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

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

"FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH,"- It regulates the bowels, and invigorates the liver, cur-ing Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Jaundice and all discover of a biliary character.

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Price One Dollar, Sold in Lindsay by A HIGHADONHAM, Benneter 1099 to.

Medical.

HALL'S VEGETABLE Hair Renewer.

Soldom does a popular remedy win such & strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening looks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints we can.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an under sirable shade, Buckingham's Dru is the

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H. Sold by all Druggists.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 7, 1883. OOR AIN GAIT EN'.

Saft an' kindly blaws the win', roon our ain gait Want a bairn used tas rin, roon oor ain gail

Ne'er a spicy scented breeze, Nor a sight has power tae please, like our all

I has wandered lang an' far, frae oor ain gail Chased mony a wayward star, frae oor ain gait . Hut my life I wadna' spend.
Till my weary feet shall wend.
A reverent knee tae bend, at oor ain gait en.'

That made a' the warl' sae fair, at oor ain gait

Hut my heart can age lay claim Tag a thocht like gangin' hame, When it turns frag noise an' fame, tag oor ain

It was no the gowd an' gear, at oor ain gait on', That made ilka thing sae dear, roon oor ain gai on', "I was the heart see free o' care-

The wee laddle cronies there, An'aiblins a face mair fair, at oor ain gait on'. Noo. Onde bless the hearts that bide roon Though my steps has travell'd wide frac oor ain gait on'.

Ika fibre o' my heart,

Defying the wiles o'art,

Plays a langing lover's part, the oor ain gait

TWO PLOTS.

A CONFESSION, IN TWO CHAP.

A week ago to-day I was married to the charmingest, prettiest and dearest girl in Britain, and to-night I am the most miserable man within the four seas. My wife and I are both perfectly well, no relative has died. I haven't lost any money, and yet I am wretched. I have been found out by my wife, and at present she is crying her pretty blue eyes out up stairs, while I am alternately cursing my weakness and anathematising my fortune down here. I cannot help thinking that I have a sort of an excuse if Tossy would only listen to me; and I set down here the whole history of our misfortune in the mournful hope that she may consent to read this, although she may not be willing to hear me speak.

One night last summer I closed the volume that had been delighting me with the talk of the famous eighteenth-century men and women, and as I lay back in my chair in the dusk I seemed to hear the voices still speaking. I heard the deep tones of the political prophets, the eager arguments of the philosophers and the theologisms, and the philosophers and the theologians, and the light jests of the careless wits. I beard the softer tones of female voices and the merry tinkle of feminine laughter, and as I heard them a vast longing server. merry tinkle of feminine laughter; and as I heard them a vast longing came uponme. If the ghoete of bygone conversations etill had such delights for me, should I not feel a vivider joy when the words come from hearts that were yet beating, when the gay jest and sparkling wit flashed from busy brains not yet the spoil of the grave, when the siry laughter and bright smiles illumined lips that were still rosy with lifes I had dwelt too long in the printed world; I was becoming stiff and straightened between the boards of my books. Now I should mingle with my fellow men; now take part in the conversations of some peaceful student like myself in the future.

in ages so dark that no made would then in them; and latterly had been wandering about in the eighteenth century. Why me now turn my attention to the present inhabitants of the nesoi Bretannikai which I had known since the days of Ezekiei and Asiemala.

world, no far as contemporaries went. Parente or brethren I had never known, but my father had left me to the care of his rente or brethren I had never known, but a my father had left me te-the care of his brother, and the latter had discnarged the trust by having me educated at a private school in England, allowing me to take a leieurely degree at Oxford, and finally leaving me his fortune, which he had acquired in some original way connected with ginger. I had seen him once or twice but for the greater part of his life he readbut for the greater part of his life he resided at Calcutta. I had always been of a retiring disposition, and the possession of a comfortable fortune, which was managed by my uncle's lawyers, only placed it in my power to gratify my taste for quiet reading and study. I had my name mentioned at one of the lines of Court, and had eaten my dinners; but I had no intention of practising at the bar. I should have said that my name is Theodore Lancey. It is a very curious thing to look back upon my formers. curious thing to look back upon my former

life now. had, and still have, a friend named Fitzjames. He is quite young, never hav-ing been out of the nineteenth century, but in certain respects I have found that he is considerably elder than I am. Fitzjames prides himself upon being a young man who knows about things—if not a young man of the world, then nothing. It seems ed to me that an individual with a special knowledge of the kind he claimed to possess would be of more use to me than the prients to Herodotus. He would be the "Fountain or Health." -It purifies the very man to introduce me to my fellow-lood, gradienting all humours, from the beings. I accordingly told him of my

> "So you've come to air at last," he said; "well, I'm glad to hear it, and I'll show you round all right. What you've got to do first is to learn the name of the ruling sovereign and the dates of the Reform bill and Ballot act. I'm going to run up north to Strathblane Hydropathic Establishment and is you like you can come up with me These affairs are all the 'go' nowadays, and you'll see lots of character there, and we can take a run around Scotland after-ward."

Quite innocent of knowing what hydropathic establishments were, I consented, and in about a week after my resolution I found myself in the Strathblane Hydropathic Establishment. We arrived late in the afternoon, shortly before dinner, and Fitzjames conducted me after a hasty tollet to the drawing-room of the house.

The room, which was very large, was very full, and to my excited eyes seemed at first full only of ladies. I subsided very quietly into a corner behind a book, while Fitzjames disappeared elsewhere. I felt very much abashed by my intrusion into this large company, where everybody seemed to know some one else; and I began to feel the first twinges of that unmerciful vousness into which the presence of ladies throws the unaccustomed swain. As I peeped through my spectacles, taking notes of the social customs of the day, as I persuaded myself, I felt how helpless I should be if turned adrift in such a place

"Ah," thought I, "if the old ladies only took snuff and carried canes; and if all the young ladies only wore high-waisted short gowns and high combs I should feel more at home, and should be able to address them with a high-flown compliment and a low how.

The company was certainly heterogencous. Elderly ladies who bore the watermark of spinsterhood abounded; kindly looking matrons were there; old gentlemen who looked as if only the near prospect of dinner kept them from going to sleep; fresh, bright young ladies, such as in all my centuries I had never seen since Nausicas; and slim young fellows that reminded me of the foppish Alcibiades. Fitzjames I presently described conversing, nay, even chatting at his case and comfortably, with what seemed to be a delightful family party of ladies. "For," as he afterwards explain ed, "that's the way one has to do here, you know; you're a fool if you're stiff."

I thought (parenthetically) that it was the way I should like to do everywhere, if I only not the chance of such pleasant com-panions. And, after all, I discovered that fitzjames was an old acquaintance of the ladies in question, and, indeed, I am firmly convinced that their presence had something to do with Fitzjames's choice of his

first stopping place in Scotland.

The summons of the gong was responded to by a general stampede of the occupants of the drawing-room, and I was swept with the rest to the dining hail. A compassion ate waitress piloted me to the seat annortioned to me at the table, and almost immediately Fitzjames dropped into the chair

Dinner at a hydropathic establishment is always a serious matter, and those who are knowing seem to devote all their attention to it for the time. Our neighbors were not interesting, and our vis-a-vis seemed to be too much engrossed to repay advances. It was during dinner that Fitzjames told me he had met some friends of his—the two Miss Delavels and their aunt, Miss Scott, who were spending a short time in Scotland. We could descry the ladies at the other end of the long table at which we sat, and I thought Fitzjames was a lucky fellow to stumble upon such charming ac-

He offered to introduce them to me after dinner, but when that time came I was so overpowered-it is a humiliating confession with bashfulness that I couldn't summon up courage to enter the drawing-room but kept uncomfortably vibrating betwirt the billiard-room and the reading-room, which seemed entirely surrendered to the male sex. Fitzjames did not seem to have noticed my behaviour, for he made no al-lusion to it; he most probably forgot my

The next morning, after enjoying the more specially hydropathic features of the place, I strolled into the reading-room to glance over the newspapers before breakfast. There were two or three ladies similarly waiting, and shortly afterwards I no-ticed Fitzjames's friends, the Delavels, en-

ter the room.

I don't think they saw me, for my face was hidden behind a newspaper; but my attention was attracted by the sound of my attention was attracted by the sound of my name - Lancey. It was the younger and more piquant looking of the sisters, and the one whom secretly I. feared the more. who spoke. I dare say a bolder man than I, similarly situated, would have simply plucked aside the paper and so warned them of his presence. But I was startled by the mention of my name, and felt myself crimsoning in the most ridiculous manner. I had no desire to hear what was said about me; I claim that for myself. If I could have melted into thin air or in any said about me; I claim that for myself. If I could have melted into thin air or in any way possessed myself of some fern seed I should have gone out of earshot at once; but to discover myself boldly, knowing that I should thereby draw upon myself the eyes and interest of those two girls, was more than I had nerve to do. If was pitiful mechanical feature, but what them? more than I had nerve to do. It was pittful weakness, I admit; but what then! I was a stranger to my century. The conversation was not loud, but I could not help catching stray phrases: "Isn't it jolly!—the famous T. Lancey, you know—in the papers—well-known player—saw his name in the book—and Mr. Fitzjames says—splendid games at tennis—introduce him rodes"."

to-day."

I smiled a little to myself; they had made a mietake. If there really were a famous T. Lasteey I certainly was not he; but I should very much like to know what my friend Fitzjames had said. The breakfast gong interrupted my meditations; and as the young ladies left the room before I did I was not discovered.

After breakfast Fitzjames conducted me

one, thinks, Ivenily believe, that a han is not worth louding at unless he can play to do.

"take," as she gut it; and I breathed a mental prayer that I might not have much to do.

not worth lossing at unless he can play tennis."

"Bat," said I. "I can't play tennis; Lhave only seen it played once, and never had a bat in my hand. You must put them right before you introduce me."

I am now sure that had I not happened to stumble over a stone I should have seen a sparkle of devilwy in Fitzjames's eyes as he replied, "Oh, that doesn't mucht matter. Wouldn't it be rather fun to pretend you are Tom Laucey, just a little bit? Miss Tossy (that's Lilian's pet name) will be awfully pice to you at first; and of course we'll not be able to carry the joke very far. Besides, they made the mistake first."

I positively shuddered at the idea of being mixed up in a jest to be played off on young ladies; but Fitzjames wouldn't listen to me, and boisterously laughed all my objections to scorn. He said it would make the introduction ever so much easier,

make the introduction ever so much easier, and, assuring me that he would see me through it, reduced me to a miserable ac-quiescence. I plaintively reminded him that I didn't know a single technical term in the game. But he assured me that did

not matter. "All you've got to do is not to make any jokes about 'deuce' or 'love;' you musta't say anything amusing about 'being in court;' you must avoid all literary allusions to 'love that hath us in the net,' or 'they also serve who only stand and wait;' and forget if possible the Prince of Wales's motto, and on no occasion mention the 'coign of vantage.' Further, you must say racquet and not bat. If you trespass any of these rules your reputation as an old player is gone.'

player is gone.'
This was very awful. I didn't see that it was at all possible that I should be tempted to say any of the things Fitzjames men-flowed; but I foresaw a very unhappy pre-dicament for myself.

I had not much time for thought, how-ever. We had reached the tennis lawn,

and Fitzjames at once introduced me to Miss Scott and her nieces. Fortunately for me, they had their set made up by another young fellow, and I had nothing to do with the game beyond expressing my opinion that it was simply charming and splendidly healthy. I pleaded "letters" as an excuse to leave the ground almost at once, but a promise was extorted from me to return before luncheon. I hurried to the house, dashed off a short note to somebody in order to discharge my conscience, and anxiously plunged into the depths of the "Laws of Lawn Tennis," which I nad seen in the reading-room.

I understood no very great quantity of what I read, but I was determined to get master of some of it, and I did. There were several people in the room, and as I entered I caught a suppressed whisper of "the great tennis player" that drove the blood to my cheeks. Every one seemed to have fallen a victim to the same mistake, for an old gentleman seeing me with the book in my hand said something about "congenial literature.

I was becoming seriously concerned, and wished passionately that I hadn't consented to countenance the very foolish jest, even for a moment. I longed for courage enough to disclaim the honor of being "T. Lancey, the great tennis player," but I did not know how to begin; while the idea of plunging first thing into explanations with unknown ladies positively blanched my

I was then innocent enough to believe that I must keep my promises; so, after waiting in doors as long as I decently could, I returned to the lawn. A new set was going on, and the younger Miss Dela-vel was resting on one of the chairs under the trees. She signified, in that wonderful to speak with her; and despite my shyness, I felt not altogether unwilling. She began he conversation by expressing her sorrow the conversation by expressing her sorrow that I was so late, as another set had been begun and might not be finished before luncheon; and she was just on the point of launching into a discussion upon tennis when her aunt called her to go with her into the nouse. "I shall be back in plenty of time for our set, Mr. Lancy," she exclaimed as she went. This in reply, I presume, to a look of disappointment, which, however, had no reference to the future set.

I remained and looked at the game. was undoubtedly a buxom exercise. Talk of Nausicaa and her maidens playing ball! There was no such debonnair grace there as I now beheld before me. Of all the exercises of the human form divine, lawn tennis is the most beautiful. The trin costumes, the coquettish hats, and the saucy shoes in which it is necessary for adies to play tend splendidly to set off the lithe grace of every attitude into which the young forms bend. And when the cheeks are delicately flushed with the exercise, the eyes bright with eagerness, and perhaps a stray curl danced from its strait confinement, what more enchanting picture could be desired? I was delighted; I forgot my unhappy plight. I longed for Greek vases; on which to depict the free grace and the flowing curves of the neat lithe forms; Greek vases alone were adequate for such a

The set was keenly contested and long, and Miss Lillian Delayel had returned some time before it was finished. I found, to my intense surprise; that I got on fairly well in conversation with her. I didn't miss the and patches of last century so much as I expected, and indeed had mainly to signify my assent to all her raphsodies about lawn tennis. She seemed to be very enthusiastic on that point.

"lam very glad you can play, Mr. Lancey; people who cannot are so stupid, don't you think? I am sure I should never like any person who couldn't play; so you can see, Mr. Lancey, you are fortunate in being

This was too much. "I assure you, Miss Delayel, I really cannot."

Now, Mr. Lancey, please don't. Mr. Fitsjames told us you would probably pretend not to know much about it. But I know; I've seen your name in the papers

"But really, I protest, Miss Delavel, I haven't -" Here I was interrupted by the arrival of the players, who appologized for playing so long, and advised us to lose no time in be-

Fitziames said he would give me is racquet, he had an engagement. I believe it was merely to smoke a cigarette and to avoid playing with the tric. But a substitute was speedily found in young Miss Mc-Brier. I was in anything but a comfortable frame of mind; I felt convinced I should do something abourd, and that my false reputation would take away all excuse for it. I was glad, in a dim sort of way, that Miss

Lillian was to be my partner against Miss Delavel and Miss McBrier.

"We p'ay in this court, Mr. Laucey," said Miss Lillian. "Oh, do you always hold your racquet like that" racquet like that?"
"Well, no," I suswered guiltily, and taken aback somewhat. "I—I usually bold it like this." I should have said that I never held a racquet in any way before, but I was

switcher good. These girls are just mad relieved to find that my partner was to

The first ball seemed to fly with horrid velocity, and I looked with apprehension at my partner. It stopped, however, in the net. The next serve came over all right, not so swift, and Miss Lillian sent it back easily; and for two or three flights, I was thankful to note, the ball didn't come near nee. I felt that my safety was only for a moment, and sure enough my time came. I saw the ball shoot from Miss McBrier's racquet, and fly straight toward me. In that awful moment I thought a great deal; not of my sins, but of the humiliation that was about to come upon me before the unwas about to come upon me before the unusually large company of spectators that had suddenly assembled. I shut my eyes, and to quote Spenser, "let "drive" at the ball. I certainly hit it, for with the concussion my racquet was half turned in my hand.

"Well played, Mr. Lancey," exclaimed my partner; "that was spledidly placed; and how did you ever get such a screw Miss Delavel had failed to send back the

ball, which I had apparently sent over the net; and it seemed we had scored fifteen to How pleasant it was to be praised by Miss How pleasant it was to be praised by Miss Tosay! How contemptible it was wan to be praised undeservedly! Oh, that I had boldly avowed that it was a chance, a happy accident, and that I'had no credit for the shot! Had Miss Tosay been a man I should have done so; but to a lady—! Alas! I merely smiled a smile that was meant to be deprecatory, but only succeeded in being sickly, and answered:

"Not at all. Miss Delayer! I am sure you

"Not at all. Miss Delayel: I am sure you "Not at all, Miss Delavel; I am sure you could have done much better." But Miss Tossy only shook her racquet at me from her own court, and said: "And you said you didn't play!"

"But I protest—" I got no further, for Miss Minnie was on the eve of sending a serve to me. May the heavens be praised!

Both that and the next serve went into the

Both that and the next serve went into the net, and the game stood love-thirty.
"You see," said my partner, "Minnie was trying to give you an extra-difficult serve."
On, baseness of deceit again! I tried to look as though I were quite ready for the most puzzling serve in Minnie's repertoire. What madness! In what country had I left my brains? I knew I should never hit

another ball, and yet I weakly sought to gain a temporary credit in Miss Tossy's eyes.

The next serve my partner missed, and we were fifteen-thirty. It was again my turn. I tried to be resigned, but I was horribly agitated. Miss Minnie had determined to try me with what I afterward learned is called a "lob." The ball rose slowly in the air, describing a lofty parabolic arch. It seemed actually to hang in the air. I It seemed actually to hang in the air. I could near my heart beating, for I felt that supreme moment had come. I must hit that ball or live forever an impostor in the eyes of the nicest girl I had ever seen. I drew my breath quickly. I felt alternately hot and cold; a sort of mist rose over my spectacles. As the ball fell I smote desperately at it, with an energy that I was far

too agitated to control. A shout of laughter from the spectators brought me to myself with a jerk. Whither the ball had gone I did not know; but from the direction in which the people were all looking, it seemed to have flown into a shrubbery about one hundred yards be-hind our opponents. Miss Tossy turned to

Why, Mr. Lancey, are you always so severe upon lob faults? It's too bad of you taking such a swipe. Fault, Minnie!"
"Gracious powers," thought I, "they think I meant to put it out of court." thought they were laughing at me, but it seems my play was a ligitimate joke. cannot help it now; I must be a tennis player whether I will or not. I am like Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale." "If I have a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer me." Thanks to fortune, the next serve to me was into the net again, and we had forty to our opponents fifteen. Miss Tossy, however, failed in returning the serve to her, and we stood

thirty-forty.

I was almost completely callous when I knew that I was to "take" again. I should probably find some means of escape. I seem. ed to be a favorite with the gods; and though I should probably die young on that account, what mattered it, so long as I maintained my position as a man of skill in the eyes of Miss Delavei? The ball came whizzing over, struck the ground near my feet, and bounced away, I should say, about a foot below my racquet.
"What a shoot, Minnie?' cried my part-

ner. "I see you weren't prepared for that naughty girl's shoot Mr. Lancey. You were too confident." I didn't understand then what a shoot was, but I saw that somehow my miss had

not seriously damaged my reputation as a player.
"That's deuce," called out Miss Delayel.
"I beg your pardon?" said I quite invol-

know, and we scored this time." I was relieved; it was a technical term, and indeed Fitzjames had warned me of it. "Pray, Tossy!" said Miss Delavel; and the ball came skimming over the net. Tossy did play it, and back again it went into the left corner of Miss McBrier's court. The latter was taken by surprise; she had not expected the return, and with a shriek she

dived wildly at the ball. "Well taken, Miss McBrier, but I'm afraid it's out," cried Fitzjames, who had recently reappeared on the scene, while the ball came flying over my head. I was resolved now, and sprang desperately up-ward, brandishing my racquet at the ball.

I missed.
"Oh, Mr. Lancey, I thought you were going to hit it, and it was out of court!"

said my partner.
Saved again! It was little short of miraculous. If I had hit the ball I should have done wrong, apparently; and goodness knows I had done my best to hit it. Well, it was my fate to deceive. I couldn't help it. I was doomed to be "T. Lancy, the great tennis player;" so I said, as confidently as I could, "Of course it was, Miss Delavel, there was not the least fear of my hitting it."

In one sense the answer was true enough; but for the sense it conveyed to my partner—Oh, that Miss Tossy had said and done to me what Macbeth said and did to the soldier who told him of the approach of Birnam Wood!

Birnam Wood!

"That's vantage to us," she cried; I do believe we'll win. Go on, Minnie," Minnie did go on, and I was not surprised that my feeble poke resulted in returning the hall just between our adversaries, who each left it alone, under the impression that the other was about to take it.

"That makes game" "measted Mine."

"That makes game," remarked Miss Tossy. "Thank you very much; and you played swfully well, in spite of a strange racquet."

I merely bowed. I felt a glow of shame upon my cheeks; and even that, I bitterly thought, would be attributed to my exertions and not to its true cause, thanks to my miserable good luck. Just at that moment the luncheon bell rang; and from hemceforth for ever thanks be to the development.

henceforth for ever thanks be to the stern punctuality of hydropathic establishments, and to the unaffected appetite which everyone has at luncheon time in these places. I was repreived. We were all apparently disappointed that our set had come to a premature conclusion; but as the ladies were going to drive that afternoon, it was agreed that we shold finish it Monday forenoon, the next day being Junday. I assured the young ladies that it would give me much pleasure. Wretch that I was, that very moment I had sworn to myself to devise some excuse to avoid ever playing again.

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J. W. Wallace.

WOOL! WOOL!

WANTED.

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 itin 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 24, 1883

John Makins.

MILL MACHINERY.

JOHN MAKINS. WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY,

Iron Founder and Machinist MANUFACTURER OF Saus and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mills

Engines and Steam Pumps. Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works.