The above contract prices do not give the right to divertise Houses or Farms for Sale, or to Rent, Clerks, Domestics or Servants Wanted, Articles Lost or Yound, Entertainments, Auction Sales, &c., but exend exclusively to the legitimate commercial anouncements, ordinarily displayed matter, of the persons contracting. Solid matter will be charged at J. F. McDONALD, L.L. B., PARRISTER AND ATTORNEYat-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,

M. WALSH, DARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, 1) Solicitor in the Supreme Court of Ontario, &c. Money to lend at lowest rates, Mortgages Bought and Sold.

OFFICE up Stairs, Walsh's Block, Thomes Street, ingersoil. Ont.

Thames street Ingersoll

W. W. HOLCROFT, PARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOcitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.; \$100,-rivate funds, to loan at 6 and 7 per cent. ges, Debentures and Notes bought. Office ty occupied by the late Mr. McCaughey, street, Ingersoll.

J. C. HEGLER, PARRISTER ATTORNEY, SOcitor, &c. Money to loan at eight per cent.

Office:—Over Molsons Bank, King Street. G. J. CHARLESWORTH, M. B., T. M. S., M. C. P. S., Ont. L. R.
C. P. & L. M., Edinburgh.
Office—Thames Street, over Nelles & Stevens', next
to Browett's Drug Store. Residence—Charles Street,
first place west of Badden's Carriage Factory, Ingeroil. Calls night and day promptly attended to.
March 20th, 1884.

DR. McKAY, R. C. P. & L. M., EDINBURGH. 1. Coroner for the County of Oxford, Graduator the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.—late Surgeon in the British Marine Service. Office, isames Street, Incaracil.

J. ARTEUR WILLIAMS, M. D., R.C.S. AND L.M., ENGLAND L. R. C. P., London; Aurist and Occuli-CHARLES KENVEDY. URGEON DENTIST. LICENS-

OR OF A CONTROL OF THE CONTROL OF TH

QURGEON DENTIST, MEMBER

DRODUCE and Commis January 31st, 7884.

W. R. BURKE DROVINCIAL LAND SURVEY-OR AND DRAUGHTSMAN, OFFICE AT TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

W. G. WONHAM,

JAMES BRADY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER INGERSOLL, ONT.,

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO. Capital Paid Up, \$1,500,000. Rest, - - 650,000.

Purchases Municipal Debentures, Issues Drafts on Its branches and agencies in the North-West. Tran-figrs Moneys by Telegrams to Winnipeg and Brandon. Dealers in Sterling Exchange. Savings Department—Deposits received and interest allowed. Agents in London, Mesers. Bosanquet, Salt & Co., 73 Lembard freet, with whom moieys for transmission from Great Britain to Ontario and the North-West may be described. D. R. WILKIE Cashier.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and Interestallowed thereon at current rates.

INCERSOLL BRANCH, J. A. RICHARDSON,

IERCHANT'S BANK

OF CANADA. CAPITAL - - \$5,700,000 RESERVE - - \$1,250,000

INGERSOLL BRANCH. THIS BANK TRANSACTS A General Banking Business, Buys and Sells Freehange on England and the United States, and issue Drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.

Particular attention paid to collections for Custon A. M. SMITH.

BANK OF LONDON

CAPITAL, \$1,000,00 0.0. BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Hy. Taylor, Pres.
A. M. Smarr, Cashier.
W. R. Merdyth, Q. C., M.P.P.
Brayl. Growth.
184 Banks,
Thos. Kent.
185 Banks,
N. Reid.
JNO Morrison,
JNO Morrison, INGERSOLL BRANCH.

A Branch of the Bank of London, has been open in Ingersoll, in the premises recently occupied by The Molsons Bank. A General Banking Business

Transacted. Collections on all points in Canada and inited States made promptly, all reasonable rates, and the control of the C. W. M. SIMPSON,

Secord's Drug Store

Fine Toilet Soap, Warner's Safe Cure Carter's Liver Pills. Note Paper & Envelopes

B. Laurence's Speciacles and Eye Glasses. D. SECORD, - DRUGGIST, Office-Opposite the Post Office. THAMES ST., INGERSOLL.
July 17th, 1884.

1610 Ingersell, July 24th, 1884.

The fire-light gay and bright, sery blushes for its ruddy charr

arms,
Where, in their own rich light,
The giant logs in splendor fall away
In glowing shapes among the ashes gray.

The happy mother sits
With folded hands, her weary work all done,
With the last smiling of the harvest sun,
And lists, her eyes love-lit,
To the low prattle of her eldest born,
Whose cheek is dewy as the early morn.

Upon the lowly steps
grands use watches for the coming moon
the nurmurs of some half-remembered t
Drops from her faded lips;
dreams again of older days more fair,
marks the shadows flitting o'er her hair.

O baby, glad with play!
mother, knowing not the heart's recoil!

BY HENRY JAMES.

VOL. XXXI.-NO. 52.

Absolutely Pure.

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1883

Assets - - \$5,617,623 Interest on Investments - 335,907

Amount of New Policies - \$4,534,000
Death Claims Paid - \$289,660
Premiums Received - \$812,889

H. O'CONNOR, Jr., - AGENT

INGERSOLL & DISTRICT.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin a

icle, in an elegant, interesting style.
'Then run it into some advertiseme

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as

possible,

"To induce people
"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use any-

that we avoid all such,

Religious and secular, is

the papers.

2,178

New Policies Written

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 18-4.

With tiny hands closed o'er her pearly toes, Watches the fire blaze as it comes and goes, And wonders more and more Whence comes the red light on her snowy feet, And strives to eatch it in her fingers sweet. In homespun garb of gray,
The father sitting by the window wide,
Unfolds his paper with an honest pride,
And in his homely way
Reads of the pomp of state—its wealth and art
With scarce one envious longing in his heart. atlantic ship hover about those gleaming coasts of exile. The fact of Miss Mildred being always stretched on her couch—in his successive visits to foreign waters Benyon had not unlearned (as why should he?) the pleasant American habit of using the lady's personal name—made their intimacy seem greater. Lueir differences less; it was as if his hostesses had taken him into their confidence and he had been—as the Consul would have said—of the same party. Knocking about the salt parts of the globe, which was waiting would have said—of the same party. Knocking about the salt parts of the globe, with a few feet square on a rolling frigate for his only home, the pretty flower-decked sitting—coom of the quiet American sisters became, more than anything he had hitherto known, his interior. He had dreamed once of having an interior, but the dream had vanished in lurid smoke, and no such vision had come to him again. He had a feeling that the end of this was drawing an interior, but the dream had vanished in lurid smoke, and no such vision had come to him again. He had a feeling that the end of this was drawing an interior, but the dream had vanished in lurid smoke, and no such vision had come to him again. He had a feeling that the right thing for him would be to get black into his boat, which was waiting the right thing for him would be to get black into his boat, which was waiting the right thing for him would be to get back into his boat, which was waiting the right thing for him would be to get back into his boat, which was waiting at the garden steps, before Kate Theory should return from Naples. It came over him, as he sat there, that he was far too interested in knowing, and hefelt that the right thing for him would be to get back into his boat, which was waiting at the garden steps, before Kate Theory should return from Naples. It came over him, as he sat there, that he was far too interested in knowing, and hefelt that the right thing for him would be to get back into his boat, which was waiting at the garden ste Georgina's Reasons. "You will never see it, Mildred. don't see why you should take it fo granted that I would accept him." ing an interior, but the dream had van-ished in lurid smoke, and no such vision had come to him again. He had a feel-ing that the end of this was drawing "You will never meet a man who has to few disagreeable qualities. He is probably not very well off. I don't

had come to him again. He had a feeling that the end of this was drawing nigh; he was sure that the advent of the strange brother, whose wife was certain to be disagreeable, would make a difference. That is why, as I have said, he came as often as possible the last week, after he had learned the day on which Percival Theory would arrive. The limits of the exception had been reached.

He had been new to the young ladies of Posilippo, and there was no reason why they should say to each other that he was a very different man from the ingenuous youth who, ten years before, used to wander with Georgina Gressie down vistas of plank fences brushed over with the advertisements of quack medicines. It was natural he should be, and we who know him would have found that he had traversed the whole scale of alteration. There was nothing ingenuous in him now; he had the look were going to die too!"

Seemed suddenly to flood the whole subject. He saw that he was in danger, and he had long since made up his mind that from this particular peril it was nather said to had the courage very to say to her that he would not come back often after that; they would be so much occupied by their brother and his wife! As he moved across the glassy bay to the rhythm of the oars he wished either that the sisters would leave Naples or that his confounded commodore would send for him.

When Kate returned from her errand, ten minutes later, Milly told her of the captain's visit, and added that she had never seen anything so sudden as the way he left her. "He wouldn't wait for you, my dear, and he said he thought you were going to die too!" know what is the pay of a captain in the "It is a relief to find there is some-thing you don't know," Kate Theory broke in. "But when I am gone," her sister went on, calmly, "when I am gone there went on, calmly, "when I am gone there will be plenty for both of you."

The younger sister, at this, was silent for a moment; then she exclaimed, "Mildred, you may be out of health, ut I don't see why you should be so You know that since we have been adding this life we have seen no one we ked better," said Milly. When she poke of the life they were leading—here was always a soft resignation of egret and contempt in the allusion—she spoke of the life they were leading—there was always a soft resignation of regret and contempt in the allusion—she meant the Southern winters, the foreign climates, the vain experiments, the lonely waitings, the wasted hours, the lonely waitings, the wasted hours, the linterminable rains, the bad food, the pottering, humbugging doctors, the damp pensions, the chance encounters, the fitful apparitions of fellow-travelers. "Why shouldn't you speak for your self alone? I am glad you like him, Mildred."

"If you don't like him, why did you give him orangeade?"

At this inquiry Kate began to laugh, and her sister continued:

"Of course you are glad I like him, my dear. If I didn't like him, and you did, it wouldn't be satisfactory at all."

If you with the conviction that the "To compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining was all the time for years,"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Biters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

"A Daughter's Misery,

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rhemmatic trouble and Nervous debility,"

"Under the care of the best physicians, "Who gave her disease various names, "But no relief,"
"And now he is restored to us in good as all the years when he is restored to us in good as all they as simple a remedy as Hop Biters, that we had shunned for years before asing it."—The Paranys.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters asy:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters,"

"How which be care of the best physicians, "Who gave her disease various names, "But no relief, "And now he is restored to us in good easily by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before asing it."—The Paranys.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters," "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters," "The Paranys."

Father is Getting Well.

"My dear. If I didn't like him, and you did, it would go quickly back to its consistency at all. It can imagine nothing more miserable; I shouldn't die in any sort of confort." Kate Theory stay to take things seriously. This is whit he next minute it would go quickly back to take things of such that than event in the tot take things seriously. This is whit he heave the could not be said to take things seriously. This is whit he park the tobject of his affection in him; he struck you as serious, and yet he could not the take the power. The father is wise of the will do that the next minute it would go quickly beak to tis constant with the conviction that the leax win the power. That's why he went away so that the totake the powe

son too full of fact to carry a dull face to a sick bed.

She spoke in an encouraging voice, and had soothing and unselfish habits fate might never marry—much as she wished she would. She was quite more full effect of contrasted black and white—and dressed herself daintily, so that Mildred might have something agreeable to look at. Benyon very soon perceived that there was a fund of good service in her. Her sister had it all now; but poor Miss Theory was fading fast, and then what would become of this precious little force? The answer to such a question that seemed most to the point was that it was none of his business. He was not sick—at least not physically—and he was not looking out for a nurse. Such a companion might be a luxury, but was not, as yet, a necessity. The welcome of the two addees at first, had been simple, and he scarcely knew what to call it but sweet; a bright, gentle friendliness remained the tone of their greeting. They evidently liked him to come—they liked to see his big transatile friendliness remained the tone of their greeting. They evidently liked him to come—they liked to see his big transatile mounts like these thirty times over—of lingering on them for hours. She talked largely of herself, of her unless and anuns, of her clothes—past, present and unus, of

seemed suddenly to flood the whole sub-ject. He saw that he was in danger, and he had long since made up his mind

understand—fell with its little flat, common sound upon the ears of her sisters in-law, who had no sets of anything. She cared little for pictures and mountains; Alps and Apennines were not productive of New Yorkers, and it was difficult to take an interest in Madonnas, who flourished at periods when, apparently, there were no fashions, or, at any rate, no trimmings.

I speak here not only of the impression she made upon her husband's anxious, sisters, but of the judgment passed on her (he went so far as that, though it was not obvious how it mattered to him by Raymond Benyon. And this brings me at a jump (I confess it's a very small one) to the fact that he did, after all, go back to Posilippo. He stayed away for nine days, and at the end of this time Percival Theory called upon him to thank him for the civility he had shown his kinswomen. He went to this gentleman's hotel, to return his wisit, and there he found Miss Kate in her brother's sitting room. She had come in by appointment from the villa, and was going with the others to seek the royal palace, which she had not yet had an opportunity to inspect. It was proposed (not by Kate), and presently arranged that Capt. Benyon should go with them, and he accordingly walked over marble floors for half an hour, exchanging constant common-places with the woman he loved. For this truth had rounded itself during those mindays of absence; he discovered that there was nothing particularly sweet in his life when once Kate Theory had been excluded from it. He had stayed away to keep himself from falling in love with her; but this expedient was in itself illuminating, for he had perceived that, according to the vulgar adage, he was locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen. As he paced the deck of the ship and looked toward Posilippo his tenderness crystallized; the thick, smoky flame of a sentiment that knew itself forbidden ar year. When he was angry at the knowledge, now danced upon the fole of his good resolutions. The latter, it must be said, resisted

about a ment that knew itself forbidden ar I was angry at the knowledge, now danced upon the fuel of his good resolutions. The latter, it must be said, resisted, declined to be consumed. He determined that he would see Kate Theory again, that he would see Kate Theory again, want very much to claim her."

"Well, she's handsome enough. You want very much to claim her."

"Well, she's handsome enough. You got to invent some new name, then. The latter, it must be said, respectively.

The latter, it must be said, respectively.

Clined to be consumed. He determined that he would see Kate Theory again, for a time, just sufficient to bid her good-by, and to add a little explanation. He thought of his explanation very lovingly, but it may not strike the reader as a happy inspiration. To part from her dryly, abruptly, without any allusion to what he might have said if everything had been different—that everything had been different—that seeing; then sight, and hearing as well, became quick. They were suddenly became quick. They were suddenly became quick. They may be mouth, the larger—that of happy love—was denied him; the luxury of letting the Mate looked at her sister now. "I don't understand."

"Neither do I, darling. But you will, one of these days."

"How if he never comes back?"

"O, he will—after a while—". dent—oh, not at all—that they should never meet again. She might easily think it was, and thinking it was would doubtless do—her no harm. But this wouldn't give him his pleasure—the Platonic satisfaction of expressing to her at the same time his belief that they might have made each other happy, and the necessity of his renunciation. That, probably, wouldn't hurt her either, for she had given him no proof what.

for she had given him no proof what-ever that she cared for him. The nearest approach to it was the way she walked beside him now, sweet and silent, without the least reference to his

verything had been different—that vould be wisdom, of course, that would be virtue, that would be the line of a practical man, of a man who kept himself well in hand. But it would be virtue terribly unrewarded—it would be virtue too austere for a person who sometimes flattered himself that he had taught himself stoicism. The minor little lady at his side a countenance un-

expectedly puzzled by the problem she had lightly presented to him.
"Your brother-in-law's second wife?

window, through which, from the distance, the many-voiced uproar of Naples

WHOLE NO. 1616. A LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

A remarkable instance of rapid mental calculation has been discovered in a young Polish boy named Paul Zizisky, living in East Bridgeport. He has a low forehead, with Lair growing down to his eyelbrows, is rather sleepy-looking and shambling in his movements. But whenever his father asks him a question relative to numbers he at once brightens lative to numbers he at once brightens

The hotels of interior Arkansas are not what advanced enlightenment demands, in that several guests have to sleep in the same room. The other day Mr. John Steveall, a well-to-do gentleman, stopped at the Bardell House. When informed that he must occupy a room with a red-whiskered fellow with a red-whiskered gray he demurred, but a Red-Whiskered Man. whiskey-streaked eyes he demurred, but seeing no chance of bettering his condition he finally consented. Mr. Steveall has the approxime winfortune of series of the condition and the series of the se over his memory in search of any one who can snore a higher or deeper tri-umph. Mr. Steveall and the red-whiskered man with the whiskey-streak-

Mr. Steveall soon dropped off to sleep, and at once began to saw hickory timber the got down off the load and hugged us

of snoring."

He soon dropped to sleep again, for it seems that snoring men never lie awake.

glad to have one of the boys call him by

NICHNAMES ow They Stick for Years to Unforts

Peor's Sun.

It is wonderful how college boys grasp at the least thing to make it uncomfortable for one of their number. A son of President Arthur, who is at Princeton college, has his life made a burden to him by being called by the hickname of "Precious Thing." He is never called anything except Precious Thing, and it galls him. The way he got the name was peculiar. The President took the young man to Princeton, when he entered that college, and the boys gave the great man and his son a serenade. The President acknowledged the compliment, and made a little speech, in which he said:—"You can see how much I think of Princeton by my leaving my son, the most precious my leaving my son, the most precious thing I have in life, here with you." The young galeots and educational hoodlums gave three cheers for the President, and gave three cheers for the President, and then some one proposed three cheers more for "his precious thing," and that settled it. Young Arthur, alluded to by his father as the most precious thing in life, becomes a precious thing in ridicule. If a boy could be called a "precious thing" by girls, with all the name implies, it would not be so bad, but to have six hundred boys constantly calling him a "Precious Thing" is too much, and the young man is broke up. It is "Here, you Precious Thing, lend me your jack-knife," or "Precious Thing, pull down your vest," until he wishes he were dead. His father meant the expression as one of endear-

relative to numbers he at once brightens up, becomes somewhat excited, and acts oxactly as a black-and-tan dog does when his master says "rats." A newspaper correspondent recently asked his father if it was true that his son was a lightning calculator. Mr. Zizisky said, in answer: "Paul, how many beans are there in this handful?"

The brightens where dead. His father meant the expression as one of endearment, showing the love he bore his sou, and he supposed he was addressing a lot of human beings with hearts concealed about their persons, but they were only college hazers, with no respect for the decencies of life, and they would make fun of anything. The president can't there in this handful?"

The boy at once commenced to dance fun of anything. The president can't take his son away from there and send The boy at once commenced to dance around the store and became greatly excited as his father thrust his hand into a barrel of beans, took a handful and threw them down in a corner, where they lay scattered about. The lad leaped into the air, and, almost before the beans had touched the floor, shouted "1768." The beans were carefully gathered and couried, and while this was being done the boy grinned and waited. The result showed him to be correct to a bean. He relapsed into his usual thered and counted, and while this was being done the boy grinned and waited. The result showed him to be correct to a bean. He relapsed into his usual sleepy manner again. The father them seized a handful of oats and threw them in a heap upon the counter. "Paul," said he, "how many oats?" The boy again jumped to his feet, devoured the cots mentally, and instantly shouted, "2880." It took a long time to count them, but the number was again found to be correct. Next the father seized a hand, in yelling distance of the boys, and them, but the number was again found to be correct. Next the father seized a half filled pail of water, and asked the boy, "How many cubic inches of water in the pail?" The boy sized it up with his eyes and quickly shouted, "116." A careful computation proved the result to be right.

Other wonderful answers were given. Other wonderful answers were given, that from that moment he would never always in an excited manner, and no comparison of his manner at this time seems to be as apt as that of the excitement of a dog when "set on" by his master. At each and every successful answer the same doleful expression returned. It is understood that several New York gentlemen have become in-

New York gentilemen have become interested in little Paul, and that he will be well cared for in that city.—Boston Globe.

How Mr. Stevenil Spent the Night With a Red-Whitskered Man. has the annoying misfortune of snoring.
Other men have been known to snore pretty well, but no person who has ever heard Mr. Steveall will attempt to turn
out to the farm. A gray haired man was out to the farm. A gray haired man was out to the farm. out to the farm. A gray haired man was out in a field, on top of a wagon-load of f-rtilizer, pitching it off with a pitch-fork. The visitor went up to the wagon, spoke whiskered man with the whiskey-streak, ed eyes went to bed about the same time, fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, occupying different couches. We say complex in word word in the wagen, spoke to the farmer, who stopped pitching the hands and look at the visitor. He looked a moment at the man on the ground, a ber.
"Say," called the red-whiskered man.
"Well?"
"You are snoring."
"That so?" replied Mr. Steveall, sarcastically. "I am 45 years old, and you "Well?"

"You are snoring."

"That so?" replied Mr. Steveall, sarcastically. "I am 45 years old, and you are the first man that ever accused me

the nickname. "You are snoring again."
"You must excuse me, sir. I am 45
years old, and I don't think that any
one over accused me before of snoring."
one over accused me before of snoring."
Taken for a long time and in large doses, it
Taken for a long time and in large doses, it