

W. J. Woods.

COUNTRESS OF OXFORD BASEBURNER. HUNDREDS IN USE IN LINDSAY AND VICINITY.



Every Stove a Double Heater. MODERN. HANDSOME. POWERFUL. The Oven Works to Perfection.

MANUFACTURED BY The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., TORONTO. FOR SALE BY W. G. WOODS - Lindsay.

HORN BROS.

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In this changeable climate demands the use of Woollens. The tendency of the times is for a good class of goods at low prices.

A SUGGESTION. Spend your money in your own town.

AN OFFER

Any Goods bought at our Mills which are not just what they should be, or what they are represented to be, may be returned and we will refund full price.

HORN BROS., Lindsay Woollen Mills.

Grand Trunk Railway.



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H. J. MATCHETT, Agent Express Office, Lindsay.

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J. G. Edwards & Co.

Horse Shoes, XL STEEL TOE WEIGHT. Winter PATTERN.

Iron, Nigh Shoe Steel, Cutter Steel, Steel Toe Calks, Horse Nails, Horse Rasps, Bolts, Nuts and Rivets.

Wood Work for SLEIGHS and CUTTERS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. J. G. EDWARDS & CO., Importers of Iron, Steel, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Etc.

Jas H Lendon.

LENNON'S FURNITURE

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JAS. H. LENNON, Opposite P. O. Bldg.

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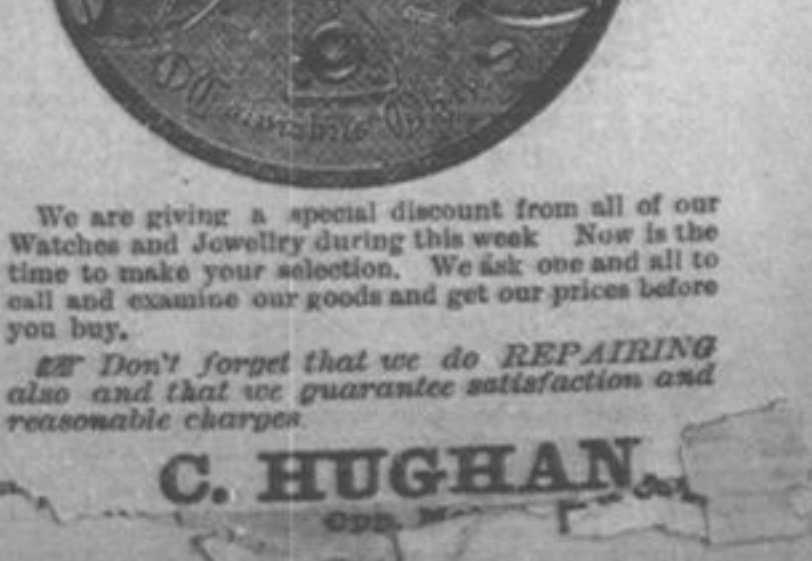
Builders' Hardware, Portland Cement, Dry and Tanned Building Paper.

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STOVES AND RANGES. New Designs and Lowest Prices.

F. VAN CAMP'S SPECIAL SALE.

LADIES' AND GENTS' WATCHES.



C. HUGHAN.

Ayer's Remedies



CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

Free from Eruptions. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1895.

THE RECTOR Abernethy.

I shall never forget the time upon which my eyes first fell upon Abernethy Hall. The stage had put me down by a rock in the highway. I felt weary and excited and seated myself upon the trunk which the driver had but a moment before unstrapped from the boot.

Some 50 yards to my right, embowered among its little world of trees, stood the manse. It was a beautiful building; there was no definiteness about the style of architecture—its simply seemed to be the creation of an exquisite taste.

The approach to the house was through a broad, extensive avenue, lined on either side with a variety of trees, planted with the most delicate attention to effect.

I detected the silvery green of the white poplar mingling with the dark green of the native oak, blended here and there with the abnormal tints of the sycamore and the purple beech.

The approach to the house was through a broad, extensive avenue, lined on either side with a variety of trees, planted with the most delicate attention to effect.

I felt that the spirit which presided over that exquisite blending of nature and art was thoroughly an artist, not simply of the appreciative but of the creative school. He was more of an artist than the painter on canvas.

He was a sedate, even tempered man. He was often given to fit of absent-mindedness, and from this I learned that there was some great sorrow in his soul.

But there came a time when he took a deeper interest in me; when his eyes drooped neglect his book to follow me around the room; when he would meet me with a nosegay, or ask me to stroll with him through the gardens.

and regret; he would even move grasped irreverently at the ghostly hand of Sir John Franklin had he come out from his icy tomb to stand beside him there.

I was soon started out of my reverie. I heard voices in the avenue, and in a moment afterward Mr. Ashley reached out his hand to me in his kind way, while the servants shouldered my trunk.

He chatted gaily as we walked toward the house. He did so partly to relieve me from embarrassment and partly because it was his nature.

As he spoke there came from behind a cluster of china lilacs a beautiful child of 10 summers. She had an abundance of dark hair, with eyes from the brilliancy of which nothing could detract but their shyness, while her figure was the very personification of grace.

"Oh! I shall like you very much," she cried. My heart throbbed wildly as I stooped down and kissed her white forehead.

"I am glad to hear you say that," I replied. "Carrie is both warm and impulsive in her friendships," said Mr. Ashley. There was a calm, steady look in his gray eyes.

"I thought you were a great, lank woman, with such eyes as make one shudder and with a mole on your nose," continued the child.

I laughed at that and patted her on the cheek. Mr. Ashley led the way into the sitting-room. Carrie still clung to me.

Well, time brought with it its changes. The invalid Alice died. She is waiting for me beside the ever shining gates. Mr. Jackson became more and more endeared to his people and to me; his moods went away from him. Fred grew toward the stature of his manhood, a kind, sterling, tractable child, while the angel Carrie grew still more beautiful to me in that childlike truthfulness which will light her to the grave.

came reversed. Then it was that I stood upon the confines of the new El Dorado in the world of thought. It was something grand to sit at his feet, a quiet, impressive pupil.

I must say it sooner or later, and so I will say it now. I loved him! Yes, warmly, fervently, passionately. I did one time. To be sure, his eyes at times warmed up with a beautiful light, and he would exhibit the most earnest solicitude for a temporary ache or illness, but beyond this I observed nothing.

"Do you understand German, Mr. Jackson?" I asked. "I have been told that I am a perfect master of the language. I have Goethe's works in my library. You must study German."

Well, I mastered German. The study brought me pleasure and recreation. I caught the inspiration from the very lips, as it were, of Goethe and Heine and Schiller. I learned, too, the truthfulness of Coleridge's definition of genius—that it consists in carrying on the feelings of the child into maturer years.

Well, time brought with it its changes. The invalid Alice died. She is waiting for me beside the ever shining gates. Mr. Jackson became more and more endeared to his people and to me; his moods went away from him.

"Jenny," he commenced half sorrowfully, "I am about to say something that may lower me very much in your estimation, but I cannot help it. It has been in my head for many weeks. It has been in my head for many weeks. It has been in my head for many weeks.

"I am not proud and (go my friends tell me) put too low an estimate upon myself. Through his survey of me was not a gleam of self-knowledge that he had already divined as much of my life and character as a less penetrating man would have learned in a week. It took me that long to engage him even in the most incidental conversation.

He was a sedate, even tempered man. He was often given to fit of absent-mindedness, and from this I learned that there was some great sorrow in his soul.

But there came a time when he took a deeper interest in me; when his eyes drooped neglect his book to follow me around the room; when he would meet me with a nosegay, or ask me to stroll with him through the gardens.

with fire wine I speak. My companion ship with you has taught me much—much of hope and faith and love.

"God does not create the intelligent mind with its powers and faculties fully formed at the beginning, with all the principles of truth apparent to thought, and all the elements of experience unfolded in its consciousness. He creates it infantile. He makes the very commencement of its being dependent upon the degree to which it leaves the forces that are lodged in it and that are innately prophetic of a future to be unfolded, trained and matured by the action of other minds, manifested in speech or books, by the exercise of thought, by the ministry of experience—above all, by contact with effort and disappointment.

He took my arms and made me put them around his neck. Then he said, in a low, husky whisper, "Jenny, I am married!"

One quick, passionate embrace, one long, burning kiss, and I was alone. I seemed only conscious that the rector had staggered across the room, out of the door. Oh, the wretchedness of that hour!

I cannot say that I was afraid of her. Now I was able to account for many things about the rector that had seemed singular to me. His frequent absence from the parish; his sudden moodiness; his alternate warmth and coldness toward me. I was certain that he loved me very much—warmly, passionately.

"What did she tell you?" he asked. "She told me nothing about herself or the past. I heard you call her wife."

"I stole up into my room to weep. But in the pulpit, when he preached the funeral sermon of his own once beautiful wife, he explained it all. Many eyes filled with tears then, as the hearts of the people went out further than ever toward their suffering pastor.

"I did," I replied in a mild tone, though I was conscious that I trembled. "You, eh? Well, it's nothing to you."

"I will be anything you wish," I said. I was surprised at that; I was not surprised that I was thoroughly happy. He took me in his arms and kissed me passionately.

thoughts were varied as I gazed into that face, pale and careworn, yet beautiful and framed in with its wealth of wavy hair. My life had been a life of toil and struggling and suffering. One by one my relatives had passed into the shadowy tomb, and just then there was a great sorrow brooding in my heart, but I felt thankful that, amid all, God had still vouchsafed unto me my reason.

"I have learned more by my companion ship with you, by the action of your mind, than by the action of your suffering and experience combined. But why should I speak of this? I have told you that I love you. That is very sweet. What I have to add is very, very bitter. Jenny, you can never be my wife!"

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Men's and Boys' Overcoats at Bargain Prices.

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