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AXES and Cross-Cut Saws.

A First-Class AXE for - 55c.
A Good HELVE for - 10c.
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Nickle Silver T Kettles for $1.25
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Royal Canadian Wringers, $2.50
Nice New No. 9 COOK STOVES, - - $12 50
SKATES of all Kinds Cheap

at VanCAMP'S,

KENT-ST. WEST

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1895.

A FAIR CONFEDERATE.

AN INTERESTING STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

(Continued from last week.)

You have just come through."

"Oi would name the bank of the creek at a point due west of this."

'How long a time will be required before the meeting can take place? It is now a little after 11."

"It may be an hour; it may be longer. If ye will be there, colonel, at 12 o'clock, we'll meet ye as soon after as possible."

"You will find me there at 12."

"It would be well, colonel, to concert a signal by which each should know the other."

"Suggest one."

"Oi'll doubtless be with colonel Maynard. Oi'll cry 'Oireland,' and ye can respond"—

"To the rescue."

Colonel Fitz Hugh called to those waiting outside, who had brought in Corporal Ratigan and directed them to blindfold him and take him to the Federal lines, and, if possible, insure his getting through without injury. They were to report the result to him in any event.

Ratigan knew nothing but the gallop of the horse on which he sat, with a handkerchief about his eyes, until the party conducting him drew rein and he was directed to dismount. Then he was asked if he would be escorted to a Union vedette known to be on a road leading around the north end of the ridge or whether he would go alone.

"Oi'll go alone," he said. "If ye go with me, they'll think it a midnight attack."

Starting forward, the corporal trudged over a short distance between him and the vedette. As he drew near he began to sing a few lines from a play popular at the time.

Thim's the boys
What makes a noiss.
Is the R'yal artillerie.

"Who comes there?" cried the vedette, cocking his piece as Ratigan came in sight.

Friend, with the countersign, to be sure! Who d'ye suppose?"

"Advance friend, and give the countersign," called the man. He was a good deal puzzled on hearing the Irish brogue coming from that direction, but it reassured him. He did not have much fear of an enemy unless it were a trap to get him at a disadvantage. Ratigan drew near and whispered, "Carnifax Ferry."

"What are you doing out there?" queried the man.

"Lookin out for trains bringin in troops. One came in half an hour ago loaded."

"You don't mean it! Guess they're getting in re-enforcements."

"I believe ye, my boy."

Ratigan walked on toward the camp till he got out of sight of the vedette. Then he ran till he dropped breathless in Colonel Maynard's tent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRANGE MEETING.

Ratigan was so exhausted as to be only able to give Maynard a few detached sentences, conveying some idea as to what he had accomplished. There was little that it was essential should be told except that Colonel Fitz Hugh would meet him between the lines as soon as he could get there. Casting a glance at his watch, Maynard noticed that it was 20 minutes to 12. The distance to the point of rendezvous, as near as they could estimate it, was two miles. Every minute was precious. It would be midnight before they could meet, and then they would only have about six hours in which to take measures to secure a reprieve. They could only do so by communicating with general headquarters, some 15 miles away. In any event the case was desperate. However, Maynard had been used in his scouting days to sudden transitions and had himself escaped from prison on the very night before his intended execution. Calling his striker, he bade him saddle Madge, who, he knew, could carry him over the ground at no laggard pace, and, ordering a mount for the corporal at the same time, the two waited impatiently till both animals were led up before the tent.

Mounting they began to climb the Pea Vine ridge. Ratigan, who had been over the ground, led the way. They reached the top of the ridge, and the corporal pointed out the position on the creek, due west of ringold, where they were to meet Colonel Fitz Hugh. Descending the slope, they came upon a Union vedette and were challenged with the usual words, "Who comes there?"

"The colonel commanding, with an orderly, inspecting vedettes."

They then advanced, gave the countersign and passed on. Taking a route between two roads and meeting no more guards, they cautiously approached the place of rendezvous.

On reaching the bank of the creek they descended it, the corporal riding ahead and peering through the dark ness to discover what they were looking for. Presently the dark figure of a horseman emerged from a clump of trees on the opposite bank and rode forward toward the creek. Ratigan saw him, and, believing him to be some one in attendance upon Colonel Fitz Hugh, called:

"Oireland."

"To the rescue," called the man in a low voice, and rode up to the margin of the creek.

The two men arranged that Colonel Fitz Hugh and Colonel Maynard should advance to the respective places they themselves occupied as soon as they had withdrawn. Then, wheeling, each rode back to his principal, and in a few moments more the Union and Confederate officers faced each other from opposite banks of the creek. The distance between them at this point was but a few yards, and the night was not so dark but that they could plainly see each other. The equestrian figures stood silent, each waiting for the other to speak. The only sound came from the gurgling of the stream which flowed between them.

"You are Colonel Fitz Hugh, I believe," said Maynard.

"I am. I recognize Colonel Maynard's voice."

"I heard yours last on a certain evening a year ago—an evening memorable to both of us. Then you gave me my life, and by doing so placed yourself in a position to be shot for a traitor to your cause."

"Not for your sake, colonel—for the sake of another."

"It matters not for whose sake; the act remains. Once before you spared me when you found me under a roof which covered"—

"Then I respected the laws of hospitality, sacred in the south. Let us not dwell on these matters, colonel. Let us proceed with that upon which we have met for consultation."

"You are right. Time presses. Your sister stands convicted of the same offence as mine at the time of which have been speaking and sentenced to die at sunrise. We meet to concert a method to save her."

"At my request. But any proposition must come from you, Colonel Maynard. I am unfamiliar with the feeling on the part of those in power in the Federal army as to executing a sentence of death upon a woman."

"Circumstances which I cannot explain, for they pertain to the situation in which these two armies are placed, render the feeling against your sister very severe."

"You have suggested my exerting influence from our side."

"It was your sister who suggested it. I have little faith in it."

"What did you propose?"

"That which your sister would not accept."

"And that was?"

Maynard whispered in a strange, savage tone:

"To use my authority as commanding the brigade charged with her keeping to place her within your lines."

"And now?"

"I listen for some suggestion from you."

"I can think of none except, with your permission, to enter a protest over the signature of our commanding officers of highest rank."

"It would avail nothing."

"Then there is nothing to save her from this sacrifice, which, though she has always been prepared for it, and doubtless will now meet it, like the remarkable woman she is, with becoming fortitude, is still hard for those of us who love and respect her to bear. We will revere her memory as a martyr."

"During this dialogue each man sat on his horse without any movement and spoke in measured, formal automatic tones. Maynard's words were quicker than Fitz Hugh's, who held to the slower fashion of speaking common in the south. After the last sentence spoken by Fitz Hugh there was a long silence. They had met for a purpose. Their meeting was a failure.

It seemed to both that they could hear their watches ticking away the seconds that lay between Caroline Fitz Hugh and death. Neither knew the agony suffered by the other unless he judged that other by himself. Neither had the heart to terminate the interview, though both knew that it fruitless. A night bird set up a dismal cry. It seemed a death-knell.

Then Maynard broke the silence.

"Colonel," he said in a set voice, "remain here or meet me here at any time after a hour. It may be the small hours of the morning. It will be, if at all, before sunrise."

"What do you propose to do?"

"What I propose to do neither you nor your sister shall know till it has been accomplished."

"I will remain here or near by, and at 1 o'clock you will find me where I now am."

"Adieu," cried Maynard as he turned his horse's head and galloped away.

"Adieu," replied Fitz Hugh in the stately tone to which he was accustomed, and raised his hat as politely as if he were saluting in a ballroom.

Fitz Hugh rejoined his companion and rode away in the direction of Ringold, and Maynard, followed by Ratigan, started back toward their camp. Maynard's brain was in a fever. Time had been expended to no gain. The small hours were coming on, and only six of them would pass before the event he so much dreaded would take place. He had formed his resolve. Whether wise or foolish, right or wrong, practical or impossible, his resolution was taken. Once determined upon his course he spurred his horse on without thought of obstacle. Turning from the rough ground on which he rode he was about to take the road, on which he might get on faster, when he was suddenly startled by the firing of a bullet and the sound that came with it. The shot rang close to his ear, almost brushing his temple.

Knowing that he had by his carelessness suddenly come upon a Union vedette he called out:

"Cease firing! Friends!"

In answer to a call to advance Ratigan rode forward and found a vedette, who had mistaken them for an enemy. On making themselves known they were suffered to pass on, and Maynard, feeling that he was too incautious to lead, gave way to Ratigan. They proceeded on their way with more caution and passed through a gap in the ridge leading to Reed's bridge.

The good footing of the road enabled them, after getting well into their lines, to proceed rapidly. After they had passed the ridge they left the road and turned northward. Soon after they reached camp.

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

'Once inside his tent Colonel Maynard said:

"Corporal, I want you to to get me the uniform of a private soldier. You must do so without exciting suspicion."

"Oi don't know how Oi'll do it, colonel, without going back to me own camp."

"I tear that will take too long. Can't you steal one from one of the tents near by?'

"One moight be able to do it, and Oi moight spend the whole night tryin. Oi can get one at me camp certain."

"I would take your jacket, but I want your assistance. There's no other way but for you to go to your camp."

"Colonel, Oi'll ride hard."

"Ride, and remember that every moment is worth years at any other time."

Ratigan lost no time in mounting and was soon galloping on his way. Once out of the camp from which he started he found no guards to pass and was able to drive his horse to the utmost. The night before he had chased the woman whom he had then known as Betsy Baggs in a mad race to capture her. Now he was tearing along in a mad race to save her from the consequences of his capture. Past woods and waters flew the corporal, over bridges and hills, through hollows and rivulets, till he came to his own camp. There he at once sought the quarters of Private Flanagan.

"Flanagan," he cried, shaking the private, "yer wanted!"

"What is it corporal?"

"Let me take yer clothes and ask no questions."

"Take 'em. And divil a question will Oi ask except what ye do be wantin 'em for."

Ratigan seized the bundle, and, with an injunction to Flanagan to keep his mouth shut if he wanted to save himself from future trials, mounted his horse and was again flying over the ground back to Colonel Maynard's headquarters.

It was now the small hours of the night. The corporal cast his eye to the east and saw a faint streak of white light there. Digging his spurs into his beast's flanks and urging him with his voice at the same time, rider and horse sped on in a race between life and death.

"Go on, ye beast!" cried the corporal. 'Go on, me darlin. Stretch yer cussed legs, for I don't care if ye kill yersilf if we lose no time. What's yer loife compared with hers? On with ye, me beauty! Win the race with the sun that is showin his light there, and Oi'll worship ye forever."

With these contradictory and incoherent phrases Ratigan urged his horse till he could go no faster. Again did hills, vales, woods, waters, fences fly by till at last the corporal dismounted at the camp he rode for, and in a moment was in Colonel Maynard's tent.

The corporal started back. A man stood there whom he did not recognize for a few moments as Colonel Maynard. He had no beard, while the colonel had a heavy one. His hair and eyebrows were black, while the colonel's were light, and the hair which had hung below his hat in short curls was now cropped.

"Give me the clothes, quick!"

The corporal handed him the bundle, and Maynard lost no time in getting into them.

"Corporal," said the colonel, "let me explain what I am about to do. I know something of the blood that flows in the veins of Caroline Fitz Hugh. She will never accept her life at the price I intend to pay for it. She must not know that I intend to save her by violating a trust, by incurring my own downfall, or she will not leave her jail. Do you understand?"

"I do, colonel. She would chide me if she knew I was doing the same."

"While you have been away I have placed three horses in the wood yonder."

"I see, colonel."

"Corporal Ratigan, every man has his own part in life to perform. The distinctive feature in mine seems to be to decide quickly between conflicting duties. I am going to violate a trust, to perform a sacred obligation. If you will aid me, follow me."

Taking up a slip of paper lying on his camp cot, on which he had written an order, the two left the tent. They were challenged by the sentry on post, but giving the countersign proceeded till they were again challenged by the guard at the temporary prison. There the colonel advanced and gave the countersign and passed into the house.

The sergeant in charge met them and asked what they wanted. The colonel handed him the paper he had brought with him. It was an order for the person of the prisoner. The place was only lighted by a candle, and the colonel took care to stand with his back to it. But this was not necessary, for his disguise was complete. Corporal Ratigan remained without the door, on the porch.

The sergeant looked from the paper to the man who stood before him inquiringly.

"This is very strange," he said.

Maynard made no reply.

'Here is Colonel Maynard's order," the sergeant added, reading it over again. "Do you know what he wants with her?'

"Do you suppose I don't know any better than to ask questions when I get an order?" replied the spurious private gruffly.

The sergeant went into the room where Miss Fitz Hugh was confined and led her out, pale and wondering.

"It isn't sunrise," she said in a voice which it was difficult for her to keep from breaking.

"Come," said the colonel. She followed him to the porch, and corporal Ratigan joined them, but it was too dark for the prisoner to see who he was, and he did not dare to make himself known. As soon as they had got to a safe distance he whispered:

"Darlin!"

"Rats!"

"Not a word till we get further away."

They walked on at an ordinary pace, though all desired to hasten. After passing some distance from the house Maynard turned and glanced back. He saw the sergeant watching.

"We must go to the tent," he muttered, and the three walked on. Before entering he looked again. The sergeant was still watching. He evidently wished to make sure that all was right. All entered the tent, while the colonel, standing at the front and peering between the tent flaps, watched for the sergeant to go back into the house. Presently he did so and left the way clear.

"Now come on."

Leaving the tent, they walked a short distance down the road. Not a word was spoken. Presently they turned aside and entered the wood. There they found the horses.

"Mount," said the colonel to the prisoner.

Putting a foot in his hand, she sprang up to a horse's back. There was no side-saddle for her, but the high front of a "McClellan" served very well, and she was so good a horsewoman that she could have ridden sideways on the animal's bare back. The stirrup was fitted, the colonel and Ratigan mounted, and the three rode rapidly away.

"We must dodge the picket," said the colonel. "Even the countersign might not avail us with a woman in the party."

"What does it all mean, Rats?" asked Miss Fitz Hugh. "I thought you were going to do your duty at all hazards."

"Well, there's different kinds of duties, and sometimes they won't work together. If savin a woman's life isn't a duty, then me mother did'nt bring me up right."

"Who's the other?" she asked, while Maynard was riding a little in advance.

"One who this night makes me his slave."

"And I from this night wille be indebted for my life to both of you it you succeed in saving it. But I can't bear to have you sacrifice yourselves for me. You may be committing an unpardonable sin toward your comrades, but I cannot believe you are committing a sin toward our Father. And one day it will be ended, Rats, and then who will care?"

"Oi know those who will rejoice."

Ratigan now took the lead, having passed over the route before several times and being familiar with the best way to get between the vedettes. Colonel Maynard dropped back beside the prisoner.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"One who serves you."

The voice sounded familiar, but was disguised, and she did not recognize it as Colonel Maynard's.

"Were you sent by Colonel Maynard."

"No."

"Why should you try to save me?"

"Ask me rather why I should not."

It was plain the man, whoever he might be, desired to remain unknown, and she desisted from further questioning.

"After all, my death would not profit the Federal cause," she said. "My lips will be sealed to any information I may possess."

"Your information would be too late in any event. Had it been otherwise this plan would not have been attempted."

"Why so?"

(To be Continued.

N. K. Fairbank Co.

LARD isn't in it.

It is just because there is no lard in it, that COTTOLENE the new shortening is so wonderfully popular with housekeepers. COTTOLENE is PURE, DELICATE, HEALTHFUL, SATISFYING—none of the unpleasant odor necessarily connected with lard

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails by all grocers.

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Spratt & Killen.

SUGARS.

When we say that we think we can do better in the line of SUGARS than any other store in the county we have faith in our ability to do so. It rests with the house-keepers of the County to test the statement's truth.

Don't lose sight of the fact that we pride ourselves on the quality of our TEAS and COFFEES. Experience tells in the handling of these lines, and if you can appreciate a cup of good Tea or Coffee (there are those who cannot) we are sure of your trade.

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New Advertisements.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

I have had placed in my hands a number of desirable houses in town to rent or sell, and also the following farms placed in my hands for sale:

20 Acres Kent-st. West, Lindsay, one of the most desirable properties in town. Sold in Block or part to suit purchaser.

I have also a number of farms which I have for sale or rent in the following townships: Manvers, Ops, Fenelon and Eldon. Those desiring to either rent or purchase will find it to their interest to consult me.

C. CHITTICK.

Lindsay, June 12, 1894.—98.

Notice to the Public.

The following letter was received by Mr. John Mallett, the local agent for the New William's Manufacturing Co.:—

MONTREAL, Oct. 20th, 1894.

John Mallett, esq., Lindsay.

DEAR SIR.—We are informed that some agents have been selling the New Williams in your territory without your consent. We now beg to advise you that you are the only authorized agent for that district and that we will not guarantee any machines sold by unscrupulous dealers who erase the numbers from the machines in order to avoid detection.

THE WILLIAMS' M'F'G CO., (LTD.)

—54-2. C. W. DAVIS, Man. Director.

AUCTION SALE OF Valuable Properties IN THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA AND IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage—which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale—and on default being made in payment of the money thereby secured there will be offered for sale at public auction by Elias Bowes, auctioneer, at the

Benson House, in the Town of Lindsay, ON

TUESDAY, 9th DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

At Two o'clock in the afternoon, the following properties namely:—

Part of the North Half of the South Half of Lot Number One, in the Fourteenth Concession of the TOWNSHIP OF SOMERVILLE, in three different parcels, one of which is a mill site in the Village of Kinmount, on the banks of the Burnt River, a full description of which several parts can be secured on application to the undersigned; which said several parts may be put up for auction in one block or separately, as desired.

Also those certain parcels of land in the TOWN OF LINDSAY and in the TOWNSHIP OF OPS, being composed of the East Parts of Lots Number Four and Five, in Block A, as laid down on the registered plan of the Sub-division of Lot Number Twenty-Two and the East Half of Lot Number Twenty-Three, in the Fifth Concession, and Lots Twenty-Two and Twenty-Three in the Sixth Concession of the TOWNSHIP of OPS and being all three parts of the said Lots Numbers Four and Five lying to the East of the railway track or right of way of the Midland Railway of Canada, a more full description of which can be ascertained on application to the undersigned.

On this property is a large fire proof Shingle Mill; the whole structure is Stone and Brick, with Iron Roofs, Brick Chimney and Cement Floors. The main portion is thirty eight by eighty-four feet, the mill fifty by one hundred and three feet, one and a half stories high, with Dry Kiln sixty-one by eighty-four feet, the whole complete with first-class machinery, everything of the most modern kind, and ready at any moment for instant operation

This property is one of the finest properties of the kind in the Province, and is situated on the west bank of the Scugog River, where the sinuosities of the shore afford a good booming-ground for logs, etc. The entire back country waters for hundreds of miles are tributary to this mill, so that for years to come it can be operated for the manufacture of shingles

Also the South Half of Lot Number Nine, in the Tenth Concession of the TOWNSHIP OF LAXTON, containing by admeasurement One Hundred Acres. Upon this latter piece of land there is said to be a small quantity of valuable second growth pine. The Lot is one mile from the Village of Norland, on the Cameron road leading from Minden to Norland. The soil is a clay and sandy loam.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. at the time of sale; and for the balance terms will be liberal, and will be made known at the time of sale.

For further particulars apply to the auctioneer at Lindsay, or to JOHN AUGUSTUS BARRON, Vendor's Solicitor.

JOHN A. BARRON, Vendor's Solicitor

Dated the 6th day of March 1895.—53-4.

J. H. Sootheran.

MONEY TO LOAN

at Lowest Rates on Mortgage Security, or on approved Indorsed Notes.

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Loan Advanced on Farmers' Sale Notes Cash Paid for Mortgages and Debentures

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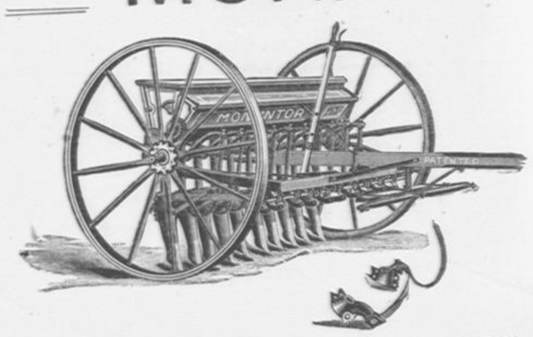
MAGIC METAL POLISH, the best thing on earth

10c., at Perrin's Drug Store

The Monitor.

THE MONITOR



Our new improved all steel Monitor Combined Drills, Sectional Seeders and Cultivators for 1895, are built upon the only correct principles. They are stronger and more durable than any in the market.

They are the lightest that ever was constructed. They run lighter than any in the market. They lead all other Combined Drills in the latest essential improvements. They have the best feed run. The best grain distributor. The best Cultivator in the world. They will work better in all conditions of the soil than any other combined machine invented.

Any farmer wanting a Combined Drill, Sectional Seeder or Cultivator, will make a mistake in buying any other than the Monitor.

We solicit your orders at the Factory or through our Agents, D. M. Houlihan, Downeyville; H. Fitzpatrick, Lindsay; Samuel Magill, Manvers; W. B. Robinson, Lindsay, or Geo. McHugh, Local General Agent. We shall be pleased to see you at our Office and Factory, where samples of all our machines can be inspected.

SYLVESTER BROS. Mfg. CO., Lindsay.

Adams' Tutti Frutti

On receipt of one wrapper of Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti

Reveries of a Bachelor. By Ik. Marvel.

and six cents in postage stamps to pay for wrapping and mailing, we will send any one of the following Golden Gem Library NOVELS, FREE:

1. The Yellow Mask. Wilkie Collins.
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6. The Shadow of a Sin. Charlotte M. Braeme
7. Reveries of a Bachelor. Ike Marvel.
8. The Duchess. "The Duchess."
9. Single Heart and Double Face. Ch. Reade
10. Cricket on the Hearth. Chas. Dickens.

These books cannot be purchased in any retail store for less than 25 cents. Address ADAMS & SONS CO., Book Dept., 11 & 13 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

New Advertisements.

MEMORIAL CARDS.—A very choice selection at THE POST Printing Office. Call and see them.

PERRIN'S TOOTH NERVE KILLER stops Toothache instantly, AT Perrin's Drug Store.

AUCTION SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM IN THE Township of FENELON.

Under power of sale contained in a certain mortgage made by Robert Webster to the vendors, now in default, and to be produced at time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction at the MANSION HOUSE, in the Town of FENELON FALLS, on

Tuesday, 16th Day of APRIL, 1895,

At the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon:—

FIRSTLY.—All and singular Lot Number 27, in the Tenth Concession of the TOWNSHIP OF FENELON, and Lot Number 27, in the Eleventh Concession thereof, containing 175 acres, more or less.

SECONDLY.—Lot Number 28, in the Eleventh Concession of the TOWNSHIP OF FENELON, containing 97½ Acres, more or less.

Upon the property, which is about 1½ miles from Fenelon Falls, and on the shore of Cameron Lake, are said to be a Brick House, Frame Banked Barn and out-buildings in good repair. About 190 acres are in good state of cultivation and 1½ acres in orchard.

The property will be offered subject to reserve bid.

TERMS.—10% of the purchase money will require to be paid at time of sale, and balance according to favorable terms and conditions then made known.

For further particulars apply to

E. M. CHADWICK, BEATTY, BLACKSTOCK, NESBITT, CHADWICK & RIDDELL Toronto, Solicitors for Vendors.

Dated the 12th day of March, 1895.—54 3.

New Advertisements.

FARM TO SELL OR TO RENT.—LOT 13, 2nd Concession of Eldon, containing 200 Acres; over 100 clear and in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to M SWEYN & ANDERSON, Lindsay. March 19th, 1895. 54 4.

LOST.—On or about the 5th March, A BLACK and TAN BITCH HOUND and DOG, both same color. Any person being able to give such information as will lead to their recovery will kindly leave or send word to CHAS. HARTLEY, Lindsay, Ont. March 19th, 1895.—54-4.

HOLSTEIN BULL FOR SALE.—The undersigned have for sale on their Farm Lot 16, Con 8, Fenelon, A YOUNG HOLSTEIN BULL; will be registered in the purchaser's name; is 11 months' old, well crown and a good one in every respect. McGEE BROS., Fenelon Falls P.O. Fenelon, March 5th, 1895.—52 4pd.

PASTURE.

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Farmers and Stock Raisers, Attention

The undersigned are prepared to take in Cattle and Horses at the following rates:

Horses, all Ages, $1 per month.
Cattle, all Ages, 50c per month.

Water, Grass and Shade guaranteed. Cattle to be branded in a clear, legible, legal and lasting manner. A written description of each horse taken on entrance. Owners risk all accidents and will be notified if accidents or sickness occurs. Money to be paid when stock are lifted. No pay, no cattle. No bulls, entire horses or breachy animals taken. Good fences, careful handling and attention. No overcrowding—at least three acres to a beast. The pastures are watered by Balsam Lake, Raven Lake and Grass River, etc., to which stock have free access. Cattle branded at the "Fort" at the rate of five cents per head. For further particulars apply to LAIDLAW BROS., Victoria Road

The Fort, Victoria Road, March 29th, 1895.—54-3.