YOUR FACE.

Tan Freckles, Sunburn Pimples, Black Specks, Blotches, &c., can be removed instantly by applying

Tan & Freckle Lotion

Safe, Sure and Effectual.

PRICE 25C. PER BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists.

ERICA'S SACRIFICE.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"I don't pretend to," said her cousin, dryly. "I wouldn't be cramped up to his notions for something. What the deuce does he mean by banning your friends and being too haughty to look at a fellow. A Murray's as good as a St. John!"

"Hush! Oh, Arnold, for pity's sake, hush!" The girl laid her hand on his in an agony of fear, for he had raised his voice in his anger, and what if he should be heard? "I have not told him even of your existence; he does not know your name; he has not harmed you. But tell me," she whispered, looking round, "is it you who have been one of Walter's companions? Tell me the truth, Arnold."

He paused before he replied. He had not meant her to know that he was acquainted with Philip's brother, and had even asked Walter to say nothing of him in his letter. But he saw it was useless to deny it.

"I know him: yes, a young fool," he said, contemptuously. "He's not a bad fellow, but a perfect apron-string.—'Philip' here and 'Philip' there."

"Arnold," she said, eagerly, "don't tempt him to do wrong, to do—as you do. Oh, for my sake, Arnold. I bear so much, you can never know how much, for you." Her voice faltered, and for a moment she bowed her head on his arm, but almost instantly recovering herself she went on hurriedly: "And, Arnold, he will tell Philip about you, and he might find out that you are my cousin, and Philip would forbid me to see or help you again. For our mother's sake, Arnold, for she was your mother in all but blood, drop this friendship; it will work dire woe."

Looking back afterwards both remembered those words, which neither knew then as a prophecy.

Arnold, whose impressionable nature was easily touched, was moved and greatly troubled by the girl's sorrowful appeal; he loved his cousin, and depended upon her in a certain fashion, though he never by any chance deferred to her wishes or attended to her advice. He knew quite well that she spoke no less than truth, and it was a fresh count against Philip St. John. Yet he had no intention of giving up the acquaintance of the young officer who seemed to have plenty of money at his command, and through whom he could wound Philip St. John.

"Arnold," the girl said slowly, and when she spoke so he knew that he could not openly resist her will; "do you hesitate? Remember that I have power in my hands, and I will do no more for you if you refuse to attend to the one request I have made of you for years."

"Don't get angry, dear coz," he said, lightly, seeing he must yield, outwardly, at least. "I won't drag him down to destruction; it's a wonder, in fact, you accuse me of will enough to lead anyone. But now, Erica," he added, "you will help me this once more; 'pon my word I don't know where to turn for a hundred pounds, and I'll sleep in prison next week if you're hard-hearted!"

"A hundred pounds, Arnold!" The girl paused, listening, the color coming and going on her cheek; then she said, hurriedly, "You shall have it. I will send a cheque to you. But you must go up to London and get the money from the bank, not from anyone in Rington. But, remember, Arnold," she said, and again laid her hand on his arm, "this cannot, must not, go on. I have paid your debts over and over again, and the fund that I have drawn on for that—by the power left me in my mother's will—cannot last for ever, though you seem to think it can."

"And when that fails, I'll emigrate," said Arnold, lightly. "I should do capitally as a sheep-farmer, or something. It's a good thing your husband has no control over that cash, Erica, and never asks what you do with it, else poor Arnold Murray would have gone to the dogs long since."

"Where shall I send?" said the girl, briefly, without answering his last words.

"I'm at the Crown Hotel; send up Poynter, he won't split to a soul. You are going? Thanks, dear Erica, you are my tower of strength," he said, with a softened tenderness in his voice that moved her to a strange emotion.

She did not trust herself to answer, but only gave him her hand with a quiet "Good-night," and then, after watching his form till it disappeared over the hill-path, turned back to the house, scarce seeing her way for the blinding tears that rose to her eyes, and that she strove in vain for a moment to check.

She must be calm, at least outwardly, whatever misery she endured, for Philip must not see a trace of emotion; and he was so quick and firm, she feared to meet his eyes until she had mastered herself.

Almost as she stepped once more through the window of the library, Philip came up the pathway, and the girl paused.

"You should not have gone out in this chill night air, child," he said, putting his hand on her shoulder, and drawing her into the room; "and you are trembling and white, Erica. You foolish child, you must not play with yourself so; I could not spare you now, dear one."

The soft tone, the tender caress, so rare from him, were too much for nerves already over-strained and excited by all that had happened that evening, and she suddenly threw herself on his breast and burst into such bitter weeping as startled him, and struck a shock of pain to his very heart.

"—us Erica, so brave-spirited, so firm, so little given to tears, so utterly free from even those weaknesses that endear women to most men, weeping so, and apparently without cause?

Was it his fault? And even while he held her to him, and strove to soothe her, he felt—ah, with that sure keenness that was anguish, that she shrank from him, while even she sought this shelter. And he remembered these things afterwards.

She grew quiet after a little while, making a terrible effort, and so gaining back her self-control, and, lifting her head, tried to draw herself away, but this he did not suffer.

"You are unstrung to-night, Erica," he said, with grave, half-sorrowful tenderness; "is it my fault? You have forgiven me my stern, cold words to-day, my poor child; but they still wound your sensitive spirit. Tell me that is all, Erica?"

"No, no—oh, Philip, no! It is not that. I never thought again of them, indeed, Philip. I shall be better in the morning. It is nothing."

She stood twisting her wedding-ring round and round her finger, silent for a moment, and then said, falteringly:

"I suppose I am nervous and foolish to-night. Philip, and coming back to the old house——"

She stopped, and St. John asked no more, but bent and gently kissed her brow, holding her again for a moment to his heart, and then he released her.

"Go to your rest, dear child," he said. "Don't wait for me; I have a letter to write."

And, glad to be alone, Erica glided away, and Philip sat down to write again; but he could not command his thoughts somehow to-night, even for a simple letter, and the pen dropped idly from his fingers, for he could not lull into peace the restless, anxious heart that craved so for trust, and yet felt, or fancied, in his almost morbid sensitiveness, that trust was denied him.

Some weight lay on Erica's spirit, the cause of which she withheld from him. The reason she had given him was not all that accounted for the change which had passed over her.

In the fierce light that flashed on him later, under its scathing heat all that perplexed him now seemed clear and distinct. Now it was but vague conjecture.

CHAPTER V.

FAILING IN LOVE AND DUTY.

Philip St. John did not go to London to see his brother, but sent him a letter and a cheque instead, for he did not care to leave Erica alone at Grayle House. She seemed not at all her usual self, sometimes sitting for hours, silent and musing, grave and sad, he thought; at other times bright with a sort of feverish excitement of manner that was scarcely natural.

Was it his fancy, too, that she seemed now and then to shrink from him, while leaning upon him more than she used to? She had, indeed, been the cause of his remaining at Grayle instead of going to town, for she had seemed to dislike the idea of being left alone, and asked him if it was necessary for him to go, and yet had disclaimed any exact wish to keep him from his brother. In truth, she dreaded with a wild fear that Walter should tell Philip the name of this friend of his who was "not of Philip's sort."

Her mind was on the rack as long as Arnold was at Rington—distant about sixteen miles from Grayle—and she lived in these days on suspense, tortured by a thousand fears, and more than all by the necessity of this miserable silence she deemed herself bound to maintain to her husband, and which was a tacit deception.

One evening late in September the girl wandered down to the beach where Poynter's boats lay.

It was quite dark, and a fresh breeze was blowing in from the sea and lifting the loose tresses that fell on her shoulders.

Philip had ridden over to a village some miles away to see a friend, who was staying there, and he would not be back until late; so, weary and sad of heart, Erica had put on her hat and thrown a shawl round her and come down to commune with the sea, as she used to do when a child.

The sea was as sorrowful as herself, she thought, and muttering softly to her as the waves came rolling in almost to her feet.

There was something in the desolation of the scene that exactly chimed in with her mood. The dark mass of water stretching away, it seemed, into infinitude; the bleak rocks rising up to right and left; only here and there a light gleaming from some house up on the hills; the perfect stillness that was intensified by the sullen wash of the ocean.

Erica stood, her fingers lightly interlaced, her hands hanging down loosely before her, the large, mournful eyes looking out with a fixed, changeless gaze into the darkness.

Did it cross her then that she was keeping her vow at a tremendous cost, a cost that outweighed the sanctity of an oath made even to the dying?

It might have done so, but the very words so burned into her brain to her were justification: "at whatever cost to yourself or to others." They shut up any loophole of escape. She could not see one ray of light in all her darkness, no end to the misery that had fallen on her.

She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that a step crushing the shingles did not rouse her. If she heard it at all she probably deemed it that of some fisherman going home, and she started and sprang back almost a pace at the voice that fell on her ear, as she saw the man who stopped before her.

"Arnold," she said, under her breath, "why have you come?"

"To see you, dear coz," Arnold replied, coolly. "I went up to the house, and the servant—housekeeper, I suppose by her venerable looks—told me you were down on the beach, so I came after you."

"What made you go to the house?" said the girl, quickly and sternly.

"Because I knew St. John wasn't there," answered Arnold, laughing. "I saw him over at Melwood, and took care to ascertain from Poynter that he wouldn't be back till late. Poynter is a treasure. He knows everything."

"How long are you going to stay at Rington?" asked Erica, without replying to his remarks.

"The races come off in a week or two; I shall leave after that; if my horse—that is, Fenton, you know—wins I shall be the richer by several hundreds; if he loses I shall have to make myself scarce."

"You, and such as you," she said, slowly, "are enigmas to me. Can you choose a life that literally hangs on the chance of one horse distancing another in a given space? Can you like a life that is one agony of suspense?"

"One gets used to it," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "and, besides, you make so much out of nothing. What you call 'an agony' of suspense, is a sort of pleasurable excitement. I suppose you can't understand it. There's something exhilarating in the thought that you may be rich or a beggar to-morrow, as the turn of the dice or the running of a horse may decide."

"No I don't understand it. I only know, Arnold, that this life of suspense is killing me."

He started, and a look of shocked wonder came into his face; then he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"What life of suspense?" he said. "Why do you make yourself so unhappy about the whole thing, Erica? I am not worth grieving over so much."

"I cannot forget that we played as children together; that you were once innocent as others are; that you bear a good name, and that you have sullied that name. I cannot forget that you had a mother's love to guard you—and oh," Erica said with sudden passion, clasping her hands over her face, "I cannot forget—would to Heaven I could for one brief moment!—that on me is laid the burden of striving to win you."

"Why do you try?" he said, sullenly, at length; "it's no earthly use. You've told me often enough that I'm everything that's bad. I can't help it if you are so sensitive as to be wretched because I play and bet, and so on, and because your husband is too honorable to allow his wife to know such a person. Thousands of fellows do the same, Erica; you don't know the world a bit, and think everything dreadful."

"Thousands!" said the girl, clasping her hands together, and suppressing the sterner words that sprang to her lips, "luring themselves to ruin; they 'only' play and bet. And, Arnold, you know well that my husband would not turn from you if you remembered that you bore an honored name."

"I would not sue any man for his favor," said Arnold, haughtily. "I steer my course to please myself, not any man living. For you, Erica," he went on more softly, "I could try to be something more different; but you say yourself I am weak, and if ever one wants to get out of the set I'm in, there are a hundred fellows to pull you back. I won't trouble you much after these races are over. I'll go away abroad again."

"Abroad or at home, Arnold," Erica said, sadly, "you are the same. I cannot shut my eyes to a sorrow because it is not actually at my doors. And you always turn to me for help; how long shall I be able to give it to you? And if Philip were to find out that I helped you——" she shivered uncontrollably, and Arnold said quickly:

"He must not—need not; you would not break your oath, Erica?"

"Have no fear," she answered, with a quiet scorn that stung him. "I deem my honor sacred, and I have sworn to shield your name from public shame. I can do no more than that. Hark!" she said, suddenly bending forward, striving to pierce the darkness, and sinking her voice to a whisper; "did you hear nothing? A step? Go, Arnold; you must not stay."

She put out her hand, laying it with quick force on his arm; but he paused yet a moment.

"Say you forgive me, Erica," he said, earnestly, with one of those flashes of better feeling that veiled to a certain extent his real nature even from her. "Try and think of me less bitterly; try and remember how I love you. You are the only friend I have, Erica."

[illegible] still leaning forward, looking up the beach; but suddenly, with an almost frantic gesture pushed him from her.

"Go—go. Oh, for God's sake, leave me," she whispered with white lips. "It is he—Philip."

"Why should I not meet him?" said Arnold, flushing.

"Why?" She turned almost fiercely upon him. "Because I dare not own you as Walter's wild companion. Do you comprehend now?"

He turned quickly then with a low "Good-night," and strode away swiftly through the darkness, and then, with an effort that seemed to almost exhaust all her powers, the girl braced herself to meet Philip calmly, to combat any questions he might ask.

He came down to her, and his first words sent a lightning thrill through every nerve; his tone had in it some displeasure, and his question was almost stern.

"Who was that talking to you, Erica? It is late for you to be out on the beach alone."

It was well that in the darkness he did not see the swift upward look of despair, the clenching of the small hands together. But she answered him, speaking carelessly:

"There's nothing to be afraid of. No one will hurt me here. You have London notions, Philip."

"You are too careless," he answered more quietly, and wrapping her shawl round her, for she shivered in the night wind, "and it is too cold for you to be out, if there were no other reason.—"Who was with you?"

"I was talking to Nat Poynter," she answered in a low voice, crushing back Heaven knows what agony in her heart as she uttered the lie—the first she had ever uttered. And the first was to the man who loved her! "Shall we go back, Philip? I did not know it was so late. You are earlier than you expected to be, are you not? And did you meet Mr. Proctor?"

He told her, as they went back up the beach, of his visit to Milwood, who he had met, and of some literary scheme that had been proposed to him, and the girl walked by his side, hearing all he said, but like one in a dream, and feeling all the while as though a dense black mist had risen up between her and Philip, as though she had fallen suddenly from his sphere.

And she knew that her own words had done this, and that she had taken one more step in that "failure of love and duty" which she felt, with a deadly shiver, he could scarcely forgive.

The housekeeper, who had come to her from her aunt's house, met her in the hall and took her shawl from her.

"A gentleman came to-night, madam," she said, "and asked for you. He did not give a name, but said he was an old friend."

"An old friend!" repeated Erica.

And the housekeeper added:

"I told him you had gone out on the beach, and then he went away."

"Thanks, Janet. It doesn't matter. Perhaps he'll call again."

And the girl entered the drawing-room, and began putting away some music that was lying about, with a sort of suppressed impatience in her manner which did not pass unnoticed by Philip St. John, and he glanced at her covertly in, and checked the sigh that could not ease the weight at his heart. She could scarcely bear the gentle, tender kiss he pressed on her brow when she came to say "good-night;" she was tired, she said, so weary, though it was early, and long afterwards when he came upstairs, she was lying with her hands locked in a strained clasp over the pillows, and the long, dark lashes that swept her cheek were wet still with tears, and she seemed restless in her very deep sleep.

"Poor child," he said, and did not now stifle the bitter sigh that passed his lips, "have I made one more miserable after all? Is it my fault? Love begets love, so they say; it may be so; but is it?"

CHAPTER VI.

RINGTON RACES. THE HORSE THAT WINS.

"I suppose, Erica," said Philip St. John, one evening about ten days after his wife's interview with her cousin, "that you would not care to go to these Rington races?"

He smiled as he made the assertion, pausing by her side in his walk up and down the long drawing room.

She was playing softly in the twilight, but her hands dropped from the keys, and she looked up with a sudden flush on her cheek and a sparkle in her eyes.

"Oh, yes, Philip, I should like it so much," she said; "will you take me?"

He laughed at her eagerness.

"Yes, my child, if you like; I am glad there is anything to amuse you in this dull place," he said; "since when, though, have you developed a taste for racing?"

"Oh, I don't care exactly for the racing," answered the girl, rising up and bending over some flowers in a stand near; "the scene is amusing, and the people are so odd. But if you had rather not go, Philip——"

She stopped.

"I had rather do what pleases you, my child. We can ride over, if you will not be tired."

"Tired!" Erica laughed at the notion. "I shall enjoy it. I suppose everybody will go from here. I remember, when I was a child, the Rington races were a

[CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.]

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cts. for postage and we will mail you *free*, a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young or old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.—97.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,

DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO

LOOK!

Every Thresher, Mill Owner and Farmer

—USE—

McCOLL BROS. & CO'S

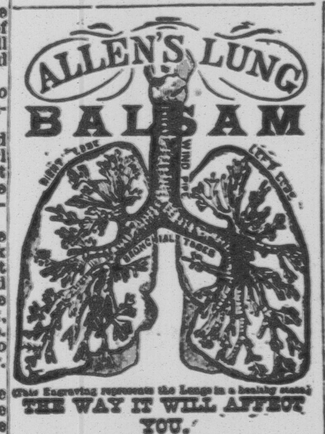
LARDINE

Machine Oil.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



(This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healing state.)

THE WAY IT WILL AFFECT YOU.

It excites expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucous; *changes the secretions and purifies the blood;* heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive organs; brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. SUCH IS THE IMMEDIATE AND SATISFACTORY EFFECT that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION, EVEN IN THE *most confirmed cases of Consumption!* *It is warranted* not to produce costiveness (which is the case with most remedies), or affect the head, as it contains no opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it if only taken in time. Physicians having consumptive patients, and who, having failed to cure them with their own medicine, we would recommend to give ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM a trial. *Sold by all Druggists*

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a **Ladies' Hair Dressing**, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July* 3, 1882: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb.* 6, 1880: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 *Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April* 14, 1882, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

LINDSAY WOOLLEN MILLS.

Headquarters to sell or trade your Wool, or have it made into goods at the following prices for manufacturing:

Grey Full Cloth.....35 cts. per yd.
Check Full Cloth.....40 cts. per yd.
Tweeds from.....40 to 45 cts. per yd.
Twill Flannel, yd. wide, we furnish Warp.....25 cts. per yd.
Check do do do 28 cts. per yd.
All Wool Check Flannel.....25 cts. per yd.
Union Check Flannel.....20 cts. per yd.

Our Celebrated All Wool 10 lb. White Blankets.....$3.00 per pair.
Union All Blankets, all weights.....$2 to $2.50 per pair.
Grey Blankets, from...$1.50 to $2.50 per pair,
Stocking Yarn, 2 or 3 ply, twisted, 20 cts. per lb.
Reeled Yarn, for Weaving.....15 cts. per lb.
And other Goods equally low.

I will allow a DISCOUNT OF 5 PER CENT. off the above price list on all orders booked before the 1st of August. I do this to get your orders early, so as to know what to make, and also have goods ready when wanted.

I will pay freight to mill on all lots to manufacture of 40 lbs. or over. This does not apply if to be Carded only.

CARDING, FULLING, DYEING, CUSTOM WEAVING & CLOTH DRESSING,

DONE AS USUAL. WORK GUARANTEED.

J. W. Wallace,

Lindsay, 25th April, 1884. PROPRIETOR.

BARGAINS!

A. CAMPBELL

—HAVING—

Purchased the stock of Groceries, Teas and Crockery of the late firm of Diament & Dwyer

Would intimate that he is prepared to sell it at

VERY CLOSE PRICES

In order to get it out of the way for other heavy consignments on the road.

Watch for price list next week and in the meantime call in and see the goods.

ARCH. CAMPBELL,

Lindsay, June 26th, 1884. Doheny block, Kent St., Lindsay.

Card of Thanks.

S. CORNEIL:

Please convey to the directors of the London Mutual my thanks for paying for my dwelling out of kind consideration for a widow, my policy having become dormant on account of the building being unoccupied for some time.

MARY ELLIOTT.

Lindsay, April 15th, 1884.

FOOT BATH PANS,

CHILDREN'S BATH PANS

Iron Clad Milk Cans,
Iron Clad Milk Pails.

Strainer Pails and Milk Pans all sizes.

E. McFEELY,

Stove, Tinshop and Coal Oil depot east end Kent St., Lindsay.

Cash for Sheep Skins, Calf Skins, Feathers, &c.

ALEX. MITCHELL

Cambridge St., Lindsay, Ont.

Dealer in and manufacturer of

(—TOMBSTONES—)

And all descriptions of

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORK

A number of Fine Blue Marble Column Monuments on Hand.

Aberdeen Grey Granite and American Marble Headstones. All orders attended to promptly and thoroughness and correctness guaranteed. Lindsay, Aug. 17th, 1883.—1326.

New Arrivals at

G.A. METHERELL'S

Music, Book and Fancy Goods Store.

A splendid assortment of CANADIAN WALL PAPER. Also a very large stock of English paper from 5 cts. a roll up.

Express Wagons, large and small, Carts, &c.

Rubber Balls, Base Balls, Bats, &c.

Also a full stock of goods suitable for spring.

Remember the place,—THE MUSIC EMPORIUM, opposite the English church, Kent St., Lindsay.

G. A. METHERELL.

Lindsay, March 19th, 1884.

LUMBER, LATH,

PICKETS & SHINGLES.

Lumber of all kinds for barns an Dwelling Houses.

BILL STUFF

All dimensions, from 10 to 30 feet long.

DRY LUMBER FOR SASH AND DOORS.

FLOORING DRESSED & UNDRESSED

at the Lindsay yard or at our mill at Fenelon Falls.

GREEN & ELLIS, Prop.

SAMUEL PARSONS, Agent at Lindsay, in place of A. W. Parkins

W GOODENOUGH, Assistant & Clerk.

Lindsay, Aug. 9th, 1883.—1277.

JOHN MAKINS

—IRON FOUNDER—

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY

MANUFACTURER OF

Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery Flour Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works.

Lindsay, July 27th 1882.—1223.

RETURN OF SPRING.

E. GREGORY

Has a full stock of

FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS.

TURNIP, 14 VARIETIES,
CARROT, 7 VARIETIES,
MANGOLD, 6 VARIETIES,
GRASS SEEDS, 7 VARIETIES.

Best Varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds.

A full stock of pure Drugs and Genuine Patent Medicines.

EDMUND GREGORY,

Corner Kent and William streets, Lindsay.