WHO IS THY FRIEND?

BY FRANCES BROWN, THE "BLIND POETESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND."

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pleasures
In banquet hall or beauty's smiling bowers;
He that will dance with you to Folly's measures,
And make no reckoning of the squandered hours.
To ride on the revel and the game is all?
These are the friends who help men to their fall.

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pride,
Thine hour of glory, or thy day of gain;
Who dwells in every triumph by thy side,
And swears that that triumph fate of vain
Hath hopes his destiny as thy honour goes?
These are the friends, misfortune turns to foes.

Who is thy friend? The man that for his winning
Presumes to place with need of thine or thee,
Who will not lend you silk or linen thy dunning,
Seek but equal his fortune's growing tree.
Who expects your aid, whose promise larger yet?
These are the friends, who fail us and forget.

Who is thy friend? The man of truth and trust,
Be he poor or rich, in sorrow nearest still
To thy frailty, ever, to thy merits just,
Thy help to every good from every ill.
Who is free for the world's hate might make
Amend?

Ah, rare! this life hath few such friends.

Who is thy friend? The best, the truest regarded,
Is thy unfailing and in love unchanged
Through all the changeful years, though ill rewarded
(Ere thou thy black, long and far estranged,
And from the frozen rocks of earth around,
To seek in heaven thy unrelenting friend

MRS. PENN'S PRESENT.

[CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]

this commonplace Othello that he must be shut up in a counting room all day, while another man carried flowers, fruit, books, and his own handsome presence besides to the lovely wife at home.

But one day Jack's mind was suddenly diverted from this rugged track by an advertisement, flung at the office door, setting forth the merits of a type writer, a new invention for literary use and business of all kinds where writing was demanded. There were the usual certificates, recommendations, puffs. It was warranted to outwrite the fastest scrivener, to be perfectly legible, in short, to be a necessity of life. Here was the thing, Carey! Her arm already was painful from long use. She had been worn out with her novel. Here was the very thing for a Christmas present. It was expensive, to be sure, but no doubt would be economy in the end, and there were two hundred dollars laid away in the Bank of Books, that his old grandmother up in Maine, had left him years ago. Jack's mind was made up.

Pretty soon the novel came out, and though truth compels us to own it was not wonderful, still it was not bad. Natural, simply, wholesome, it had small sales and few admirers. But Carey harvested a little sum from it and did not say much about her disappointment. She was able to give Jack a nice Christmas present, and when the festival came, and she wheeled a burden easy chair into the parlor and presented it to her dear husband, she was pleased enough to utter a little scream of joy when he unveiled the mysterious thing in the corner and showed her the type writer.

It was many days she had learned to use the lettered keys rapidly, and Jack in her daily delight and gratitude had almost lost sight of Mr. Platt. But when Valentine's day brought to the door an elaborate document, in a thick, stiff envelope, and a big bunch of Parma violets and daphne blossoms, Jack began to rage. Carey had gone on to Boston, to make some arrangements with the editor of a juvenile paper there, so he put the letter aside and the flowers in water, and went away to his office, with set lips and a pale face. Naught he returned to the lonely rooms, and, from sheer loneliness, sat down to write a letter to his brother in San Francisco. As he hitched his pen from the desk, to reach for ink to the inkstand, the gold pen dropped from the holder and fell into the waste basket, close by. Carey had left in a hurry and forgotten to empty Cry's collection of scraps; and the pen dipped out of sight at once. Jack, hunting among the rustling papers, half expected to pull them all out, one by one, and was half way to the bottom, when a torn sheet of delicate note paper met his eye, and on its surface, in the square, purple tint of the type writer, these words: 'Dear, darling Hen.' Another and still another turn piece of the same paper held the same words in different sequence. 'Dear Hen. Dearest Hen dear. Hen P. Hen P.'

Jack was puzzled. It did not occur to him that the nickname was strange for a lady to use. That was a trifle. 'For Shoe.' This was confirmation strong as holy writ.

Poor Jack! The fires were let loose upon him. Jealousy is cruel as the grave. To have had Carry in her grave would have been nothing to this! He could not sleep. He walked the room till dawn, then mechanically knelt by the fire a fresh, and went down to go to breakfast and to work. But breakfast was a myth and work mechanical. When he reached home at night, he looked like a man about to die. He opened the door with his key. A blast of light, of warmth, of perfume burst on his chilled senses, and Carry threw herself into his arms.

He held her off sternly. His face never relaxed a muscle.

'Jack! Jack! What does ail you? Are you sick? *Do* speak!'

But he only shook her hand in his and led her to the table, opened a little end drawer, where he had laid these damning proofs away, spread them before her, and pointed to them with one right finger, like the hero of a dreadful melodrama. 'Look there!' he said.

Carry stared blankly, first at the papers and then at him. A wild fear entered her eyes. She thought him suddenly insane.

Jack grew impatient. He moved that index finger under the words 'Dear Hen.'

'Woman! Who is he?'

Carry's face changed again. She drew her hand from Jack's grasp, threw herself into a chair and shrieked with laughter. She laughed beyond all power of speech, and her husband stood glaring at her in despairing amazement.

'Oh, Jack!' she gasped, as soon as her breath served. 'Oh, dear!' And then she laughed again, till the tears streamed down both cheeks. 'Wait a minute, oh! till I can stop, oh, Jack!'

He sat down in another chair, with an expression of agonized patience, that seemed to inspire his wife with fresh bursts of laughter. But at last she found breath to speak.

'Oh, Jack! What a blessed old idiot you are. Here! Read that!' And she pushed over to him across the corner of the table, the same mysterious document he had taken from the letter box two days before. But it was open now, and showed two letters, one of which was unfolded and brief enough for this:

'Dear Mrs. Penn:

'She has accepted me, at last! I am the happiest fellow in America. I enclose a letter left at the office for you, and I send a few of your favorite flowers, to celebrate the day. Wish me joy. For I know you rejoice. Yours faithfully, H. L. PLATT.'

'My dear old boy,' said the still shaking Carry, as she crept on to Jack's knee and laid her head on his shoulder, 'I began to write a letter to Helen, the other day, on the type-writer, and somehow the thing got out of order and refused to go. I could not make it clip from a to l at all. Every time I tried to write 'Helen,' all I could get was 'Hen.' If you look at those awful documents, you will see the e in every 'Hen' is blurred. I thought it might be the fault of the 'l,' and as I knew all about this love affair and have for months, I naturally tried my l Platt; but it wont well enough there. I meant to ask you to see to the machine; but you know the *Phystine* people sent for me to come that day, and I forgot it.'

'Carry, I am a fool,' said Jonathan, in an exhausted tone. 'I am a jealous fool. Can you forgive me?' And here he turned white and laid his head back in his chair, for the man had neither eaten nor slept in twenty-four hours.

'I always said book-keepers were stupid as owls, you know, Jack. But you are worse than an owl. Come and get your dinner, sir! I can forgive you for everything but supposing I could be so shockingly ill-bred as to call any man 'Hen!'

Jack gave a feeble little laugh and went to dinner like a lamb. He has never been jealous since; but yet Carry never quite treats him.

She takes remarkable care of the scrap basket, and has studied the typewriter so thoroughly she can bring it in order herself.

'It is a great help, Jack,' she said, the other day, half smiling: 'but it came near being a disastrous present.'

N. Y. Independent.

IN A SHAPE TO BE ANSWERED.

In one of the courts of Sacramento, two or three days ago, there came up for trial a case in which a Chinaman was the complaining witness against a white man. During the empanneling of the jury one of the attorneys questioned closely the men summoned as jurors, to ascertain their views on the Chinese question.

"Would you believe a Chinaman under oath?"

The witnesses responded in the affirmative.

"Would you believe a Chinaman as quickly as you would a white man?"

"Well," hesitatingly, "I would believe him as soon as I would some white men."

"That isn't an answer to my question. I now ask you, and I desire a categorical answer, would you believe a Chinaman as soon as you would believe me, or the attorney for the defence, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, certainly!"

The attorney did not appear to feel much better after he found out.

THERE WAS NO COMPLAINT.

He was a singularly grave man, even for a sexton. For nearly half a century he had been a public functionary and performed the conspicuous duties of a sexton; yet no one had seen him smile. Occasionally he joked, but he did it in such a funeral manner that no one could accuse him of levity.

One day he was standing on the church steps, wiping his melancholy features with a red bandana. A hearse stood near, and three or four carriages were drawn up behind it. The notes of the organ floated out of the open windows with solemn effect. A stranger came along and said:

"Funeral?"

And the old sexton gravely bowed his head. It was.

"Who's dead?"

The old man again wiped his brow and gave the name of the deceased.

"What complaint?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

Solemnly placing his bandana in his hat and covering his bald head, the old sexton made answer.

"There is no complaint—everybody entirely satisfied."

"YOU SHTOP MY SHOURNAL PAPERS"

A German subscriber to the *Journal* recently called to advertise a lost cow, and according to the long established custom of this well regulated shop, we immediately wrote up a notice and figured at the cost of publication.

"Vat ish dat?" asked our friend, placing the butt end of his whip on our little son of multiplication.

We informed him that it would cost so much for advertising his lost cow three weeks.

"You make me pay for dat?"

"Certainly we always take pay for our advertising."

"You takes pay, eh? Vell, dat ish von pad shvindle. I schribe mit dat shournal paper dese tree years, und now you sharge me yoost for von leetle advertise on mine gow."

"But we—"

"You shtop my shournal papers, and I got some oders, py shiminy, und you gome leetle end dat horn oud."

"But see here, friend——"

"I go right away und dond got sheated mit you, py krashus. Tink you got some sheep mit a vease, dond you? Sharge me yoost to advertise von gow. It vas petter uv you dond get me med ven I come here, und I schribe mit dat shournal paper more as tree year, but you makes me med und you shtop mine papers before I get it next dime. Dat ish vat man I am kind uv py shiminy!"

We tried to explain; we tried in vain; we lost him and a three week's advertisement of a "los gow, py shiminy!"

A TROUBLESOME VERB.

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Dubois to me, "but your verbs trouble me still, you mix them up so with prepositions.

"I am sorry to find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw our friend Mrs. Murkeson, just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping, am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is so broken into."

"Broken down, you should say."

"Broken down? oh, yes. And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city."

"Broken out?"

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken broken. How do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly it is what I mean to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken broken."

"Broken off."

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news. No preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a very fine fellow. Good day."

So much for the verb "to break."

UNITED AT LAST.

ROMANTIC STORY OF A MISSING SOLDIER.

(Middletown Press.)

A quiet wedding occurred in this village within two months, at which there were no guests, a mother to the bride being the only witness to the ceremony beside the officiating clergyman, who came from another village. In 1862 a young gentleman, a resident of this county, who was betrothed to the lady, enlisted in the Union army. His sweetheart made no effort to dissuade him, and with a breaking heart, bade him adieu and quietly buried herself in her home with her widowed mother, the only living member of the family beside herself. For a while all went well, and loving letters cheered the gallant soldier. After the battle of Chancellorville his letters suddenly ceased. Letter after letter was written to him and his comrades, but all that could be learned was that after that terrible battle he was missing. His stricken sweetheart never entirely abandoned hope, and lived on, hoping against hope for his return. After many weary years her patient troth has been rewarded and she is now a happy bride. Some time during the fight he was taken prisoner, and soon after was sent to a Southern prison, where he was kept about a year, suffering almost untold torture. He finally escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor and getting to England on a blockade runner. After much delay and many disappointments, during which his courage almost failed him, he succeeded. He remembers sailing through the blockading squadron. After that all is a blank. He learned afterward that he had been taken ill, and soon after insane. On his arrival at England he was taken to an insane asylum by the Captain of the blockade runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged cured, but penniless. He succeeded through the assistance of friends in the asylum, in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house, where he was the guest of the principal, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was granted him, he came to Middletown and found his old sweetheart, now a lady of 32, still faithful to his memory. They were quietly married and are now in England, where he proposes to remain for a term of years. During his long absence his only surviving relatives, a brother and uncle, had died, and he had no ties to keep him here, save the love of country, which will eventually bring him and his faithful wife back to our shores.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of the digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street, and 170, Piccadilly, London.—720-1y.

Public Notices.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA, Oct. 6th, 1877.

Authorized Discount on American invoices, until further notice 6 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

896-1y

NOTICE.

THE VICTORIA RAILWAY CO.

Will not be responsible for any debt contracted on their account unless a requisition for the same is produced, signed by James Ross, Manager.

GEORGE LAIDLAW, President.

Lindsay, May 28, 1877.—925-6m.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

County of Victoria, } To Wit. } On

Saturday, the 27th day of October

Next, A. D. 1877, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias to me directed and issued out of the County Court of the County of Victoria, in the suit of

DUNCAN JACKSON, Plaintiff,
and
THOMAS BRIGNALL, Defendant,

I will sell by

PUBLIC AUCTION

At my office in the

COURT HOUSE, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY.

In said county, all the right title and interest of said defendant, in the following lands and tenements, that is to say:

Lot Number Three, on the North Side of King Street and West of Napadale Street, in the Village of Woodville, in the County of Victoria. There is a nice commodious cottage about 30 feet by 32 feet, on the premises. A very desirable situation for a gentleman's private residence.

GEORGE KEMPT,
Sheriff, Co. Victoria.

Sheriff's Office, Lindsay, } July 11th, 1877. }
First published 13th July, 1877.—924-td.

Railways.

TORONTO & NIPISSING RAILWAY.

Summer Time Table.

Commencing Monday, May 7th, 1877.

GOING NORTH.	Mail.	Local.	Mixed.
Toronto, depart.	8.20 a.m.	3.30 p.m.	
Uxbridge "	10.55 "	6.10 "	12.15 p.m.
Cannington "	11.52 p.m.	7.07 "	2.05 "
Woodville "	12.15 "	7.20 "	2.30 "
Midland Junction	12.45 "	7.30 "	3.00 "
Coboconk, arrive.	1.30 "		3.15 "
GOING SOUTH.	Mixed.	Mail.	Local.
Coboconk, depart	5.30 a.m.	1.40 p.m.	
Midland Junction	6.15 "	2.00 "	6.10 a.m.
Woodville "	6.30 "	2.10 "	6.47 "
Cannington "	9.00 "	3.23 "	7.00 "
Uxbridge "	10.55 p.m.	4.25 "	8.05 "
Toronto arrive.		6.45 "	10.30 "

Travellers leave Lindsay at 5.30 a.m., by M. R. R., arriving at Toronto at 10.30 a.m. Returning leave Toronto at 3.30 p.m., reaching Lindsay at 8.30 a.m.

W. GOODERHAM, Jun.,
Toronto, May, 1st, 1877. Managing Director.

Midland RAILWAY OF CANADA.

COMMENCING on Monday, May 7th, 1877, and until further notice trains will Leave Lindsay for Lakefield, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations at 5.00 a.m., 9.30 a.m., and 4.10 p.m. For Toronto and points on T. & N. R'y, Waubaushene, Georgian Bay and intermediate stations at 5.30 a.m., and 12.50 p.m. Arrive from Lakefield, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations at 8.30 a.m., 12.50 p.m., and 7.45 p.m. From Waubaushene, Georgian Bay, Toronto and intermediate stations at 4.10 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.

For further particulars see pocket time cards, to be had at all Stations.

The above time gives passengers five hours in Toronto, and returns them to Lindsay same night.

Through tickets on sale to all points on G.T.R.

A. HUGEL.

924-1y

VICTORIA RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Takes effect on

Friday, 15th of June, 1877.

Miles.	STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH.
0	Kinmount, leave	9.00 a.m.
9	Bethel's Bridge, "	9.33 "
14	Fenelon Falls, "	9.53 "
19	Fenelon Falls, "	10.35 "
	Midland R'y Junction, "	11.15 "
33	Lindsay, arrive	11.35 "
Miles.	STATIONS.	GOING NORTH.
0	Lindsay, leave	2.45 p.m.
	Midland R'y Junction, "	3.05 "
14	Fenelon Falls, "	3.50 "
19	Fenelon Falls, "	4.07 "
24	Bethel's Bridge, "	4.25 "
33	Kinmount, arrive	5.00 "

CONNECTIONS.

LINDSAY.—With Midland Railway. Passengers leaving Toronto by Grand Trunk at 6.37 a.m., can arrive same evening at Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and Minden. Returning can connect with Midland and Toronto & Nipissing Railway trains, arriving in Toronto at 6.45 p.m.

FENELON FALLS.—With Steamers and Stage for Bobcaygeon, Bridgenorth, Sturgeon Point, Canoe and Balsam Lakes.

KINMOUNT.—With Stage for Minden, Haliburton, the Free Grant Territory, and English Land Company's Property.

†Telegraph stations. *Platform stations—trains stop on signal only.

JAMES ROSS, Manager.

921.

WHITBY, PORT PERRY & LINDSAY RAILWAY.

Two Daily Trains each way between Toronto and Port Perry, Lindsay, and all points on the Victoria Railway.

Time Table No. 19,

Taking effect on Monday, August 27th, 1877.

TORONTO TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH	Mail.	Express.
Toronto, via G. T. R. depart	7.00 a.m.	4.37 p.m.
Whitby Jun. G. T. R. "	8.45 "	6.25 "
Whitby "	8.55 "	6.30 "
Brooklin "	9.15 "	6.47 "
Myrtle "	9.28 "	7.00 "
Summit "	9.34 "	7.10 "
Manchester "	9.45 "	7.17 "
Prince Albert "	9.55 "	7.22 "
Port Perry "	10.10 "	7.35 "
Seagrave "	10.35 "	7.58 "
Sonya "	10.43 "	8.06 "
Manilla "	10.57 "	8.17 "
Claripoon "	11.18 "	8.35 "
Otter "	11.32 "	8.45 "
Lindsay, arrive	11.45 "	9.00 "
TRAINS GOING SOUTH	Express.	Mail.
Lindsay, depart	5.15 a.m.	2.20 p.m.
Otter "	5.34 "	2.39 "
Claripoon "	6.06 "	2.45 "
Manilla "	6.23 "	3.06 "
Sonya "	6.35 "	3.18 "
Seagrave "	6.41 "	3.25 "
Port Perry "	7.03 "	4.00 "
Prince Albert "	7.08 "	4.07 "
Manchester "	7.13 "	4.18 "
Summit "	7.21 "	4.26 "
Myrtle "	7.30 "	4.36 "
Brooklin "	7.42 "	4.50 "
Whitby "	7.58 "	5.10 "
Whitby Jun. G. T. R. "	8.00 "	5.15 "
Toronto, via G. T. R. arrive	9.52 "	7.07 "

†Flag stations—Trains stop on signal only. †Telegraph stations.

Connections.

WHITBY JUNCTION with Grand Trunk Railway for all points east and west.

PORT PERRY with stage for Epsom, Utica and Dalsington.

SEAGRAVE.—For Stouffville and Weld.

MANILLA.—For Sunderland and Cannington.

BARIFORD.—For Oakwood, Little Britain, Valentia and Port Hoover.

LINDSAY.—With Victoria Railway, for Fenelon Falls, Kinmount, Minden, Haliburton, the Free Grant Territory, and the English Land Company's property, with Midland Railway, for Woodville, Beaverton, Orillia, Washaubaushene, Georgian Bay, which connects at Orillia with the Northern Railway for Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, and the Free Grant Territory, with Crossmon's Steamer for Sturgeon Point Hotel, a delightful Summer Resort, and Bobcaygeon.

This is the only direct route from points on the Victoria Railway and Lindsay to Toronto and the West.

Through Tickets may be had at Grand Trunk Ticket Office, Union Station, Toronto.

JAMES HOLDEN,
Managing Director.

Whitby, July 27, 1877.—943.

Spratt & Killen.

SPRATT & KILLEN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fresh Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Fish and all kinds of General Groceries.

Goods carefully selected and bought at close figures, and can be sold at reasonable low special attention to our stock of TEAS.

☞ Remember the place,—Bigelow's Block, Kent Street, Lindsay.

P. J. Hurley.

GREAT SAVING.

THE BURLINGTON JAR

Will save fruit and berries with half the quantity of sugar better than any other Jar in use. Call and see them. The only place they are to be seen in Lindsay is at

P. J. Hurley's Grocery Store,

Directly opposite the Benson House

Stoves and Tinware.

STOVES AND TINWARE.—A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT AT LOW RATES.

E. WOODS,

is prepared to execute on the shortest notice all descriptions of

Job Work, Tin and Galvanized Iron Roofing and Eave-Troughing

A large assortment of Cistern and Well Pumps, Iron and Lead Pipes. Stock of Tinware complete, at prices which will suit purchasers. Our Hot Air Furnace especially adapted for heating Churches, School Houses and Private Residences.

The Best Coal Oil At Lowest Prices.

Thanking my numerous customers for past favours, I kindly solicit their increased patronage, which shall receive my best attention. ☞ Don't forget the stand, Three Doors West of Ontario Bank, Kent Street, Lindsay.

P. S.—A liberal discount given to Pedlars. 924.

M. Markham.

M. M. MARKHAM

Baker's Block, Kent Street,

Begs to intimate that he has just opened a large selection of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

For the FALL TRADE.

As my books are to be closed by the FIRST OF OCTOBER, there will be no more credit given after that date. Parties will find it to their advantage to buy for CASH. Parties indebted will please call and settle their accounts at once without further notice.

Lindsay, Sept. 26, 1877.—942. M. M. MARKHAM.

J. Pyne.

IF YOU TRY

JNO. PYNE'S,

CHEAPEST IN

HARDWARE and GROCERIES,

You will be repaid for your trouble. I have just received

50 Chests of that Tea, 3 lbs. for $1, which I defy competition.
50 Boxes Raisins, new, which I will sell 15 lbs. for $1.
20 doz. Brooms, worth 20 cts., 2 for 25 cts.
25 Boxes good Solace Tobacco at 45 cts. per lb.
10 Cases Telegraph Matches—2 boxes for 25 cts.
A lot of Coal Oil at 25 cts per gallon, or 5 gallons for $1.

And everything else in proportion.

Remember the place, William St., one door North of Dominion Hotel, Lindsay.

P. S. My expenses being so considerably below an ordinary business of the kind, I will be able to offer the public a corresponding advantage.

Lumber.

TRUDE'S LUMBER YARD.

F. & C. TRUDE

Having purchased the entire stock at BOND, DOWNER & CO.'S MILLS, consisting of

LUMBER, TIMBER, SHINGLES, &c.

Are prepared to offer rare bargains. Intending builders should see the stock and ascertain prices before making purchases elsewhere.

Yard—Corner Cambridge and Bond Sts., opposite the Methodist Church.

Woollen Mill.

1877.

Lindsay Woollen Mills,

Corner of William and Bond streets. Manufacturing done in all its branches.

Custom Carding, Fulling, Dyeing, Etc.,

Done on shortest possible notice. The cheapest place to buy

Fulleloth, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, Horse Blankets, Yarn, &c.

CASH FOR WOOL THE YEAR ROUND.

J. W. WALLACE.

Lindsay, Aug. 23, 1877.—937.

Calkin's Washer.

EUREKA.

CALKIN'S CHAMPION WASHER

Has solved the question at last as to how to wash clothes perfectly and easily.

Many have tried but none have really succeeded before.

This Washer is Perfect in its Action.

Completes its work without any hand washing, and in one-fourth the time usually taken.

PREVENTS ALL WEAR AND TEAR to the Clothes.

Will not get out of Order,

And fits any tub. Can be purchased through agents in each County.

STOCKTON, ROSSITER & Co.,
102 King St. West, Toronto.

940-1m.

J. Finney, Lindsay, Agent for Victoria Co.

W. W. Robson.

SELLING OFF.

Bargains in

GROCERIES AND CROCKERY.

W. M. ROBSON

Would respectfully intimate to the public in general that he intends to sell out his entire stock of

Groceries, China, Glass and Earthenware,

and would call special attention to his fine

STOCK OF TEAS.

Which will be sold at a great sacrifice on present prices, and to assure the public that I am absolutely selling out, I offer all my movable Shop Furniture, consisting of a Chas. Edwards' Fireproof Safe, Scales, Lamps, Chandeliers, Glass Cases, Tea Tins, Candy Bottles, and other articles pertaining to the trade. A very desirable Horse and Light Wagon. Also my large and commodious

STORE TO RENT.

The Goods will be sold Cheap for Cash

Don't forget to call and secure a bargain.

W. M. ROBSON,
Kent Street, Lindsay.

Miscellaneous.

WOOD.

DRY WOOD

Of all kinds can be had at

THOS. FEE'S Wood and Lumber Yard

For Cash only.

Lindsay, Sept. 4, 1877. 939-8.

STEAMER MAPLE LEAF, (F. Crandell, Capt.) will on and after Monday, 3rd of Sept., run on the following route:—Leave Bobcaygeon at 6.30 a.m. for Lindsay, calling at Sturgeon Point; arriving at the former place at 10 a.m. Returning, leave Lindsay at 3 p.m., calling at Sturgeon Point, and arriving at Bobcaygeon at 7 p.m. 939-8.

FARMERS' ATTENTION.

ANOTHER ADVANCE.

We are now paying 50 Cts. each for good fresh taken off Sheep and Lambskins.

We always pay the highest price for hides and calfskins. Never pay higher or refuse to the cent, but call and sell them up, and lay away in a cool place.

BOSCOM BROS.,
Wellington St. Bridge.

933-y39-tf.

Phillip Nicolle.

THE China, Glass and Earthenware Store

SELLING OFF.

Having just returned from the markets making selections, and continuing to do so until all my goods are disposed of, I will sell my entire stock to any one at any time from the 1st of September, at a sacrifice.

Nothing but Staple Goods on hand, in China, Glass, Earthenware and Fancy Goods.

This is no humbug as I have decided on leaving Lindsay.

☞ Remember the Stand. West Side of William Street.

PHILLIP NICOLLE.

Lindsay, Sept. 5th, 1877. 939.

Tucker's Balm.

J. O. TUCKER, presents his thanks to the inhabitants of Lindsay for the kind and liberal patronage he has received from them for the past 8 years, and desires to solicit a continuance of the same favours. He further wishes to say that he will not be able to canvass the town in his usual way this fall, but has made arrangements so that all can be supplied with his

Great Sovereign Balm,

Tonic Wine Bitters,

Liver Pills,

Cough Mixture,

Hair Restorer,

Worm Powder

Sly E. GREGORY, Druggist, S. PERRIN, Druggist, for Lindsay, C. LAIDLEY, for Omemee.—937-13.

Clark's Spool Cotton.

CLARK'S ELEPHANT

SIX CORD

TRADE MARK

SPOOL COTTON.

The following SEWING MACHINE COMPANIES recommend their customers and the public to use THIS THREAD ONLY, as, after careful testing, they are satisfied there is no other in the market so ELASTIC, SMOOTH, FREE FROM KNOTS, or in any way so well adapted for machine use:—

Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.,

Singer Manufacturing Co.,

Howe Machine Co.

Raymond Sewing Machine Company,

C. W. Williams Sewing Machine Co

LADIES:—As a SUPERIOR THREAD is required for the successful operation of Sewing Machines, your special attention is called to the above.

A full assortment to be had at all first-class Dry Goods stores and Sewing Machine Depots.—919-1y

Lumber.

LUMBER AND SHINGLES.

LUMBER

Of all kinds, suitable for building and retail purposes, can be had cheap in quantities of 20,000 feet and upwards; also

SHINGLES

Of any grade. The same can be delivered at any point.

BOBCAYGEON LIME.

Also a large quantity of Lime from the new celebrated Bobcaygeon kiln.

Orders for Lumber and Lime can be left with Mr. JOHN CHISHOLM, or Mr. S. WALKER, at the Stonehouse, Lindsay.

904-1y 944 M. BOYD, Bobcaygeon, Ont.

LUMBER YARD.

The subscriber has on hand and for sale at his

LUMBER YARD, LINDSAY,

on

BANK OF RIVER EAST SIDE WILLIAM ST. IN REAR OF WOOLLEN FACTORY.

All kinds of

Lumber, Shingles, Scantling, Lath, Flooring, Joist, Pickets, Plank

all within and lengths or cut to order on the shortest notice. Also constantly on hand and for sale by

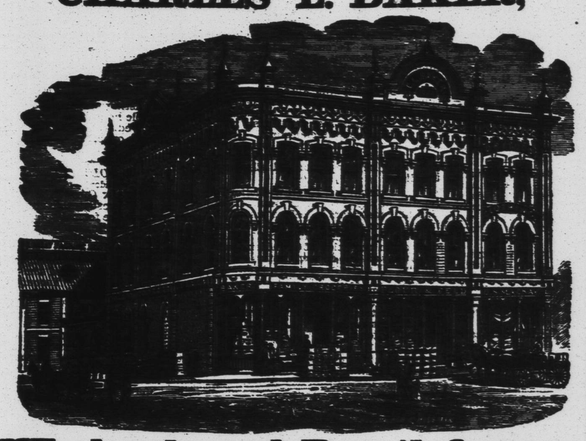
Green & Ellis, Fenelon Falls.

A. W. FARMER, Agent,
Office opposite Woollen Factory.

904-1y

Charles L. Baker.

CHARLES L. BAKER,

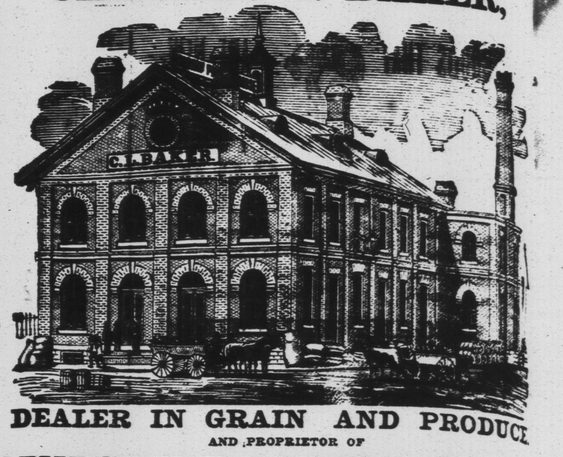


Wholesale and Retail Grocer,

CORNER KENT AND CAMBRIDGE STS.

LINDSAY - - ONTARIO.

CHARLES L. BAKER,



DEALER IN GRAIN AND PRODUCE

AND PROPRIETOR OF

LINDSAY PACKING HOUSE

CAMBRIDGE STREET, LINDSAY.

John Dobson.

JOHN DOBSON,

KENT STREET, LINDSAY

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Fresh Teas	General Groceries
Tobaccos,	Wines,
Coffees	Liquors
Sugars,	And Cigars.

Keeps constantly in stock a large assortment of the above goods, which being bought in the best markets and on the most advantageous terms, he is enabled to give the very best value to his customers and the public.

Seeds.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!

CLOVER, TIMOTHY,

And all kinds of

FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS,

Warranted fresh, and at the lowest price. Also

Seeders, Drills and Reapers.

Remember the Sign of the Plow, Kent Street, Lindsay.

811 JAMES KEITH.

M. W. Minthorne.

M. W. MINTHORNE,

Chemist and Druggist,

MEDICAL HALL, LINDSAY.

Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully and accurately prepared.

FULL STOCK OF ALL GOODS IN OUR LINE.

☞ Remember, the Cheapest Drug Store in the County, two doors west of S. & O. Bigelow's.

For Sale.

THE CANADA LAND AND EMIGRATION CO.

FARM LOTS for SALE in DYSART

AND OTHER TOWNSHIPS,

ALSO, TOWN LOTS IN THE VILLAGE OF HALIBURTON,

The terminus of the next section of the Victoria Railway.

Apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager,
50 Front Street East, Toronto,
Or to ALEX. NIVEN, Agent
Haliburton.

904-912.

Stephenson & Thompson.

NEW FIRM.

STEPHENSON & THOMPSON,

(Successors to John Deyell, late Stephenson & Deyell)

Have in stock a large variety of

STOVES AND TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sole manufacturers of the Celebrated

Stephenson Patent Furnace,

For dwellings and public buildings—the best and cheapest in use.

Special attention at this season paid to Pumps and Sinks.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, and all Outside Work promptly attended to.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

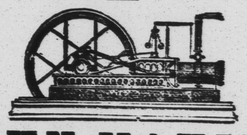
Foundries & Machine Shops

FARMERS, GET YOUR MACHINERY REPAIRED AT THE FOUNDRY.

Special attention at this season is given to

REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES, REAPERS, MOWERS,

&c., which is done in the best style at very moderate prices.



JOHN MAKINS

Would call the special attention of the farmers of Victoria and adjoining counties to his

SUPERIOR MAKE OF PLOUGHS,

Which include the following:—

Hill's Patent Iron Beam and Steel Landside.

Combination Improved Iron Beam and Steel Landside.

The above Ploughs are without doubt the best general purpose ploughs in the market.

A Guarantee is given with each that if they will not keep clean in any land and not entirely satisfactory, they will be taken back and no sale.

Also, MAKINS' GANG PLOUGHS,

A good strong serviceable plough.

The above ploughs can be seen at JAMES KEITH'S AGRICULTURAL EMPORIUM, or at the

Victoria Foundry, Dobson's Old Stand,

William Street, North, Lindsay.

Jewellery.

IF YOU WANT A NICE PRESENT

GO TO

J. A. PORTE'S.

Just received a new assortment of

Watches, Chains, Rings, Brooches, Ear Rings, Sets,

&c., Cheap for the "Hard Times."

J. A. PORTE.

FOR

FINE WATCHES AND JEWELLERY, ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,

Rich Vases and Motto Cups,
Writing Desks, Work Boxes,
Bronzes, Statuettes, &c.,
Parlour Games,
Albums, Concertinas, Violins, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS & STATIONERY

With an endless variety of novelties, all suitable for the season, carefully selected in the best market

J. R. JOHNSTON,
LINDSAY

NO MORE SEA.

There shall be no more sea; no wild winds bringing,
Their stormy tidings to the rocky strand,
With its scant grasses, and pale sea-flowers springing
From out the barren sand.

No angry wave, from cliff and cavern hoary,
To hearts that tremble at its mournful lore;
Bearing on shattered sail and spar the story
Of one who comes no more;

The loved and lost, whose steps no more may wander
Where wild gorse sheds its glooms of living gold,
Nor slake his thirst where mountain rills meander
Along the heathy wold.

Never again through flowery dingles wending,
In the hushed stillness of the sacred morn,
By shady woodpaths, where tall poppies, bending,
Redden the ripening corn.

'Neath whispering leaves his rosy children gather
In the grey hamlet's simple place of graves,
Round the low tomb where sleeps his white-haired father,
Far from the noise of waves.

There shall be no more sea! No surges sweeping,
O'er love and youth, and childhood's sunny hair;
Naught of decay and change, nor voice of weeping
Ruffle the fragrant air.

Of that fair land within whose pearly portal
The golden light falls soft on fount and tree;
Vexed by no tempest, stretch those shores immortal,
Where there is no more sea.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Stanley is Congo-ratulated.

—The jokers' land.—All-jeers.

—Domestic Pets—matrimonial sulks.

—The Graphic says the blarney stone is the same as the sham-rock.

—A man's own safety is a god that sometimes makes very grim demands.

—Despise no one, for everyone knows something which thou knowest not.

—What the country yearns for is—for a book entitled "That Ante of Mine."

—An Irish agricultural journal says that potatoes should be boiled in cold water.

—If you don't want to be robbed of your good name don't have it painted on your umbrella.

—We only become moral men when we accustom our affections and talents to be directed by reason.

—If "there is no place like home" why are so many people anxious to get away every summer? Give it up.

—Lift not a foot until you have previously ascertained the nature of the ground on which you are to tread.

—Jean Paul says love truely but not excessively. That is to say, never fan a girl so hard as to spoil her crimps.

—If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would be living upon the earth

—If you have been tempted into evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

—Excess of ceremony shows a want of breeding. The civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

—Party spirit is like gambling—a vast number of persons trouble themselves about what in the end can be beneficial to only a few.

—Vanity is our dearest weakness, in more senses than one; a man will sacrifice everything, and starve out