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CHAS. CLUETTE, Surgical Machinist, 113 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., and corner Main and Huron streets, Buffalo, N. Y.—1883.

JANE SINCLAIR.

OR, THE FAWN OF SPRINGDALE. (Continued from last week.)

"Yes, yes," she replied; "but papa, and where is my mamma?"

"I am here, my own love; here I am, Jane, collect yourself, my treasure. You are overcome with sorrow. The parting from Charles Osborne has been too much for you."

"Perhaps it was wrong to mention his name," whispered William. "May it not occasion a relapse, mother?"

"No," she replied. "I want to touch her heart, and get her to weep if possible."

"I would like to see you my papa," she replied. "I should be glad to hear that! That's all that troubles her poor heart all in the world that troubles her poor heart."

"These words were uttered in a tone of such deep and inexpressible misery, and with such an innocent and childlike unconsciousness of the calamity which weighed her down, that no heart possessing common humanity could avoid being overcome."

"Look on me, love," exclaimed her father. "Your papa is here, ready to pity and forgive you."

"William," said Agnes, "a thought strikes me—the air that Charles played over since they first met has been her favorite ever since, you know it—go get your flute and play it with as much feeling as you can."

Jane made no reply to her father's words. She sat nursing, and once or twice put up her hand to her side, and immediately withdrew it, and again fell into a reverie. Sometimes her face brightened into the fatal smile, and again became overshadowed with a gloom that seemed to proceed from a feeling of natural grief.

William, in about a minute returned with his flute, and placing himself behind her, commenced the air in a spirit more mournful probably than any in which it had ever before been played. For a long time she noticed it not; that is to say, she betrayed no external marks of attention to it. They could perceive, however, that although she neither moved nor looked around her, yet the awful play of her features ceased, and their expression became more intelligent and natural.

At length she sighed deeply several times, though without appearing to hear the music; and at length, without uttering a word to any one of them, she laid her head upon her father's bosom, and the tears fell in placid torrents down her cheeks. By a signal from his hand, Mr. Sinclair instructed that for the present they should be silent; and by another addressed to William, that he should play on. He did so, and she wept copiously under the influence of that charmed melody for more than twenty minutes.

"It would be well for me," she at length said, "that I, I fear it would, that I had never heard that air, or seen him who first sent its melancholy music to my heart. He is gone; but when—when will he be returned?"

"Do not," said her father, "so heavily, dear child, take his departure so heavily, dear child, with life and soul the world you would know that a journey to the Continent is nothing. Two years to one as young as you are will soon pass."

"It would, papa, if I loved him less. But my love for him—my love for him—that now is my misery. I must, however, rely upon other strength than my own. Papa, kneel down and pray for me—and you, mamma, and all of you; for I fear I am myself incapable of praying as I used to do, with an undivided heart."

They allowed her her own way, and without any allusion whatsoever to Charles, or his departure, more than she had made herself, they embraced her, and in a few minutes she was in bed, and as was soon evident to Agnes, who watched her, in a sound sleep.

The next morning they arose earlier than usual, in order to watch the mood in which she might awake; and when Agnes, who had been her bed-fellow, came upon down stairs, every eye was turned upon her with an anxiety proportioned to the disastrous consequences that might result from any unfavorable turn in her state of feeling.

"Agnes," said her father, "how is she?—in what state?—in what frame of mind?"

"She appears much distressed, papa—feels conscious that Charles is gone—but as yet has made no allusion to their parting yesterday. Indeed I do not think she remembers it. She is already up, and begged this moment of me to leave her to herself for a little."

"I want strength, Agnes," said she, "and I know there is but one source from which I can obtain it. Advice, consolation and sympathy, I may and will receive here; but strength—strength is what I most stand in need of, and that only can proceed from Him who gives rest to the heavy laden."

"You feel too deeply, Jane," I replied; "you should try to be firm."

"I do try, Agnes; but tell me, have I not been unwell, very unwell?"

"Your feelings, dear Jane, overcame you yesterday, as was natural they should—but now you are calm, of course you will not yield to despondency or melancholy. Your dejection, though at present deep, will soon pass away, and ere many days you will be as cheerful as ever."

"I hope so; but Charles is gone, is he not?"

"But you know it was necessary that he should travel for his health; besides, have you not found a plan of correspondence with each other?"

"Then," proceeded Agnes, "she pulled out the locket which contained his hair, and after looking on it for about a minute, she kissed it, pressed it to her heart, and whilst in the act of doing so, a few tears ran down her cheeks."

"I am glad of that," observed her mother; "it is a sign that this heavy grief will not long abide upon her."

"She then desired me," continued Agnes, "to leave her here, and expressed a sense of her own weakness, and the necessity of spiritual support, as I have already told you. I am sure the worst is over."

When Jane appeared at breakfast, she was paler than usual; but then the expression of her countenance, though pensive, was natural. Mr. Sinclair placed her between himself and her mother, and each kissed her in silence ere she sat down.

"I have been very unwell yesterday, papa. I know I must have been; but I have made my mind up to bear his absence with fortitude—not that it is his absence which I feel so severely, but an impression that some calamity is to occur either to him or me."

"Impressions of that kind, my dear child, are the results of low spirits and a nervous habit. You should not suffer your mind to be disturbed by them; for, when it is weakened by suffering, they gather strength, and sometimes become formidable."

"There is no hearing my calamity, papa, as it ought to be borne, without the grace of God, and you know we must pray to be made worthy of that. I dare say that if I am resigned and submissive that my usual cheerfulness will gradually return. I have confidence in heaven, papa, but none in my own strength, or I should rather say in my own weakness. I know it is excessive, and I indeed think it excessive is a disease. Yet it is singular I do not fear my heart, papa, but I do my head; here is where the danger lies—here," and as she spoke, she applied her hand to her forehead, and gave a faint smile of melancholy apprehension.

"Wait, Jane," said her brother, "just wait for a week or ten days, and if you don't scold yourself for being now so childish, why never call me brother again. Sure I understand these things like a philosopher. I have been three times in love myself."

Jane looked at him, and a faint sparkle of her usual good nature lit up her countenance.

"But who were you in love with, William?" asked Agnes.

"I was smitten first with Kate Sharp, the Applewoman, in consideration of her charming method of giving me credit for fruit when I was a school-boy, and had no money. I thought her a very interesting woman, I assure you, and proffered my suit to her with signal success. I say signal, for you know she was then, as she is now, very hard of hearing, and I was forced to pay my suit to her by signs."

"Dear William," said she, "I see your motive, and love you for it; but it is too soon—my spirits are not yet in tone for mirth or pleasantry—but they will be—they will be. I know it too bad to permit an affliction that is merely sentimental to bear me down in this manner; but I cannot help it, and you must all only look on me as a weak, foolish girl, and forgive me, and pity me."

She then retired, and for the remainder of that day confined herself partly to her bed, and altogether to her chamber; and it was observed, that from the innocent caprices of a sickly spirit, she called Agnes, and her mother and Maria—some times one, and sometimes another—and had them always about her, each to hear a particular observation that occurred to her, or to ask some simple question of no importance to any person except to one whose mind had become too sensitive upon the subject which altogether engrossed it. Towards evening she had a long fit of weeping, after which she appeared more calm and resigned. She made Agnes read her chapter in the Bible, and expressed a resolution to bear every thing she said, as became one she hoped not yet beyond the reach of Divine grace and Christian consolation.

After a second night's sleep she arose considerably relieved from the gloomy grief which had nearly wrought such a dreadful change in her intellect. Her father's plan of imperceptibly engaging her attention by instruction and amusement was carried into effect by her sisters, with such singular success, that at the lapse of a month she was almost restored to her wonted spirits. We say almost, because it was observed that notwithstanding her apparent serenity, she never afterwards reached the same degree of cheerfulness, nor so richly exhibited in her complexion that purple glow, the hue of which has like a visible charm upon the cheek of youthful beauty.

Time, however, is the best philosopher, and our heroine found that ere many weeks she could, with the exception of a slight intermission, look back upon the day of separation from Osborne, and forward to the expectation of his return, with a calmness of spirit by no means unpleasing.

On a balmy day such as might be considered in his selection. His first letter soothed, relieved, transported her. Indeed, so completely was she overcome on receiving it, that the moment it was placed in her hands, her eyes seemed to have been changed into light, her limbs trembled with the ecstasies of a happy sense of his return, and she at length sank into an ecstasy of joy, which was only relieved by a copious flood of tears.

For two years after this their correspondence was as regular as the uncertain motions of a tourist could permit it. Jane appeared to be happy, and she was so within the limits of an enjoyment, narrowed in its character by the contingency arising from time and distance, and the other probabilities of disappointment which a timid heart and a pensive fancy will too often shape into certainty. Fits of weeping and melancholy she often had without any apparent cause, and when gently taken to task, or remonstrated with concerning them, she had only replied by weeping, or admitted that she could by no means account for her depression, except by saying that she believed it to be a defect in the habit and temper of her mind.

The tutor's letters, both to Charles' father and hers, were nearly as welcome to Jane as his own. He, in fact, could say that for his pupil, which his pupil's modesty would not permit him to say for himself. Oh! how her heart glowed, and conscious pride sparkled in her eye, when that worthy man described the character of his pupil, and the progress he had made in his studies, and the development of his talents, and judgment became the theme of his tutor's panegyric, she could not listen without betraying the vehement enthusiasm of a passion, which absence and time had only strengthened in her bosom.

These letters induced a series of sensations at once novel and delightful, and such as were calculated to give zest to an attachment thus left to support itself, not from the presence of its object, but from the memory of tenderness that had already gone by. She knew Charles Osborne only as a boy—a beautiful boy it is true—and he knew her only as a graceful creature, whose extremely youthful appearance made it difficult whether to consider her merely as an advanced girl, or as a young female who had just passed into the first stage of womanhood. But now her fancy and affection had both room to indulge in that vivacious play which delights to paint a lover absent under such circumstances in the richest hues of imaginary beauty.

"How will he look," she would say to her sister Agnes, "when he returns a young man, settled into the fulness of his growth? Taller he will be, and much more manly in his deportment. But is there no danger, Agnes, of his losing in grace, in delicacy of complexion, in short, of losing in beauty what he may gain otherwise?"

"No, my dear, not in the least; you will be ten times prouder of him after his return than you ever were. There is something much more noble and dignified in the love of a man than in that of a boy, and you will feel this on seeing him."

"In that case, Agnes, I shall have to fall in love with him over again, and to fall in love with the same individual twice, will certainly be rather a novel case—a double passion, at least, you will grant, Agnes."

"But he will experience sensations quite as singular on seeing you, when he returns. You are as much changed—improved I mean—in your person, as he can be for his life. If he is not a fine full-grown young man, you are a tall, elegant—don't want to flatter you, Jane—I need not say graceful, for that you always were, but I may add with truth, a majestic young woman. Why, you will scarcely know each other."

"You do flatter me, Agnes; but am I so much improved?"

"Indeed you are quite a different girl from what you were when he saw you."

"I am glad of it; but as I told him once, it is on his account that I am so glad; do you know, Agnes, I never was vain of my beauty until I saw Charles?"

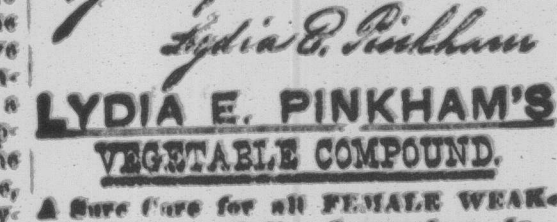
"Did you ever feel proud in being beautiful in the eyes of another, Jane?"

"No, I never did—why should I?"

"Well, that is not vanity—it is not love visible in a different aspect, and not the least amiable either, my dear."

TO BE CONTINUED.

For sore eyes, incurable by all means, resort to Churchill's Climax Eye Salve, and you will be surprised at the prompt relief. Price 25 cents.



WOMAN CAN HEALTH OF WOMAN SYMPATHIZE WITH IS THE HOPE OF WOMAN THE RACE.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, including Leucorrhoea, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, &c.

WELLAND, Ont., March 23, 1882. My little daughter was troubled with Catarrh for two years, and was very much benefited by the use of "Hall's Catarrh Cure." She is now about cured. W. T. HOUSE.

WELLAND, Ont., March 20, 1882. I hereby certify that I have used "Hall's Catarrh Cure," and from the use of one bottle of Catarrh if its use be continued for a reasonable length of time. W. H. HELLEMS.

WELLAND, Ont., March 20, 1882. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. I have used "Hall's Catarrh Cure" for the last year, and it gives entire satisfaction. Yours truly, H. HOBSON, Druggist.

Stock-Taking Sale of XMAS GOODS.

From now until the 1st of March I will sell my stock of Xmas Goods, such as Toys, Xmas and Holiday Books, Dolls, Vases and other Fancy Articles at First Cost, and the balance of my staple lines at Reduced Prices. This is a good chance for purchasers. I will sell as above until the 1st of March in consequence of taking stock at that date.

G. A. METHERELL.

JOHN WELSH APPLIES

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A NEW DISCOVERY. For several years we have furnished the Dairy men of America with an excellent article of color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prize at both International Dairy Shows.

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with.

\$1000 FORFEIT!

Having the utmost confidence in its superiority over all others, and after thousands of tests of the most complicated and severe cases we could find, we feel justified in offering to forfeit One Thousand Dollars for any case of coughs, colds, sore throat, influenza, hoarseness, bronchitis, consumption in its early stages, whooping cough, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, except Asthma, for which we only claim relief, that we can't cure with West's Cough Syrup, when taken according to directions. Sample bottles 25 and 50 cents; large bottles one dollar. Genuine wrappers only in blue. Sold by all druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TONIC, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in Insanity and leading to misery, decay and death. Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. One box will cure treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by A. Higginbotham, John C. West & Co., sole proprietors Toronto, Ont.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

IS RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS. CURES Catarrh of the Nasal Cavity—Chronic and Ulcerative; Catarrh of the Ear Eye or Throat. It is taken INTERNALLY, and acts directly upon the Blood and Mucous Surfaces of the system. It is the best Blood Purifier in the WORLD, and is worth all that is charged for it, for THAT alone.

The only Internal Cure for Catarrh IN THE MARKET. \$100

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HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dealers in Patent Medicines in the United States and Canada. PRICE: 75 CENTS A BOTTLE, \$8 A DOZ.

The only genuine Hall's Catarrh Cure is manufactured by F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O. Beware of imitations. Bottled for the Ontario trade by H. W. HOBSON, Welland, Ont.

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The Dominion Condition Spice



Is admitted by hundreds who have used it to be the Very Best Thing They Ever Used. Put a Horse in a Thoroughly Healthy and Thrifty Condition when out of order.

SEE YOU GET "THE DOMINION SPICE"

IN CANS AT S. PERRIN'S DRUG STORE

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A large quantity of good Dry Lumber suitable for all kinds of buildings constantly on hand. Also a large quantity of

Lath & Shingles of all grades

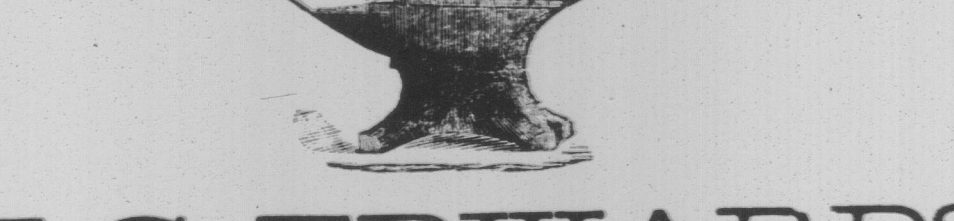
Lumber from \$5 upwards. Shingles from 90 cents upwards.

Also a quantity of Dry Dressed & Matched Lumber suitable for all purposes always on hand.

Highest Price Paid for Wood and Shingle Bolts at his Lumber Yard, at the Whitby and Port Perry depot.

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Lindsay, Dec. 7th, 1882.—1342.



J. G. EDWARDS

Is now offering a large Stock of

Building Hardware,

Nails, Locks, Hinges, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, &c., AT SPECIAL LOW PRICES.

Parties building will consult their interest by calling.

TABLE CUTLERY AT GREAT BARGAINS.

Call and see samples of American Cutlery that cannot be beaten for price and quality.

J. G. EDWARDS, SIGN OF THE ANVIL, BERTRAM'S OLD STAND, Lindsay, March 8, 1882.—1251.

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The best place to sell your wool is where it is manufactured into goods such as you require for your own use. That place is at the

LINDSAY WOOLLEN MILLS

If you don't believe it just call and see my goods and prices and be convinced. I am prepared

TO GIVE THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE IN CASH FOR WOOL

Or Give You more Goods of My Own Make

(Warrant them to give satisfaction) than you can get in town for the same amount of wool. Those wanting their wool manufactured can have it done here and pay for

Manufacturing it with Wool 2 cts. per lb. more than you can get for the Wool in cash.

My Custom Carding Machinery has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired and I will guarantee as good rolls as are made in Canada.

Those wanting Domestic Blankets of Flannel, white or gray, will find to their advantage to call and see mine.

A good assortment of Tweeds and Fancy Flannels always on hand, cheap for cash or exchange.

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