

BLOOD BITTERS

A CURE GUARANTEED.

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, leucorrhoea, barrenness, seminal weakness, and general loss of power. It restores nervous energy, represses the faded intellect, strengthens the enfeebled brain, and restores surprising tone and vigor to the exhausted generative organs in either sex.

With each bottle of *Magnetic Medicine*, accompanied with 25¢, we will send our *written guarantee* to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the *Cheapest and Best* medicine in the market. Pamphlets sent free by mail to any address.

Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 45¢ per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, or will be mailed free of postage on receipt of money, by *Dr. J. C. West & Co., Magnetic Medicine, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.*

Guaranteed by
A. Higinbotham, Lindsay.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated *KIDNEY WORT* as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with Catarrh of the Kidney. *Wort* strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when Physicians and medicine have failed. If you have either of these troubles, *PRICE 25¢ USE DRUGGISTS' BILL.*

KIDNEY WORT

Factory at Stouffville, P. O. - Northrup & Lyman, Toronto, general agents for Ontario.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A CAT PUZZLE.

John, take this slate, you rascal, and work out this sum. It is a cat falls into a well sixty feet deep, and crawls out six inches every day, falling back eight feet every night, how much time would the cat require to get out of the well?"

John set to ciphering and covered both sides of his slate with figures; then placing one edge of the slate on his knees, and resting his chin on the other, he gazed into vacancy.

"Well, John, how about the cat?"

"Father, I ain't got any more room on the slate, but if I had another square, I'd have that cat in— in three minutes."

A LUNCH.

He invited her to lunch, and she, being a beautiful young lady, went. She read the bill of fare behind her sweet little fan, and whispered in zephyr accents: "Woodcock on toast."

At this announcement it flashed upon his mind that his assets were but seventy-five cents. Something must be done.

"Cornelia! do you know what a woodcock is?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Spinks, she answered, "it is as big as a hen."

"Oh! goodness gracious!" exclaimed the charming Cornelia; "then bring me some pork and beans."

Spinks winked excitedly at the waiter and the waiter winked knowingly at him.

WHAT BERTIE IS GOING TO DO.

Mamma was having her afternoon chat with the little ones, and each one was telling what they were going to be when they grew up. Charley said he "was going to be a farmer, and have fine horses and cattle, and a plow that he could ride, and John would be a lawyer."

"He didn't want the sweat to be running down his back and the dirt to be getting into his boots?" he would have "nice rooms and sit in the shade." "Well, May," said mamma, as the sweet blue eyes sought hers. "I will be a teacher, mamma, and I won't never, never pull little girls' ears, and I'll help them to learn the multiple table, and let them make pictures on their slates." "And what will Bertie be?" said mamma. Now Bertie was the four-year old boy, and that very morning he had walked down town with papa, and stood while in front of the blacksmith shop. He had seen the hammer forge, and the big hammers, and the red-hot iron beat into many shapes. "Say, walking up to his mother, and looking rather down on the farmer, the lawyer and the school-teacher, he said: "I'm going to be a blacksmith shop."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"I feel to-night," said a Georgetown lady, who was always at a loss for a word, at a musical party the other evening—"I feel to-night like a—like a—like a—"

"Dear me, how stupid I am! I like a—"

"A morning star," suggested the husband.

"No, dear, like a— What are those birds that sing after dark?"

"Squabblers."

"What nonsense you do talk! Of course not. Well, now, how annoying!"

"Hussy, hussy."

"Oh, dear! Dear me, it's extremely annoying! What is it I feel like I know what it is just as well as anything. Those birds that never sing except at night-time."

"Bull-boys."

The latter suggestion of her husband was rejected with scorn, and she remarked that it was of no consequence—she would probably think of it by-and-by. About two o'clock the following morning Fred was dreaming that while on the top of the Bank of California when it exploded he was blown clear into the middle of a Sandwich Island barbeque. Just as the odor of roasted missionary greeted his nostrils, he was awakened by his wife.

"Fred, Fred!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I've got it."

"What's the matter?"

"No, pet, it's the nightingale."

"Where do you feel them, pet?"

"Oh! you stupid, I've got the word!"

could I think of to-night, I feel like a nightingale."

"I'm darned if I do." And he turned over and went to sleep.

SOMETHING ELSE.

The widow of a distinguished professor was visited by a rather shabby genteel sort of gentleman, who expressed great admiration for her deceased husband and finally said:

"I revere the memory of your husband and would like very much to have some relic to keep and cherish."

"The only relic I can offer you," replied the disconsolate widow, sighing heavily, "is myself. If you will love and cherish me for his sake you may."

But the relic hunter had silently stolen away before she could flash the sentence.

HOW HE MADE IT.

"So you have found hotel-keeping a source of great profit?" queried a New Yorker of a Colorado man whom he met in Chicago the other day.

"Well, I suppose the hotel has met expenses, though I ain't sure," was the reply.

"But they tell me you have made \$500,000."

"Yes, but you see I have a silver mine attached to the hotel, and a silver mine attached to the hotel, and a silver mine attached to the hotel, and I act as judge at all horse races and as umpire at all prize fights. Oh, we don't expect a Western hotel to make a dollar."

THE RETURN OF OUR WIVES.

It was in a horse car. She had been away for several months, and the children had gone to the depot to meet her. They chatted away merrily while she pat- tered their little heads and smiled interest- edly.

"How's Mary?" she inquired, when they both stopped for breath.

"Oh, she's well. She's taken her music lessons right along."

"And Harry?"

"He's going to school. Started last week."

"And papa?"

"He's well, too. He's having a bully time. He said he didn't care if you didn't come back for a year."

The passengers roared.

Grabbing the children with both hands she rushed for the door with an "I'll-get-even-with-him-for-this-expression-on-his-face. Heaven help him."

NOT THAT KIND OF A GUN.

In a corner grocery in the western part of the city the other day a boy was buy- ing shot and getting ready to go hunting. His old gun was lying around rather loose, and the grocer nervously re- marked:

"Boy, I wish you'd take care of that gun—I'm afraid of an accident."

The boy stood it up against a barrel, and went on telling how many rabbits he meant to pepper, and pretty soon it came near falling to the floor.

"I tell you that infernal thing will hurt some of us yet!" exclaimed the grocer as he jumped aside, and the boy leaned it against the counter, and said he'd never take a back seat for a bear- never. As he reached over to look at some back-shot, down tumbled the gun and off went the charge, sending about forty duck-shot into a ten-gallon oil can in range.

There she goes—there she goes!" yelled the grocer as he danced around.

"Didn't I tell you that infernal gun would go off!"

"And did I deny it?" promptly re- ported the boy. "Do you 'spose that I'm fool 'nuff to go out to hunt rabbits with a gun that won't shoot?"

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

There is an article going the rounds entitled, "How the girls go to sleep."

The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep.

Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterwards. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and when snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she ex- claims:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back yard, last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs, and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, flinching.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife, "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again and steps on a tack, and closes the stair- door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bed-room. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring some up in the big tin."

And so James with a muttered curse goes down into the dark kitchen, and falls over a chair, and grasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair-door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him a minute direction where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, and comes up-stairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week, I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay, and don't care," shouts James, as he broches around and jabs his face against the wall, "all I want to sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously, you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Arametta, who I believe is taking the masses."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze, she smashes his tin in the ribs with her elbow, and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" enquired James.

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 21?"

Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith

told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

Here she pauses and returns. James is mooring in profound slumber. With a sort of rage she pulls all the cover off him, wraps up in them, and lays awake until 2 a. m., thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way the married woman goes to sleep.

NEGRO THEOLOGY.

"Sam, you are getting pretty well along in years," said an Austin lawyer to an aged darkey, "don't you feel afraid you will die some day?"

"No, boss, I ain't a bit afraid of death. It's how to scrub along and get a libbin' in dis world what's poderin me, heah!"

"Don't you think you will kinder wince when old man Death knocks at the door and says, come along, Sam, we have got see for you in the other world?"

"Not a bit, boss, not a bit. I'll tell you about dat. Did you ebber go to der cirkus?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did, hey? Well, after de show was all over, an' yer, was streamin' out of der front door of de canvas, didn't yer neber feel sober like, an' as though yer'd spent yer libby cents for nuffin?"

"Well, Sam, that about illustrates it."

"Yer well, then de day han' ob death is laid on your pulse, dat's jes' about how yer will feel. Yer'll feel as if yer wanted ter go hum an' see de ole folks an' de chums what's gen' afore, and yer'll just feel tied, an' out of sorts, an' all yer'll want is ter rest, jist rest. Dat's my the- ology, boss an' I done got through carin' what de preachers say."

A Daughter's Misery.

Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble, and nervous debility.

Under the care of the best phy- sicians.

Who gave her disease various names.

But no relief.

And now she is restored to us in good health by a simple remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it.—The parents.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

Sept. 24th St. New York, May 16, 1882.

Messrs. J. C. Ayer & Co., Gentlemen:

Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing.

I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I enclose these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS.

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrupulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Best Purgative Medicine

cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.

Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, In- flammation, Constipation and severe cases we con- sider, and we will justify in offering to test one Thousand Dollars for any case of cough, colds, croup, whooping cough, large bronchitis, con- siderable 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 wrap- pers only in blue. Sold by all druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price. JOHN C. WEST & CO., 31 & 33 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. For sale at Higinbotham's drug store.

\$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 are justified in offering to forfeit one Thousand Dollars for any case of cough, colds, croup, whooping cough, large bronchitis, con- siderable 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 wrap- pers only in blue. Sold by all druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price. JOHN C. WEST & CO., 31 & 33 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. For sale at Higinbotham's drug store.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

Dr. R. C. Warr's BRAIN AND NERVE TREAT- MENT is a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizi- ness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol, tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental De- pression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in In- sanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermator- rhea, caused by over-exertion of the brain, self- abuse or over-indulgence. One box will cure treat- ment cases. Each box contains one month's treat- ment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dol- lars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee its power to cure any case. With each order enclosed by us for boxes accom- panied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by A. Higinbotham, sole authorized agent for Lindsay, Ontario. John C. West & Co., sole proprietors Toronto, Ont.

OLD ENGLISH CONDITION POWDER.

Tested and tried. Rain or shine won't hurt any animal.



Geo. Werry writes: Have never used a horse powder that gave such satisfaction. Henry Gair, butcher, Lindsay, says: I never think of using any other condition powder. Remember my name is on every package of the genuine.

A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WHOLESALE PRICES AT RETAIL.

During the present month I will sell several lines of Ladies' Goods which are well assorted at strict wholesale prices for cash on the spot.

This will afford an opportunity to my customers for the first time in my many years of residence in Lindsay to obtain their autumn supply of goods at cost price.

Terms Nothing but Cash.

L. MACQUIRE.

LINDSAY.

Woollen Mills.

Having bought back the above property, and having made up my mind to try my best to get the custom trade of this and adjoining counties, I have determined to

REDUCE THE PRICE OF ALL FAC- TORY GOODS.

I WILL SELL—

Stocking Yarn, double and twisted..... 45c. per lb.
Single Yarn..... 40c. per lb.
Yard Wide Twill Flannel, white or grey..... 37 1/2c. per yd.
Plain Yard Wide Twill Flannel..... 33c. per yd.
All Wool White Blankets..... 60c. per lb.
Union White Blankets..... 55c. per lb.
All Wool Grey Blankets..... 55c. per lb.
Union Grey Blankets..... from 40 to 50c. per lb.

And everything else in proportion. I used to be able when in the business before to retail all the goods I could make, and I want to do it again, and farmers or others wanting whole pieces of goods will get a special discount. But I wish it to be understood that the credit business is played out. It costs too much to pay book-keepers and have to wait for a year for pay, and perhaps lose part, and it is not fair to make them that do pay suffer or pay more to make up what is lost by bad debts. So in future THERE WILL BE NO CREDIT GIVEN (retail) either at the store or at the factory. I did not buy any of the old goods that were in the factory, so that all will be this year's make.

Roll Carving, Fulling and Custom Weaving done on shortest possible notice.

Parties who have wool in to manufacture can call and get it at any time.

I STILL CONTINUE THE STORE ON KENI STREET, and will sell factory goods there at mill prices.

Parties who wish to sell or trade their wool will oblige by bring- ing it to the factory direct. They can then get their goods either at the factory or at the store, but will save us the labor of hand- ling and carting the wool.

As it takes money to buy woollen factories all parties indebted to me will confer a favor by calling and settling their accounts as soon as possible.

Hoping to see all my old customers and as many new ones.

I am, yours truly,

J. W. WALLACE.

Lindsay, September 13th, 1883.

E. LEONARD & SONS

MANUFACTURERS

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS

Of all sizes and especially the LEONARD

Farm Engine

FOR

THRESHERS.

Write for Catalogue.

Works, - London, Ont.

1310.

LINDSAY

CHAIR FACTORY.

Clearing Sale.

J. & R. BEGLEY

Intend extending their manufacturing business

We have a large stock of all kinds of furniture which we will sell at lowest possible prices.

Call and see our stock and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere. We are bound to sell as we want room for the large stock we are manufacturing at present. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction.

All kinds of HARDWOOD LUMBER taken in ex- change for Furniture

Remember the place, opposite the Midland Rail way Station Lindsay.

J & R. BEGLEY.

Sewing Silks:

When buying Sewing Silks see that the Spool you buy is Stamped

"BELDING, PAUL & CO."

"Full Size and Length."

Dealers may as- sure you that other brands which they have are ours. They may be, but the only thread that we guarantee and recommend is that under our own name.

BELDING, PAUL & CO.

LUMBER, LATH, PICKETS & SHINGLES.