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Having moved two doors to our own premises, which we have had fitted up to meet the requirements of our trade, and having no rent to pay—we will be able to give you the benefit in closer prices, and hope to merit a continuance of your patronage.

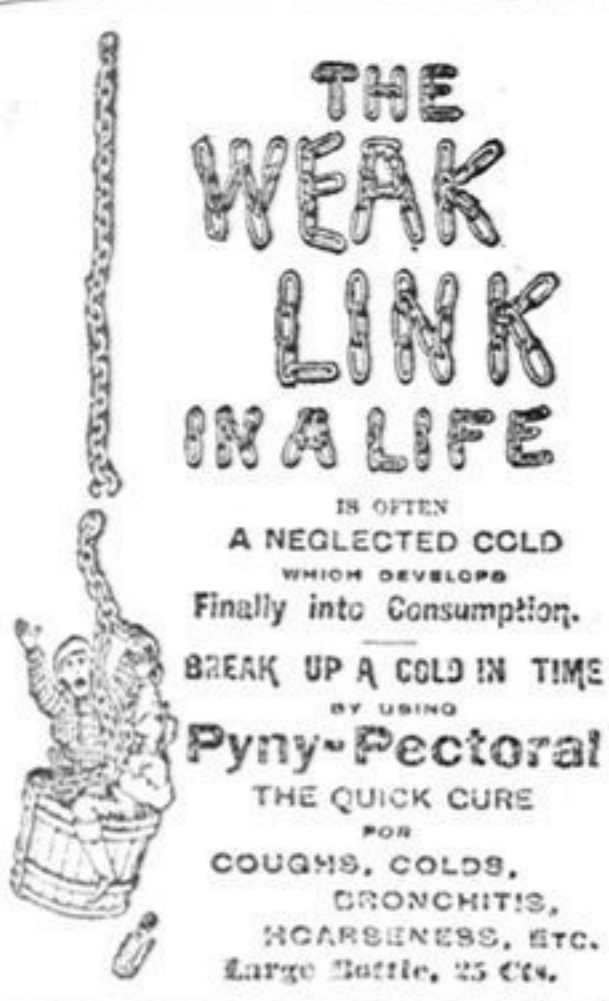
VISIT OUR STORE.—We issue a cordial invitation to the general public to visit our store. Just now we are not in trim to receive company, but in the course of a few days, or a week at most, we hope to have everything in place and be in a position to show you a modern hardware premises that will win for us your custom, as well as your commendation.

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**THE WEAK LINK IN A LIFE**  
 A NEGLIGENT COLO  
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**BREAK UP A COLD IN TIME**  
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 Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

The Canadian Post.  
LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1895.

### A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

INTERESTING NOTES BY A LINDSAY CITIZEN.

From Montreal to Quebec—Sabbath on the Ocean Liner—Max O'Reil and Son's—Up the steamer to Liverpool—En Route to Glasgow—A Visit to the Transatlantic—Magnificent scenery—Edinburgh and the Castle—An Old Glasgow—To see John Knox's House.

Many were the difficulties which attended a sea trip a few years back, but modern improvements make such a trip very short and comparatively pleasant in these days. Arrived in Montreal at 8 p.m. and the stewards are very obliging in assisting them to the vessel and in depositing their luggage in the various staterooms or cabins.

What a pretty picture the saloon is! Flowers are beautifully arranged on the tables, and one can scarcely imagine a more pleasant scene in such a paradise—but alas! what a different feeling comes in a day or two. A military band adds considerably to the enjoyment of the occasion, and makes one wish it would remain on board to the end of the journey.

As we have found out our cabin and seen our baggage safely on board, we remain on deck to watch the busy scene which necessarily takes place previous to the departure of a sea steamer. The speedy way in which the trunks and other baggage is hoisted from the deck to the hold of the vessel is quite surprising, and unless your trunk is a very strong one you will watch it with much anxiety as you see it ascend high into the air along with several others, and with a whirl hastily descend into the hold. Quite frequently one witnesses some article of wearing apparel waving frantically in the air as if beseeching its owner to give it an "inside berth" on board. At last everything is stowed on deck, and shortly after midnight we retire amidst comparative quietude, but as our vessel sails at daylight we are awakened about 4 a.m. by the shoutings of the officers as the commands are given to loosen the vessel from its moorings, and as the rockets ascend with loud reports we slowly glide between the numerous boats and vessels down the River St. Lawrence.

The scenery along this beautiful Canadian river is too well known to need any comment. At 2 p.m. we reach the ancient capital, Quebec, and as we do not depart until the following morning we are conducted round this very interesting old city and have the numerous historical landmarks pointed out to us. A short trip down the river brings us to the well-known church of St. Anne de Beaupre where, last summer some 160,000 pilgrims journeyed from many parts with various vows to have the bone of St. Anne placed upon the afflicted part, and one looks with astonishment upon the huge pile of bandages and crutches left there only too willingly by those apparently cured. The Quebec passengers embark between 8.30 and 10.30 on Sunday morning. We are highly amused at some of the farewells, one lady in particular affording us much entertainment by her mode of parting with her husband, who was going to Germany; when the call came for "all passengers aboard" she hugged him with a vim that would have done credit to a bear, and no part of his face was left unlicked; as he walked up the gangway her eyes grew decidedly watery, and if one can judge the heat by the expression of the face, like looked to the little woman as if for the next three months to work would be worth living. As the vessel did not immediately depart she spent the remaining time in "hugging him some more," but owing to the frequent blowing of the whistle the attacks were of short duration, as she imagined every noise was the final signal for departure. An ideal Sabbath is almost unknown on an ocean steamer, and the way ours was

spent was very far from such. Starting from the stern of the boat, the first thing to attract our attention is a quarrel between two gentlemen, one of whom had purchased a large bottle of whiskey in Montreal, which the other had stolen and drank; but after a little hard-hitting the matter gradually dropped. A little farther on we come to a group of men who are drinking and sweating and bending them two young ladies are playing whist with two gentlemen. A look down the hatchway, and we see some sailors washing their clothes, another is carving fancy picture frames with his pen-knife; a little farther forward some half-dozen young men are quietly singing hymns, making quite a contrast to the previous scenes. Here and there are people reading the latest novels, while at the bow of the boat a young man is de-seccating the Sabbath by making a clown of himself, to the amusement of a number of stateroom passengers who are gathered around him. Rimouski is reached about 3 p.m., where the British mails are brought out to the vessel by a tender and some 110 bags are carried on board.

The following morning a number of ladies were missing from deck, having that "quarantining" feeling which precedes seasickness, and a number of the men are looking somewhat pale. As the time passes many of the passengers grow genuinely sick, and such expressions as "Oh dear! Oh dear!" "Why did I ever come to me!" and "I never thought it would be as bad as this!" may be heard from all quarters.

After losing sight of land the following two or three days are somewhat monotonous, and a passing steamer, an iceberg or a whale, attract the attention of everyone who may be on deck, the sight of which furnishes a fresh topic of conversation. Speaking of sea-sickness, Max O'Reil says: "There you are on board a huge construction that rears and kicks like a buck-jumper. She lifts all the parts of your body together, and after well shaking them in the air several seconds, lets them down higgledy-piggledy, leaving to provide the business of picking them up and putting them together again. That is the kind of thing one has to go through about 60 times an hour; and there is no hope for you—nobody dies of it. The ladies—the American ones more especially—lie on their deck chairs swathed in rugs and shawls like Egyptian mummies in their sarcophagi, and there they pass from ten to twelve hours a day motionless, helpless and speechless, the American ones being more so than the British; and only show their wasted faces when it is time to embark. Up they come with cross-stuffed, pallid, yellow-green looking physiognomies, and seeming to say, "Speak to me if you must, but don't expect me to open my eyes or answer you, and above all, don't shake me!"

But it's a long lane that has no turning, and eventually there appears in the dim distance a dark line which we know to be land, and our eyes are fastened upon it as eagerly as those of Christopher Columbus when he first sighted the American shore; bold guesses are raised as to obtain a glimpse of the Canadian beyond, and we once more think that life is worth living. The rocky and rugged scenery of Tory Island is a delightful relief after the over-musing, restless ocean, and we long to put our feet on terra firma once more; here and there are some of our Irish friends whistling or singing "Home Sweet Home," and though they will not be landed on the Emerald Isle for some hours many of them rush off excitedly to get their baggage ready on deck. As the Irish passengers disembark we feel quite envious of them, as we must be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" one more night before seeing England.

The scenery from Merville Bay is magnificent; from the edge of the bay the land gradually rises several hundred feet, which in its high state of cultivation looks exceedingly pleasing to the eye; here and there, standing out prominently against a deep green background, are the pretty white cottages so frequently seen on "Erin's Isle," while various little churches may be seen very picturesquely peeping from out some verdant grove, helping to make the whole scene a delightful panorama.

At nine o'clock the next morning we are steaming up the River Mersey, and by 10.30 the immense ropes used for securing the vessel are fastened around the large iron posts at Princess docks, Liverpool. Every passenger seems afraid that they will be the last in getting off, and the rush for the gangway is as great as though the vessel was on fire. Our next duty is to find our luggage, which by this time is deposited in the customs shed with hundreds of others; gathering our packages together we request one of the customs officers to go through the necessary examination. "Any liquor, tobacco or cigars?" is the usual question, and with a hurried search through each valise and trunk the customary chalk mark is placed upon each package, which enables us to go where we please. One usually has an appetite after an ocean trip, and the first thing we do is to find a restaurant, where we spend about two hours, and it is unanimously voted "the best meal we ever had." After taking a brief view of the museum, and hearing the splendid Liverpool Pol-

Band play several selections on St. James' Square, we wind our way to the depot, where, seating ourselves in one of the funny little box-cars they use in this country, we are soon spinning along toward Glasgow. The carriages (or cars) are 1st, 2nd and 3rd class, with smoking apartments graded in the same way; each compartment holds 6 or 10 people except the newer ones, with corridor along the side, which only accommodate 6, and which may be reserved for parties of that number. We found them as a whole exceedingly well upholstered and very comfortable. The trains on the main line generally travel from 50 to 60 miles an hour.

The scenery from Liverpool to Glasgow could not be called "intensely interesting," but yet is certainly quite pretty. Soon we roll into the immense Queen-st. depot at the busiest of Scotch cities—Glasgow.

At first one is impressed merely with the fact that here is a vast city with business as the chief aim of its people, and there is certainly an air of bustle about it which is very noticeable; the large, somewhat smoky looking buildings are not altogether favourable, although there are exceptions, among which might be mentioned the municipal buildings, which are indeed a magnificent pile, with its interior of fine mosaic laid floors and ceilings, and wide marble staircases.

From the purely pictorial point of view there are only two things worth the attention of the visitor to Glasgow—the old cathedral and the new university. The former dates from the early part of the 12th century, and is an impressive and graceful structure. The suburbs here, as in most of the large towns and cities, are lovely and the suburban trains running every few minutes are very convenient.

A short run from this city on the Caledonian R.R. brings one to the world-renowned Paisley, so famous for its shawls, threads, and other manufactures. Great preparations had been made here a few days before for the reception of the Shahzada, (who is making an official visit to England), the city having expended over £1,000 in street decorations alone, and so naturally were not a little indignant upon receiving a telegram stating that on account of indisposition the Shahzada would not visit Paisley.

The next day, having planned a visit to the Highlands, we board the noonday express and are soon speeding Aberdeenward. We were subject to the unpleasantness of being looked in our carriages during most of our travelling in Scotland, which in many places was decidedly inconvenient. The scenery on the Caledonian railway is very picturesque, and in a short time we reach that wonderful piece of mechanism, the Forth Bridge. This huge, magnificent structure must necessarily be regarded with the keenest curiosity. The railway is 157 feet above the high water level, and the bridge itself is in two spans of 1,700 feet, two of 675, and fifteen of 108 feet each. The views obtained as the bridge is being crossed are of course extremely extensive and interesting. Numerous boats and vessels are seen plying up and down the Forth, and here and there along the prettily wooded bank may be seen merry picnickers. It is truly an ideal spot for pleasure parties.

The well-kept level roads look quite pretty as the seem to wind themselves through the country, and to a Canadian the good roads of England and Scotland make him envious of such for his own country, and if he be a cyclist he grows enthusiastic over such a magnificent land for wheeling.

In the cotton manufacturing districts large quantities of that material may be seen stretched upon various grass plots for the purpose of bleaching, and a noticeable feature as we pass along is the large amount of female labor on the farms.

Interesting scenes may be witnessed in the large manufacturing of Kirkcaldy, where such immense quantities of linen and floor-cloths are made and shipped to many parts of the world. A typical John Bull took a seat in our compartment at the last named place, and we entertained him for some time with genuine Canadian yarn, which brought forth such expressions as "Bah Jove, you down to say so," and "Bah Gosh."

Braemar, and the highland residence of her majesty—Balmoral. As we drive through the agricultural districts we see boys employed to keep the birds off certain fields or fruit beds, and from early morn until even-tide the boy tramps up and down, keeping up a continual shout, for the remunerative sum of 35s to 50s per week.

We watched with interest the fishing on the river Dee. From the Bridge of Dee one gets a lengthy view down the river, where the numerous fishermen's huts may be seen, and from where the nets are stretched across the river upon the signal being given by one of their fellow-workers upon the bridge, as the clear water enables him to see when a shoal of fish passes down, so that by the time the shoal reaches the pilot above mentioned the nets are ready to receive them.

We visited the interior of a fisherman's cottage, which its walls covered almost from floor to ceiling with various ornaments and pictures. The good Scotch lady told us a good deal of the family history, and got we Jamie to "sing a sang for the ladies and gentlemen."

From Aberdeen we return to Darnley, from which the Trossacks are easy of access. As one reaches Loch Lomond one wishes that he or she might be able to describe such a scene to those who are unable to view it. You are on the borders of one of the loveliest sheets of water in the whole of Scotland. Loch Lomond is one of the longest and largest of the lakes, and lies in the shadow of Ben Lomond, which should be climbed if the weather is favorable.

Further on Loch Katrine is reached with its beauties, which are more concentrated than Loch Lomond. Landing at the loch head we begin the journey through the world-famed Trossacks, with its luxuriant rocks, trees, bushes and fern, which were immortalized by Scott. Loch Achray, also, is a gem of natural beauty; Loch Venoch, a somewhat larger loch, but not quite so perfect. The whole trip is revelation after revelation of natural beauty, and altho' our pen fails to describe it, no one should cross the Atlantic ocean without taking it in.

And now we are to visit Edinburgh, a wonderful city with numerous charms peculiarly its own. To begin with, it has the great advantage of a magnificent position; there it stands on the high ground above the Forth, giving the visitor delightful views from Arthur's Seat, Calton Hill, Castle Hill, or on several crossings on George Street, from all of which both near and distant may be seen places of interest. We received excellent accommodation at the "Old Waverley Hotel," which is very conveniently situated on the much admired Princess-st. As we walk from Princess-st. station, to our left hand is a fine succession of shops, clubs, hotels, and so on, forming a pleasing variety of architecture; on the right are the beautiful Princess-st. gardens, at the foot of which on a lower level runs the North British Railway, while still further in the same direction rises the enormous and most picturesque rock of Calton, which, "whoso might walls, could walls but speak, might wail a tale unaid."

These who have not seen Princess-st. have no idea of the fine contrast afforded by that wonderful castle rock and the long row of fine and modern buildings which face it; at night especially the effect is very fine. Arrived at the castle, one's attention is perhaps drawn to a great extent from the stronghold itself to the remarkable spectacle presented by the city lying beneath, with hills and dales and streams visible on all sides, especially to the north, where the Forth is seen winding its way seawards like a silver thread. We now retraced our steps and crossed the south bridge into High-st., called the Canongate, and are at once impressed by the veneration of this locality. This portion of the city is the oldest in all Edinburgh, and surely here is oldness, for yonder stands the house of John Knox; while all around ruins of walls and gates greet us. One cannot leave without visiting diogly Holyrood and seeing its palace, which, however, is not very pleasantly situated, nor has it any great architectural beauty; but inside are many rooms and corridors of historical interest.

Returning to Princess-st. again, we visit St. James' monument, and although the 230 steps to the top make a hard climb, one feels amply repaid upon reaching it, for surely a more delightful feast for the eye could scarcely be obtained than that which lies below the visitor to the monument.

Continued next week. PINEMALT, the Newest, most Palatable and Best remedy for colds, coughs, hiccups, hoarseness and all bronchial and lung ailments.

CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNNECESSARY. One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure Will Give Relief in the Most Distressing Cases of Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering, when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually one is a sufferer because one is suffering from the means and way. Much suffering is borne by those troubled with kidney disease. The distressing at times is, indeed, in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a kidney specific and nothing more, though nothing less—a safe, safe and speedy remedy to be found. Relief is sure within six hours. Sold by P. Morgan.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### The Board of Health's Record.

To the Editor of THE POST.—P.S.R.—What is the matter with our board of health and medical officers? At the commencement of the year the bright sun glided the Berlin with lurid flame—sewerage, dry earth closets, assured perfect health, and what not. The disturbing elements had been eliminated—the good work would now go on, yet what to-day is the fact? Nothing, worse than nothing, accomplished; defeat, disaster, disappointment, failure, alone remain; kitchen sinks still hold the fort, the privy pit nuisance remains, and the great "test case" with Mr. Chittick a dismal failure, followed by prolonged innocuous desuetude. If the M. H. O. is dictator, not servant, if the sanitary inspector assumes undue authority, of what use is a board of health; and if there is no telling a case of diphtheria, what is the use of a M. H. O.? Cases are rushed before the P. M. O. considered in spite; the M. H. O. does not pay the costs, thus our taxes are shamelessly squandered. The board of health is simply a nonentity, the M. H. O. an expensive ornament. A change will be quite in order on the score of economy and efficiency.—Yours, RATEPAYER.

#### An Explanation.

To the Editor of THE POST.—S.R.—By THE POST'S account of the last school board meeting the report of the sites and building committee was referred back on account of Mr. Walters' objection to the chairman spending so much public money upon his own responsibility. Mr. Walters should attend the meetings of the board and keep posted on what is being done. For his information and that of the public generally allow me to explain that the board authorized the expenditure of \$300 to drain and cement the basement of the east ward school and continue the drain to the river from Queen-st.; the committee instructed the chairman to proceed with the work at once and get it done as cheap as possible. The work was completed with the lowest bidder and completed at a cost of \$174.57 as per the following:

F. Hampton, cementing basement, \$ 60.00  
 The Hague, 400 rods drain and laying tile, 15.50  
 M. M. Mulcahy, 24 rods drain and laying tile, 25.00  
 McLennan's account for the same, 69.07

Receiving 18 rods of drain and tile by order of managing committee, 67.11  
 Total cost of work, \$174.57  
 or fifty-eight dollars and six cents under the estimate—an annual occurrence in the expenditure of public money in the town of Lindsay.—Yours, P. G. PIRKIE.

#### WEAK LINKS.

When the kidneys are weak, or over-worked, various kinds of ailments are sure to slip past them. Sickness of some kind is sure to result. The kidneys are filters and their work is to keep poisons out of the circulation. The sickness will depend on the nature of the poison—it may be Malaria or Typhoid poison—or something else. People with weak kidneys can escape these effects by aiding these organs by kidney treatment.

People are coming to understand this truth. It explains why Dodd's Kidney Pills, though only a kidney medicine, set people right, and they get well. It is all because they get straight to the cause, which shows itself first in the weak link.

When you are sick use Dodd's Kidney Pills for they always cure.

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Keep it out by using our

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**Fine Drivers**  
 cannot be made out of horses that are out of condition. Merely to feed plenty of oats is not enough. A horse gets run down the same as a man and needs a general toning up.

**Dick's Blood Purifier**  
 is a scientific preparation in the form of a powder. It purifies the blood, strengthens the digestion, turns a rough coat into a smooth and glossy one and puts the animal "in condition." He then has "good life" and feels like holding up his head and lifting his feet.

MILCH COWS are greatly benefited by it. The whole system is toned up. The digestive organs being strengthened, more nutriment is drawn from the food and the flow of milk increased.

Dick's Blood Purifier will pay for itself ten times over.

For sale by druggists, or general stores or sent post paid on receipt of 25 cts. Dick & Co., P. O. Box 458, Montreal.

#### HORN BROS.

**A PLUGGED DOLLAR** Is Just as Big Around as a Good Dollar.

INFERIOR BLANKETS, which contain 50 per cent. of mohair and shoddy look nearly as well as the **All-Wool Blankets which we manufacture**—will they bear inspection? Will they stand the wear? Hold their shape, size and color when washed? That's the rub.

All our Blankets are carefully made from fine, silky wool; therefore we fearlessly guarantee the Blankets we sell to wear well and wash without changing color or shrinking in either length or breadth.

Owners of good horses are clothing them with our FELTED HORSE COVERS. This is a Beautiful Check—heavy, soft and warm—a thorough protection from cold, wind and rain.

Also INDIAN BLANKETS, LAP RUGS, ROBE LININGS, CLOTH, YARN, HOSIERY AND KNITTED UNDERWEAR.

## HORN BROS., Lindsay Woollen Mills.

The Art Amateur.

## THE ART AMATEUR.

**BEST AND LARGEST PRACTICAL ART MAGAZINE** (ESTABLISHED 1870)  
 Monthly (size of page 11x16) Stupendously printed and richly illustrated. Price, \$4.00 a year, including all supplements. Single copies, 30 cents, each containing exquisite Color Plates and 8 extra pages of Working Designs for Painting, Carving, China Decors, Woodcutting, Pyrography, Embroidery etc. For sale by all first class newsdealers. Invaluable to all who seek to make a living by Art, or who take up Art as an accomplishment. The only art periodical awarded a medal at the World's Fair, where twenty diplomas were awarded to its special writers and artists. The following are the principal departments: OIL PAINTING; DRAWINGS FOR THE ART TRADER; CHINA PAINTING; WATER COLOR; CHURCH AND HOME EMBROIDERY; WOOD CARVING; PASTEL PAINTING; HOME DECORATION AND FURNISHING MODELS IN CLAY; TAPESTRY PAINTING; BOOK-BINDING; ARTISTS' PSYCHOLOGY; ILLUSTRATING; ADVICE BY CORRESPONDENCE; WOODCUT IRON WORKS.

A choice of the following two liberal offers is open to all who, before January 31st, 1896, will send to the publisher \$4.00—the regular subscription price—and mention this journal.

**OFFER A** Gives with a year's subscription to the Magazine, any one of Seven Portfolios each containing 12 admirable Reproductions of Studies and Pictures of original paintings in Oil, Water Colors and Pastels by some of the best artists. Thus, Portfolio No. 1 contains 12 "Exquisite Flower studies," painted for "The Art Amateur" by Paul G. Kennedy; Portfolio No. 2: 12 Animal Studies by Helene Maguire; Portfolio No. 3: Figure Subjects, would cost from \$5 to \$4. They are some of the same pictures that are framed in thousands of cultivated homes; that are used as models for students in the leading art schools and academies, and in the Chicago High Schools. These portfolios fall of beautiful pictures are **PREMIUMS** and are given in addition to the Color Plates which go with every number of THE ART AMATEUR.

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