## His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER I.

"And you will be gone three days, Frank?"

Frank de Walden smiled at the pathetic little sigh that finished the sentence, and

May Verner laughed aloud.

"You foolish child," she said, gathering up her working materials and preparing to leave the lovers alore, "do not you know that it will be an unmitigated blessing to have Frank safely disposed of for the next few all important days? Even if he were not in duty bound to obey Sir George's summons, I should still say, Go."

"Abdicate in favor of the milliners, in fact," Frank observed, watching the brisk movements of his future sister-in-law with lazy content. He was very fond of May; but just now a tete a tete with Essie seemed a thing most de irable in his eyes.

"Exactly; and urless you wish Mrs. Frank de Walden's trousseau to be lamentab. ly incomplete, you will rather prolong than shorten your visit," May said, and disap-

peared with a laughing nod. "Is May right, Essie?" Frank asked, turn ing to his little sweetheart. "Do I keep you from the serious duties of life? No"he stooped and kissed the pretty upturned face-"your first duty is-to me.

"And yours to Sir George," Essie answered, with a pout; but the pout was all playful, though there was a suggestion of tears in the eyes that were as blue as April skies, though fringed with jet-black lashes.

They were a handsome couple, and formed a pretty p'cture as they sat on the flower-filled terrace of the picturesque river side house-he tall, strong, gray-eyed, and fairhaired, she small and slender, with fine jetblack hair, and pretty, pale skin, that seemed to give, by force of contrast, an intensity and depth of color to the innocent blue eyes. Frank looked meditatively at the river glistening like molten gold in the sunset glow. and bright with pleasure-boats of every kind, be'o e he answered her last, pettish remark. Then he said with a little laugh

"Well, I suppose I do owe him some duty, Essie, though hitherto he has not given me much opportunity of paying my debts. never was so surprised in my life as when received his note.'

"I thought he telegraphed?"

"So he did, on his arrival in England, and wrote by the following post. Let me see-I must have his letter. Ah, here it is! Rather a mysterious epistle too for such a steadygoing old fellow as my respected nucle."

And Frank placed the paper he extracted from his pocket-book in the girl's hands. She turned it over with a puzzled look, then

began to study its contents. "Read it aloud, Essie," the young man broke in; and while ho lounged lazily upon the balustrade and looked out over the sn ooth shaven green lawn to the glittering water beyond, the clear girlish voice rea out the following letter :-

"My dear Nephew, -When you wrote to me three weeks ago, aprouncing your engagement to Miss Esther Verner, you thought I suppose, that you were performing a conventional civility to your father's brother, and never gue sad how deep an interest the news would have for him. Of course it was news to be expected. A good-looking young fellow like you, with many advantages, natural and acquired, was surely looked upon as a prize in the matrimenial market."

"Do you take that sentence to heart, Mis Essie?" Frank put in gravely; but Ess'e went on demurely.

"Aud I was at one time afraid that, relying too surely upon your expectations, you This however does not seem to be the case. I take your word for Miss Verner's loveable and amiable qualities, the photograph answers for her grace and beauty; and, as the world calls her father a rich man, I suppose she adds to her other attractions the solid and lasting charm of wealth."

Essie Verner looked up from the pap with a sudden flush, and found that angry glow reflected in her lover's face.

"He is dreadfully practical," Frank said, with a rather nervous smile; "but parents and guardians will be like this to the end of the world."

"I suppose so," Essie agreed, shaking her dark head dolefully, "Perhaps papa would have refused me to you if you had not been Sir George de Walden's heir."

"I think the 'perhaps' is more than probable," Frank answered drily. "Indeed, I hardly think that I should have found the daughter to a briefless barrister."

"Then you would have done the beautiful daughter' a cruel wrong," the girl said, in a shy talf-whisper, and with a quick and eloquent upward glance that, as a matter of course, brought her lover to her side, and, for a while at least, interrupted the reading of the letter.

"Now do let me finish, Frank," she said at last. "Papa will be home immediately, and then you must talk to him. I do so want to know what more your uncle has to say. I have lost my place. Ah, here it

"By the time this reaches you, I shall be in England—at the Court; and I request, as a particular favor, that you will join me there at or ce, as there are some businessmatters that must be settled between us without further delay. Remember me to Miss Verner, whose acquaintance I shall dusk. hope soon to make, and believe me now as heretofore,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE DE WALDEN,"

"What a strange letter!" Essie said hard ing it back. "But Sir George is rather a strange man, is he not?"

say I remember him very clearly. He has led a wandering life, you know, and only settled down to his hermitage near Naples within the last three years. I have since then thought several times of running over to see him; but-"

"But what?" Essie echoed curiously, as at once?" her lover paused, with a slight shrug of the "Of course. It will be rather queer to see ed all eqpression of wonder to a brief up. shoulders and a meditative twist of his moustache." Would he not have been glad to see you ?"

"Well, he never evinced any eagerness on the point. In fact, this is the first invitation

he ever sent me.'

you are his only relative—his own brother's child! If he does not care for you, what can he care for?"

"Rather a difficult question to answer," Frank said, smiling at the girl's indignant face. "Coins, brasses, antiquities of every least," said the other, pushing back his

kind perhaps, for he is a Doctor Schliemann be easier to tell you what he hates."

"Tell me, then." gaily. "He is a misogynist of the most con- here." firmed and awful description, and therefore I am the more surprised that he should write

so civilly of you. "It is never too late to mend.' Perhaps he has changed his views. At any rate I shall try to convert him," Essie cried, with

a little confident nod. And, looking at the pretty creature in her soft dress of creamy pink, with coral knots and buttons that set off the clear pallor of the skin; the dusky locks and bright blue eyes, Frank thought proudly and fondly that | and my reward has come." his dainty love would find the subjugation of any man, even a gruff old woman-hater like his uncle, an easy task. But he could not discuss the matter further, for just then | this visit, Frank," Mr. Verner and his elder daughter came out upon the terrace, and the conversation nat-

urally took a more general character. Mr. Verner was a big, florid, fair man, stamped, as it were, with a sort of hall-mark of success. Somehow it was impossible to be in h's presence an hour without fe ling that he was very rich, and had accumulated all his money by his own unaided exertions, though why that conviction should be berns in upon one it was not quite so easy to sa, y There was nothing of pompous self-assertion in his manner, nothing of boasting in his quietly-correct speech; but, in some way, the impression was given, and it was cor-

If Constanting Verger had not absolutely entered London with the traditional halfcrawn of the prospective millionaire as his sole possession, he had at least spent several years of so did poverty within it before fortune vouchsafed him the faintest and most wintry smile; but he had from the first a calmly confident belief in himself and his own future; and, when the occasion for which he had long waited, came, he seized it at once. A small successful speculation was followed by a greater; "Verner's luck" became proverbial upon 'Change, and the ucknown, etraggling man developed into a social celebrity. Those struggling days lay very far back in his life now; May and Es sie knew nothing of them. He had not married until the clouds began to break; their lives had been wholly spent in the sunshine of prosperity, and their only grief as yet had been their mother's death, which had occurred about three years back.

People rather wondered that Mr. Verner who had no heir to carry on his name and succeed to his great possessions, did not marry again; but he announced frankly that he was content with his girls, and meant to devote the remainder of his life to them.

"If Heaven had sent me a son, well and good," he would say in his more expansive moments. "I should like to think that ! had left a Constantine Verner behind me but Heaven has not so pleased, and I have received too many good gifts to gramble because one more is denied me. Esther and May are good and pretty girls, not likely to disappoint my just and reasonable hopes; and, if they only marry to please me, I shall be quite satisfied to share my fortune be tween them"-an appoundement that naturally broughl a crowd of coursiers and aspirants, eligible and the reverse, about the pretty on-heiresses' heels.

Fortunately for them, however-for they had as yet no conception of the strength of their father's will and the terrible coasequences of incurring his displeasure-they had both chosen to please him, and with their future, as his reseatte fancy planned it. he was blandly and smilingly content.

May, of whom I expected less, has done me the greater credit," he would say, leaning have made an improdent choice of a wife. | back in his big chair, and joining his fingertips lightly, as he surveyed the situation serenely with his mind's eye. "Lord Croxfor lis of course unobjectionable in every way; moreover, she really cares for him, which is remarkable in such a match. Now Essie-ah, my little Essie might have done better, so much admired as she was too! But I have not the heart to cross that child's whim. Moreover, De Walden is a fine young fellow, of excellent family and prospects; there is nothing against him but his present lack of means, and that my daughter need not mind. Sir George cannot live for ever, and then little Essie will be Lady de Walden of De Walden Court. Well, well, the 'whirligig of time' plays us strange pranks What would my good, plodding old father have said had any one told him that his grandchi'dren would be, the one a peeress, the other a baronet's wife?"

Having thus philosophically reconciled courage to ask him to give his beautiful himself to the match, Mr. Verger received his future son in law not only graciously, but with distinguished consideration, and made no objection to the early marriage for | you last, though that was five years ago." which Frank pleaded, provided that Sr George de Walden, on his side, had nothing

to say against it. "For you will of course ask your uncle" consent; he may hare other views for you, Mr. Verner said, with a stateliness at which Frank inwardly and irreverently laughed, though he answered with perfect gravity that he had already written on the subject, but was assured of his uncle's consent.

"So Sr George has answered your letter in persen ?" Mr. Verser said, when the girls had left the table, and the two mon sat alone over ther their wine, the elder peeling a peach with much deliberation, the younger casting longing glances out at the terrace, where Essie and May sat chatting in the soft

"In person and on paper too, sir : he wish-

es me to run down to the Cour ." "But he makes no objection to the mar

"On the contrary, he express s the warm est approval, admir s E sie's photograph, and, in short, writes very pleasantly in deed," concluded Frank, thinking that, on "Well, yes, I suppose so; but I cannot | the whole, it was better to summarize the letter than read it just at present; and Mr. Verner received the summary with a well-

pleased smile, "Then, as he comes to bless and not to ban, we must take his promptitude as a great compliment. Of course you go to him

the old place alive again. It looked like the lifting of his eyebrows, and listened respectpalace of the Sleeping Beauty the last time I was down there,'

"Da Walden Court is very old, I believe?" Mr. Verner asked, with an anticipative pride in the historic granduer of hin Essie's "What a shocking old creature! And luture home; but Frank answered careless

> "Not very-Elizabethan only; but it is a picturesque old place, and I cannot think what made my uncle neglect it so long."

"Well, the neglect is over for a time at a sudden flush.

chair, and rising in pity for the lover's manin a small way; but, on the whole, it would | ifest impatience. "You will convey my compliments to Sir George, Frank, and, as, I supp se, it will be neces ary that we old "Your sex generally," Frank answered | fogies meet, assure him of a hearty welcome

Frank nodded assentingly; but it is doubtful whether he quite knew to what proposition he agreed, for the next moment he was out in the moonlight bending eagerly over Essie's chair.

"At last !" the girl cried, lifting her soft reproachful eyes to his. "Oh, Frank how

long you have been !" "And I have grudged every moment," he answered eng rly; "but we were talking business sweetheart, and now the task is over

"Yes, but this time to-morrow!" the girl said, with a little involuntary shiver. "Do you know, I have a superstitious dread of

Frank only laughed, and kissed the pretty, jewelled fingers that tightened on his then; but afterwar s he recalled the words with a stringe, superstitious thrill: and wondered whence that thadowy warning

## CHAPTER II.

"Mr. De Walden, sir?" The man touched his hat, and came across the platfosm with an interrogative look, as, hot and dusty with his long journey, Frank alighted at the quaint little road-side sta tion which was the nearest point to D Walden Court There were few passengers and those few were villagers, so the ser vaht's discriminatory powers were not severely taxed in picking out the stranger

"Yes, I am Mr. De Walden. I hope Sir | smile-George is well."

"Quite well, sir, but a little knocked up by the late journey. He has sent the dog-

cart, sir, as he could not come himself." Frank nodded, and as he gathered up the reins, found himself vaguely wondering what it was that struck him as strange in the speaker's tone and look. The man was a perfectly well-bred English servant, with the civilly reserved speech and automatic movements peculiar to his class; but either Frank imagined it, or the dull wide eyes rested on his tace with a momentary glance of curiosi ty and compassion.

"Pshaw! I am getting as nervously fanciful as my little Essie!" the young man thought with a smile at his own folly as the cart bowled briskly along through the green luxuriant country that lay between the station and the Court. "I could never lecture her with any show of propriety again if she only knew that I indulged in whims and phantasies too."

It was nearly six when they drew up before the old gray-stone house clothed from basement to turret with ivy, and bathed in a rosy sunset glow that made the small pointed windows glitter with a jewel-like lustre from their dark setting. On the lows est of the three terraces that ran along the wide front of the house two tall percackspread out the iridescent splendor of their tails, erected their graceful heads and start crowned creats, and screamed a discordant

"The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Dancan under my battlements,' " Frank murmured sotto voce, and then he scolded himself for the mal a propos quotation that had come unbidden to his lips, and ran lightly up the steps to join Sir George, who stood on the upper ter-

'Welcome to the Court, Frank," said the elder man. "And welcome home, sir," cried the younger, in a breath; and then they looked into each other's faces, and again that curious sensation of being studie l and compassioned came over Frank de Wal. den's mind.

"What a conceited fool I am to-day!" he decided almost angrily. "Of course, after such an absence, he studies me a little bit. looks too, on the whole, though he seems a the question relieved him. little more nervous and shaky than I thought him in the old days; perhaps his years be-

gin to tell." "You look well and happy, Frank," Sir George said, with something like a sigh, as he turned from the contemplation of hie nephew's stalwart figure and bright handsome face, and led the way into the great cool library that lay at the back of the house and looked upon the placid water of the

Frank laughed, throwing his hat down upon the table and settling himself lightly and easily on the arm of a big chair.

"I was just thinking the same of you, sir. You look-I don't know exactly how to pat it-trighter and younger than when I saw

Frank spoke ahe simple truth as it presented itself to his mind. Had he been dealpleased with the gratified flush of the handsome old face, the pleased sparkle of the still bright eyes, though Sia Geo ge only said, deprecatingly-

"Tush, my dear boy! I am as well as a man of my age can expect to be, that is all; but, to return to you and your prespects."

Frank opened his eyes at this. Hs own prospec's naturally engrossed a large share of his thoughts, and he was anxious enough to discuss them; but. considering that he had but just set foot in the house, that he was thirsty and travel-stained, and even a little confused, his unclo's haste struck him as unseemly and absurd.

"Oh, my prospects are bright enough !" he answered carelessly. "At this moment I have but one wish in the world "

"And that is-" "To wash off all this dust, and get something to drink." Sir George turned away with a smothered

xclamation of disgust. "You will find wine and spirits and so la on the side-board," he said impatiently;

"and for the rest, I think your 'tub' must wait a little while; there is something I must say to you at once." Frank only wondered what reason could my excuse."

excuse this frantic haste, but wisely confinfully while he slaked his thirst.

"Honestly, you are perfectly happy and contented with your lot?" "Perfectly," the young nan spawere lifting the bright face that was in itself the

fullest confirmation of his words.

"Miss Verner is a good unselfish girl, who loves you for yourself alone?" strange question, sir," Frank answered, with Frank."

me home."

"I know that -it was awfully good of you to come." Frank murmurad, recalling his late movement of indignation with a remorseful twinge; but Sir George frowned, as though the grateful tones annoyed him.

"And Mr. Verner? Is he satisfied with the match?" he asked abruptly.

"I think so, though he might reasonably have expected something better for Essie, who wrs the loveliest debutante of her season. Her photograph really gives you no idea of her beaty. She is-

But Sir George waved the subject of Essie and her charms impatiently away, and pursued that which interested him.

"He knews exactly how things stand with 'Of course; he made himself acquainted

with my position sir." "Your position as a man with two hua-

eyeing the trank face keenly. answer, and felt uncomfortable and perplex. ed. As a matter of course, the next heir of mina ed in the blood. These poisons keep a recluse bash for uncle sixt, years old looks | the internal lining membrant of the nose in on himself as securf of the succession, and a constant state of irritation, ever ready for gives that comfortable security a prominent | the deposits of the seeds of these germs, place among the prospects of which he speaks; and Frank de Walden, being only fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulcerhuman, had naturally done as other men ation of the t rout; up the custachian tubes would do in his place. But it was one thing to think this and tacitly allow it to be though, and quite another to look in the living man's face, and say with brutal frank-

nes-"No, my prospects of succeeding you." "Can you not answer?" the elder man cried, cutting his uncomfortable meditations short; And Frank answered with an uneasy

"It is an awkward question."

"Let me make it easier then; and for Heaven's sake answer me frankly. No; that I am sare you will do. Answer me promptly—that is all I ass. Did Mr. Vener give his daughter to you, the young ank strugling barrister, with nothing but a shadowy family interest and his own bright wits to help him int the fight, or—to the future Sir Fiancis, the heir of de Waldren Court?"

The blood rushed hotly over Frank de Walden's face, and his heart beat with un comfortable quickness; but, placed between truth and falsehood, he could not-and he did not-hesitate.

"I am afrail it was to the latter, sir," he said, with a little tremor in his full pleasant voice. "Essie is an angel of unselfishness; but Mr. Vener is a self-made man, who places an inordinate value on such dignities. He does not ask for money -he has abug- wife and two children We briefly narrate dance of that; but his daughter's husbands | the thrilling experience of this family. M . must give them a high place in the world. X. hurri ly entered the room where his wife The elder is to many Lord Cozford, and the and family were seated and from the

stood for perhays five minutes staring out at | Tae horror experienced by Mrs. X. the lake, from which all the sunset glow had may be imagined, and in o der to divert his passed. Frank could only see his back and attention nou red fir what purpose he wantthe handsome gray head that wast still car- ed to use it. I magine her relief when he ried with a proud and stately grace, and stated his int n lon of removing a corn or when he would turn round and speak-ex- women she was equal to the occasion, for plain his enigmatic questioning and still she had already purchased a bottle of Putmore singular silence in some reasonable | nam's Painless Corn Extractor, of which, on fashion.

crossed to his uncle's side; and as the two using Putnam's Crn Extractor. stood in the clear revealing light of the wide window, he noticed with surprise the gray pallor that had crept over the fine-featured old face, the troubled appealing look of the gray eyes. It needed no more to touch his kindly heart: and all his irritation passed away. After all, how did he know what troubles weighed upon his uncle's min l, or how much the exerticn made for his sake

had cost the recluse? you seem so awfolly troubled, sir?" he ask-

you, Frank. "I think not; but try me," Frank answered, with a smile.

"Because-you are not my heir." Frank de Walden put out a hand and caught the back of a tall chair that stood beside him with a steadfast grip, for the room seemed to whirl round in an eccentric fashion, and all the objects in it so mix themselves up in in extricable confusion. He was conscious that he laughed a little loudly, as at some excellent jest, and then somehow he found himself staring at his own face, very white and wild-eyed, in the big lessly yesterday or this morning. glass surmounting an old cabinet that front-

ed him. "Not your heir?" he repeated stupidly.

"Is it a joke, or -"No joke at all. I have been married ing in subtle flattery, he must have been four years now, and my son, who is of course my heir also, is a fine chill, nearly three years old."

An awkward silence followed, during which Frank vainly tried to realise the strange facts he heard, and Sir George to find words that should soften this terrible good opening. A. W. BELL, Carleton Place, Ont. blow; but these were far to search and long in coming, and Frank was the ffrat to speak lafter all.

"It is rather late to congratulate you, sir." he said, struggling gallantly with the sickening feeling of disappointment and defeat, the chill forboding that oppressed him; "but the fault is not mine."

"No, indeed," said the other, squeezing the offered hand tightly, and looking apologetically into the dazed young face. "Frank, I have used you shamefully; I never felt that as I feel it to-day.'

"You were not sworn to celibacy,"

a deleusion for four years—the four years you might have used so well Let me think and speak hardly of myself, Frank, just at present; it is my only consolation. By-andby you shall hear - No-you shall see

"Lady de Walden is here then ?" "Yes. After four years of marriage, she has at last seen her husband's home-my poor Anita. I do not know how she will accommodate herself to English ways."

"She is not English?" "No-an Italian, a mere girl, who, when she married me, knew nothing of my rank or means, and has lived in contened obscurity with me and her child. She is-but I will not tell you what she is-you shall judge "I am sure of it, though that is rather a for yourself. You look pale and tired now,

"I am a little tired," Frank answered. "I know it; but the necessity for putting rousing himself with an effort. "I think I Bessemer Steel sofa. Coair & Bed Springs

suchquestions upset all myplans and brought) will go to my room and make myself pra-

sentable. Sir George looked wistfully after his and drew a long breath of relief.

"He b are it well; but the blow is a hard one. Pray Heaven it may not be followed by a worse!" he muttered. "I fear these Verners build too much on the succession, Well, well, I can only do my best !"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## What is Catarrh?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15th.

Catarrh is a muco puralent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the noie. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: - Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of dred a year of independent income? Your | tuberc'e, the germ po son of syphilis, merprospects at the bar?' Sir George asked, cury, taxe nea, from the ratention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed per-For the first time Frank hesitated over his spiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are gerwhich spread up the nostrils and down the causing deafness; bur owing of the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, end-

> ing in pulmonary consumption and death. Many attempts have been made to discover a care for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus

> Some time since a well-known physician of ferty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particular and freatise free by Denlosing stamp.

> > A Terrible Tragedy.

A terrible tragedy was happily averted the other evening by the presence of mind of the wife of one of our most respected citizens. The family consists of the husband, determined expression uton his face, "Sr George de Walden's heir. Poor Mrs. X saw at once that something was amiss. He demanded his razor Sir George turned away abruptly, and which had accidentally been removedwouldered, with a sort of restless irritation, | two which ac red terrible, and like a true every hand, she had heard no hing but At last he could endure it no longer. He | praise. A o'd the evils of do nestic lice by

An On o female institute contains 30 redheaded girls and the principal dispenses with gas and all oeher artificial light. Use only the Triangle Dyes. 100

The degrees of "professor of contemporary antiquities" has been conferred in New York! He is not, however, the manager of a ballet

The Testlmony Of hundreds of druggists bear here witness "Why am I 'poor Frank,' and why do to the efficacy of Polson's NERVILINE as the most potent remedy in the world for all Am not I studying him? Very well, he ed brightly; and Sir George looked as though kinds of pains. Nerviline is composed of newly discovered ingredients, and is equally "Because-you will hate me when I tell good for internal or external use. Purchase a ten cent samp'e bottle, and test it at once. T. R. Melville, Prescott, writes: "My customers who have used Nerviline speak highly of it, and I am satisfied it will take a leading place in the market before long.' Try Polson's Nerviline for pains. Sold by druggists and country dealers

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There are ots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents

A.P 184

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