

J. W. Wallace.

LINDSAY WOOLEN MILLS.

Having bought the above and got them entirely under my own management, I am determined to make them...

THE PLACE

To sell or trade your wool. Our goods will wear better and are a great deal cheaper than the usual market goods...

MANUFACTURING.

We charge for Manufacturing:

Table listing various woolen goods and their prices: Grey Full Cloth, Tweeds, Twill Flannel, etc.

And other goods equally low. In order to induce customers to leave their wool and orders in early...

J. W. WALLACE.

100 THOUSAND SHINGLES FOR SALE CHEAP. Lindsay, April 21, 1884-85.

F. C. Taylor. INSURANCE. THE CANADA LIFE.

Annual Report for 1883. Assets \$5,617,603. Interest on investments \$335,998.

G. A. Metherell. NEW ARRIVALS. G. A. METHERELL'S MUSIC, BOOK & FANCY GOOD STORE.

J. G. Edwards. BUCKTHORNE FENCING. THE BEST BARBED FENCE IN THE WORLD.

S. Corneil. CARD OF THANKS. MR. S. CORNEIL, Please convey to the Directors of the LONDON MUTUAL my thanks for paying for my dwelling through kind consideration for a widow, my policy having lapsed on account of the building having been for some time unoccupied.

L. O'Connor. SPRING AND SUMMER, 1884. L. O'CONNOR, Corner William & Russell.

W. R. Skitch. A JUNE MANIFESTO. WORK ON WHEELS.

STILL ROLLING OUT! I've had capital success in my line of business, and expect that this year will double my sales of last year.

W. M. SKITCH. THEXTON & COMPANY. Window Sash. Doors. Bird Cages. Fishing Tackle. Paris Green.

PRICES LOW INDEED. THEXTON & Co. R. Kylie. READ! READ! READ! CARRIAGES, BUGGIES & WAGGONS.

Richard Kylie, Cambridge-st., North of the Market. Repairing Neatly Done on Short Notice.

NEW AND ARTISTIC FURNITURE. JOHN ANDERSON'S. ANDERSON offers you complete Parlour Sets, in Raw Silk, Rep and Haircloth.

Try ANDERSON, Kent-st. L. O'Connor.

MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DEMI GRATS AND FARM WAGGONS.

L. O'CONNOR, Corner William & Russell.

Any person requiring anything in my line, whether they purchase or not will be welcome to inspect the work and see the quality of material and every portion of my carriage, etc.

Repairs at all times done with every care and attention and at all times with our own workmen.

Repeats at all times done with every care and attention and at all times with our own workmen.

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ardor's son as she just come home from school... 'College,' suggested Miss Ames. 'Yes, me'am, that's it.' 'Is Sam any relation to you?' asked Miss Ames.

'No, Miss Dell,' impetuously the girl. 'Ah, I see. Your lover, is he? Well, now shall I begin the letter, and what do you want to say?' 'Please, Miss Dell, won't you begin it as in the proper way?'

'Why, Dinah, how do I know what the proper way is? You do not suppose that I ever wrote a love letter, do you?' 'I guess Miss Dell knows how,' laughed Dinah.

'Well, I'll write 'Dear Sam,' now, what next? Dinah wrinkled her brow in earnest thought, gazed out of the window abstractedly, and finally said in despair: 'Oh, Miss Dell, everything is clean gone out of my head! Won't you please write just what you like, only tell him that since he was here I've been very, very happy.'

Saying this the girl hurried off out of the room, as if to render refusal impossible. Dell smiled, saying— 'My first attempt at a love-letter. This is certainly amusing.'

'She took her pen and wrote— 'Remember all the words you speak, and when you leave me I whisper them over to myself, and when I look up to the stars, I remember that they are looking down on you, and throw kisses to them, hoping they will carry them to you. Forever and ever yours, DINAH.'

'The letter was soon fastened to Carlo's collar, who bounded off in delight to find his master. Sam read the letter, showing all his ivories in pleased amazement. 'Lor-a-mighty! Whoever 'spected Dinah could write such a beautiful letter!'

'Halloo, Sam, what have you there? A love letter!' called out Bert Richards, catching sight of the delighted man. 'It's a letter, sah,' began Sam, shifting from one foot to the other in his excitement, 'from a friend of mine, sah.'

'From your sweetheart, you mean. Well you're a lucky dog. I wish I had a girl to write to and get nice loving letters from. It's direfully dull down here. Oh, for another year of college life!' and Bert walked slowly away, whistling the 'Danube River waltz.'

'During his master's colloquy, Sam had been edging nearer and nearer him, his countenance bearing the excited look of a man who has an idea. 'Please Miss Bert—' 'Well, sam!' 'Did you say, Massa Bert, as how you wished you had a—'

'Had a sweetheart to write to? Yes, Sam, what of that? 'Well, Massa Bert, this here letter what Dinah wrote is so mighty fine that I don't dare answer it, sah, and as you was a wishin', Massa Bert, for a—'

'Hs, ha, ha!' laughed Bert. 'You mean, Sam, to put it in plain English, that you want me to answer the letter for you?' 'Sam's response was a face illuminated by the ivories, and a low bow. 'Well, come along—give me this letter and let me about her, and I'll do it up for you.'

'My own dear Sam, you almost took my breath with your beautiful verses. I send you some flowers for I know you love them as I do. The fragrant heliotrope says 'I love you'; the sweet rose geranium speaks of happy loves; the sweet forget-me-not that grows for happy lovers. Then these little blue flowers bring you love, and you may be sure that your words of love are treasured in my heart, and that I shall always be your own.'

Sam went to his master's room, illuminated by the ivories. Bert was reading, and glancing up, said— 'What is it Sam? A letter? Lay it on the table, and I will write the answer when I have finished this chapter.'

Bert, the deceitful fellow, only waited until Sam was fairly out of the room, when he opened the letter with a haste and eagerness that betrayed him as a most unscrupulous man. 'For many a flirtation still heartless, his fancy had been caught by Sam's description of the as yet unseen Dell. Many times had he pictured her in his imagination, but had not quite come to a determination to try to see her, now he pored over the writing, noticing each delicate curve of the letters, thinking of the fair hand which held the pen.'

'Same writing, yes, by jingo! College boy eh! Ah, ha, Miss Dell, you surprised me, the origin of that poetical effusion! I wish I dared steal the flowers. Sam will never miss them. If he does he can get some more. They arranged so gracefully that I am sure it is not Dinah's work.' And the flowers disappeared into a pocketbook.

After a half hour of busy writing he called Sam, who took his letter and the answer from the table, and then hesitatingly said— 'Well, Massa Bert, see the flowers!' 'Flowers, flowers,' said Bert, abstractedly, who had immediately become absorbed in his book when Sam entered. 'You must have dropped them. I notice a reference to flowers in the letter. Never mind, Sam. Bert chuckled to himself as he took a peep at the precious flowers, safely stowed away.'

And now Miss Dell once more sits down to her desk to write an answer to Sam's last letter. She read it through aloud— 'MY ONLY LOVE—Your letters are such a comfort to me! But how inadequate is the voiceless paper to express the emotions of the heart! I read your writing with a moist eye, and I think that they come from you, and I gaze upon them until I can almost see your dear eyes looking into mine, and hear your sweet lips speaking words of love. Open thy dark eyes wide upon me. Speak to me words of love. Words that will follow and guide and help me. Wherever I rove. Thy smile is the sunbeam brighter than day. Thy voice is a brook's song. And I'll love her, thee for ever and aye. And my love is true and strong. Your own, SAM.'

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Medical. AYER'S Sarsaparilla. In a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used.

Crowfoot Indian Bitters. Now is the time to cleanse the system of humors and bad blood. The use of Crowfoot Bitters in the spring will do this, and at the same time strengthen the men, women and children use it.

THE CANADIAN POST. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1884. 'WHO TOUCHED ME?' And couldst thou feel, amidst the throng, A tremulous touch like mine. When thousands hurried by, I did not know I was being touched.

THE DOUBLE COURTSHIP. 'I'll leave Carlo, Dinah, and you can send it by him; and a low whistle brought a fine Newfoundland bounding to his master's feet. Silently a farewell embrace was given, and Sam's tall, sinewy form passed rapidly among the trees, while Dinah and Carlo watched him until a curve in the road hid him from their view.'

'It was a pretty picture. The graceful matrio with the melting eyes peculiar to her race, stood beneath the branches of a spreading magnolia, fondling the dog, while the intelligent animal looked up into her face, as if trying to say, 'I shall miss him, too.' Shaded walks wound away in the distance, white statues gleamed here and there among the green trees, and the murmur of the silver-sprayed fountains mingled harmoniously with the choruses of the birds. Surely additions of art intensify the beauties of nature.'

'Sometime after, Dinah's mistress found her seated at a table, with pencil and paper looking very much disconcerted. Adella Ames was an orphaned niece of the owner of the farm, Mr. Merton, who had adopted her on the death of her parents, and given her Dinah for her maid. Her sweet disposition and kindness of heart made her dear as an only child to her uncle and aunt, while Dinah, whom she had taught to read and write, could not reverence her enough.'