens! M. Delisle himself! In a moment, in a moment."

Presently the chain was taken down and the bolt slipped back, the door was opened a little, two shining eyes appeared, looking like black holes pierced in a white face, with a pinch of rouge forgotten in a wrinkle on one of her cheeks, and finally a small figure appeared, clasping with one hand the folds of a scarlet dressing-gown that threatened to fly open during a profound and reverential bow.

"M. Delisle! What an honor—" M. Delisle entered the room and sat down on a velvet arm chair near a window, from which only a patch of blue sky was visible, and, casting a glance about him, he saw in one corner a disordered bed, a table cluttered with some cups and a run-down slipper, and on the wall a tumultuous array of portraits yellow with age, famous faces and others half-hidden under the leaves of a faded laurel wreath, all scrawled over with enormous dedications. A cat, purring amiably, came and rubbed his rounded back against the gentleman's legs.

"My dear madame—" almost implored the old woman, who had taken a seat opposite her visitor. "Well, my dear Honorine, then; I have come as soon as possible to tell you that I have received your letter, that my theatre is at your disposal for your benefit, and that your old friends have promised their assistance. Here is what Coquelin writes me—" "Coquelin!" "Mouret-Scully, Sarah—" "She, too," and the little woman jumped from her seat like a young girl, and, with sparkling eyes, seized the letters M. Delisle held toward her.

"There is nothing more to arrange, except for you to select your success. I shall choose my great success. It is true that I have embodied all the roles as nobody else ever did—no one of the present day has had such triumphs as I had, because—you understand me, for you have always been a true critic—none of them know how to give her whole soul to the service of her art. Not one of them trembles with the passion as I tremble. And when I tore my hair and my clothing in a rage—it was real, it was real, it was real!" "Yes, it was real," repeated M. Delisle, nodding his head, as the little woman, become young again, poured out a flood of words on his head. "Our day is so far away and yet so near. Sarah, La Ruse, Rachel even—" "No, no, they were never able to declaim like me," and she recited a

tragic piece with tragic emphasis, the grace of youth in her gestures, and her voice full of reserve power. "No, no, you know, Robert Delisle—" "But forgive me. This night will be the last flowering of my life. How grateful I am. Your portrait is always there," she broke off, incontinently, indicating with her finger a portrait with a glowing dedication. "How I have changed!" exclaimed M. Delisle.

"But not to me," sighed Mme. de Miramoy. "Can you come to the theatre tomorrow at two?" "Yes indeed. Oh, the thought of seeing all that I have loved so much!" "Good-by, then, until tomorrow," said the little old woman, with a low bow, as she accompanied the manager to the stair; and a long, long looking after him for a moment, she forgot that it was not yet eight o'clock, for she slammed the door noisily after her, and, stretching herself out on the sofa, began to hum a love-song. Then she sighed, "Thank God, there is still some good in life."

Again there was a knock at the door; but this time it was the Cerberus armed with a broom. "It seems to me you are making a lot of noise in the house—at your age, too." "What did you say?" demanded Mme. de Miramoy, her head held high. The concierge was quelled; but after a moment he found his tongue. "Well—you owe a quarter's rent—and the landlord—" "Tell you master that he shall have two months' rent. And if he is not satisfied—there!"—and she proudly showed him the letters from Coquelin and Sarah which she still held in her hand.

"But all that don't tell me you will pay—" "You insolent servant, go!" cried Mme. de Miramoy.

They were exciting days that preceded the great night. Under the influence of her joyous emotion Mme. de Miramoy seemed to be no more than thirty. She floated as if in a dream, and, calling up in her warmth and youth there was a minute heart, she was not idle a minute. She had insisted that large and striking posters, bearing her name in flaming letters, should be displayed in her street and in her room; there she recited her lines over and over again before the mirror, until she obtained the desired effect, studying her poses and expressions, scolding, even striking herself, or approving, smiling amiably at herself with eyes and lips.

The longed-for evening arrived. The little old woman seemed like one awakening from a long sleep as she entered her brightly-lighted dressing-room, with its mirror all about its wall. Mme. de Miramoy ran from one arm-chair to another, trying them all. Suddenly she stopped still in the centre of the room. "Why, I have forgotten to eat my dinner! but then I have my flask of port." Then, hearing the thousand noises of the theatre, she went out, threaded her way through the throng of accustomed personages who stood about in groups or wandered alone mumbling their parts; passed open doorways where men and women chattered as they dressed; avoided the machinists who were manipulating a tangled mass of pulleys and scenery in a bewildered confusion of orders, calls, cries, laughter and muffled clatter; and, more and more intoxicated, found her way to the front of the immense stage and looked through the peep-hole at the audience.

Under the lights moved a sea of blonde beards and bald pates, shining

ing shirt fronts and bared shoulders unwillingly veiled behind a waving cloud of soft feathers. Scarcely a familiar face among them, and how changed!—only the merest vestiges of the old days.

Mme. de Miramoy, feeling a sudden chill at her heart, hurried back to her dressing-room. Passively she let herself be dressed and made ready for her part.

"Why is it all changed, and so quickly?" she wondered. But at last she stood arrayed in all the glory of her plum, looking as young as in her palmist days. When she stood before the glass, she could scarcely believe her eyes. She stepped back and then went close up to the mirror, which seemed to have acquired magical properties; she smiled she showed her teeth, she examined herself closely. Heavens! Was it possible? was she dreaming? No, she shivers like a wet, little bird in a ray of sunshine. Her heart is beating wildly. She asks to be left alone for a moment, and once alone, she casts a swift glance around, hurries to her poor, every day gown, searches hurriedly in the pockets, takes out a little flask, turns to a corner, and stoops down to better conceal herself—and drinks. It is the port which she has not forgotten and which will give her strength. She stands up and waits. She tries her great scene:

"Rome, who has seen your birth," Alas! her voice is no longer sure. Mme. de Miramoy shivers and sinks into a chair to think. "Mme. de Miramoy," they call presently, "it is your turn to go on."

But she does not move. There is a knock. She decides, rises, opens the door. "Oh, M. Delisle, what a night!" she murmurs a little huskily, and taking his arm she allows herself to be led forth. Those who watch her as she passes think from her manner that she is frightened and dares not confess it. Her knees even seemed to be weak under her as she walks. They all encourage her, and she is forced gently out on the stage. As she appears, the entire house bursts into a great salvo of applause. Mme. de Miramoy advances with one hand on her heart. Suddenly she stops and casts an uncertain glance about. Then, smiling weakly, she starts slowly to advance again, makes a false step, and tumbles prone and helpless on the stage.

Book Reviews

A Master of Craft, by W. W. Jacobs, Toronto: The Copp, Clarke Co., Ltd.

A pretty girl stood alone on the jetty of an old-fashioned wharf at Wapping looking down upon the silent deck of a schooner below. This is the picture presented in the opening words of W. W. Jacobs' latest book, "A Master of Craft," and one who has ever been in a similar position and gazed upon the still water of a sea going vessel at rest for the time, and listened to the lap, lap, lap of the tide as it ebbs and flows, can weave about the picture a romance that will entertain him by the hour.

But not every one can weave about it a romance that will entertain others as does W. W. Jacobs'. The story dealing as it does almost entirely with people connected in some way with the sea brings in to the commonest occurrences of every-day life some of that "odor of brine from the ocean" that takes all the commonness out of them. Proverbially the sailor has a rag on every bush—or a wife in every port—and the hero is a good example of the sailor in this respect and his successfully navigating clear of the many sirens, is very amusingly told and proves him a Master of Craft. S. J. PLUNKETT, Lindsay, Jan. 18th, 1902.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Nicholas Flood Davin.

In the following sonnets the calm and conflict of a sensitive spirit are revealed. They are by the late Nicholas Flood Davin and gather paths from his recent tragic taking-off. It is said, that at last, "Titanic pain" and the discord "rung by madmen's hands" made this brilliant Irishman fling himself "thwart the gulf of death."

I, like a ghost, revisiting the earth, Find once familiar sounds and sights full strange; There's something lost to me where'er I range; I am not as the men I meet. The birth Of day that, with imperial glory crowns Of day that, with imperial glory crowns Seems pale and sickly, and its gracious dower Of jounced beams is dulled with darkening frowns.

As though the mighty sun, himself bereaved, Were growing weary, and Titanic pain Deprived his daily task of its great gain Of joy beneficent, and he were grieved, And never more would gladly mount on high, Nor meet his worlds with an untroubled eye.

II.

Full oft I fancy that I smell the sea, Which made and mingled with my cradle's breath, Full oft I dream that, thwart the gulf of death, I scent flower-breathings from eternity. Around us wonders we hold not in fee: Within us paths we cannot all explore, Winding away to that untraveled shore, Whose growing seas nor time nor life can flee.

And there are subtle chords which bind our souls, Chords which can stretch of emotion thrill, Chords which the fingers of emotion thrill, And with this globe, a tender music rolls, The music of soul-spheres, whose notes appease, Pained bosoms, which with blissful lays they fill.

III.

Deep pain, great gladness, rock strength, shifting sands, And moody dreamings, and the cares of time Make up my life, which seems, at times, a chime Of bells discordant, rung by madmen's hands: Now changing festal notes, now knelling doom, And rolling resonant fear, thro' far-foundering barque, O'er thundering seas, to some far-tempest dark, From whence, in vain, distressful signals boom.

Another train, and 'oyful peal on peal Makes the brain's beily ring and rock with glee; The cloudless heavens, lit up with love, reveal Eternal hope, and on the placid sea Shed peace, while stately ships, my hand in thine, Convey us twin across the singing brine.

IT PAYS TO BUY AT CINNAMON'S

GET OUR LOW PRICES ON

COOK STOVES

HEATING STOVES AND RANGES.

Also Hockey Skates, Hockey Sticks, Sleigh Belts, Axes, Axe Handles, Crosscut Saws, Carpet Sweepers, Lanterns, Churns, Washing Machines, Wringers, etc., etc.

D. CINNAMON,

Headquarters for Hardware and Stoves

Kent-st. - - - - LINDSAY

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS

—IN THE— COUNTY OF VICTORIA

For Arrears of Taxes —TO BE HELD IN THE— COURT HOUSE, LINDSAY

—ON— Tuesday, February 18th, 1902, at 11 O'Clock A.M.

Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
Pt. N. of Lake Shore Road	6	N.W.B. 58	10.88	1.97	12.80	Patented	
" "	7	N.W.B. 59	10.88	1.97	12.80	Patented	
" "	8	N.W.B. 59	10.88	1.97	12.80	Patented	
East Part	7	6	70	50.06	2.95	53.01	Patented
West Half	7	8	100	79.92	3.70	88.62	Patented

TOWNSHIP OF BEXLEY							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
South West qr.	13	8	50	3.90	1.95	5.85	Not Patented

TOWNSHIP OF DALTON							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
South Half	4	1	50	13.93	2.05	15.98	Not Patented
" "	31	8	130	13.77	2.04	15.81	Patented
" "	21	9	50	12.96	2.02	14.98	Not Patented
North Half	20	11	95	16.45	2.11	18.56	Patented
" "	21	11	100	16.45	2.11	18.56	Patented
North Half	1	12	50	28.79	2.42	31.21	Not Patented
" "	29	13	90	11.57	1.99	13.56	Patented
" "	30	13	87	11.11	1.98	13.09	Patented

TOWNSHIP OF DIGBY							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
	6	1	149	10.07	1.95	12.02	Patented

TOWNSHIP OF ELDON							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
	24	5	200	28.60	2.42	31.02	Patented

VILLAGE OF CAMBRAY IN FENELON							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
E. of Hill-st.	17	1/4	8.31	1.95	10.26	Patented	

VILLAGE OF FENELON FALLS							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
Fenelon Falls West	174	1/4	.57	1.95	2.52	Patented	
" "	209	1/4	2.03	1.95	3.98	Patented	

TOWNSHIP OF LAXTON							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
West Half	4	7	100	27.90	2.40	30.30	Patented

VILLAGE OF NORLAND IN LAXTON							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
	18	1/4	6.93	1.95	8.88	Patented	
	41	1/4	5.78	1.95	7.73	Patented	

TOWNSHIP OF MARIPOSA							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
Pt. S. 1/2, assessed to Johnston Estate in 1897	1	9	1/4	4.38	1.95	6.33	Patented

VILLAGE OF OMEMEE							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
Sub. Div. Lots A, 1 & 2 South of King-st.							
East of Sturgeon-st.							
S. of King-st.	1	1/2	3.26	1.95	5.21	Patented	
N. of Mary-st.	1	1/2	3.26	1.95	5.21	Patented	
S. of Mary-st., W. pt. 17ft frontage							
				2.43	1.95	4.38	Patented

TOWNSHIP OF OPS								
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented	
Sub. Div. Lot 23, Con. 5, Block U., N. W. Pt. of lot 4 being that part not heretofore sold to John Carew Job Tyrrell & Thos. Truscott				1 1/2	19.08	2.18	21.26	Patented

TOWNSHIP OF SOMERVILLE							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
North qr.	14	2	50	17.24	2.18	19.37	Patented
" "	10	9	200	54.54	3.06	57.60	Patented
" "	9	10	200	31.06	2.48	33.56	Patented
North Half	3	14	100	22.11	2.25	24.36	Not Patented

VILLAGE OF COBOCONK IN SOMERVILLE									
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented		
N. Cameron-st., S. W. Cor., assessed to Murdoch Campbell, Blacksmith, in 1897				1-32	4.48	1.95	6.43	Patented	
" "				1/4	28.97	2.42	31.39	Patented	
N. Cameron-st.				3	24.27	2.31	26.58	Patented	
" "				7	8.39	1.95	10.34	Patented	
Queen-st.				8	3-16	4.48	1.95	6.43	Patented

TOWNSHIP OF VERULAM							
Part of Lot or Street	Lot	Con.	Acres	Arrears	Costs of Advertising and Comm'n	Total	Not Patented
North East Part, assessed to Hart Nicholls in 1895				.32	2	2.0	4.15