### AYER'S Sarsaparilla

To a highly concentrated entract of Suranyarilla and other blood-purifying soots, combined with Indide of Pot sium and from, and is the safest, most relisble, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofule and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Ecsema, Ringworm, Blotches Sores, Rolls, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumaties Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarris.

### Inflammatory Rheumatisms Cured.

"AVER'S SARRAPARILLA has cured me of

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Crowfoot Indian Bitters.



What the Druggist says.

Doar Sir. The Crowfoot Bitters are selling rapidly here and giving remarkable satisfaction, as evinced by the demand which is daily increasing. PARKER & Co., Owen Sound. It Has Made a New Man of Me.

I has made a new man of me, in this section of country. I don't think anyone could feel worse physically than I did when I commenced taking Crowfort Bitters, It has made a new man of me. It is the best dollar I ever spent. I could not eat or sleep, and felt miserably dejected. After taking Crowfoot I could eat, sleep, had a splendid appetite and felt firstrate. I be teve it to be the best medicine of the period for Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

WM GUTHRIE, Fairmont, Ont.

Sold by A. HIGINEOTHAM. LINGUAY.

## The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1884 "WHO TOUCHED ME?"

And couldst Thou feel, smidst the throng, They rudely press Thee in the crowd, And pained Thine car with accents load.

I did not speak, yet Thou didst hear
The prayer within my breast;
I could not meet Thine eye for fear,
But only touched Thy vest.
Trembling, I touched its hem alone.
That trembling touch Thy grace did own.

One moment in the crowd I stood
Afflicted and defiled.
My sins o'crwhelmed me with their flood;
The next, a pardoned child.
I knew Thy power, Thy will to heal,
And to Thy truth I set my seal.

I set my seal, and gracious ford, Thy faithfulness was such,
That though I scarce believe Thy word,
Thy person dared not touch.
The moment that I felt Thy dress,
Thine eye was filled with tenderness.

"Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace;"
My faith! nay, Lord, 'twas Thine; Thy gift, as Thine, my soul's release— The tendril owns its vine. Thy virtue drew me to be healed. touched and found my pardon sealed.

Yes, gracious Lord, "in peace" I go,
I leave the throng with Thee;
They press Thee close, but do not know
What thou hast done for me;

What I hou wilt do for all like one Who dared to touch the hem alone -From Wild Thyme.

### THE DOUBLE COURTSHIP.

'I'll leave Carlo, Dinah, and you can send it by him;' and a lew whistle brought a fine Newfoundland bounding to his moster's feet.

Silently a farewell embrace was given. and Sam's tall, sir ewy 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 mulatto 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 Dunah, whom she had taught to read and write, could

not reverence her enough.
'What trouvies you, Dinah?' she asked, kindly. 'What are you doing?'
Dinah dropped her head bashfully, and

replied—
'Well, you see, Miss Dell, I'se trying to write a letter to—to—a friend of mine. I know how to make the letters, and I

' It's Sam,' stammered the girl.
' Who is Sam!' gravely said Miss

He lives on Massa Richardses' farm, and is Massa Bert's own 'ticular servant, ma'am,' was Dinah's indirect snewer.
, Master Bert's!' said Miss Ames en-

ardser son as am just come home from-

'College,' suggested Miss Ames. 'Yes, me'am, that's it.

' Is Sam any relation to you?' asked ' No. Miss Dell,' simpered 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

se is the proper way.'
'Why, Dinah, how do I know what the

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

Dinah, 'Well, I'll write 'Dear Sam,' Now,

Digah wrinkled her brow in earness 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 jess 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 impossi-

Dell smiled, saying-' My first attempt at a love-letter. This certainly amusing.'

She took her pen and wrote-"DEAR SAM, -"I think of you all the time. I re "DEAR SAM,—"I think of you all the time. I remember all the words that you speak, and when you leave me I whisper them over to myself, and they make me very happy. The sunbeams of morning bring a message of love from you, 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 your ows, DINAH."

She called Dinah and gave her the letter, amused to see the satisfied expres-sion of satisfied delight on the dusky

features as she exclaimed-'Oh, Miss Dell, I's feared he'll think I never wrote it!"

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 amszement.
Lor-a mighty! Whoever 'spected Dinah could write such a buteful lettah? Shuah, I never dare write an answer to

'Hallos, Sam, what have you there?' A love letter?' called our Bert Richards, catching sight of the delighted man. 'It's a lettah, sah,' began Sam, shifting from one foot to the other in his excite

ment, 'from a friend of mine, sah.' 'From your sweetheart, you mean. Well you're a lucky dog. I wish I had s 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 softly.

During his master's soldony, Sam had been edging nearer and nearer him, his countenance bearing the excited look of a man who has an idea.

'Please Massa Bert\_' "Well, sam?"

Did you say, Massa Bert, as how you wished you had a-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 doesn't dare answer it, sah, and as you was a wishin', Massa Bert, for a a "Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Bert. 'You mean, Sam, to put it in plain English, that you want me to answer the letter for

'Sim's response was a face illuminated by the ivories, and a low bow.

'Well, come along—give me the letter and tell me about her, and I'll do it up He took the letter and read it.

"No colored woman ever wrote that, said he to himsef: 'but there is no need of enlightning him. Where ignorance is bliss,' etc.' Then he said sloud, 'Dinah, and where does she live, Sam?

'At Massa Mert n's, seh. She am Miss Dell's maid, sah. "Miss Dell? Why, Mr. Merton has no

'She am his niece, sah, He 'dopted her while you was away.'
'Ah, ah!' mused Bert. 'Miss Dell wrote this letter, or I'm marvellously mistaken. It is pretty, dainty handwriting, essentially womanly and yet the firm, downward strokes show steadiness

Looking up from his scrutiny of the letter, he asked-

' Is she pretty, Sam?' Who, sah?

Bert burst into a peal of laughter.
Of course you think your Dinah is
pretty. But this Miss Dell, how does

'She am very good lookin, sah, 'cord-ing to my judgment,' and Sam drew himself up with the dignified air of a critic. 'Her hair is jess like the clouds critic. way in the west, when the sun is down low, and leaves 'em all a bright gold, while the shadows of the night, and Sam's voice sank to an impressive depth, 'are soberin' the darkness down a little. An' her eyes are as dark as as,' and Sam looked desperately round for a simile, 'as the midnight.'

Well, well, Sam, you are growing quite poetical. How would it do, now,

to write an answer in poetry.'
'Laws, Massa Bert, that 'ud be mighty
fine; but Dinah might 'speet 1 didn't

Not if you talk to her like that. laughed Bert, as he turned to the table and took pen and paper preparatory to

'Why, Sam,' he said, 'the boys at col lege sing about your sweetheart, and his tenor voice rang out the merry song-

There was a girl named Dinah over there,
There was a girl named Dinah over there,
There was a girl named Dinah.
And her cheeks were made of chima,
You may kiss her if you find her,
Over there-over there:

'I'll warrant you've kissed her, you rascal! Be off, now, and I'll call you when the answer is ready.'

Exit Sam, illuminated as usual.

'A cigar first, for inspiration. This is really the first fun I've found down here.

Yes, this is pretty handwriting, and I am sure it is emblematic of her character. By Jove! I'm in love already. What a know what I wants to say, but some way of other, I can't get 'em jined.'

'Come to my room, Dinah, and I will help you.' Seating herself at the writing deek, she asked, 'To whom is the letter, Dinah?'

By Jove! I'm in love already. What a confounded joke it would be on me if the Dinah did write it!—I wonder what her last name is? Sam, Sam!'

Sam appeared at the door, wondering, evidently, if his young master had finished his poetical effusion in so brief a period

of time.

"What is her last name, Sam?"

"Macon, eah, Dinah Macon,"

Bert burst into a peal of laugh just as he was sobering down a gli Sam's astonished and indigment fi more convulsed him.

"I mean Dell," he said, at least Dell. What is her last name?"

"Deg't znow nothin!" bout it, s

Though fate now doth keep us Apart and alone, R. will not for age be thus, Darling-my own!

Ever be faithful, dear, Love me alone; Always believe me, dear, Only thine own. There, that is moderate enough, so that a smart half-caste might have written

it. If the next letter is in the same handshe shall have some better

He called Sam, who appeared, still looking rather indignant, but who was immediately illuminated on reading the 'I's a thousand times obliged to you

'All right, Sam, and if you want any more written, let me know.'

Sam made a low obsisance, and hasten ed to find Carlo and send his poetry. Dinah's delight over the letter knew no bounds, and she displayed her treasure triumphantly to her mistress. Miss Ames read and duly admired the wonderful production, also promising to write suother letter soon. As Dina went off hugging her treasure, she smiled, saying to herself—

' Sam did as Dinah did, and Mr. Bert wrote that letter. I wonder if he had any suspicion as to who Dinah's aman

Some time after the faithful Carlo brought the following letter to his

"MY OWN DEAR SAM,-You almost took away my breath with your beautiful verses. I showed them to Miss Dell, and she said she would have thought a college boy had written them. I send you some flowers, for I know you them. I send you some howers, for I know you love them as I do. The fragrant heliotrope says 'I love you;' the sweet rose geranium speaks of preference; and the forget-me-nots need no interpretation. 'The sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers.' Then these little blue darlings belong to us, Sam. You may be sure that your words of love are treasured in my heart, and that I shall always be your own.

DINAH."

m went to his master's room, illumnated 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 that would have marked him as a most ardent lover. An impressible man, and after many a flirtation still heartfree, 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, hy jingo! College boy? eh? Ah, ha, Miss Dell, you surmised, then, 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

After a half hour of busy writing he called Sam, who took his letter and the answer from the table, and then hesitating a moment, said-

Did 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 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

"My ONLY LOVE,—Your letters are such a comfort to me! But how inadequate is the volceless paper to express the emotions of the soul! It takes pages of writing to tell what a pressure of the hand or a glance of the eye might much more forcibly speak. I hold your letters in my hand and press them to my lips when I think that they come from you, and I gaze upon them until I can almost see your dark 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 Whithersoever I rove.

Thy smile is the sunbeam brighter than day,
Thy voice is a brooklet's song.
And I'll love but thee for ever and aye,
And my love is sure and strong.
Your own,
SAM.

The answer was soon written and As Dinah soon after came into the room. Miss Ames asked her to describe

'I's never seed him, Miss Dell, but Sam, he says he's a perfect Pollo, what-ever that may be. H's got light brown curin' hair, and it waves back off from the most handsomest forehead you ever saw-and his eyes is just like two pieces

of the blue, blue sky.'

Dell sat by the window leaning her cheek on her white hand and looking up to the sky, seeming to see a fair face looking down at her.

Whose eyes, like blue forget-me-nots in rain, Deepening, o'erwaved by mist of shadowy has Suddenly Carlo bounded into the yard, and she waited with almost feverish im-patience until Dinah should bring for her patience until Drish should bring for her inspection the note which she saw fastened to the dog's collar. Her quick eye detected what Dinah did not see, that the first letters of the four lines of each stanza spelled the name 'Dell.'

Darling, I'm eager to see you,
Eager, too eager to rest,
Longing to whisper unto you
Love that is burning my bre

Even at twilight's caim time! suching, we'll banish all serrow, Loving, we'll never regime.

Miss Ames consented, not without an award wondering as to what the result rould be, and Carlo dashed off with an firmative answer to the two lovers who were anxiously awaiting his appearance. The next norming Mrs. Merron topped the door of Miss, Ames' room, saying:
"Dell, I wisk you would come down pairs. A sea of one of your neighbors has alled, and I wish you to meet him."
And a moment's delay Miss Ames hasted down the stairs and swept proudly

symmetrical figure, which the clearly-fitting black robe well defined. The derivatives of her dress was unrelieved asset it met the clearly white neck and shapely hand. Her golden hair felf from her head in a mass of shining carls. Her dark eyes met the blue ones proudly, and while saying to herself "A perfect Apollo, truly," she was receiving him with the manner of a queen to an obedient subject.

of The here of his class at college where ladies were concerned, Bert was dumb be-fore this proud beauty, and murmured to "I am almost afraid she did not write

The evening passed pleasantly, and Bert carried away with him the permission to call again. He found the evening spent with the "proud beauty," as he still called her, not only pleasant but profitable, for her intellectual acquirements were as perfect as the beauty of her face. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into intumacy. Now it was a walk at sun set through the shady groves—now an exhibitarating horseback ride—now a new book to be read and criticised together, or a new song in which their voices blended harmoniously. So the days glided by.

One evening they sat in the bay window where the mellow moonlight streamed in through the lattice-work of Virginia creepers, and looking out they saw Sam, who

ers, and looking out they saw Sam, who always accompanied his master, walking arm-in-arm with Dinah.

When I look up at the beautiful stars," said Bert very gravely, "I throw kisses to them, hoping they will carry them to

And Dell answered, just as gravely—
"How inadequate is voiceless paper to
express the emotions of the soul!"
Bert's voice quivered with suppressed aughter as he said—
"The sweet forget-me-nots that grow for tappy lovers."
And Dell, laughing, replied—

Thy smile is the sunlight brighter than day, Thy voice is the brooklet's song;

But she paused as she remembered the eclaration of love contained in the follow-Bert's laughter was gone now as he sprang to a chair by her side and imprisoned the white hands in his own, saying—"Dell, darling, can you not, will you not,

say it all?"
The moonbeams shone full on his hand. some face and touched Dell's golden hair into an aureole. In the intense silence of love they sat until she lifted her dark eyes to his, and she saw them eloquent with unspeakable assurances of affection. All lovers know what followed—how the dear old story was whispered over and over, and became but sweeter for the repetition.

Some months after two happy wedding pairs stood on the deck of an ocean steam-

"Sam," said Dinah, as they stood watching with wide open eyes the huge waves at play, "there ain't no knowin' what may happen on this big ocean, and I wants to

"There ain't nobody else?" he began, his jealousy aroused.
"Oh, no, Sam," she interrupted. "But—but, Sam, Miss Dell she wrote those let-

Sam's face brightened with the customary illumination as he answered, with a chuckle—
"We's even, den, Dinah, for Massa Bert wrote mine for me."
And Bert and Dell watching them from a distance as they talked happily together, and the golden stars looked down and smiled as they ever do on true love.

Eat drink and be merry and to-morrow take Crowfoot Bitters, the great dyspeptic

Waterbrash Cured. Twelve years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia and Waterbrash, with which I suffered extremely ever since until last spring. I tried the Crowfoot Bitters and less than one dollar's worth cured me perfectly. ELIZABETH GILLSON, Collingwood. -95-4.

Billheads! Billheads! A fine new stock of billhead papers just received. Orders filled at lowest rates. Also statement headings. Just the thing for medical men, druggists and others. Write for semples. THE CANADIAN POST, Lindsay.

RAYS OF MIRTH.

Why They Go To Church Some go to church to weep. While others go to sleep. Some go their wives to please Their conscience others try to ease Some go to tell about their woes, Others go to show their clothes: Some go to hear the preacher, Others like the solo screecher: Boys go to reconnoitre, Girls go because they oughter. Many go for sage reflections. But precious few to help collection

-Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer never fails in restoring grey hair to its youthful color, lustre, and vitality. Dr. A. Hayes, state assayer of Massachusetts, endorses it, and all who give it a fair trial unite in giving testimony to its many virtues

When a woman wears a corset,

And admits 'tis laced too tight; When one sees a rival's bonnet, Without calling it a fright; When she views the female charmer. Whose desortment is just right. Then she men will discontinue Taking beer and getting tight.

John R. Vert, Hamilton, says: "McGregor's speedy indigestion is cheap at fifty man, and travel continually, and would no more think of leaving home without a bottle of McGregor's speedy cure in my valise than I would of leaving my team at home and travelling on foot " Free trial bottles at A. Highborham's drug store, Lindsay. Regular size fifty cents and one doller.—58-d-eow.

What Fair Damsels Drink. Now the weather groweth warm, And the maids begin to swarm They dearly love vanilla,

And often drink more than they really oughter.

-We heard of a man, the other day, who to be mean enough to steal a coat of paint. But he can't equal the party who tried to steal a dog's pants.

with sick headache, constipation, sour stomach or bilious attacks. Plint's Mandrage Pills will relieve you, sure. They have no superior. Sold by A. HISTINDOTHAM, Druggist, Lindsay. Price 25c.—97-2. -Why does Diana get more beaus than I' asked the elder sister. "I don't know, unless it is because she is a little archer," said her mamma with a quiver of lip.

If You Suffer

Finid Lightning.
Cures toothache and neuralgia quick as flash, releves any pain instantly, the quickest and cheapest application known Why suffer with toothache, neuralgia, headache, rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, sore throat, or acute pains of any kind when you can go to A. Histimporman adrig store, Lindsay, and get a perfect and instantaneous cure for twenty-five cents ask for Fluid Lightning —56-d-cow.

Plungtes and Motebes.
Call at A. Higinbotham's drug store, Lindsay, and get a package of MoGregor and Pariss's Carbolic Corsts. It is composed of Vascline, Carbolic Acid and Cornte, and has never falled to remove Plunples,

Having bought the above and got them entirely under my ewn 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, as we use all good wool and not one ounce of shoddy at all, while market goods are almost always stuffed with shoddy.

### MANUFACTURING.

We charge for Manufacturing:

35c. per yar Grey Full Cloth, from 40c. to 50c. Twill Flannel, yd. wide, Cotton warp, white or Grev 27c. Check Flannel 25c. All Wool, Check Flannel, plain 20c. Our celebrated 10 lb., all wool White Blankets, \$3.00 per pair. Union Blankets, white, all weights, \$2 to \$2.50 from \$1.50 to \$2.50 Grey Blankets. Stocking Yarn, two or three ply, twisted, 20c. per lb. 15c. Weaving Yarn, single reel,

And other goods equally low. In order to induce customers to leave their wool and orders in early, will allow a discount off the above list of 5 per cent. on all orders that are booked before the 1st of August. I do this in order to find what is wanted, so as to be able to have all orders filled promptly. Our Terms are CASH when goods are taken away; but, as usual, customers can take part any time, and settle for all when balance is taken.

Custom Carding, Fulling, Dyeing, Custom Weaving and Cloth Dressing done as usual. I will pay freight on all lots of wool 40 lbs. or over when to be manufactured. This does not apply

when to be carded only. Thanking my many friends for their very liberal support in the past, and soliciting a continuance, I am, yours truly.

J. W. WALLACE.

160 THOUSAND SHINGLES FOR SALE CHEAP

F. C. Taylor. INSURANCE.

# Annual Report for 1883.

Interest on investments - \$335,906. New policies written - - 2.178. Amount of new policies - \$4,534,000.

It will be noticed the interest on investment nore than pay the death claims.

The Canada Life is a home company and has been doing business for 37 years.

Its rates are moderate while its profits are larger than those of other companies.

Policies indisputable after two years.

Claims paid immediately on proof of death.

Thirty days grace allowed for payment of property and the payment of payment payment of payment paymen

premiums.

Those insuring now will be entitled to two year's profits in 1885. The profits will equal if not exceed those of any previous DIVISION.

For every information apply to

Lindsay, Feb. 23 1884.

G. A. Metherell.

NEW ARRIVALS G. A. METHERELL'S

MUSIC, BOOK & FANCY GOOD STORE A splendid assortment of CANADIAN WALL PAPER. Also a very large stock of ENG-LISH PAPER with which we defy competition From 5cts a Roll up. Express Waggons, large and small. Also carts, etc. Rubber and Base Balls and Bats. Also a full stock of goods suitable for the spring.

Remember the place opposite the English church, Kent-st., Lindsay. G. A. METHERELL

Lindsay, March 18, 1884.-80.

J. G. Edwards. BUCKTHORNE FENCING.

> THE BEST BARBED PENCE IN THE WORLD.

NOT DANGEROUS FOR CATTLE It is so broad that cattle can

IT IS MADE OF Solid Rolled Steel

J. G. EDWARDS,

S. Corneil.

CARD OF THANKS. MR. S. CORNIEL.

Please convey to the Directors of the LON-DON 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.

MARY ELLIOTT.

W. R. Skitch. A JUNE MANIFESTO.

WORK ON WHEELS

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

The prices, gentlemen, are as low as I can afford to do it for, and pay wages live. Give me a call. WM. SKITCH.

Thexton & Company.

Window Sash. Doors.

Lindsay, June 5, 1884, -91

Fishing Tackle. Paris Green. PRICES LOW INDEED. THEXTON & Co.

R. Kylie. READ! READ! READ CARRIAGES, BUGGIES & WAGGON

Now that the season has arrived when farmers are about to treat themselves to a land carriage. I would respectfully announce to the public in general that I have hand and in course of construction the best assortment of Carriages and Buggies of escription that has ever been built in this county. It cannot be denied that my work is the lead during the five years that I have been in business. I have made more solid ments in the matter of four wheeled rigs than have been made in this county in the layears. I was the first to adopt the system of Boiling Wheels in Oil, and I see by adve that some of my friends in the business have seen the great benefit of this and even at hour have commenced to boil their wheels in oil. I have made several other great ments this season, which I will be glad to show any person calling at my shop, trouble in making a sale to the man that visits all the shops and examines all the soch he can see at a glance that my work is far in advance of all others. I sold a carriage to a mechanic from one of our neighboring villages, and he said he could get on money, still mine would be the cheaper in the end. And so it turns out to be in every am receiving orders from all parts of the country. We don't know such a thing as here. Call at once and give us your order. You will save money by doing so. Do until you see my stock.

# RICHARD KYLIE,

Repairing Neatly Done on Short Notice. Lindsay, April 24, 1884.-35.

John Anderson.

## NEW AND ARTISTIC FURNITURE JOHN ANDERSON'S

ANDERSON offers you your pick of a large variety of Lounges at almost your own parts

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

**CPRING AND SUMMER, 1884.** 

L. O'CONNOR, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, DEM

CRATS and FARM WAGGONS. has on hand and will continue to have during the season all descriptions of the which connot be surpassed for taste, design or durability, The subscriber has had the opportunity of visiting the neighboring states and is thereby to give the newest fashions to his numerous customers. All he wishes is a call, his work may be compared with others who are always loud in their own praise. What I say is, I can turn out any article in my line superior to any other manufacture this section, which has been proved over and over again in all contests at the different vincial shows, showing that my practical experience of the last 35 years has not been allowed thrown away.

Any person requiring anything in my line, whether they purchase or not will be inspect the work and see the quality of material and any portion of work used in ture of my carriages, etc. All wood is thoroughly well seasoned and every business is under my own supervision. Repairs at all times done with every care and attention and at all times

L. O'CONNOR, Corner William & Russel

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