

**Kimball & Makins.** Engineers, Founders  
and Machinists, Ridout street.

These men of wonders melt and mould  
And turn pot metal into gold,  
By selling items that they cast,  
From their hot furnace now in blast,  
Machines for cutting shingles good,  
Great and small machines for wood,  
Horse power machines are made to thresh,  
And cog wheels that exactly mash ;  
Cross cut saws and circle frame,  
For factory mill work every name ;  
Steam pumps and engines every class ;  
Turn iron copper and the brass,  
Hollow ware to boil and bake,  
Plows, harrows, scrapers and horse rake.

**Robert Lukey.** Tailor, Kent Street.

Will measures take, them cut and make  
Coat, vest and over-all ;  
There men are dressed, like London's best,  
New York and Montreal,  
His merit name, and bills proclaim,  
A splendid workman fine,  
Will dress you neat, from head to feet,  
Like pictures on his sign,  
Will dress the beau up neat to go,  
To wedding feast or fair,  
Or to the ball, where ladies all  
And dancing masters are ;  
Works every day, gets ready pay,  
From clergy, squire or clown ;  
Will make and mend all jobs they send,  
In love of Lindsay Town.