

Henry J. Keighley.

Fountain of Health. "FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH."

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

People are perfectly safe in buying and using the great remedy known as "Fountain of Health" as every bottle bears the guarantee of the proprietors. It is a Blood Purifier. Price, \$1.00.

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH." It regulates the bowels, and invigorates the liver, curing Headache, Constipation, Piles, Jaundice and all diseases of a bilious character.

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH." It renovates the secretions, softens the mucous surfaces of the head, throat, stomach, bowels, and bladder, expelling catarrh in all its forms.

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH." This medicine is mildly but increasingly directed in its action, thus curing all diseases of the urinary organs such as Gravel, Dropsy, Bright's Disease.

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH." It purifies the blood, expelling all humors, from the common blotch of pimples to the most malignant form of scurvy or ulcer.

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH." It is tonic, laxative, diuretic, nerve, it is perfect, pleasant, powerful, purifying and profitable, because it insures good health.

Price One Dollar. Sold in Lindsay by A. HIGGINBOTHAM Dispenser.

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A sure cure for biliousness, weakness, loss of appetite and indigestion. Price 75 cents. Prepared only by W. LEVY, WOOD, Toronto. For sale at the drug stores. Apt. 25, 1883.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1883. A FARMER WIFE.

Unspoken homilies of peace Her daily life is peace and ease; The still retirement of the dew In her unconscious teaching.

And never tender hand than hers I felt the bow of alling; Her garments to the wind she'd turn, Her music in her trilling.

Her presence lends its warmth and health To all who come before it; If woman has its bliss, As she alone restore it.

For larger life and wider aims The farmer's heart is glad; Who holds his another's heart, Must needs be worse or better.

Through her his life's service shows A purest unalloyed; No doubt or consciousness of wrong, The man and politician.

In doubtful party ways he trusts Her instincts to determine; At the loud jollies, thought of her Recalls Christ's unflinching sermon.

He owns her logic of the heart, And wisdom of unreason; Supplying while he doubts and weighs The needed word in season.

He sees with pride her richer thought Her fancy's free range; And love's fondness in respect Is proof against all charges.

"Whittier's Among the Hills."

FATED FAIRFAX.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter XXXI. Her husband scornfully heard her. His face was dark with passion; his voice vibrated with intense emotion as he added:

"Such a gratuitous insult I never heard of. You want an answer to your questions; you want to know when I shall take you back! I give it to you in one word: never!"

A long pause, during which Alice stood dazed and stupefied—she felt as if a dark wave of trouble had overwhelmed her senses. The day after to-morrow, he proceeded firmly, I am going to Linton. I shall take Maurice with me, to keep me company. You have had him for three years, remember, he replied to the remonstrance he saw in her eyes. I will send him back to you when I go down to Northampton, and you may keep him for the next four years.

What do you mean, Reginald interrupted Alice, struggling hard for composure, and fixing on him a strained, eager gaze.

I mean that until Maurice is seven he may stay with you; after that time I hope to have returned from India, and settled down at Linton, and I intend to have him live with me. I am not going to be a wanderer all my life; I owe some duties to my people, as well as to my country. You will not mind parting with Maurice. You have shown me to-night that you are utterly heartless.

Do I understand, she faltered, supporting herself by the railing, that you will take Maurice from me in four years' time? Yes; legally I have a right to do so.

I don't believe it, she cried passionately. No law could be so wicked as to deprive me of my only child. What a cruel, hard-hearted man you are to say such things to me. Can you be the Reginald Fairfax I married? Your voice and appearance are identical, but otherwise you are so different as night and day. He was only too good to me, he loved me far better than I deserved.

He did, indeed, interrupted her husband grimly.

You, she panted almost fiercely, have a heart like stone, a tongue like a sword. You are stern, harsh implacable, tyrannical; you can't be the same.

You are right, he answered decisively; I am not the original Reginald Fairfax; I am an older, and wiser, not a better man. My illusions have been dispelled, my susceptibilities blunted, my eyes rudely opened. I know you to be an extraordinary combination of caprice, obstinacy and inconsistency. He broke off, and looked at her with a mixture of contempt and indignation; he dared not trust to speech.

I don't know what you mean; I have shown myself sufficiently; my conscience

tells me, she replied with quivering lips. You thrust me aside with scorn and even add that you will take my child from me. Here her grief overcame all considerations and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears.

There was a very dark look on her husband's face as he surveyed her for some moments in silence; he was extremely angry with her; he thought she had defied him again, played with his feelings as a cat with a mouse. He was wounded to the heart and bitterly disappointed.

Each day he had been lingering on in hopes of one word of regret. With even one he would have been satisfied. To tell him she thought the same as ever was too much; it was impossible, it was impossible; it was maddening. She must be a born actress, he thought as he stood opposite her. This grief is all feigned. Still as he watched the tears trickling through her fingers he relented somewhat. In the first place he could not endure to see any woman crying, much less Alice. She little knew what a powerful weapon she was using against him. As he looked at her slight figure, leaving with half-suppressed sobs, his conscience smote him. He was hard, cruel, and tyrannical. After all she was only a girl, and a very frail, delicate one too. Was this the way to guard her as the apple of his eye, to restore her to health, to steady every wish—scarcely.

Alice, he said gently removing her hands, don't cry like this; I can't bear to see you.

Then why do you make me cry! she sobbed, plaintively.

I won't do it again, offering her his handkerchief; her own had gone home in Geoffrey's charge, filled with moss and roots. I never saw you cry before, and I hope I never shall again.

Then you won't take Maurice from me, she pleaded, raising her tear-stained face to his, with a look of passionate supplication.

No, but you will lend him to me sometimes. Yes, very dubiously; but you can always come here to see him.

Bardon me, I never intend coming here again. Once I leave I shall never return.

Never return! the words seemed to echo and vibrate through the dim leafy silence of the surrounding trees.

Oh, Reginald! Now, Alice, you are never going to be so foolish as to cry for that! he asked roughly.

Roba. What was he to do with her? Alice why are you crying? You promised me that you would not.

They are now walking home; but Alice's supply of tears seemed unlimited. This was a new and alarming experience.

Alice, he repeated, you promised me you would not cry any more.

Yes, but you promised—gasp—you would not make me cry—gasp. I know you think me no better than a baby, but I can't help it—I can't indeed.

More very bitter tears.

Well, said he in despair, if I come here for a few days at Christmas, will you be satisfied?

Yes, she faintly whispered.

Then dry your eyes; don't let me see another tear. You have had your own way altogether, have you not—tyrant as I am.

Yes, she replied, with a sickly smile. She looked so pale, dishevelled and wan, that he felt absolutely guilty as he gazed at her forlorn-looking face.

Silently and rapidly they pursued the wooded path, where barely two might walk abreast. Above them the trees had laid their heads together, and combined a league to keep out the sun. A stillness weighed on the surrounding woods; the wind had died away; the birds were silent. Not more silent than the bronzed young soldier and the pale, agitated girl, who walked together, side by side.

Alice was in hopes of reaching her room unseen. But no such good fortune was in store for her. On the stairs she came face to face with Geoffrey, who, calmly surveying her tear-stained cheeks, gave a long and eloquent whistle, and chanted, as he passed down-stairs:

"But children, you should never let your angry passions rise, Your hands were never made To tear each other's eyes."

On entering the library, he found Reginald making lame excuses for Alice's non-appearance to Helen, who was pointing out tea. He bodily walked over to him and whispered right into his ear.

You've been bullying her, I see. Reginald's indignant negative was completely thrown away on Geoffrey, who had already seated himself at the table, under the shelter of Helen's protection. No ended this disastrous walk.

Alice's reflections as she stood at her window in the gloaming were not of a very cheerful nature. All that she most valued in this world—her husband's love—had slipped from her grasp. The efforts she made to be reconciled were utterly in vain; a cool, determined indifference met and repulsed all her advances; advances which she afterward blushed to remember, and propitiated her wounded pride by increased haughtiness and reserve.

It was hard to realize that he was her husband, as she thought, as very, very bitter tears welled up in her eyes. With what distant politeness and formality he treated her! If he unintentionally touched her, or brushed against her, he apologized as ceremoniously as if she were a stranger. He treated her as such, even though he had promised to be her friend. What would she not give to recall the reception she had given him! Too late to think of that now! he had taken her at her word—they were strangers. How would it all end! No matter what occurred she could not be more miserable than she was—despised, disowned, detested wife!

Chapter XXXII. MARY JANE'S DISCOVERY. All yet seems well, and if it ends so meet. The bitter part more welcome is the sweet. It is a sultry August evening; Mary Jane, the upper house-maid, much refreshed by her comfortable tea, is sitting at an open window, gossiping with the head laundry-maid, and unpicking a brown merino dress, which she is praising to the skies.

Real french, four shillings a yard. We all got dresses when Sir Reginald got married. I've had this three winters, and thanks to the lining, there's a good three winters more wear in it yet. I would have had it as it is only if it is old-fashioned, you see, adding it up with a depressing gesture. Parker is going to lend me one of Lady Fairfax's for a pattern, that cream-colored one; she had it on on Sunday.

Oh, said her companion—whose fingers were equally busy, giving some starting finishing touches to a Dolly Varden hat—but it will never suit you. You're too plump, Mary Jane; what looks well on a

slip the girl like her is nothing to go by; one of Miss Ferrar's dresses now would be more suitable. That rose-embroidered thing, with the fitted skirt, and the placket up the front, for instance. This brown piped with red, and red bows like hers, would look fine and fashionable.

Maybe you are right, replied Mary Jane, putting her thumb in her mouth and looking at her friend reflectively. I'll have a look at it this evening while they are at dinner. The gray one did you say?

See, here they come! the whole riding party! exclaimed the laundry-maid with animation. Just look, Polly, and you'll see Sir Reginald will never offer to lift my lady off her horse, he leaves that to Mr. Geoffrey. See, there, I told you so! Aunt just a queer couple! I can't make them out. If they were old, or if one of them was ugly even, you might understand. They do say, she continued confidentially, as how Sir Reginald never meant to marry her, nor anyone, only she was his ward and he thought that it would be the best way to look after her, but she's not care two straws for her; he hates woman-kind, Cox says.

Well, I'm sure, replied Mary Jane, with a toss of her head, if that sweet young lady isn't good enough for him, I should like to know what he wants more! She's too good for him, I'm thinking; that's what ails him! He may be very handsome, and a great fighter—and he is a grand-looking young gentleman—but I think he treats her shameful, if all be true, never speaking to her nor looking at her no more than if she were a stone.

Up in the corner, I'll never forget how good she was to me when I had a sore hand last winter, dressing it her own self every day, and always speaking to me so nice and kind all the time. Dear, dear! If Philip Banks was to turn out such a husband as hers I should cry off, I can tell you, she concluded, with a decided air of her bare head and the stone window-sill. I did hear, she continued, as how he was very fond of her once. I was sick and at home when they came to Linton, but they say as he downright told her at first. Mrs. Morris herself said he, but I don't believe it. I never saw no sign of it. Seeing's believing to my mind. Laws! what's this in the lining! A letter, I declare, it must have run down from the pocket-hole. My stars, Johanna, what ever shall I do! turning a very dispassionate countenance to her friend.

A letter! Lady Fairfax gave me to post a good three years ago to Sir Reginald. I remember now quite well reading the address. She seemed so terribly put out that the post bag had gone, and as I was going down to the village I offered to take it along with three or four from the servant's hall. I put them into my pocket, and this I slipped into the lining instead. What an I to do! she asked with breathless eagerness.

I would ask Mrs. Morris, if I were you. There she is in the passage now; run and catch her.

Mrs. Morris said: Take it to Sir Reginald after dinner, and tell him how it happened; honesty is the best policy.

Not for millions! I'll take it to my lady, if you like. She could not scold if she tried ever so.

He won't say a word to you either, Mary Jane. He is just his father all over. There never was a quieter nor a kinder master; and, besides, how could anyone scold you for what was an accident?

I tell you, Mrs. Morris, I'm afraid of my life of him. I see him every morning coming down before seven. He passes me just as if I was a sweeping brush. Now if it was Mr. Geoffrey he always has a word and a joke—I'm not a bit afraid of him!

Mr. Geoffrey is a good deal to fond of joking and jesting with servants and keeping them from their work; and you will just take that letter and give it to Sir Reginald before you sleep to-night, concluded Mrs. Morris authoritatively.

But he looks so stern and severe, I shall just sink into the ground if he gives me one of those sharp looks of his.

Don't you talk rubbish, Mary Jane; go and give up that letter after dinner, and be off to your rooms now.

Dinner over the laundry-maid came into the servants' hall, and whispered to her reluctant friend:

Now is your time Polly. They are all in the pleasure-ground except Sir Reginald, and he's writing in the library. Thomas says. Just you go and give a knock at the door, and hand in the letter; he can't eat you. I'll go with you as far as the swing-door, she added generously, and wait.

With loudly beating heart Mary Jane slipped at the library-door, knocked and entered. Her master was writing at the table by the light of a reading-lamp. He looked up and gazed into the shadow for some seconds before he rightly made her out.

Then laying down his pen he said: Well; what is your business? One of the servants are you not!

There was more of the orderly room in his manner than was altogether pleasant. His dealings with soldiers' wives were short, sharp and decisive; the very unruly women of the Seventeenth Hussars were more afraid of three words from the Major than a hundred from the Colonel.

He imagined that Mary Jane had come to lodge some complaint, so he repeated: What can I do for you? what do you want?

Please, sir, I'm Foster, the upper house-maid, and it's about this letter, said she, timidly approaching and laying down the yellow, crumpled missive.

A letter, he repeated carelessly, taking it up, but seeing the superscription, he changed color. And where, may I ask, did you get this?

Please, sir, Lady Fairfax gave it to me to post more than three years ago. It must have slipped down from the lining of my dress and the pocket. I found it just now when I was ripping up the skirt. I'm very sorry, indeed, sir, for I remember now that Lady Fairfax was very particular about it. I made sure I had posted it with the others.

Well, at any rate it was not your fault, he exclaimed, after some reflection, turning over the long looked for letter in his hand. It was honest of you to bring it to me; you might have burnt it, and said nothing about it; and it happens to be a letter of the very greatest consequence. Here, said he, unlocking a drawer, is a note instead, handing her ten pounds; and see that your pockets have no holes in them in future.

Mary Jane received the gift with profuse and voluble thanks, as she backed and courtesied out of the room; and from that time forward declared that her master was the nicest, pleasantest, most generous gentleman in England.

It is needless to say that Sir Reginald

lost no time in tearing open the letter, which ran as follows: MY DEAR MURDER, You will be surprised to get a letter from me, considering my very recent heartiness, which treatment of you, and more surprised still to hear that I am writing to entreat your forgiveness. Ever since you left I have been so very, very miserable, and as each day has passed I have been more firmly convinced of your innocence, and that I have been the most unjust and ungenerous of wives. You will, I know, make allowance for my youth and a naturally jealous, hot temper. These are but feeble excuses; no one but you, who have always been so good to me would entertain them for an instant. I sometimes think I must have been mad, anyway, whatever you may do. I shall never forgive myself. But you will pardon me, I know; not only because of your promise, but because how can I tell you! I had a bad fainting fit the other day, and Morris was frightened and sent for the doctor; he says that before summer, all being well, there will be a little inmate in the nursery here. I have not told this great secret to anyone neither must you. Long before summer your letter will have come, won't it? Once this has fairly started, I shall count the very days till the answer comes back. If none comes I will know you cannot forgive me, and indeed I don't deserve that you should. But you will write to me a kind letter too, my darling Regy. Think how very lonely I am, I have no one but you in all the world. The post is just going out so I must conclude, direct this by the address you left with Helen, so it will be sure to reach you safely. Mind you write by return mail to.

Your loving and penitent wife. ALICE FAIRFAX.

When he had read this to the end he laid it down, and began to pace about the room in great agitation.

What a brute I must seem to her! what must she have thought of me all these years! Why, no later than yesterday he paused in his walk, overwhelmed with the recollection I rejected her overtures for peace. I was savagely rude to her. My poor little Alice, who had indeed said quite enough, more than enough, he muttered, ransacking his walk. What must she think of me! How can she have borne with me all this time! I refused, yes, point blank, to kiss her, idiot that I was. I might have guessed at something of this kind, only that my devilish pride had strangled my common sense; and all this frightful misunderstanding was owing to this wretched bit of paper, this letter, that I would have given five years of my life for, and, poor girl, has been broken under her feet, and all the time it has been lying inside the skirt of that woman's dress. After all, he continued, taking it up, it is a very dear and precious letter; I would not part with it quite as it comes, for a field-marshal's baton. He read it twice over again, lingering on almost every word, then folded it up very carefully and put it in his waistcoat pocket as he walked to the window. No wonder, said she, she gave me the key; I wonder that sort of one she would give me now if I could catch her alone! She ought to hate me pretty well by this time, it is not my fault if she does not. But she likes me a little bit still. She must or she never could have stood the way I treated her. If she only cared for me just one-quarter as much as I care for her she would do very well, he thought to himself joyfully, as he stepped out of the window and joined the party who were sitting in the pleasure-ground, basking in the moonlight, and inhaling the soft bracing air, heavy with the perfume of syringa, roses and new-mown hay.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, Miss Saville and Mary were reposing in various garden-chairs.

Where is Alice! asked her husband abruptly.

What, at this hour! he exclaimed, standing at the top of the steps, gazing after two figures who were rapidly disappearing in the direction of the garden. Small chance of a tete-a-tete with Alice to-night, he said to himself as he pulled his mustache thoughtfully.

Five minutes later, Geoffrey came running down the steps, breathlessly he jerked out: Such a trick as I've played her! she offered to race me to the big pear tree, each starting from the garden-gate, and going one north, the other south; I agreed and when I saw her well started soon I just came home! What a state she will be in when she finds herself alone at the end of the ghost walk! She says she is not, but I believe she is, horribly afraid of ghosts and bogies; and she meets the cavalier who is said to stalk about the garden won't it be fun! I only wish I had thought of it in time, I'd have dressed up. It pays her off nicely for some of the pretty little jokes she has practiced on me. It's not too late yet—snatching up a shawl and a garden hat and commencing a toilet.

I can't say that I exactly see the humor of the situation, said Reginald, as, springing down the steps and racing lightly over as iron railing, he set off by a short cut to the garden at a run.

Active fellow, is he not? observed Geoffrey, removing the shawl in which he had already enveloped himself. But this alacrity in joining his wife, in the present over-charged state of the domestic atmosphere, is something quite new. The sky is not going to fall in, is it? he added, looking up interrogatively.

No; but really, Geoffrey, you should not have left her, remonstrated Helen. The garden is an awful eerie place by moonlight, I should not care to take a solitary walk there myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEEDLER & SADLER. The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure burns, bruises, cuts, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, cancer, 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. Higginbotham, Lindsay, 1824-y.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING. MISS MITCHELL begs to inform her friends and the public generally that she has received a choice assortment of new goods comprising all the latest styles in BRIDAL, DINNER, EVENING, and WALKING COSTUMES. Also HATBANDS and DOLMANS. Miss Mitchell's long experience of over twenty years in the business, part of that time having been spent in the city of Toronto, the centre of fashion, will ensure the confidence of the public generally. First-class work at the lowest prices in town. All cutting and fitting warranted. She is prepared to assist in matching all dress goods and trimmings. Rooms, in Deberry Block over Mr. Simons' Store, 34-1-y.

Henry J. Keighley. WORTH KNOWING!

The Public will Find The Finest Goods and The Lowest Prices

GROCERIES, CHINA, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY,

HENRY J. KEIGHLEY'S, KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Lindsay, July 12, 1883. Wm. Howe. TO BUILDERS. EAVE-TROUGHING AND JOBBING. WILLIAM HOWE can give you better satisfaction, and good work in the line of Eave-troughing, Plumbing and general Jobbing than any other establishment in the county. Estimates given for new work or repairs.

STOVE & TINWARE DEPARTMENT completely stocked with every line needed. A CALL SOLICITED. Wm. Howe, KENT ST., LINDSAY. Lindsay, April 10, 1883.

F. C. Taylor. UNION RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE. Grand Trunk Railway. Great Western Railway. TICKETS ISSUED TO ALL PARTS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES AT LOWEST RATES. Passengers for Manitoba and the Western States. Have their choice of route, either By the Grand Trunk or by the Great Western and Michigan Central. Connecting with all the principal railways at Chicago. For every information apply to F. C. TAYLOR, Ticket Agent, Lindsay. Lindsay, April 23, 1883.

Miscellaneous. TINTED BLOCK ENVELOPES.—Ten different patterns, very stylish and neat. Prices reasonable. A direct importation from a celebrated American firm at THE POST PRINTING OFFICE. Call and see them. CARD OF THANKS. The undersigned on behalf of the Downeyville congregation begs to thank Mr. R. Sylvester, of the Sylvester Works, Lindsay, for his handsome and generous present of a fine Sylvester Mower. M. E. CONNOLLY, Priest. Downeyville, June 27th, 1883.—42-4. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT AND OATS. The undersigned are prepared to pay the Highest Market Price for WHEAT AND OATS delivered at their mill at Lindsay.

PATENT FLOUR—NEW PROCESS. Having introduced the new process for the manufacture of flour they are now prepared to fill all orders for the patent article. They have arranged with J. G. EDWARDS, hardware merchant, to take orders for them. All orders received from him through the telephone will be attended to promptly. NEEDLER & SADLER. Lindsay, Oct. 12th, 1881.

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, spermatorrhoea, barrenness, seminal weakness and general loss of power. It repairs nervous waste, rejuvenates the aged intellect, strengthens the enfeebled brain and restores suppleness and vigor to the exhausted generative organs in either sex. With each order for twelve packages, accompanied with money by addressing Mack's Magnetic Medicine 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 25 cents per box, or six boxes for \$1.50, 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. HIGGINBOTHAM, Lindsay, 1824-y.

L. O'Connor. Buggies, Carriages, Phaetons, Democarts, AND WAGGONS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

FIRST-CLASS WORK will always sell for itself, and it is well known I make the best work in this country. There is no need to be told—facts speak for themselves. I have now on hand the Largest and Best assortment of the above mentioned, and which I will sell at LOWEST LIVING PRICES. My Waggon are made of the best Second Growth White Oak, and the wood is stock for two and three years, perfectly dry and seasoned. Comparison of my work with others should convince, and will as you have a state is truth, and I may add that I am the oldest mechanic in the IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORTEST NOTICE, AT LOWEST RATES. L. O'CONNOR, Opposite the Benson House, Kent-st., Lindsay. Lindsay, July 5, 1883.

JOHN MAKINS, WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY, Iron Founder and Machinist. MANUFACTURER OF Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps. Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works. Lindsay, Aug. 17th, 1882—97.

J. W. Wallace. I bought 35,000 pounds of wool last year. I WANT 50,000 POUNDS THIS YEAR. I must have it, and will pay the Highest Market Price for it in Cash. In trade I will pay 2 cents per pound extra over cash price. Bring in your wool. Rush it in. J. W. WALLACE, Also 50,000 dozen fresh eggs wanted at Current Prices. Lindsay, April 21, 1883.

JOHN ANDERSON. UNDERTAKING! In all its details carefully carried out by the subscriber. Caskets and Burial Cases ready on notice. A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE ON VERY MODERATE TERMS. A large and well assorted stock of Household Furniture always on hand. Parlour and Bed-room Sets a Specialty. JOHN ANDERSON, Kent-st., Lindsay. Lindsay, May 28, 1883.—38.

W. R. Skitch. CARRIAGES AND WAGGONS. W. R. SKITCH has one of the largest stocks of Carriages, Democarts, Buggies and Farmers Waggonets and for style, durability and finish cannot be excelled. Made out of first-class seasoned timber. First-class workmen employed and everything done under my own supervision. REPAIRING in every branch done on the shortest notice, and prices right. W. R. SKITCH, 27 Works—Near Daly's Hotel, and opposite the Gas Works. Lindsay, May 30, 1883.—38-3.