W. A. Goodwin.

FIRST IN THE MARKET.

W. A. GOODWIN

has now in stock a choice assortment of

NEW ROOM PAPER

of the best quality and lowest prices. Also the largest, best and cheapest display of

Pictures & Picture Frames

in stock or to order. Now is the time to get your work done before the rise in price of glass, lumber, &c. takes effect.

MISHONS AND MOULDINGS

at Toronto Prices. Old frames renewed. Mirror plates resilvered. W. A. G. will furnish the celebrated

Oil Painted Window Shades

all widths, plain or ornamented, by the yard or piece. Call and see samples. Agency for Parkin's Toronto Steam Dye Works. Artists' Materials, S. M. Needles, etc.

Baker's Block, Near the Market, Kent Street, Lindsay.

Lindsay, Feb. 23, 1883.—2-13.

W. R. Skitch.

SKITCH'S CARRIAGE WORKS.

W. R. SKITCH

would intimate to the public that he has now on hand a large number of

CUTTERS, BOBSLEIGHS, and HEAVY LUMBER SLEIGHS.

made out of the best seasoned timber which he will sell cheap. I have still a large number of Buffalo and Cariboo robes which I will sell at cost price in order to make room for my spring stock.

All work is done under my own supervision. Customers can rely on good work being done.

Mr. Remember the place, opposite the Gas Works, William-St., Lindsay.

W. R. SKITCH.

Lindsay, Nov. 6, 1882.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1883.

FATED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR

(Continued from first page.)

containing the mock certificate was quietly despatched to Lady Fairfax.

I should here mention that when the old clerk called for the register and his ten rupees, and got them, he hastened to the Bazaar and laid in a fine supply of arrack, which he conveyed to his solitary "go down." His orgy was on such an extensive scale that when he upset a lighted kerosene lamp he was perfectly incapable of stirring or extinguishing it, so he and his house and the marriage register were all consumed together.

Miss Mason received the news as a polite but totally disinterested listener; but as she rolled along the dusty roads in her carriage on her way home she thought all the time of her little joke and its probable consequences.

"Sweet is revenge, especially to women!" I forget who wrote that, but it is true," she murmured. "Mine is even more complete than I had expected. Mr. Parry is dead; the clerk and the register burnt; the witnesses, John and Jane Fox, gone to Australia nearly two years ago. Clear yourself if you can, Sir Reginald Fairfax; I'll not help you; and I think you will find I have given you a difficult task."

Such were Miss Mason's reflections, and her sagacity for the next two or three days was as surprising as it was unbounded. Occasionally she would lean back in her luxurious Singapore chair, drop her book in her lap, and indulge in a long and evidently delightful reverie, bewildering her foolish old father by sundry fits of wholly unexplained suppressed laughter.

Chapter V.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

Alice, Miss Fane and Geoffrey were seated at the breakfast table one drizzling December morning. The post had just come in. Geoffrey, having unlocked the bag, was distributing the letters.

"One for you, Miss Fane; looks like a bill," said he, mischievously. "Two young lady letters for you, Alice, and one from Fairfax, of course. I wonder he does not write thrice a day, and telegraph at intervals: 'How are you, my darling? Are you thinking of me, my treasure? What will you give for it? It's a pretty thick one,' feeling it critically. See what it is to be a bride," and he chanted:

They were never weary; they seemed each day
Fresh ecstacy to imbibe;
And they gazed in each other's eyes in a way
That I really can't describe.
And once it was my lot to see
What shocked my sensitive taste;
They were sitting as close as wax, and he
Had his arm about her waist.

"That you never did, you rude boy. Here, give me my letter at once, sir!" cried Alice, half rising.

"Madam, take it. You need not blush like that; it makes me quite hot to look at you. After all, you never did shock my sensitive taste as yet, and I hope you never will. Now for the newspapers," diving again into the bag. "Hallo! here's another letter, Alice, from India. I declare, and a good fat one too. Who is your correspondent, a former disconsolate admirer writing from the East to upbraid you with your perfidy?"

"Nonsense, Geoff; how can you talk such utter nonsense. I'm sure I don't know who it can be from. Cheetapore! I know no one there."

"Well, look sharp and open it, and you will soon see. Most likely a bill of Reginald's. I thought he was a ready money man," said Geoffrey, austerely.

Alice cut the envelope cautiously and drew out a thin note and a long slip of paper. The note ran as follows:

"MADAME—I'm surprised will show you Sir Reginald Fairfax is not your husband. He has deceived you as he has deceived others. His quiet exterior conceals his real disposition. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"One who knows him well."

Greatly bewildered, and with trembling hands, Alice unfolded the inclosure, and gazed at it for some time before she exactly understood what she was looking at.

Copy of Certificate of Marriage, All Saints' Church, Cheetapore.

Reginald Mostyn Fairfax, bachelor. Fanny Cole, spinster.

Hugh Parry, clerk.

Maria Fox and John Fox, witnesses.

White as a sheet and trembling like a leaf, Alice handed this, along with the letter, to Miss Fane.

"What does it mean, Miss Fane?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

Miss Fane, having adjusted her pince-nez carefully, took both and read them and as she read her countenance changed, from purple to yellow, from yellow to purple. Alice meanwhile, devouring her with her eyes.

"I cannot make it out," she said at last. "It seems to be a perfectly correct copy of a certificate of marriage, does it not, Geoffrey?"

Geoffrey stretched out a ready hand for the letter and certificate; but the first glance at the letter had the same appalling effect on him as on the two ladies. After a dead silence, during which the ticking of a clock and the falling of the cinders were distinctly audible, he plucked up courage to say:

"A hoax, of course."

"How are we to know that?" asked Miss Fane, drawing herself up.

"I'll take it up to London and show it to some first-rate solicitor and ask his opinion; it's only four hours by rail. Will that do?" pushing back his chair and looking at Alice interrogatively.

"Yes, do, my dear Geoff, and go at once," she cried eagerly; "for though I know it is a ridiculous mistake, still I feel quite cold and frightened. But perhaps," she added, after a moment's pause, "we should wait till Reginald comes home the day after to-morrow; he will clear it up. Yes; second thoughts are always best; we will wait, thank you, Geoff, all the same."

"No, no, my dear," said Miss Fane, emphatically, "the sooner the matter is quite cleared up the better. I must beg you to take my advice on the subject as a person much older and more experienced than either of you. Geoffrey can easily catch the ten o'clock train. It is now a quarter past nine."

After a short discussion, during which the elder lady carried all before her, it was settled that Geoffrey was to start at once; so he quickly bolted his breakfast, and in half an hour was quickly speeding up to London as fast as an express could carry him. Thinking it better to consult some older head, he drove from Waterloo Station to Wessex Gardens, where Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, Sir Reginald's first cousins, lived.

The Honorable Mark and his wife were at luncheon when Geoffrey entered, and without any beating about the bush bluntly told his errand.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew examined the certificate with the greatest incredulity, and laughed at the idea of Rex above all people committing bigamy, "he so upright, so honorable, a man of stainless character, who had never been known to make a love affair in his life till he met Alice," they chimed alternately. "The idea was really too absurd; they wondered Geoffrey could lend himself to such a wild-goose chase." Nevertheless there was the certificate, "and just to show that it was a forgery and to relieve Miss Fane's mind, you and Geoff will take it to some respectable solicitors and quietly ask their opinion," said Mrs. Mayhew. So they took it to Baggs and Keape, an intensely correct firm; and Mr. Baggs, after carefully scrutinizing the certificate for some seconds, unhesitatingly pronounced it to be a genuine copy, and swore to the handwriting of Rev. Hugh Parry, who had been one of their clients for years. "I can show you any number of his letters, and you can judge for yourselves, gentlemen," preparing to open a brown japanned box, on which "R. and H. Parry" was emblazoned in large white characters.

The little hatchet faced lawyer, with his penetrating grey eyes and mutton-chop whiskers, seemed so perfectly confident of the identity of the signature and the truth of the certificate, that Mr. Mayhew's breath was, metaphorically speaking, quite taken away, and he gazed from him to Geoffrey—whose visage had visibly lengthened—with an air of utter stupification. His moral equilibrium was completely shaken, as he glanced from Mr. Baggs to the deed-box, from the deed-box to Geoffrey, from Geoffrey to the long slip of white paper—the cause of all the mischief—that lay on the green baize table before his eyes. He pushed his hat well to the back of his head, scratched his grizzly locks, and obviously obtained some kind of mental inspiration, for at last he found words:

"It is of no consequence at present, Mr. Baggs. I'm obliged to you all the same. And is you are quite certain of this" flourishing the certificate—"being Mr. Parry's signature?"

"Quite certain. You can compare it yourself, Hancock," to a clerk, "just reach down."

"Never mind—not to-day—another time. Thank you; a good morning. Come along Geoffrey," said the Honorable Mark, backing himself through a swing door, and effecting his exit with extraordinary promptitude, leaving Mr. Baggs under an impression that he had been visited by a gentleman who ought to be looked after by his family, if not immediately consigned to a lunatic asylum.

"It is a queer business, Geoff," exclaimed Mr. Mayhew, once they found themselves in the street; "a very queer business" striding along at a tremendous pace, and looking very red in the face; "but Reginald is sure to make it all right, you may take your oath on that. Just leave it to him to settle. He'll be back in a couple of days. Mind you don't miss the train—it's now a quarter past five. Here's a hansom, hop in or you'll be late. Give Alice my love, and tell her it's all right; it will be all cleared up when Rex comes home. Waterloo, to the driver.

"All very fine," muttered Geoffrey, as he was rattled over the pavement; "I wish he had to face Miss Fane, with Baggs's opinion, instead of me. She'll get it out of me before she sleeps to night, so I suppose I had better make a virtue of necessity and tell the truth at once. Won't she just make a row!"

Alice having despatched Geoffrey, and seen him fairly off to the station, as fast as the fastest harness back could take him, went up to her own room, and there read her husband's letter, from which her attention had been so rudely diverted. It was a nice letter for a young wife to receive—not a spooney, love-lorn effusion, but a good, rational amusing letter, that had evidently given as much pleasure to the writer to write as to Alice to receive, and that, without fulsome extravagance, breathed a spirit of pure true, proud, tender love from the first page to the last. Till now yesterday's had been to Alice the best and most precious of letters; now to-day's came to put it aside, and would in turn give place to to-morrow's, for the last was always the most prized.

Having read and reread her letter, Alice felt a double reliance in her husband and a sovereign contempt for the marriage certificate, which must be either someone else's or intended for a shameful hoax. Much emboldened and encouraged by reflection, Alice ran down stairs in search of Miss Fane, whom she found knitting in the morning room, with an ominous purse on her lips and a frown on her brow.

She was sitting in the window and merely raised her eyes for a second as Alice came in. Alice approached her, and, leaning against the window with one hand in her pocket and surreptitiously grasping her precious letter plunged bold into conversation.

"Miss Fane, I want to talk to you about this dreadful certificate. What do you think about it? For my own part, I most certainly will never believe that Reginald was ever married to any one but me. It is some excessively bad joke that he and I will be laughing over together before the end of the week. Don't you think so, Miss Fane?"

"My dear, if you have fully made up your mind why ask me?" returned Miss Fane, coldly.

"Because I have no one else to talk to about it. You are his aunt—his mother's sister. You would not believe such a thing of him, I know."

Miss Fane drew in her lips and knitted faster and more fiercely than ever.

Alice, kneeling beside her, softly laid her hand on her arm and said:

"You know I have no mother to advise me, or think of me; and I am so dreadfully young, and even foolish for my age. Don't you think, if my other were alive she would say, 'Trust your husband?' In my heart I do sincerely trust him. Don't you?"

"Yes," replied Miss Fane; and then, after a pause added, "That is to say, as much as any young man can be trusted. His mother was certainly my sister, but we were very little together, as I lived chiefly at my grandfather's. She was a handsome, headstrong girl. Reginald has his mother's eyes and his mother's temper, or I am very much mistaken. You would not have found her very easy to get along with, had she been spared," observed Miss Fane, charitably; "but she died, poor thing, when she was two and twenty. My brother in law was inconsolable; he adored her, and spoiled her, and did the same for her son."

"Do not say that Miss Fane. If Reginald had been spoiled he could never have grown up as he has done—so good, so honorable, so—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Miss Fane irritably. "All brides of two or three months say the same."

"There are very few like Reginald," said Alice, warmly. "I know him, of course, better than any one, now."

"Or you think you do," interrupted Miss Fane, "which comes to about the same thing."

"I know I do! I don't believe he has a thought that I might not share; he is true, upright, unselfish. Self he never thinks of; I am his first thought in everything. He loves me far too dearly to bring any such dreadful grief near me as this certificate hints at. I will put all thoughts of it out of my head till he comes home. Don't you think I am acting wisely?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes, in a certain sense you are. But if it is not cleared up you will be all the more unprepared to receive the shock. My motto is, 'Prepare for the worst, hope for the best, and take what comes.' This is a very serious matter, and requires serious thought. I have been turning it over in my mind for the last hour. Shall I tell you what I think?" gazing solemnly over her glasses at Alice, who was still kneeling at her side.

"Oh, yes, of course. Please do," she replied eagerly.

"I think you are by no means the first girl that Reginald was in love with, or that was in love with him."

"Oh, but I know I was," cried Alice with assured confidence. "He told me so over and over again," she added with a lovely blush.

"Stuff!" replied Miss Fane, viciously spearing her ball of worsted with a knitting needle. "And you believe him, you little goose! Do you think," she proceeded in a cool, ironical tone, "that an extremely handsome young man like him had lived seven years in the army without as many love affairs to match? I tell you—and I am an experienced old woman—I tell you no, ten thousand times no. I don't say that I ever heard of any special affair. I did hear a whisper that when he lived he was one of the wildest of wild boys; but I believe, thanks to his father, he soon steadied down. But take my word for it, young men in the cavalry are a wild bad lot."

"Do you mean—that—Reginald—?" cried Alice, struggling to rise.

"No, no, no," replied Miss Fane, keeping her down by laying her hand heavily on her shoulder. "Be patient, and hear what I have to say. I only mean taking them generally—no one in particular. Reginald," she resumed, "has spent a great deal of time abroad. Who knows," she proceeded mysteriously, and dropping her voice to a whisper, "but he may in some mad moment have married a half caste girl; and then, tired of her; and ashamed of his folly have bribed her to silence and left her in India; and she, finding this second marriage too much for her fortitude, has sent you this marriage certificate! What do you think of that idea?"

"Think of it!" cried Alice, jumping to her feet, and almost inarticulate with passion. "I think it a very wicked, horrible idea to entertain of your nephew, and you ought to be ashamed of it!"

"So I will if this certificate proves a false one; but if not, have you thought, my poor girl, since I must speak plainly, of the position in which it places you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if Reginald was married more than two years ago, as shown by the certificate, you are not his wife; you are nothing but Miss Saville once more, with your name and fame for ever blighted."

"How dare you say so?" cried Alice, crimson to the roots of the hair. "How cruel, how unkind of you to talk to me like this! I will never never speak to you again as long as I live. You have a hard uncharitable heart," she added, moving to and the door. "What you say never, never could be true."

"Stay, stay," cried Miss Fane, following her briskly; "I would not have told you all this if I had not—if I did not love you, and if I had not altogether your good at heart. You surely do not think it can be pleasant for me to doubt my own nephew?"—but it was very pleasant—"I only want to open your eyes, my poor, dear child, in case of the worst. There is no one to perform this very disagreeable, thankless duty, except myself. I mean all for the best, I do, indeed," taking Alice in other bony embrace and kissing her effusively. Alice, on the verge of hysterics, broke from reeling, gladly escaped upstairs, to lock herself up in her own room for the remainder of the day, where she had time and to digest and understand Miss Fane's views.

Miss Fane, as we have already seen, had no love for her nephew, and, so far as the certificate was concerned, he was already tried, found guilty, and condemned in her opinion. A domestic tragedy, such as this promised to be, was her glory and delight. Slander and gossip of all kinds were as the breath of her nostrils; her letters, thoughts and conversation all turned in that direction, and she was an adept at serving up the most delicate dish of scandal accompanied by sauce piquante, and followed by entree of her own suggestions. She had the worst opinion of the world and everybody in general, an opinion which she prudently kept to herself. A sufferer in her own little circle, such as this was likely to be, would afford her materials for letters and conversation for an indefinite time. It would give her a certain importance, too, to say: "I was in the house at the time when it happened; I saw and heard everything with my own eyes and ears."

She had no respect for her nephew's name—she was not a Fairfax—no pity for his young wife. The excitement of a cause cause celebre in her family caused neither shame nor horror; quite the reverse. She knitted the heel of a stocking; made an excellent lunch of fish cutlets, curried fowl, tarts and cream; took an airing in the pony carriage; and awaited Geoffrey's return with impertinurable mein.

"Alice would return to live with her," she reflected, "if this turned out as she imagined; and she would make her a handsome allowance, say three thousand pounds a year, as before. Brighton or Cheltenham would suit her best; she loathed the country, and would be able to give nice little dinners, card parties, and suppers, and keep a brougham and pair—bays or greys—iron-greys look dashing; mulberry livery and silver buttons, and of course a cockade—it looked so smart. Perhaps a victoria, too, for summer."

"Here her castle building was interrupted by the entrance of Alice, watch in hand—Alice, who had not tasted a morsel all day. She had spent hours alternately pacing the room and reading her husband's letter; at one moment revived with hope, at another sickening with despair, according as her own convictions or Miss Fane's came uppermost. Pale, but composed, she drew near the fire, and mechanically spread her hands towards the blaze. "Have you dined yet, Miss Fane? I am very sorry to have left you alone, but really my head ached so badly there was no use in coming down. Geoffrey will be down in ten minutes if the train is punctual."

"Then in ten minutes you will know your fate," said Miss Fane, laying her knitting down and looking at the clock.

"Oh, I am sure it will be all right," replied Alice heavily, but white as ashes to the very lips; as she lay back herself by the mantlepiece, she kept her eyes fixed upon the door.

Miss Fane's favorite motto, "Hope for the best, prepare for the worst," was suddenly curtailed by sounds in the hall.

Geoffrey's face, as he entered with a would be cheerful look, spoke volumes, quite sufficient for Alice, who knew every expression of his familiar features. Her dry lips tried to form a question, but no sound came from them.

"Alice!" he abruptly blundered forth, "they say it's a correct copy, and all that sort of thing. There is no use concealing the truth. Mark and I are certain that Reginald will clear it all up; it's some frightful mistake, but nothing more. I swear it is not," he said, taking her icy cold hand. "Don't you fret yourself about it," he added earnestly, for Alice's white face and stony fixed expression alarmed him not a little.

"A correct copy, did you say?" screamed Miss Fane. "Good heavens what an unprincipled wretch Reginald must be! It's will his father and mother are in their graves. My worst fears are confirmed."

"Alice, my poor child," turning toward her with outstretched hands, "you will always have a friend and guardian in me." But her future ward did not hear her; Alice was lying at Geoffrey's feet insensible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PETERBORO CENTRAL FAIR.

Annual Meeting at Millbrook.

The Millbrook Messenger says that the annual meeting of the central association of the district comprising the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Peterborough and Victoria was held at Millbrook, in the council chamber, on the 7th instant. The president, Mr. J. Westington, occupied the chair. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and confirmed. The following gentlemen were introduced as delegates from the different societies in the district, viz: From West Peterborough—Messrs. John Young, T. E. Bell, Alex. Scott, John Garbutt, H. Davidson, Geo. Fitzgerald, Jos. Walton, H. Collins, Wm. Rutherford, John Riddell and John Carneale; East Durham—Johnston Beatty and Major Howden; South Victoria—John Connolly and Col. Deacon; West Northumberland—W. J. Westington, Geo. Cockburn, Wm. Beatty, W. Riddell and R. Cullis.

The president then read the annual address, to whom the thanks of the meeting were tendered, and a request made to him that it be printed for the information of the public.

Joan Carnegie, the re-elected member to the council of the agricultural and arts association of Ontario, then took the opportunity to thank those present, representing the different ridings in this district, for the confidence placed in him, being again returned to the council of the association for another term.

The continuing of the central exhibition for another term on the basis of the last four years was considered and discussed at considerable length, when it was moved by Col. Deacon, seconded by Wm. Beatty, that it is desirable in the interest of agriculture and arts in this district that the system of central exhibitions should be continued. After considerable discussion on the resolution it was put to the meeting and carried.

It was then decided that the next fair be held at Peterborough, provided the delegates present from that county would guarantee the required financial support as specified in the basis, and that the said delegates be requested to report at once. After retiring a short time to consider the above, it was accepted, and finally agreed to by the meeting.

The following gentlemen were then elected officers and members of the executive committee for the central fair, to be held in Peterborough the coming fall of 1883.

President, Jos. Walton, Peterborough; vice-president, W. Beatty, Baltimore; secretary, John Carnegie, Peterborough; treasurer, John Best Peterborough. Executive committee: from Peterborough, Messrs. H. Davidson, Thos. E. Bell, John Garbutt, Alex. Scott, John Young, H. Collins, Jas. Campbell, S. McKibbon and Wm. Rutherford; South Victoria, John Connolly and Col. Deacon; West Durham, Marshall Porter; East Durham, Johnston Beatty and Major Howden; West Northumberland, W. J. Westington and George Cockburn. Auditors, J. H. Knight and John J. Hall. General committee: The ex-presidents and officers of the central; the present representatives and ex-representatives to the council of agriculture and arts association.

The president-elect was then called to the chair. He thanked the meeting for the honor conferred upon him.

A hearty vote of thanks was then tendered to the retiring president, treasurer and secretary, after which the meeting adjourned to the call of the president.

LONG AND SHORT YARNS.

The difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother or one's sweetheart.

—The well-known strengthening properties of iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nervine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.—26-2.

—The price of a wife in Siberia is eight dogs; but what worries the Lowell Courier is that, not knowing the market price of dogs in Siberia, it can't tell whether this is cheap for a wife or not.

The Very Latest News.

"Have you heard the news?" said one city sweet to another. "No; do tell me what it is." "Well, I have at last got rid of my corns by one trial of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, and as I know yours are even worse than mine were I can't pass without telling you to get a bottle as your druggists. I'll guarantee it will fix 'em completely. It is sure, prompt and painless, taking the corns out at once. Sold everywhere. Beware of substitutes and imitations. N. C. Poson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.—26-1.

—Aunt (to small girl): "What are you always thinking about, Ida?" Ida: "I am always thinking about nothing, auntie. I never think about anything unless I happen to think of something to think about."

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints. If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it; use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. S. PERRIN, wholesale and retail agent. —14-eow-26.

—A Pennsylvania inventor has evolved a new rat trap, in one end of which is a mirror. This may do for the female rats, but when a male rat notices that the bait looks double he will think he has had enough and go home.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

We have a speedy and positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. S. PERRIN, wholesale and retail agent.—14-eow-26.

—Women are called the "weaker sex," and yet up to the hour of going to press not one of her sex in this country has shown enough intellectual weakness to embark in the weather prophet business or attempt to eat sixty quail in thirty days.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the approach that more terrible disease consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. 14-eow-26.

Miscellaneous.

A CURE GUARANTEED.

Magnetic Medicine.

For Old and Young, Male and Female.

Positively cures nervousness, in all its stages, weak memory, loss of brain power, sexual prostration, night sweats, spermatorrhœa, barrenness, seminal weakness and general loss of power. It repairs nervous waste, rejuvenates the jaded intellect, strengthens the enfeebled brain and restores surprising tone and vigor to the exhausted generative organs in either sex. With each order for twelve packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our written Guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the CHEAPEST and BEST Medicine in the market. Pamphlet sent free by mail to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of money by addressing Mack's Magnetic Medicine Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Guarantees issued by A. HIGINBOTHAM, Lindsay. —23-1y.

William Howe.

LOOK HERE!

Merchants and others who have not yet selected their GAS FIXTURES walk into HOWE'S and select the same at once before the choice are gone.

We have the LARGEST and BEST STOCK IN TOWN and the PRICES ARE RIGHT.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

We are selling the balance of our stock of HEATING AND OTHER STOVES at A GREAT REDUCTION FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS. Call early as they are moving out fast. Tinware Department COMPLETE in every line.

WILLIAM HOWE.

P.S.—Parties who have their accounts rendered will please settle before 15th February, as all accounts not paid by that date will be placed in other hands for collection.

WILLIAM HOWE.

Lindsay, Feb. 6th, 1883.

Henry J. Keighley.

TEAS! TEAS!

NO ARTICLE OF HOUSEHOLD CONSUMPTION IS IN GREATER DEMAND THAN TEA. I AM SUPPLYING TEA THAT—FOR ITS PRICE, SHALL NOT BE EQUALLED IN LINDSAY, AT 30 CENTS PER POUND. I SELL A TEA OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT, ON THE BUSINESS PRINCIPLE OF SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS. I INTEND SELLING OTHER GRADES OF TEA AND FOR VALUE MAINTAIN THAT THEY CANNOT BE BEATEN.

HENRY J. KEIGHLEY.

Lindsay, March 1, 1883.

Albert Lea Route.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.

CHICAGO.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.—78 1y.

Wm. Dundas.

FARMERS! ATTENTION!

The best place to sell your wool is where it is manufactured into goods such as you require for your own use. That place is at

THE LINDSAY WOOLLEN MILLS

You do not believe just call and see my goods and prices and be convinced. I am prepared

TO GIVE THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE IN CASH FOR WOOL

or give you more **Goods of my own make** (warrant them to give satisfaction) than you can get in town for the same amount of wool. Those wanting their wool manufactured can have it done here and pay for

MANUFACTURING IT WITH WOOL 2CTS. PER LB. MORE THAN YOU CAN GET FOR THE WOOL IN CASH.

My Custom Carding Machinery has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired and I am prepared to guarantee as good rolls as are made in Canada.

Those wanting Domestic Blankets of Flannel White or Grey, will find it to their advantage to call and see mine.

A good assortment of Tweeds and Fancy Flannels always on hand, cheap for cash or exchange.

WM. DUNDAS.

Lindsay Woollen Mills, Corner Bond and William-Sts., Lindsay, Ont.

Lindsay, May 23 1882.

James Wetherup.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Having determined to reduce my large stock of HARDWARE about one-third, I will, for CASH, for the next three months sell at the least possible advance on cost.

A full line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Nails, Shelf and Silver Goods on hand.

JAMES WETHERUP.

Lindsay, February 13th, 1883.—23.