FOURTEEN OF HEALTH.

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH."

The Great Herbal Tonic, Blood Purifier, and Constitutional Catarrh Cure.

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY!

EVERY BOTTLE IS GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED AS FOLLOWS:

One to Two bottles will cure ordinary Constipation, leaving no other tendency to that condition.

One to Three bottles will purify the complexion from Sallowness and Pimples, sweeten foul breath and renovate a debilitated system.

One to Six bottles, by cleansing the blood, improving the general health, and fortifying the system against taking fresh colds, will in all cases relieve, and in most cases cure ordinary catarrh. *Do not forget this fact.*

One to Three or four bottles will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Salt Rheum, Ulcers and most Skin Diseases.

One to Three bottles will correct all derangements of the Kidneys or Liver.

It is Tonic, bracing up the organs of digestion; Diuretic, acting mildly but increasingly on the Kidneys; Laxative, acting on the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Nervine, just what everyone wants as a Spring Medicine.

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WOOD'S *Quinine Wine and Iron.*

A sure cure for biliousness, weakness, loss of appetite and impure blood. Price 75 cents. Prepared only by W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto. For sale at the drug stores. Apl 25 1883.—3m.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1883.

DAN'S WIFE.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, setting right,
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling bridget what to do,
Mending clothes Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stairs,
Tying bonny in his chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Thinking out an much per head,
Eating as she can by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance,
Telling, working, busy life,
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look slim o'er.
Wife asks "how the work has gone?"
"Busy times with us at home!"
Supper done, Dan reads at ease,
Nothing mind the husband teases,
Children must be put to bed—
All the little pearls are said;
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Red clothes tucked o'er little toes,
Busy, noisy, wearing life,
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on, and little noises,
See the woman softly creeps;
Baby coughed last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer;
Mending basket full to top,
Stockings, shirts and little frocks
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darling, ugly pain.
"Never mind, I'll pass away,"
She must work, but never play;
Closed piano, unread books,
Long the walks to cozy nooks,
Brightness faded out of life,
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife.

Up stairs, tossing to and fro,
Never holds the woman long;
Children wanting, free to play
When and where they will to stay;
Bridget loitres, dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross and old;
Household affairs are out of place,
Scolding one dear, patient face;
Nearly hasty as wrong, but ring—
Bridget knew just what to do,
Never knowing fear of play,
Pulled now and laid away;
Work of six in one short life,
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife.

FAIRED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter XIX.

AT BAY.

"Come along, Alice," said Geoffrey, "and help me to count the markers," emptying as he spoke, a basketful of mother-o'-pearl fish on the oilcloth cloth. As she stood beside the table in the full light of the lamp, briskly reckoning dozens of counters, her husband realized how pretty she was—better than ever, as Helen had said. What could surpass the exquisite symmetry of her slender figure, her delicately chiselled profile, or the graceful poise of her haughty little head. What her face had lost in the perpetual ripple of smiles it had more than gained in expression. She had grown, too, he discovered, at least an inch; her head was far above Geoffrey's shoulder. How young and stylish she looked, not more than sixteen at the outside! Who would believe she was the mother of that great boy upstairs! It seemed absurd. How well he knew her half-foreign tricks and gesticulations with her pretty taper hands as she intelligently accepted Geoffrey of Gwelphlaing a dozen counters more than his share. Would anyone think, as they looked at her, standing there, that she was utterly without heart, as cold and callous as a block of marble, a miracle of coldness and unreasonable beyond belief.

Presently she approached him, outwardly with graceful composure, inwardly with much trepidation, and said, without raising her eyes above his cravat collarette stud:

"You will play, will you not, Reginald?"

"Thanks, no," he replied, leaning still farther back in his chair and languidly drawing fancy towards him by both ears.

"Oh, do," she persisted, nervously twisting her bangles round and round her wrist; "we are so few, and Geoffrey says you can teach us a new game."

"No, thank you, Alice, I feel too stupid this evening."

Poor Alice was evidently cold with disappointment and a look that darkened and chilled her countenance the moment he left her side.

"Come, my good fellow!" exclaimed Geoffrey from the card-table, "of course you'll play. I never heard of such nonsense. You will have to come to make up the number."

Thus enforced, he was obliged to join the circle, who "to entertainment selected the farthest seat from Alice. All the game he sat opposite her, and was fortunate enough the game to address her frequently, but his tone was coolly formal, and frozen his difference was in the glance. Nevertheless it was as much as he could do to keep his heart cool with those lovely, wistful eyes opposite him. "What in heaven's name does she mean" he muttered to himself over his cards, as more than once he raised some remark and smiled at him across the table.

"Souvent femme varie, folle qui se fie. She has perhaps changed her mind in spite of her assurance to me yesterday. I shall not change mine, come what may."

His answers to her questions were curtly polite, and he appeared totally absorbed in the game, and nothing but the game, and the enormous heap of counters that were piled before him.

"Just look at Reginald," said Geoffrey, pointing ironically at his fellow, "did you ever see such luck! What's that saying about love and play? Something beginning 'Malheureux en jeu—'"

"Never mind French quotations," interrupted Helen precipitately, and frowning and signing at Geoffrey, "but pay me the six counters you owe me."

"What are you nodding your head and frowning for" inquired that exasperating youth. "I've not said anything, have I?" looking round with an air of injured innocence.

"I'm bankrupt!" exclaimed Alice, suddenly folding her hands on the table and looking with a mock-melancholy face at Mark.

A reckless gambler, she had just seen her last counter swept away, and was utterly penniless. Loans were freely offered by Helen and Geoffrey.

Helen was only too glad to divert their attention, but much to her astonishment she declined their assistance, saying, as she held a pink palm across the table: "Reginald is the richest of you all; he has made a fortune, and he is the proper person to pay my gambling debts."

With a look of unqualified amusement he divided his heap of counters into two portions, and without a single remark pushed one of them toward Alice. In doing so she observed for the first time a deep scar across his wrist.

"What is that dreadful cut, Reginald?" she asked timidly.

"Nothing" he replied sharply, pulling down his shirt-cuff and rapidly dealing out the cards.

"One of his many honorable scars," explained Geoffrey. "It's an uncommonly deep scher cut he got that time he took the standard, and only—"

"Never mind standards and scratches, but go on with the game," interrupted Reginald, with a tinge of asperity in his tones "it's you to lead, Geoffrey."

"I say, Hex," returned Geoffrey, as if struck by a happy thought as he leisurely sorted his hand, "wouldn't it be fun if you were to give a lecture, a public lecture, on the Afghan war, say in the assembly room at Manister. It would fill like mad, and you might send the proceeds—"

"To an asylum for idiots," interrupted Sir Reginald, impatiently. "Will you play or not, Geoffrey?"

"I'll play, of course," returned that youth tranquilly, "but why should we not temper cards with conversation? Here" nodding towards Alice "I play the Queen of Hearts."

After breakfast the next morning the ladies of the party scattered about the garden and grounds. An easy-chair, a cigar, and the Times supplied the Honorable Mark's requirements.

Sir Reginald, declining Geoffrey's challenge to a game of tennis, repaired to the library to write letters.

Alice having done the honors of the garden and shown Helen the most reliable fruit trees, ran back to the house for a basket, in order to gather some plums for dessert. In returning she nearly came into collision with her husband at the garden gate. Very much to her surprise he accosted her, saying:

"Alice, the carriage horses and colts will be here this evening. I beg that you will not send them away again."

"But they are of no use to me, really, Auntie has her own ponies, and I never drive."

"But for the use of your visitors and returning calls a carriage is simply indispensable."

"I never have any visitors, nor have I any calls to return."

"Pray, why not?"

"No one has called on me. Is not that an excellent reason?"

"Am I to understand you have no acquaintances?"

"With the exception of the clergyman's family and the Hudsonts, who live at the other end of the county, and the Grantleys, who are abroad—I may say none."

"Is this by your own wishes?"

"Well, no; not that I care two straws for society, but I will not conceal from you" with a faint smile and drawing a pattern on the gravel with her pretty little shoe—"that I am not a social success."

"Do you mean me to understand you are what is called 'not visited?'"

"If you look at it in that light I suppose I am not" she replied, glancing toward the garden gate, and moving a few steps in its direction.

"Will you permit me to enquire the reason?" he asked, following her and interposing himself between her and the gate.

"I would rather not tell you," she answered in a low voice, picking off the blossoms of syringe that embowered the gate, and putting them into her basket.

"But you will have to tell me," he exclaimed, leaning his back against the gate and setting his shoulders with the slightest ribbon still further over the open.

"I cannot," she faltered, blushing furiously. "There is no good in telling you it will only make you—I mean," correcting herself, "it may annoy you."

"Anything else?" he echoed. "I am quite accustomed to that. Pray don't study me in the matter; I am used to being annoyed, as you call it. Come, do not trifle with me any longer tell me at once why you are not visited in the neighborhood."

"I told you before I could not," looking down the gravel path that lay between them and the house, and evidently preparing for an abrupt departure.

"You shall not go," he exclaimed, seizing her by the wrist, as if he had divined her intention. "Neither shall you pass through this gate until you have answered my question," putting his shoulder against it and looking the very picture of resolution.

"Why do you tease me like this? Do not detain me. Please do not ask me to answer your question," she urged, withdrawing her hand.

"You must and you shall tell me," said he, angrily, involuntarily squeezing her wrist still tighter. "Neither you nor I shall stir until I know. As your guardian it is my duty to inquire into the causes that you are excluded from society."

"Only as my guardian—not as my husband" she asked, in a low voice.

"Certainly—only as your guardian. You gave your husband a hint lately that he is not likely to forget. Never allude to him again, if you please."

"But I did not mean—at least I am sorry—I was hasty," she stammered.

"Your sorrow comes too late—your severity is detestable. I may excuse my rudeness, but remember that it is to your guardian only you are spiteful," letting go her hand at last.

"There, as my guardian, I don't mind telling you," turning away her face and becoming perfectly scarlet as far as the ear and cheek that were visible were concerned.

"They think—they say—"

"Go on," he urged.

"That I am a divorcee. There" she cried, facing him, "the murder is out at last."

"What" he exclaimed in a voice that, although not loud, made her start. "You dare," he add slowly, "to repeat such a thing to me."

"I had no choice; you would hear it. There is no use in being angry with me; it is not my fault. You know very well that I do not deserve such a stigma—that every thought in my heart belongs to Maurice, [illegible] under her [illegible]

"Hey sharp enough" thought the last word.

"That is pretty strong, indeed. Nothing could be more forcible," he replied, with a sneer. "So they say you are a divorcee" he said, his passion repressed but at a white heat all the same, looking her over from head to foot. "Where are the grounds for this most unusual and scandalous story? Who is the author? Who is the story?" he asked vehemently.

"I do not know," replied Alice, now perfectly composed. "Of course I would be the last to hear."

"It does not appear to concern you very much," he exclaimed angrily.

"No, not much," she replied, looking at him with her clear, frank, truthful eyes.

"By Jove, there is concerns me! Society about here wants a lesson in good manners and hospitality, if in nothing else. If I can find out the origination of this baneful calumny it will be worse for him. I believe if he were here now I would— But never mind, what is the good of blustering about it to you? I shall act, that is more to the purpose. How can you be thought a divorcee when you were never divorced? The story is scandalous; you imagine it, perhaps."

"Is it not imagination that no one ever calls here, is it?" she asked dryly. "I believe it is thought you sent me to Monkswood to hush up scandal and to save the Fairfax name, and that I am really as bad as ever I can be."

"As bad as ever you can be!" he repeated, with remarkable fluctuations of countenance and half under his breath. "As bad as ever you can be!" he repeated, his eyes alight with a sombre fire.

"I do not see that you need be so very angry, Reginald. Remember that it is my guardian," emphasizing the word: "it does not concern you so much."

"It does concern me. Nothing could concern me more," he answered vehemently.

"If I had known you would be so fearfully angry I never would have told you. How unreasonably inconsistent you are. You insisted on an answer; you made me speak by force" holding up her slender wrist, which still retained the red mark of his fingers "and when your wish is gratified you are furious. You are encroaching on the privileges of my sex; now are you not?" she asked, with a smile.

"Did I do that, Alice?" he exclaimed, pointing to her wrist. "I most sincerely beg your pardon. I was so determined to hear the truth that I forgot it was not the wrist of a man I was grasping. I have been downright brutal, but the idea of any one casting a slur on you of all people almost driven me beside myself. I am afraid I have been very rude and violent altogether; but you are acquainted with my temper of old, and time, as you may observe, has not improved it," he concluded, with a short laugh.

"May I look at your wrist?" he asked, with real concern depicted in his face.

"You may," she replied, frankly placing her thin little hand in his.

"I hope you will forgive me, Alice. I know I must have hurt you," he added, after a pause, dropping her hand with a respectful distant gesture, as if he had suddenly recollected himself.

"You did hurt me. You have no idea how strong you are. Your hand feels as if it were made of steel. I'll forgive you this time, as Madame Davenne used to say, but don't let it occur again," she added, with an assumed gayety she was far from feeling.

After a silence of some minutes he said: "I can promise you one thing, Alice, and that is that you shall resume your proper position in society, and be treated with the respect to which you have every claim. Your good name and mine are one. We will not talk any more on the subject, and I need not detain you any longer," opening the garden gate politely and standing aside to allow her to pass. But Alice was apparently in no hurry; she continued pulling the syringa mechanically.

"I want you to promise me something else, Reginald. Will you be friends with me" she asked, raising her sweet wet eyes to his.

"Friends!" he echoed, fairly staggered by the question. "Friends!" he reiterated, in a slow deliberating tone, "of course. As your guardian I must be your friend; and I am," he replied, stiffly.

"That is not the sort of friend I mean. A guardian seems to me to be a sort of stern old gentleman, who dole out money, and orders one about, and keeps one in good order, and is altogether horribly disagreeable."

"Charming picture! May I ask if I am the original?" he enquired.

"No, of course not; you may be stern and disagreeable, but you are not old and surly."

"You are really too flattering."

"If you knew how few friends I have, how alone I am in the world, you would not say so," she urged.

"But I say no," he enquired with raised brows.

"You certainly have not met my advances half way," she replied, with a forced laugh. "You will be my friend, will you not, Reg?" she pleaded, laying her hand timidly on his coat sleeve.

"I thought we were to be strangers!" he returned, coolly and politely removing her fingers.

With a gesture of impatience Alice turned away, struggling hard to repress her tears, and with a fair assumption of dignity endeavored to open the gate which a moment before had closed itself with a bang. She could hardly see as she tugged at the bolt.

"Allow me," said her husband, starting forward to her assistance. To her unutterable chagrin and disgust, one of her too ready tears fell with a splash on his slim brown hand. It had the effect of melting him at once. He paused as Alice steadfastly met with a softer look in his dark eyes than they had known for many a day.

"You foolish girl! if you really think my friendship worth having—do you not know that it is yours, and that, in spite of everything, I am always your best friend? How can I be otherwise? Much and often as I have wished it, I am not one of those who can forget."

"Nor are you one of those who can forgive."

"How can you tell?"

"How can you ask me such a question?"

"Well, we won't argue about it. You say you want a friend?"

"I often want a friend to advise me—some one older, better and wiser than I am."

"I can hardly flatter myself that you attribute to me," he said, surveying his wife with the gravest astonishment.

"Yes, of course I do."

"To obtain your good opinion has always been my ambition; but I had no idea that I held such a high place in your esteem. You have quite taken my breath away."

"I wish you would not talk in this horribly sarcastic manner; it is not at all like you. Seriously—not a bit like what you used to be! What has changed you?"

"I am not the least like what I used to be; in many respects I was a fool," he answered with perfect seriousness.

"Everyone, really" she said, stopping and looking at him with wide open eyes. "What makes you say so? You are joking."

"All right! let us imagine that I am joking. You say you want a friend ready with counsel and advice. What more can you desire than Helen?" waving his hand toward the garden. "If you are fond of taking advice—of which I have my doubts—there is no one who loves imparting it better. It will be a mutual satisfaction for both parties."

"Now you are down on Helen's little weakness; that's rather a shame, you must confess. Of course I have Helen for a friend and adviser, but—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, but may I light a cigar? It has the same effect on me that smoke is popularly supposed to have on the savage."

After a pause—

"Go on, Alice," said he, when he had lit up to his satisfaction; "you were telling me something very interesting just now about a friend. Why will not Helen meet [illegible]

"Do be serious."

"Very well, I will," he answered, with sudden gravity. "You see, you want an intimate, particular, confidential friend, and have done me the honor to offer me the post."

She nodded.

"Too flattering it is the most unpalatable manner. I am your friend in the best sense of the word—I would cut off my right arm to serve you—but a friend at a distance, one that you will seldom hear of much less see. The friendship of which you have visions is out of the question between us, and only possible between husband and wife. Be satisfied with your own arrangements; we are ward and guardian, nothing more. Do not be vexed with me for speaking plainly; you asked me to be serious, and I am serious. It seems to me that you do not know your own mind two consecutive hours, but I am not so changeable. You had everything in your hands the other day; it was a question of now or never. Two words would have bridged the gulf between us; you did not speak those two words, and now the occasion for them will never occur again—you let slip your last opportunity."

"I do not in the least understand you," she faltered.

"If you reflect for a moment, I think you will remember the two words—the key to the riddle—Here comes Geoffrey," he observed, as Geoffrey, in a cool gray suit, with a flower in his button hole came bounding toward them.

"Well, upon my word," he exclaimed, "I've been watching you two for the last twenty minutes, talking away nineteen to the dozen, and had I not previously known I should have declared it one of the most promising flirtations I ever interrupted."

"You are always thinking of flirtations," said Alice, hastily turning away. "Come along and help me to gather some plums; Helen is waiting for the basket."

Chapter XX.

SIR REGINALD'S EYES ARE OPENED.

"Alice, I have such a crow to pick with you!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayhew, bursting into her room the same afternoon, as she was dressing for lawn-tennis.

"With me?" pausing with one arm in the sleeve of her dress. "Pick away, I dare say I shall find a bag to put the feathers in."

"It is no joking matter, I assure you," said Helen, leaning one hand on the table and nodding her head with much solemnity. "Reginald has been so angry with me, I declare I feel just as I used to do after I had a lecture from papa. I never saw him in such a rage in my life, and all about you," she concluded indignantly.

"Cela va sans dire," replied Alice, coolly selecting a handkerchief from her sachet.

"What is this monstrous tale you have been telling him about not being visited, and being tabooed as a divorcee? I never heard of anything so utterly absurd. I told him that it was entirely a delusion; that living so much alone had made you fancy and imagine things; and that I was certain it was all a mistake—mere imagination."

"You should not have said that, Helen," replied Alice gravely. "Is it imagination that, although I have lived here for three years, not one in the neighborhood has crossed the threshold with the exception of the rector and the Hudsonts? Am I taxing my imagination very heavyily when I say that I am never asked to join in any of the local charities, bazaars or concerts, although belonging to one of the oldest families in the country, and known to be abundantly blessed with riches? Am I drawing on my imagination when I tell you that the looks which I meet are too disdainful to describe—that were I that dreadful woman I heard you telling auntie about, who had run away from her husband and children—gone off with an actor, I think you said—they could not hold me me in greater scorn and contempt?"

"And why has this never come to my ears? Why have you kept it from me all along? Reginald has been telling me that he left you under my charge and Mark's, and a pretty way I have fulfilled my trust, he says, when he comes home, only to find you outlawed from society. Why was not I told? Was this fair to me, Alice?" said Mrs. Mayhew, sinking into a seat with an air of being entirely overwhelmed.

"We kept it from you on purpose, auntie and I; we thought there was no use in worrying you and Mark, and all you could have said or done would not have been of the slightest use. All the waters in the sea would not have washed me white in the estimation of my charitable neighbors. When first I came here I was too miserable to notice anything; then for a long time I was very ill, as you know. It was fully a year before I became really alive to my position, as you would call it. Then auntie spoke to the rector, and he told her the truth—that Reginald had separated from me for very good reasons; and he asked her point blank if we were on friendly terms. What could she say?" with a gesture of appeal—"She told him the truth—that we were not, but that our difference was entirely a matter between ourselves, and did not concern the world at large. But, unfortunately for us, the world at large is deeply interested in our affairs. The rector believed auntie, I am sure, but no one else will listen to such an explanation for one second, and as it transpired through the servants and the postoffice that I never received any Indian letters, but lots of English ones in a man's hand—Geoffrey's—my fate was sealed. I am considered a dreadful young person. Tell me, Helen," putting on a most bewitching little hat, and looking at her mischievously with her head on one side, "do I look very improper?"

"Alice, how can you go on like this!" exclaimed her cousin hysterically. "How can you jest on such a subject? What an odd extraordinary girl you are; at one moment in the wildest spirits, at another in the depths of woe."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure burns, bruises, cuts, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, cancers, piles, chilblains, corns, tetter, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. Higinbotham, Lindsay.—1291-1y.

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Misses' and Children's Shoes in Endless Variety.

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ALSO 350 PACKAGES OF TEAS,

all fresh. It is not necessary to give details as to our TEAS. This is one of the best consignments we have ever had, and prices will, as heretofore, suit everybody. All other lines of GENERAL GROCERIES in full supply.

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MILK CANS,

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PANS AND PAILS

on hand and made promptly to order.

E. WOODS.

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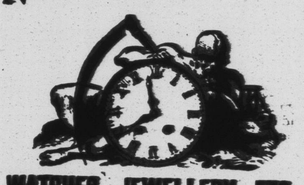

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HANDSOME JEWELLERY, FANCY ARTICLES, TOYS, etc., which she will dispose of cheap for cash. Clocks and Watches neatly repaired. Call at

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At lowest prices. We have in stock and to arrive a large stock of

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Also a full line of

Fine Steel and Shelf Hardware. Bought Strictly for Cash.

We would solicit inspection of goods and comparison of prices.

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Manufacturer of the above lines of wheeled vehicles, guarantees superior material, first-class workmanship and superb finish.

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Comparison of work and Prices invited. Repairing done Promptly and Cheaply

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A. Higinbotham.

"OLD ENGLISH CONDITION POWDER."

JOSEPH STAPLES, Manvers, writes:—Never used anything to equal the old English."

GEO. WERRY, Manvers, says:—"I have used lots of condition powders but never used any that could touch the old English."

Robt. Courtenay says:—"The old English always does good and never does harm."

Thos. Wetherup says:—"I never use anything but the old English because I consider it by far the best in the market."

HENRY GAIN, butcher, Lindsay, says:—"It can't be touched by any powder in the market."

25 CENTS A PACKAGE at

HIGINBOTHAM'S DRUG STORE, DOHENY BLOCK, KENT-ST., LINDSAY.

Lindsay, March 21, 1883.

Wm. Dundas.

READY FOR BUSINESS!

THE LINDSAY WOOLLEN MILLS

I have during the past winter thoroughly repaired and refitted my Woolen Mill and have added to the equipment additional machinery. I have engaged a thoroughly competent man to run the mill and can undertake to say that I can turn out as good, well finished and serviceable Canadian Tweed as can be found in the province. Service more than appearance will be the merit claimed for my goods. I would particularly call attention to a special make of Tweed which I get up for boys clothing. The goods are fair in appearance and as tough as leather. Heads of families will appreciate this point.

To the farming community I can offer GOOD SERVICEABLE TWEEDS, made of good, honest Canadian Wool, and which I guarantee to be just what every farmer needs. These can be seen at the mill.

YARNS! YARNS!

Stocking Yarns—Brown, White, Blue, Grey, Sheep's Grey and natural color, 50cts. per lb. If the wool is furnished by parties to make the yarn, I will sell the yarn at 20cts. per pound. 12 ounces of clean fleece wool will make one pound of yarn. Reel or net yarn, 15c. per lb. when the wool is furnished. CUSTOM CARDING done as usual at short notice. Good rolls guaranteed if good wool is furnished.

TWEEDS! TWEEDS!

I have on hand a stock of Tweeds purchased in Montreal. To get out of this line I will sell this stock of Tweeds at cost.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WOOL or 2cts per lb. extra if the wool is exchanged for goods of my own make.

Lindsay, May 3rd, 1883.—32.

WM. DUNDAS,

Lindsay Woolen Mills.